

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 07097633 7







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/avemaria50notruoft>





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—CT. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 6, 1900.

NO. 1

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Song of the Cross.

BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

FIERY cross, fiery cross,
Flung from shore to shore;
Fire of sorrow, fire of loss;
Burning, searing, warring cross,
Sink—to burn no more!

Scarlet cross, ruth's Red Cross,
Passed from hand to hand;
Fire of pity, cleansing dross;
Healing, helping, saving cross,
By poor soldiers stand!

Gentle Cross, Jesus' Cross,
Drawing heart to heart;
Flame of Love, retrieving loss;
Glorious, tender, crowning Cross,
Never from us part!

A Morning Paradise.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

I.

EDEN was the place of man's creation and his first abode. Of this Paradise of Pleasure which God planted for Adam we read many things that fill us with delight, as indeed they had been intended by the Creator to do. But we read one thing that seems beyond them all; it is that God walked with Adam in the Paradise of Pleasure "at the afternoon air."

In the rapture of our delight at this favor shown by God to our first father, we ask: Does God ever walk with man now at the afternoon air? The Lives

of the Saints tell us of many heavenly favors shown by God to His loving servants. In their ecstasies God walked and talked with them,—with Francis of Assisi, with Philip Neri, with Francis Xavier. But that is not what we want; that is not what our hearts are asking. They were saints.

Adam was made to the image and likeness of God; and that image was as yet unstained, was not as yet defiled; and, we might say, no wonder that God would therefore walk with him in the Paradise of Pleasure at the afternoon air. Nor do we wonder at the raptures of the saints when we recollect their love of complacency for God and in God, and their readiness not only to sacrifice all but even to suffer all for His sake. He is the good Master, who rewards one hundredfold even in this life; and we do not wonder. But for ourselves, have we any chance,—will God ever walk with us, or may we hope in any way to walk with Him?

It is the blush of dawn; the rays of light are faintly glinting over the summit of yonder hills. Come, and we may see His glory. This is His house; let us enter. There are two "talents" that we are to bring with us—one human, the other divine,—both, however, gifts from above: mind and faith. *Intellectum illumina, affectum inflamma*,—"Illumine my intellect and inflame my will," says the prayer before the Divine Office.

Let us remind ourselves that we are bound to turn every gift of God to good

account. No talent must be folded in a napkin and hidden in the ground. In the strong words of the Gospel, it must be not only put to interest but even set to usury. Therefore we must make use of each faculty of the mind as of every gift of God.

Now, if we make use of the powers of the mind as well as of the great heavenly gift of faith, we may, peradventure, walk with God. We can not, it is true, see God with the eyes of our body; for God is a pure spirit and can not be seen by corporal eyes. But there are ways of knowing other than by seeing.

Hush! A bell is ringing,—ringing so sweetly, so softly, in the tender dawn. It is calling—calling people to come and walk with God; and—oh, wonder!—they will not. What will we do? Will we, too, go away and walk not with Him?*

The priest is proceeding to the altar. Solemnly, and with a tremor of body which is partly of age but more of reverence, he approaches. He will be our guide.

He says something. Listen! "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." What he means is this: he intends to go up to the holy mount—to heaven—to intercede for the people; for, you know, "the priest is an intermediary between God and the people"; and he professes that he goes up "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"I will go to the altar of God," he says; and he pauses, because going to

God's altar means going to meet God. But the people, through the server's lips, give him confidence; for they reply: "To God, who gives joy to my youth."

The priest finds a twofold reason for hope in this. He is reminded that it is the essential office of God to give joy,—joy being the natural relation of God with all His creatures. And, secondly, he remembers with a thrill of joy that God inspired holy David of old to put this message of hope in the Psalms; God knowing full well, of course, that it would be repeated with gladness at the foot of every Christian altar till the end of time, to encourage His minister treading tremblingly on the threshold of the tremendous mysteries of Heaven.

"Judge me, O God," says the priest, looking, as we will suppose, through the opening gate of heaven,—“judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy; from the unjust and deceitful man deliver me.”—"For Thou, O God, art my strength! Why hast Thou cast me off?..."

It is a terrible thing for a poor mortal to stand at the gate of heaven. And so, like the blind Bartimeus at the gate of Jericho, the priest pleads that he may see. "Send forth Thy light and Thy truth; they have withdrawn me [from the world], and conducted me to Thy holy mount and to Thy tabernacles."—"And I will go to the altar of God, to God who rejoiceth my youth," say the people.

Encouraged, but yet not wholly devoid of fear, the priest continues: "I will confess to Thee on the harp, O God, my God! Why art thou sorrowful, O my soul; and why dost thou disquiet me?"—"Hope in God; for Him will I still praise,—the salvation of my countenance and my God."

Oh, how glad the heart of the priest becomes when he is reminded that the great God does not belong to any other

* We may assist in various ways at Holy Mass. We may take our beads, read our prayer-book, meditate silently. For the present, we will divide the Mass into two parts: first, to the Elevation; second, from the Elevation to the Communion. During the first part we will use our mind and our faith; but the mind shall be first, the faith next. In the second part our faith shall be first, our imagination after. During the first part we will think that we go up to "the mount,"—i. e., to heaven. During the second we will make most certain acts of faith that heaven comes down to us.

nation, nor is He the God exclusively of any other man, but He is his own God,—“the salvation of my countenance and my God”! He remembers furthermore that it was God Himself who put these words of inspired hope on the lips of the royal prophet. With heartfelt joy, then, he exclaims: “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.”—The people answer: “As it was in the beginning,” and so forth.

The priest now returns on his words, and with gladness repeats: “I will go to the altar of God.”—“To God, who rejoiceth my youth.”

But yet, for fear any vain thought should steal in, lest he may think that it is of his own strength he is going to the holy mount, he proclaims aloud: “Our help [strength] is in the name of the Lord.”—“Who made heaven and earth [by a word].”

The dazzling brightness of the opening heavens humiliates him; and, bending humbly down, he makes confession:

“I confess to Almighty God” (oh, the splendor of the throne of God on which he is looking!); “to Blessed Mary ever-virgin” (the only human creature that knew not sin); “to blessed Michael the Archangel” (that cast the first sinner out of heaven); “to blessed John the Baptist” (how grave and mortified!); “to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul” (to whom it was said, ‘Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven’); “to all the saints, and to you, my brethren, that I have sinned exceedingly, in thought, word, and deed, through my fault,... Therefore, I beseech the Blessed Mary ever-virgin,... to pray to the Lord our God for me.”

It is most consoling to him, with his form reverently bent down before the dazzling brightness of heaven, to hear the brethren charitably praying for him: “May Almighty God have mercy on thee, forgive thee thy sins, and bring

thee to life everlasting!”—“Amen,” responds the priest, with a peaceful and a grateful heart.

It is with holy pleasure he hears the brethren acknowledge themselves sinners—*Omnis homo mendax* (“Every man is a liar”),—and beg mercy of God and intercession of the saints. Giving charity for charity, he prays: “May Almighty God be merciful to you, forgive you your sins, and bring you to life everlasting!”—“Amen.”

And now, putting himself in the same class with them—for all mortals are sinners,—he adds: “May the almighty and merciful Lord grant us pardon, absolution, and full remission of our sins!”—“Amen.”

The Council of Trent observes that Holy Mass forgives us our daily faults. Its words are: “He left to the Church a Sacrifice by which is represented the Sacrifice of the Cross,... to apply to us its salutary virtue in remitting the sins which we daily commit.” If, therefore, we assist piously at daily Mass, the venial sins we daily commit are, by God’s grace, forgiven us and we are strengthened against our daily transgressions. It adds: “By the oblation of this [Sacrifice], God, being appeased and granting grace and the gift of penance, wipes out transgressions and *even great crimes*”; provided that, “with sincere heart and right faith, we approach penitently to God.”

St. Liguori assures us: “The Council declares in the words, ‘even great sins are forgiven,’ that the Sacrifice of the Altar is impetratory.... God through the Sacrifice of the Altar grants grace by which man is moved to contrition.”

A person may, therefore, come to Holy Mass, and, having ordinary sorrow, or attrition, for the mortal sin or sins upon his soul, God may by the grace of the Mass change that imperfect sorrow into perfect sorrow, or contrition; and the

person would go away from Mass freed from his mortal sin or sins. He would, of course, be bound to include those sins afterward in his confession. And it must be remembered that these two great effects are within the ordinary power of Holy Mass, but especially the first. So it happens that every person who attends daily Mass, and says with a penitent mind any of the prayers in it asking for pardon—the *Confiteor*, *Misereatur*, *Kyrie Eleison*, *Pater Noster*, *Agnus Dei*—has his daily faults remitted. If Holy Mass were to do no more, what a blessing it would be!

When priest and people have repeated the confession and absolution, the priest is emboldened to give one look, as it were, toward the eternal throne; and immediately he bows his head, as he exclaims: "O God, if Thou lookest toward us, Thou wilt give us life."—And the brethren behind him answer, trusting in God: "And Thy servants will rejoice in Thee." Then priest and people say alternately: "Show us Thy mercy, O Lord!"—"And grant us Thy saving grace."—"O Lord, hear my prayer!"—"And let our cry come unto Thee."—"The Lord be with you [my brethren]."*—"And with your own soul [O Father!]."

The priest, next looking at the altar prepared at the foot of the great White Throne, on which "the Ancient of Days" is seated, says: "Take away from us, O Lord! we beseech Thee, our iniquities, that we may be worthy to enter with

pure minds into the Holy of Holies."

In a passing flash of memory he recalls the figure of the Hebrew high-priest entering, for the one solitary time in the long round of twelve months, the dread Holy of Holies in the great Temple of old, holding on high before his eyes a chalice of steaming blood. Two bloods have been shed since then—one, the Blood of the Only-begotten Son; the other, the blood of virginal martyrs and martyred virgins,—the *primitias*, or first-fruits, of a virginal Church. "With palms they went to their thrones, and crowns of honor they received from the hand of God. Their bodies are at rest, but their souls live forever." "Beneath the altar" are they laid; their dust is sacred. Oh, how willingly did they not endure torments, that "securely they might come to the palm of martyrdom!"

The priest kisses the altar. On earth the altar has the relics of martyrs embedded in it and consecrating it. God could have taken to heaven the bodies as well as the souls of the martyrs, if He wished. But He was pleased to divide the martyrs between the Church glorious in heaven and the Church militant on earth. He, therefore, took the souls of the saints to heaven, because it is the soul that is primarily capable of enjoyment. Their bodies He left on earth; because as He was forced through sin to curse the earth, and as the earth, since that curse and because of that curse, has, in the strong words of the Apostle, been "groaning and travailing in pain, waiting for the revelation of the sons of God, when it also shall be delivered from corruption,"* He left the sacred dust of the martyrs to appease and console the universal Rachel weeping over her children,—of whom we all are, to whom we shall all return.

The priest, therefore, remembering the general travailing and groaning, kisses

* This prayer, "The Lord be with you," so often said at Mass, is, if we consider it, full of spiritual meaning. We find it in numerous places in the Old Testament, and always meaning a special protection and assistance of Almighty God. We find the Archangel saying it to the Blessed Virgin. It is introduced by Holy Church into all her ritual—Mass, Divine Office, prayers, blessings. And the popular faith of the Christian world for thousands of years has crystallized and consecrated it in the beautiful aspiration breathed for friends—"God be with you!"

* Rom., viii.

the altar with great humility, and appeals most pleadingly; looking upon himself as like to the scapegoat of old that carried the sins of the multitude: "We beseech Thee, O Lord! by the merits of Thy saints whose relics are here, and of all Thy saints, that Thou wouldst deign to pardon those sins of mine."

Purified, like the priests of old at the vestibule of the Temple, he now approaches the official Book of the Church. Every Christian saint in heaven is familiar with that Book. Every pre-Christian saint, in one way or another, has had, while here on earth, connection with it. Oh, it is a mysterious and wonderful Book! The angels call out: "Who is worthy to open the Book and to loose the seals thereof?"*—"Weep not!" The priest, because he represents "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," and is "another Christ" in power, is worthy; for "the Root of David hath prevailed to open the Book and to loose the seals thereof."

All heaven awaits the opening of the Book. The voices, the living creatures, the ancients, the trumpets, and the thunders,—all are hushed. The Bride on earth is celebrating the Sunday within the Octave of Epiphany; and the official voice of the Bride—the priest—is heard reading from the open Book:

"*In excelso throno vidi sedere virum.* On a lofty throne I saw sitting a man, whom the whole multitude of angels, crying out with one voice, adored, saying: Behold, the name of His government is forever and ever. Praise God, O earth! serve the Lord in joy. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. On a lofty throne I saw a man sitting."

From that lofty throne and the man sitting thereon all mercy is to

come; and, turning toward the throne, the priest and his people cry out alternately,—and their cry is supported by the multitude of the elect, "which no man could number, of every nation and tribe and people and tongue":

To God the Father Omnipotent: "Lord have mercy on us."—"Lord have mercy on us."—"Lord have mercy on us." To the Redeemer most merciful: "Christ have mercy on us."—"Christ have mercy on us."—"Christ have mercy on us." To God the Holy Ghost: "Lord have mercy on us."—"Lord have mercy on us."—"Lord have mercy on us."

The priest, raising his hands toward heaven, now intones the *Magnificat* of the Missal; and, oh! with what raptures the whole heavens—the Blessed Mary, St. Joseph, the Christmas angels, the Shepherds, and the Wise Men—join with priest and people, singing:

"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee, . . . heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. . . . O Lord Jesus Christ, who takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer! . . . Thou alone art holy, Thou alone art the Lord; Thou alone most high, with the Holy Ghost, in the glory of God the Father."

With purpose of caution equally as of prayer, the priest, remembering the charge of God to Moses,* turns to the people and prays that the grace and abiding peace of God be among them. "The Lord be with you."—"And with thy own soul [in that dread place]."

* "Go down and charge the people, lest they should have a mind to pass the limits to see the Lord, and a very great multitude of them should perish. . . . And Moses said to the Lord: The people can not come up to Mount Sinai; for Thou didst command, saying: Set limits about the Mount and sanctify it. And God said: Go, get thee down. . . . Let not the people pass the limits, nor come up to the Lord, lest He kill them." (Exod., xix, 21–24.)

* Apoc., v, 2.

The Master of Wola.*

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

I.

THE banking-house of Samuel Lewin & Sons sustained business relations with every financial establishment of importance in the Russian Empire, as well as in foreign countries. It might almost have been termed one of the powers. Although W— was a flourishing city, and could boast of a beautiful old cathedral, an episcopal palace, a *powiat*, or subprefecture, the residence of the *natchelnik*, or subprefect, the Lewin bank gave no hint of the opulence of its proprietors. It was a low, square structure, in the style of the last century, with four windows in front, surmounted by a tiled mansard roof.

When a child, Lewin had often sat on one of the three wooden steps leading up to the front door, beside his mother, Thekla Levek, who, her basket on her arm, offered for sale eggs, butter, and vegetables. Thekla had died when he was a youth; Mordka, her husband, a peddler of small wares, had survived her but a short time; and the two sons, Zachariah and Samuel, had equally shared the modest inheritance. The older brother had devoted himself to the sacred books and become a rabbi.

Samuel for a time continued his father's occupation. In the country, people still remembered his old bryska drawn by two bony horses. But, like so many others of his race, he developed a decided talent for business, possessing daring, tenacity, cunning, penetration. Soon he was able to purchase the old building on the corner of the street, and the Lewin bank was established. Later, when a series of successful operations had given

his house a reputation for solidity and reliableness, he had had the shabby walls of the old building freshened up. But he was a Jew of the old school, who sacrificed little to fashion and superficial elegances. Still, he changed his name Levek to Lewin; and, apart from rare appearances at the synagogue, he rid himself of the encumbering requirements of the Mosaic Law.

Everything without marketable value was deemed superfluous by this practical man of affairs. His wife, the daughter of rich *mêchés*,* had influenced him toward Catholicism. She died too soon to see her zealous hopes realized, however. Lewin remained a Jew, but he allowed his sons to grow up in perfect liberty regarding matters of faith. The older one, Leopold, at present his right arm and business partner, had had himself enrolled at the last census as professing the "reformed religion"; the other one, little Jacob, had inherited all the religious fanaticism of his ancestors. This state of things caused a feeling of animosity between the brothers and furnished a constant subject of disagreement. The father hesitated between the two, being drawn to the one by his secret affections, and to the other by his vanity, which had developed in proportion to the growth of his fortune.

Like his mother, Leopold had ambitious desires: he dreamed of an alliance with the nobility, when all traces of his Jewish origin should be washed away by the full current of the Polish aristocracy. Jacob, on the other hand, absorbed in the study of the Thora and the Talmud, silent and concentrated, expressed in his flashing eyes all the hatred of the *hassyte* against the *ghoja*. And while old Samuel, prompted by his pride, publicly favored the older of his sons, his heart, or rather his paternal yearnings, drew him toward the second.

* Translated by H. Twitchell.

* *Mêchés* are Jews converted to Christianity.

He recognized in Jacob that something which, in the inmost depths of human nature, constitutes the very essence of race, with its prejudices, preferences, and instincts. He therefore permitted his younger son to follow the impulses of his faith; assuring himself, as if to excuse his weakness, that Leopold would be left to continue his work, divert it into other channels and toward other horizons, urged thither by the march of events. As there is a strain of fatalism in every one of the descendants of Sem, he closed his eyes to the antagonism of the two brothers; realizing, however, that the stubborn convictions of the one would be a stumbling-block which the high aspirations of the other would encounter at every step in his career. It was a sort of counterpoise that existed between the two forces striving for the control of the future of his race. The future, then, could settle it.

As for himself, he continued to live modestly, according to his habits and traditions. His business was managed with the strictest economy. An indefatigable worker himself, he foresaw and provided for everything. He employed but three clerks, and yet this powerful banker held in his grasp nearly all the important landed proprietors of the country; he saw them file through his office, where nothing had changed for the past thirty years.

This was a long, narrow, gloomy room, with but one window looking out on the street. In the centre, a table of black wood, loaded with papers and documents, served as a desk for the head of the house. On each side of the door, facing the desk, pigeon-holes, labelled and numbered, were ranged along the wainscoting. Above the door, a cuckoo-clock, an old family relic, marked the rapid flight of the hours with its joyous notes. Two sofas and a few chairs completed the simple furnishing of the apartment.

On this particular December afternoon a good fire was burning in the stove. As it was twilight, a kerosene lamp with a green shade lighted the table at which Samuel sat writing, bent low over his paper; the rest of the room was nearly dark. In one of the corners could be distinguished a black spot—something like a human form crouching in a heap on a sofa, in that abandon of pose caused by a long period of waiting in an atmosphere of silence. Doubtless, it was only one of those clients whose precarious condition was well known, and whose tearful solicitations had to be discouraged by this studied indifference and lack of consideration; for Lewin's hand kept on moving across the large blue sheets; and the scratching of his pen and the rustling of the leaves as he turned them were the only sounds to be heard, except the dull roaring of the fire that reddened the door of the little stove.

Samuel raised his head occasionally, as if he were seeking an expression exactly suited to his thought. The lamplight then fell full on his sallow countenance; straggling locks of grey hair hung down over his temples, while his bald cranium, with its protuberances that a disciple of Lavater would have eagerly noted, took the tints of old ivory. His mustache reached straight back to the base of large, flat ears, inclined forward as if listening. His chin was carefully shaven. The thick lips denoted strong passions and sensual appetites; but the bulging, retreating forehead, the pointed chin with the maxillary angles strongly accented, the nose hooked like the beak of a bird of prey, showed that the innate instincts of rapacity, suspicion and artifice dominated over and controlled the promptings of the senses.

From time to time, with a nervous gesture, he adjusted his spectacles under the bushy eyebrows almost joining above his nose, and glanced at a door

through which could be heard the subdued murmur of voices, the discreet coming and going of clerks who felt themselves under the watchful eye of the master.

There was no fire in this room, where they sat bent over their writing; pausing occasionally to blow on their stiffened fingers, to stretch out their numb limbs, and to cast furtive glances at the door, at which Lewin was wont to appear a little before seven o'clock and pronounce the magic words "Go now!" on ordinary occasions, and "Go to the devil!" when a good business transaction had just been completed.

They feared there would be a delay to-day. The patron had a visitor, and this old Councillor Raz was well known to them. Once there, he was hard to get rid of. Of course he was after a fresh loan. As if any one cared to loan money to a man who could not pay for his bread and meat! But he still lived on his own estate, and was addressed as "My lord!" (*Jaspie pan!*) He was a pretty lord, indeed! For that matter, Isidore Schmulek, the errand-boy of the bank, had as much right to the title, as far as wealth was concerned. And what a sight this pauper lord was as he walked through the office, trying to straighten up his gaunt old frame, wrapped in a rag of a cloak, for which Isidore's mother, who bought old clothes, would not have given him ten roubles! But wait! The patron would soon force him to give up his estate, like so many others; and after him there would be others still, until the time when the seigneurial lands, the last refuge of the ruined members of a society gone forever, would have passed into the possession of the sons of Abraham and Jacob.

But for this evening, the all-important consideration was that old Raz should take his leave before seven o'clock. They had frozen long enough. Doubtless

by a phenomenon of suggestion, these thoughts of the clerks reacted at a distance on the poor old Councillor. He felt a breath of hostility coming through that door along with the rays of light that held his gaze. How wrongfully they judged him! He would not have hurt a fly. He certainly never gave himself grand airs as he crossed the counting-room. Perhaps an innate sense of superiority existed in his breast without his knowledge; but since, unfortunately, one needed the services of the Jews, it was necessary to conform to their rules of conduct.

What Lewin's clerks considered pride was, on the contrary, an excess of timidity. He was ashamed of himself. Like all men gradually reduced by adversity, his humility was in proportion to his former pride. The blood rushed to his pale cheeks as the remarks of the clerks reached his ears like a confused buzzing: "There is Father Raz again! He has come to bow and cringe before the patron so as to get a renewal of his note."

That was the truth, alas! He had the note with him, in the pocket of his shabby cloak; and, worse than all, it was his last resource. If Samuel took it into his head to refuse his signature, before a month he and his daughter would be homeless—driven out from that cherished Wola that had been the home of the Raz family, from father to son, for three hundred years. What would become of him then? Could he hope to find even the most modest employment? He could do nothing. A little French, a little music, the superficial polish given to noblemen's sons of the last generation, were his only acquirements. One does not earn his living with such aids. In these matters his daughter Wanda—his Wandaziutka, as he called her—could have become his teacher. It was she who would have to work for both, and

whom he saw reduced to accepting a position of governess—tooping to all sorts of services in the family of some vulgar rich man.

Ah, what a cruel fate! And to think that it should befall him in his old age! He had done nothing to provoke the misfortunes that had gathered over his head, threatening to crush him with their weight. His life had passed along regularly, without passions to combat, extravagances to restrain, or vices to conceal. He had inherited the paternal domain loaded with mortgages. That was the beginning of the evil.

He certainly had not done wrong in marrying a penniless bride for love. No: it was she who did wrong in dying, leaving on his hands two motherless children, and all those details of interior management which only the skilful hands and practical instincts of a housewife could master. Misfortune had not ceased to pursue him. For this he blamed neither God nor man. He had even made for himself a system of philosophy on the subject. Life was a game in which there were winners and losers. He was on the unlucky side. A series of years more unproductive than the seven years of Holy Writ, constantly increasing taxes, tillage made more and more difficult and precarious because of foreign competition, the constant debasement of the rouble,—all these had been his real enemies! He had but yielded to the influence of these multiple causes, economical, political and social. Could he struggle against them? The country was henceforth to belong, not to the ancient feudal owners of the soil, but to the representatives of commerce, of science and industry. These broad lands were waiting to be stirred up to their very foundation layers: to be furrowed by railroads, fertilized by steam, transformed by the smoke of factories and mills.

In the future, everything was to belong to engineers. For this reason the worthy Councillor had decided to make one of his son. His preparation having been made at a gymnasium in one of the neighboring German towns, Jean Raz was now taking a course at the Polytechnic School of Riga. A few weeks more and he would be graduated—with honors, of course,—and then he would probably be appointed by the government to superintend the construction of one of the immense railroads that were to serve as arteries through which new blood was to be infused into the body of the great Muscovite Empire. Then they would be saved: that would mean fortune. Three weeks more to wait—only three weeks,—and Jean would be able to assure the future of the family, find a husband for his sister, and make it possible for his old father to live peacefully the rest of the days he was to pass on the earth. And what was needed to make the realization of this beautiful dream possible from the present even? But few things surely. Raz thought of the chief one. Samuel would only have to sign this note for five thousand roubles,—a mere nothing for the banker, but to him a matter of life and death.

And why should Lewin refuse him this service? His affairs were in no worse condition to-day than they had been a year ago. Wola, his estate, was there as a guarantee. Lewin would be sure of payment at last. Then why should he refuse? That the banker continued his writing without paying any attention to him was not a mark of ill-will. Bankers in general, and Lewin in particular, were busy, painstaking people. That was well known. To interrupt him, to remind him of his presence by a sign, might perhaps be injurious to his cause; and the old man decided to have patience.

His period of waiting was nearly at an end, however. The clock above the door slowly struck six. The cuckoo disappeared within his door, garlanded with roses and foliage; the echoes of his voice at last ceased to vibrate through the silent room. Then Samuel laid down his pen and turned abruptly toward his solicitor.

"Pardon me, sir!" he said, speaking rapidly, as if he were still urged on by the fever of work; "but, you know, with us time is gold in the bar,—yes, my dear Raz, gold in the bar."

(To be continued.)

The New Year.

NOT a quiver in the starlight as it falls across
the snow,
Nor a ripple in the silent stream that marks Time's
ebb and flow,
Not a sound to break earth's slumbers that a listen-
ing heart might hear,
Tells us of a gift from Heaven in the dawning of
a year.
Silent as the Holy Spirit brooding with white folded
wings,
Through the darkness come the blessings that the
New Year always brings,—
Gifts of love and gifts of mercy and forgiveness of
the past,
And the hope that earth may know its God and
turn to Him at last.
But the harps of heaven tremble, with sweet melody
athrill,
As the angels look upon the earth, so cold and white
and still;
And a thousand wings flash music in the courts of
light above,
As the New Year comes to human hearts baptized
in God's dear love.
True it is that in God's vision there is neither new
nor old,
That His Heart doth in one love-beat all the
changing ages hold;
But His mercy as a Father bids Him take our finite
view,
And to bless with many an added grace the year
that we call new.

Sunny Memories of Rome.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

I.—IN THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL.

EXCEPT for those blessed ones who can lay their head upon the pillow and rest immediately, there is a period between broad wakefulness and sleep. I will own what that transition is to me. No sooner am I thoroughly steeped in somnolence than I find myself standing, wide-awake, in some one of those childhood's streets in Rome. Usually I have just crossed the Bridge of S. Angelo and stand facing the grim old castle. And if there are any gray-vested Zouaves on guard at the castle gate, and if the men that pass me are wearing queer silk hats and coats of an old-time fashion, and if the great red cardinal coaches swing past with liveried footmen clinging, I know this is not my time, but my father's time before me. But when the big, square door is shut and barred, and at the new wicket yonder I see the sentries of a new régime, I mourn for what is lost; and those old figures of the days gone by, forgotten, yet cheer me too; for I seem to have recovered my birthright, and now the dream-city is my own.

Last night I wondered if I were not selfish to be tramping alone. We had been talking, you and I, together; and I thought I would ask you to accompany me. It may be pleasant to go chatting and laughing through the old streets like children out of school.

Of course, we start from S. Angelo. Behind us lies the bridge with its twin row of sorrowing angels. Statues of the Apostles guard the entrance, and on the pedestals is graven a motto which they divide between them: "Hence let the proud draw back. Here let the humble come." Six hundred years ago,

at this spot Dante watched the Jubilee crowd pressing. Numberless saints have crossed it and the great powers of the world on their way to do homage to the servant of the servants of God. The pedestal of one of the angels is shattered by cannon-ball,—a memento not uncommon in Rome. The arches of the bridge make fine bits of coloring; and beneath them the old river flows in broad, smooth stretches.

Roughly speaking, the castle is drum-shaped, with outer battlements, where the weeds and poppies are deep. The armorial bearings of different Popes deck the walls, and, though mutilated, are handsome still. Above is the large face of a clock, and little columns and quaint little windows peeping through between. Higher still, crowning the masses of brickwork and stone, stands the bronze angel. Sometimes over the crumbling fortifications a boy-officer is leaning in a uniform new to the spot; and, in the contrast forced upon you, the last page of modern history is read.

We are in the Leonine City now, and if the Borgo were broader you could already see the great square of St. Peter's. But the street is narrow. The houses that border it are old and dark and "smelly," and in ill-repair. Cheap little shops occupy the basements,—baker-shops, butcher-shops, and *cafés*; the stores of antiquarians and dealers in pious articles, and occasionally one of those traditional Roman *friggitorie*. The Borgo people belong almost exclusively to the lower classes, though now and again the ugly dwellings elbow a palace.

The narrow *vicoli* that lead off on either hand are full of market-stalls and old women venders; but those on the right are bridged by the Covered Passage connecting the Vatican with Castle S. Angelo; and the gray corridor cut with loopholes and the piles of green stuff make picturesque little

scenes under that turquoise sky. Small fountains are let into the walls of some of the houses; above them the names of Popes, or their arms shaped into devices for the fountains proper; and these fragments of sculpture are as truly, purely artistic as the great works of the same age. Occasionally, too, we pass wayside Madonnas: framed at the corners of streets, frescoed upon lath walls, niched above doorways; and beneath each some lamp by night, some prayer by day, is always gleaming. Generally it is that simplest and sweetest of all themes—*Ave Maria*!

On fête days, and particularly on St. Peter's Day, this stretch of the Borgo is so densely packed with carriages and pedestrians that it is very difficult to make any progress. And how the long, tender memories throng in it too! It is the hot, blue day of latter June; and the crowd is one of those typical Italian crowds, beflowered, beribboned, and very dusty. Men, women, children, soldiers, priests, monks, and students; color and dash and brightness galore. Out of Italy feasts are not so; but here they sing in the air, and the clash of bells and the play of fountains are all part of the general joy.

The church is as crowded as the street, and has almost—wonderful to say—ceased to be cool. The organ and the choristers' voices are mingling in the universal crush and heat, and are one with the swarthy, moist faces and the tread of numberless shuffling feet. There is the fresh, healthy, far-away perfume of cut *mortella* in the air; and above the great door hangs the egg-shaped frame of box and laurel supposed to represent the Vessel of the Church. Then through the gathering evening float the strains, "*O Roma felix*," etc. And the tears reach your eyes unbidden, and your chest heaves with the old, old pride of "Rome, your country, city of the soul!"

But we have not reached the church yet. Even when we emerge from the Borgo onto the piazza we are not over-impressed. The basilica looms opposite, at great distance still; to right and left sweeps the magnificent colonnade. The obelisk and the fountains do not look imposing; neither does the church, with its cupola sinking behind it; but the piazza itself conveys some impression that it is infinite—a waste like only to some boundless vista of desert. As you advance through it, space seems to increase upon you; the puny human figures on the steps are as midgits. Now the obelisk has grown immense, shooting away with its cross into the clear deep blue. The fountain near you—for the other is at great distance—looks monumental. In and out the masses of foam-water the rainbow wavers, and the spray is blown forth across your face.

I should like to take you aside here a moment to show you the Swiss Quarters. It will not take five minutes. We cut through the colonnade to our right, and there is the old gateway, with the Borgia arms and the beautiful bit of medieval brickwork on the inside. The sentry wears that quaint and most splendid harlequin costume designed by Michael Angelo—red and yellow and black, and the heavy-buckled shoes. They are thickset, broad-shouldered Schweizers, these guards, with honest eyes and the grip of giants. The courtyard forms a pretty, picturesque and peaceful scene. In almost all the little windows are pots full of flowers and creepers, and from many a one steals a bird-song or the piping of some primitive Alpine flute. In the canteen on the ground-floor men off duty are eating and drinking and smoking; and much guttural German and much odor of German beer-house is issuing forth. But enough of the Swiss Guard.

We must wend our way back to St.

Peter's,—it is not far to go. Now we have come to the *gradinata*. You may well go slowly, thinking as you ascend it; for up and down these steps day by day ceaselessly the world's stream is flowing,—all nations, and from the extreme confines of the earth: many pilgrims whose names will live deathless as this edifice. And there is not one among them, be he great or small, illustrious or unknown, who is not thrilled, as he ascends, with some sense of the genius and splendor of this spot. Ere you reach it, from far on high, across all that immense space, and into your inmost soul, fall the deep reverberations of St. Peter's bell. Sorrowful it is and grave, but like some cannon boom roaring through all the world's silences and stirring up all its activities. And through the roar, deeper and truer ever, is the beating of some great heart.

Now the cupola has sunk quite out of sight, and the façade alone is before us, very simple, very noble, and dyed by age to a sober tone of brown. Many people have taken the trouble to say that it is ugly; to me it was never so—because I loved it. High up is the balcony whence in the olden time the Pontifical Benediction was given on solemn days. An alto-rilievo of Christ bestowing the symbolical keys is about the only decoration. Lower down, across the very front of the church, the man who principally deserved the glory of this work achieved has written his name: "*In. honorem. Principis. Apost. Paulus V. Burghesius. Romanus. Pont. Max. A. M.D.C.XII. Pont. VII.*"

We cross the vestibule, where the guides attack us; and, having escaped them, stand at the leathern curtain,—that leathern curtain so often mentioned that one scarcely thinks of the great carved bronze doors. Beyond it we shall ask nothing more of this world for one rapt hour or two.

Your first impression is one of soft-breathing, spring-like air in winter, and a pleasant coolness in summer. With the physical sensation of well-being comes a moral one of infinite peace and restfulness: an immense, harmonious blending of things beautiful that steals upon you and steepens you sense by sense. You do not care to look for detail,—what is detail! All you want is to lose yourself in that soundless, still dream of beauty,—floating, as it were, in its melting of exquisite proportions. That is the true charm of St. Peter's: the perfect harmony, the perfect blending; and, at evening, all the dreams you ever dreamed stealing down upon you from vault and archway in that haziness as of moorland mist. Then, following the hush and reverence, your soul leaps in you at the glory of this place,—strong as eternity, vast as the genius of man could make it, immortally beautiful. You are breathing deep; your heart beats, and you lift up wordless adoration to the God who made by hands of man the glorious temple, and with His own the beating—perhaps more glorious—heart.

Before us, but far off, the canopy rises darkly on its twisted columns; arches open into arches, one beyond other, all around us; gleams of gold reach us, subdued from frieze and groundwork; nearer forward, the colossal cherubs of the holy-water stoups (on a level with your mouth); colossal statues of saints in the niches; huge-lettered inscriptions; everywhere the shimmering of marble; and, perhaps shooting obliquely from window to pavement, one transparent ray of sunlight gold.

In all probability, the church is very quiet. So many thousands come; but scattered here, in spite of them, it will look empty. At the foot of the great nave a circular slab of porphyry marks the spot where emperors stood when they came to St. Peter's to receive their

crown. There is a scale of comparative measurements on the floor, and it shows how St. Paul's in London, St. Sophia's in Constantinople, and any one of the world's great churches would fit loosely in this. All round the vast building confessionals are stowed away, and the language to which each is reserved is inscribed upon the front. Every known tongue is spoken there.

To our right the famous statue of St. Peter. On fête days it is decked with gorgeous vestments, priceless rings, and a jewelled mitre; and the authorities are obliged to place a guard around it. To-day we see nothing but the plain, handsome bronze, and the extended foot worn smooth with kissing.

Yonder, under the great dome, we will kneel at the marble balustrade of the "confession," wreathed round with golden lamps. This is the holy of holies. Here lie the ashes of Peter and Paul, and the relics of Peter's stole. The almost fathomless depths of the cupola hang above us, blue, eerie, far away. The huge mosaic figures of the Evangelists do not appear larger than life, though the pen in St. Luke's hand is seven feet long. The circling gallery is scarcely in relief, yet half the choir stands there on solemn days; and thence the silver trumpets blow across all the azure, incense-clouded space their piercing-sweet angelic notes. The pontifical high altar faces the people under the great canopy of bronze and gold. It is a wondrous spot indeed:—the dome; the tomb of those first Two; the shreds of Peter's priesthood; the altar where the chief priest, his successor and God's Vicar, offers up the Body of his Lord. Around that, against the four great piers, the statues of St. Helena, St. Andrew, St. Veronica, St. Longinus, commemorate other important relics preserved here.

Innumerable chapels, some of them large as churches, open out everywhere;

and the pictures over the altars, each one a masterpiece, are of mosaic, finer than brush-work that they may endure with the rest. In the tribune a marble slab records the definition of the dogma of Blessed Mary's Immaculate Conception, on December the 8th, 1854; and perhaps in all the glorious basilica there is not a stone more dear or more precious to the Catholic heart of Christendom. It has been fitly placed under the statue of St. Francis of Assisi.

Here also are tombs—tombs of Popes Urban VIII. and Paul III. These tombs run all the way down the church, all round the aisles; some handsome, some ugly, some indifferent,—Canova, Bernini, Thorwaldsen, Della Porta, Algardi. It is long before you grow familiar with them, and indeed there is a sort of similarity about them at first sight. From the blur of many, your memory may single out a kneeling figure with fine hands folded palm to palm, and prayerful head wrought in transparent marble. Sometimes you will pause at an epitaph—the “*Sic Florui*” of Leo XI.; or the plain stone where, between mourning genii, the names of the last Stuarts are written; and that sorrowful “*Regiæ Stripis Stuardiæ Postremis*,” the very words of which seem to be halting and broken with grief. If we happen to be in the other aisle, the last tomb will be that of Christine of Sweden, her proud profile showing dimly from its large medallion.

Opposite us (bottom of the church) a red cross upon the wall marks the Porta Santa, or Holy Door, opened by the Pope in Jubilee Year. Above it is an appropriate lunette of St. Peter, with his keys in good evidence. Just across the church from here opens the baptistery, with its beautiful picture of the Baptism of Christ in the Jordan; and its porphyry font, once the cover of Hadrian's sarcophagus. But however

delightful it may be to watch squalling Roman babies being christened out of the relic of death and dead empire, in your less buoyant moods you will turn from the living scenes to that dim chapel on the left. It contains many interesting memories, but it takes its name from one thing—Michael Angelo's “*Pietà*.”

A marble cross is lifted up at the back. Against it little bronze-gilt cherubs sustain a crown; and beneath that Our Lady sits, bowed forward, with the dead Christ in her lap. Her figure is noble and majestic, and treated in a large, simple way, astonishing when we consider the sculptor's age. The recumbent, sunken figure of the Son is very beautiful, with its limp arm hanging, and delicate trailing fingers relaxed in death. Perhaps the Virgin's face is too calm for that excess of agony,—in his own day, Michael Angelo was told she looked too young; but the whole group is so exquisite you do not want to criticise. It is enough to stand and watch, silently, those silent figures: the hooded head of the Mother, shadowy, bent over the still form of the Son; the Son so motionless; and that young face upturned in some sort of serene, rapt joy of agony. You will not want to look at anything else after looking at the “*Pietà*.”

Beyond the heavy portals evening is falling. The little cabs rattle over the cobbles; dusky figures wend everywhere homeward; the lamps are lighting. In answer to the deep-souled prayer of St. Peter's bell, all the lesser bells of the neighborhood rap out their Vesper Angelus—one, two, three; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four, five; and then, in the closing silence, a last, vibrating, tremulous—one.

(To be continued.)

VIRTUE is not an easy thing; why should religion be easy?—*Joubert*.

The Story of Count Stolberg.

I.

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD STOLBERG was born at Bramstedt, Holstein, on the 7th of November, 1750, of a Protestant family, but one with deeply religious principles. His father, Count Christian Günther, of Stolberg-Stolberg, was Danish Chamberlain. His mother was the Countess Charlotte Friederike, of Castell-Remlingen. Both parents were highly cultured in heart, soul and mind; and both possessed remarkably amiable dispositions. The elder Count was very much interested in the welfare of his retainers,—a sentiment in which his wife equally shared. He was the first of his rank to liberate his serfs.

They had gathered about them a distinguished literary circle, not the least of whom were Klopstock and Kramer, both intimate friends of the household. The society of persons such as these had a great influence on the career of the subject of our sketch by forming, to a considerable extent, the nature of the tastes and inclinations which were to determine his after career. Into the receptive heart of the child, like seed into the fruitful earth, fell the words of wisdom in which their beautiful thoughts were clothed; there was but little room for frivolity and none for coarseness in the refined and serious circle which surrounded and beautified the season of his early youth.

"The heart of our father," writes Stolberg's sister, Countess Katharina, "was kind and gentle.... Outwardly, he was somewhat cold; but this coldness, which he could not help, was only on the surface: those who knew him best never had reason to complain of it. 'Nothing is so beautiful as Truth. Truth alone is worthy of being loved.' 'I fear God and nothing else,' were some of

his most familiar expressions, the true exponents of his mind and soul....

"Our father's chief desire, that his children should follow in the path of virtue, was entirely shared by our devoted mother. I have heard her say that she envied no one so much as the mother of the Machabees, who must have been the happiest that ever lived, to have been able to say: 'Lord, here are we, and the children Thou hast given us.' That it might one day be also her portion to say this was her heart's wish, her endeavor, her prayer, the soul of her aspirations. She had an unlimited trust in God, and carried the practice of prayer into the smallest details of her life, which was one continual prayer. Seldom was she left alone without falling on her knees, her closed eyes and folded hands betraying how utterly were her thoughts given to God and heaven."

Much of the early youth of Stolberg and his brother and sisters was passed at Rondstedt, a country residence of the family, where, in the society of their parents and surrounded by the beauties of nature, the days sped by peacefully. The place was beloved to all of them, both on account of its great natural beauty and the associations which endeared it to the family. Later, when the storm and stress of life closed around them, they recurred again to the sweet memories of that period. Revisiting the place after a number of years, with his sister Henrietta, Stolberg writes:

"The memory of my noble father, which, first in Holstein and later in Denmark, lifted the yoke of slavery from his people, is still treasured in every heart, though he has been dead more than thirty-one years. We met an old man, a former servant at the castle, who, hearing that we were the children of the Countess Stolberg, said with deep emotion: 'O God have mercy on her soul!' A peasant woman whom we

visited, and whom I had not seen for twenty-six years, knew me at once. As we were taking our departure she said: 'God bless every step that you have taken to come to see me!'"

After the death of his father, Stolberg's mother devoted herself to the education of her children, in which she was aided by the counsels of her true friends, Bernstorff and Klopstock. They were thoroughly grounded in Latin and the study of literature, became at an early age familiar with the Roman classics, so that when in the spring of 1770 the two boys entered the University of Halle for the study of jurisprudence, they were as fully equipped for the more solid studies as any of their fellows. They were also familiar with the modern languages, and notably with English, in which they soon made great progress.

At Göttingen they became intimately associated with the poets who dwelt or sojourned in that literary atmosphere,—a true *Dichterbund*, which laid the foundation for many warm friendships and subsequent pleasant memories. At Göttingen also the brothers began the study of Greek. They had no instructor; with only a grammar and dictionary they began with Homer, and were soon rewarded for their industry by the treasures which were opened to them.

It had been customary in the Stolberg household to read daily a chapter in the Bible; and to this custom the brothers always remained faithful,—something, we fancy, not usual with young men of their position and associations.

The daily teaching, pious example, and dying advice of their beloved mother were powerful factors in shaping the future of her children. She passed away on December 22, 1773. The following extract is taken from her last will and testament:

"Dear children, hold fast by religion with all your might and with all your

hearts, loving neither the world nor the things that are of the world. All these vanish: they are only dust. In life and in death nothing awaits us but the Blood of Jesus, the glory of God, His wisdom and His friendship; seek these, and rest not until you find them. And when they are once yours, oh, never, never fling them away! I long for the time when I shall again see and embrace you with open arms, in the day when we shall once more be reunited. Oh, watch and pray!"

Noble lineage was theirs. Among their ancestors were numbered heroes and statesmen. Wealth, culture, refinement had united to dower them with all that is considered most desirable by the children of this world; but the noblest inheritance of the Stolbergs was the piety, probity and honesty which came to them by blood, precept, and example.

After leaving Göttingen, Friedrich Leopold and his brother Christian took up their abode in the house of Count Bernstorff, who, in the year 1763, had married their sister Henrietta. At this time Stolberg wrote some of his most famous poems, none of which, we fear, are very well known to English readers; but which are still, as they were then, great favorites in his native country.

It was about this time also that they made a pleasant journey into Switzerland, which was one of the happiest recollections of Stolberg's early manhood. Always in love with liberty, this sojourn in "the country of the free" served still more to expand his ideas and broaden his mind. He goes into raptures over the Rhine, which he now sees for the first time; and from Zurich he writes of his reception by Lavater, for whom he had a strong admiration, and who became thereafter one of his warm friends. As they progressed on their journey, Stolberg was more and

more impressed by the full, free atmosphere in which the Swiss people dwelt.

On one occasion they paused awhile to converse with a number of laborers who were working in the fields. He writes: "They asked us for something to drink, which we freely gave them. Then we sang a verse from Lavater's 'Schweizerbauernlied.' They besought us to sing it again, which we did with much pleasure; and we were right friendly together. I said to them: 'What if some one were now to come and try to take your freedom from you? Would you be as brave in resisting as your forefathers were?'—'Yes, yes!' they all cried. And an old grayheaded fellow, flinging his axe into the air, shouted with a loud voice: 'With this axe I would strike him dead!'"

Stolberg was specially pleased with the Catholic cantons. After expatiating upon the free but patriarchal style of government, and the piety and happiness of the people, he remarks: "If there is any one who believes that the common people can not appreciate the blessings of freedom, let him visit the free Catholic cantons of Switzerland."

During part of the journey the brothers travelled on foot in a most delightful fashion, enjoying every step of the way. They passed over the Alps into Italy. On their return, Stolberg resumed his studies in literature, devoting much of his time to the reading and composition of poetry. At this period his mind was filled with the gentle melancholy of youth,—youth pure in its aspirations, tinged with a romance which never borders on the sentimental; having at the same time a genuine reflectiveness, based upon the religious feelings which were ever active in Stolberg's soul. He does not appear to have experienced seasons of doubt or indifference: all his beliefs were based upon a deep and solid foundation. He writes: "How illusory

is happiness! Cæsar wished for the empire of the world, and it was his; I would be quite content with a hut and freedom. O freedom, freedom!"

To be untrammelled—to lie on the breast of Nature, in sympathy with all her moods; to dream noble thoughts and embody them in verse,—these were then his highest worldly ambitions. His ballads are full of the rushing of the streams and the roaring of the sea. Some of them are equal in many respects to those of Bürger and Schiller; while in his odes and hymns there is a sublimity which appeals to the deepest and purest emotions of the soul. In the year 1778 he gave to the world a translation of the Iliad, the first German rendition of a Grecian poet in the original metre.

Up to the year 1777 he had lived and labored with his brother Christian. Then came their first separation. Christian was appointed judge at Tremsbüttel, three miles from Hamburg; and very soon after he married the Countess Luise von Reventlow, the widow of Von Gramm, late Master of the Chase. In the year 1779 they issued an edition of their poems. Notwithstanding their separation, they continued to live forever after in a unity and affection seldom seen even among brothers.

In November, 1781, Stolberg was made Ambassador to Copenhagen; and on June 11, 1782, he married Agnes von Witzleben. She was an incomparable wife, the soul of his soul and the life of his life. Hers was a pure, unworldly nature, turning all things to a heavenly goal; and thus impressing her own spirituality on the heart of her husband, always receptive of heavenly things. He writes of her in the following manner:

"She is simple and sweet as a child, yet serious and reserved as a matron. For her there is beauty in the song of every bird, loveliness in every flower that blooms. She is the idol of her home,

and it has not spoiled her; she is a marvel of sweetness, simplicity, *naïveté*, and the purest happiness. In her society I have learned how to appreciate and love all that is most noble and elevated; she is to me a guide and helper on the road to virtue, the only one which leads to heaven."

Stolberg's Muse was now in the height of energy and fruitfulness. At this time he produced his three dramas entitled, "Timoleon," "Theseus," "Der Säugling," on the second of which he had been working at intervals for thirteen years.

In April, 1786, he was given the appointment of chief magistrate of Neuenburg,—a post very acceptable to him, as it gave him more leisure for study. About this time he became much interested in the writings of Plato and the study of philosophy in general. But all that was best in literature was a pleasant field to Stolberg. We see in his diary how he revelled in the pages of Ossian; how the sad and romantic life of Mary of Scotland, which he read in the original English, appealed to his poetical mind; and again we find him bemoaning, with the rest of the reading world, the unhappy fate of "Clarissa," whose character he considered a marvel of the novelist's art.

And through all these fascinating pages, as well as through his letters to his brother and sisters, flows a vein of religious thought, the expression of a soul that could find its complete satisfaction in that only which was highest and best. God was leading him by slow and gentle paths to the flowery heights where his soul was one day to find its fullest peace. But first he was to tread the road of pain and disappointment: he was to be smitten in his dearest possessions time and again before this peace should be granted him.

On November 15, 1788, Stolberg's

beloved wife was taken from him after a short but severe illness. The blow struck heavily, leaving him dazed and helpless, so sudden and unexpected was the uprooting of all he prized most in life. He writes of his bereavement to his brother in these touching words:

"O that I might weep upon thy breast, as did Jonathan on that of David,—on thy heart, my brother, who wert also a brother beloved to her who is gone! Great God, for twenty-four hours I have hardly seemed to live! Pray for me, that I may be resigned with my whole soul.

"Prostrate I lie upon my face,
Weeping and moaning. With Thy grace,
Lord, help me! Let this heart of mine
In life and death be only Thine!

"O what strength is given to those who place their trust in God's holy promises! These words of Scripture, 'Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.' 'Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed.' 'God has so loved the world,' and so forth, have comforted me greatly. An unbroken union with her who was so full of heaven and so near it has led me, without my knowing it, close to the way which she has departed.... How often has she said to me that, when she should have left me, the consciousness that I had given myself entirely to God would add to her happiness in heaven! With tears I thank the Almighty to-day for the severe illness with which she was visited in the spring. It brought us both nearer to Heaven. Out of the depths of my sorrow I can yet cry: 'May the name of the Lord be praised! May His holy will be done!' I can say it to-day—I said it in the first half hour of my bereavement—with entire resignation. What a blessing is that! What strength is there not in religion!"

Truly these words breathe the spirit of perfect Christianity.

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

I.—THE EPIPHANY.

THE grand panorama of Christ's life and the glories of the saints, as pictured in the ever-varying cycle of ecclesiastical festivals, would necessarily be incomplete were not a foremost place assigned therein to the ever-blessed Mother of God. By the wise ordering of Divine Providence, which "sweetly disposes all things," the honor due to Mary has never been wanting in the Church; and thus, like the silver thread woven in and out of the pattern of some rich tapestry, Mary is ever present in the calendar of the Catholic liturgy.

The very first day of the year is largely devoted to the honoring of Our Lady's divine maternity. The prayers, antiphons and responsories of that festival are all directed toward the one object of praising the dignity of God's own Mother.* But the sequence of festivals carries us on, and we come to the great day of the Epiphany.

Unlike Christmas, which is of Roman institution, the Epiphany, as its Greek name indicates, owes its origin to the East. As early as the fourth century we read that it ranked among the greatest festivals.† In its primitive form of celebration, the Epiphany included also the feast of Our Lord's Nativity; the severance, as far as the Greeks were concerned, was made about the time of St. John Chrysostom (A. D. cir. 376.) This was the result of obedience to the traditions and recommendations of the holy, apostolic See of Rome.‡

* For a more explicit notice of this subject, see an article, "Our Lady and New Year's Day," in THE AVE MARIA for Jan. 1, 1898.

† Duchesne, "Orig. du Culte Chrétien," p. 249.

‡ St. John Chrysostom, "Sermon for Christmas," vol. ii, p. 352. (Ed. Migne.)

On the Epiphany three manifestations of Our Lord are commemorated: His adoration by the Magi, His baptism in the Jordan, and His first miracle at Cana.* The first of these three mysteries forms the principal subject of celebration in the Roman liturgy; the other two are honored more particularly later during the Octave. It is but fitting that the holy Church of Rome should give greater prominence to the manifestation of the Magi; for in them the whole Gentile world was called to a knowledge of the faith; and Rome, by God's ordering, became the centre of that true Christian faith which now radiates to the ends of the earth.

The Gospel chosen for the Feast of the Epiphany forms that part of the liturgy which has special reference to our Blessed Lady.† After relating the wondrous appearance of the Star, the journey of the Wise Men, and their arrival at Bethlehem, St. Matthew says: "And entering the house, they found the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him." In these simple yet pregnant words the Evangelist calls attention to the fact that it was Our Lady who presented Christ to the Magi. An ancient author‡ in his works supposes a beautiful conversation to have taken place between Mary and the Wise Men, in which the latter related the vision of the Star; and Our Lady, on her part, told them of the mysteries accomplished in her. The Magi asked to kiss her hand, but instead she presented the hand of her Son and laid it in benediction on the head of each. After prostrating to the ground to adore their heavenly King seated on His Mother's lap as on His throne, they offered gifts. The gold and frankincense and myrrh

* See Vesper hymn of Epiphany.

† St. Matthew, ii, 11.

‡ Said to be St. Ephrem. See "Life of Our Lady," by M. P., p. 81.

intended for Jesus were placed in the queenly hands of the Virgin Mother.*

From the primitive ages of the Church it has always been customary, in representing this mystery, to depict Mary with the Child Jesus in her arms; and rightly so, for the Divine Infant is never revealed to us save in company with His Blessed Mother.

The earliest representation in art of the Adoration of the Magi is to be found in the Catacomb of St. Domitilla in Rome, and is probably a work of the early half of the third century.† But to return to the celebration of the festival. Although the Epiphany has its vigil, no fast is enjoined, as the Christmas solemnity is considered to continue uninterruptedly.

It is not surprising to find that Christian monarchs have had a special predilection for the Epiphany, and many examples are on record of sovereigns imitating the offerings of the three Wise Men. English kings were wont to assist with much solemnity at the High Mass of this beautiful feast. Clad in robes of state and wearing the royal crown, they approached the altar, and there offered gold, frankincense and myrrh. In the English court this expressive and Catholic rite has been observed for well-nigh eight hundred years; and, strange to say, is still kept up, notwithstanding the change of religion. As recently as the reign of George III., the ceremony was performed by the king in person; now, however, the mystic oblation of the English sovereign is made by deputy; two gentlemen ushers of the royal household being commissioned to carry it out in the Chapel of St. James' Palace.‡

It is well known that during the Middle Ages there was a widespread

desire to dramatize the events of Our Lord's life as celebrated in the liturgy. By this means the services were greatly embellished; traces of this may be found to-day at Christmas, during Holy Week, and at Easter.* The mystery of the Epiphany lent itself admirably to treatment of this kind; and our forefathers were not slow in availing themselves of the opportunity. Martene and some other liturgical writers describe this sacred drama, which was enacted in many churches before the commencement of Solemn Mass.† All was done with extreme dignity and reverence, the chanting of appropriate antiphons forming the chief part of the drama. It may be of interest to relate that quite recently the Benedictines, with the assistance of their alumni, at Emaus in Prag, reproduced, on a very elaborate scale, a similar liturgical drama. All who were present testify to the pious and salutary effects of this splendid representation of the mysteries of the Divine Infancy.

PUBLICATION OF MOVABLE FEASTS.

In cathedral churches, and others of importance, after the Gospel of the day has been sung by the deacon, the Roman Pontificale directs that the date of the approaching feast of Easter, and the dates of other movable feasts, should be announced to the people. The form in the Pontificale is set to a chant similar to that employed for blessing the Paschal Candle on Holy Saturday. And at the conclusion of the Latin formula it is not unusual for the chanter to read a translation in the vulgar tongue, for the benefit of those not versed in the language of the Church.§ The following is the form employed for the current year: "Know ye, dearly beloved

* "Mother of the King," Coleridge, p. 149.

† "Roma Sotterranea," p. 149.

‡ "Memorials of St. James' Palace," vol. ii, c. iv.

* Viz., Antiphons at Christmas Lauds; the chanting of the Passion; the Easter sequence.

† De Antiqua Eccl. Disciplina (Martene).

‡ Bauldry, "Manuale Cæremon.," p. 153.

brethren, that by the mercy of God, as we have been rejoicing in the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, so also do we make known unto you the joy of the Resurrection of the same our Saviour. Septuagesima Sunday will be on the 11th of February; Ash-Wednesday and the beginning of the most holy Lenten fast will be on the 28th of February. On the 15th of April we shall celebrate with joy the solemnity of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ will be on the 24th of May; the Feast of Pentecost on the 3d of June; the Feast of Corpus Christi on the 14th of June. The 2d of December will be the first Sunday of the Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen."*

This custom of solemnly announcing Easter dates from the time when difficulties existed in obtaining uniformity concerning the precise day on which to celebrate the mystery of Our Lord's Resurrection. At the Council of Nicea, in the year 325, it was ordained that the Patriarch of Alexandria should promulgate the date of Easter, as the Egyptians were considered to be particularly learned in the science of astronomy. Subsequent to the date of the Eastern schism, the Roman Pontiff undertook this duty.†

OTHER RITES.

The Epiphany is one of those few special feasts which has the honor of being styled in the Canon of the Mass, "a day most holy"; and, furthermore, according to the rubrics of the Roman Pontificale, it is one of the few days assigned for performing the beautiful ceremony of consecrating virgins. This rite is embodied in many of the rituals for professing nuns of the older Orders of

the Church, especially the Benedictines.

The "station," or place of assembly for the faithful in Rome, is held in the vast Basilica of St. Peter. The Mass begins with words which celebrate the arrival of the great King so long expected: "Behold the Lord, the Ruler, is come; and dominion and power and empire are in His hand." The Collect prays that we may be permitted to see that living Light for which faith prepares us, and which will enlighten us for all eternity. In the Epistle the Church reads the prophecy of Isaias concerning the coming of the Kings to worship Christ. St. Matthew is the Evangelist who relates the full history of the mystery of the festival. The Communion antiphon commemorates the praises of the Star, the light of which has brought us also to adore our God.

In the Offices of the Breviary the Church never wearies of her references to the Star, the adoration of the Kings, and the presentation of the mystic gifts. Now and again joyous praise is sung in memory of the baptism of Christ, and the working of the miracle by which water was turned into wine; this is particularly the case in the Vesper hymn, a composition of Sedulius,* the opening stanzas of which were sung in the Lauds of Christmas morning.

In the Eastern Church this solemnity is sometimes called the "Day of the Holy Lights," on account of its being one of the few feasts on which baptism was administered; and baptism, according to many of the holy Fathers, is called *Illumination*; and they who receive it, the *Illuminated*. It is still customary among the Greeks to bless water on the Epiphany; the rite is not altogether unknown even in the Latin Church.†

* "Liturgical Year, Christmas," vol. ii.

† Duchesne, "Culte Chrétien," p. 228.

* During the first half of the fifth century,—vid. "Dictionary of Hymnology," by Julian.

† "Liturgical Year, Christmas," vol. ii.

THE OCTAVE.

The Octave of the Epiphany is enriched with the special privilege of excluding during its course the celebration of all other feasts, except those of the highest rank; consequently the same Mass, as well as much of the Divine Office, is repeated every day. One of the daily Collects of the Mass is intended to honor Our Lady as Mother of God.

On the 7th of January, the day following the feast, the Roman Martyrology commemorates the Return of the Holy Child Jesus from His exile in Egypt. Mary and Joseph are once more all-important in this wondrous event. It was indeed a day of joy to Mary to see again their native land; for it must be borne in mind that the love of country was a special characteristic of the Hebrew people. The sacred liturgy has not provided any special memorial of the "Flight" or the "Return," either in Mass or Office, beyond the Gospel narrative, which has a place on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, and again on the eve of the Epiphany.

Our Blessed Lady's share in the glad festival of which we are treating does not end here. On the Sunday within the Octave her sorrow at losing her Divine Son and her joy at finding Him again within the precincts of the Temple amidst the Doctors of the Law form the subject of the Gospel. In some English dioceses,* and elsewhere besides, this mystery of the Finding in the Temple is not only a matter of commemoration, but it constitutes the subject of a special festival, with a proper Office and Mass.

As the Church is more particularly taken up with honoring Our Lord's manifestation to the Gentiles on the Epiphany itself, the formal celebration of His baptism is postponed till the Octave day, on which occasion the Gospel gives

the full account from the inspired words of St. John. Although we do not read of Our Lady being present on this solemn occasion, when the Holy Trinity was made manifest, nevertheless it marks the beginning of the great missionary enterprise of Our Lord, connected with the salvation of souls, in which Mary took her part by intercession. It is generally believed that Our Lady received baptism from the hands of her Son on the next occasion when they met, after Jesus had been to the Jordan to be baptized by St. John.*

But the mysteries of the Epiphany are not yet complete. There is still one other manifestation of Our Lord which has to be brought before the minds of the faithful for their veneration and instruction; it is the miracle of turning water into wine—the first Our Lord worked publicly in Cana of Galilee. This event is duly commemorated on the second Sunday after the Epiphany,—a day now consecrated by a festival in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus. The miracle at Cana was a direct answer to the intercession of our Blessed Lady. St. John (ii, 1) tells us that the Mother of Jesus was present, and it was to her that the servants appealed when the wine failed at the marriage-feast. And indeed, it was but just that she who had co-operated in the high mystery of the Incarnation should take part also in the favors that flowed from the effects of that same mystery.

Thus we have seen how closely connected is our Blessed Lady with the several mysteries solemnized during the great Feast and Octave of the Epiphany. May that glorious Virgin, who has been the means by which the Son of God has been manifested to us on earth, obtain for us by her prayers the sight of that same Divine Son amidst the unending joys of heaven!

* Westminster, Salford, etc.

* "Mother of the King," Coleridge, p. 223.

How to Make a Beginning.

THERE is one good thing about the resolutions which we are all disposed to make at the beginning of a new year: they can be renewed as often as they are broken. And it is manifestly better to form good resolutions and break them than not to make any at all. The humiliation arising from the evidence of our weakness is salutary, and sometimes we get on better after frequent falls than we did at first. Experience teaches us that we confided too much in our own strength and too little, or not at all, in the help that comes from above; and we learn at last that the only way to guard against relapses is to avoid the occasions of them. It is not demanded of us that we should keep perfectly all good resolutions, only to try. God is so merciful that He does not exact of us success, but only effort.

The lectures of a famous American humorist were supposed to last for an hour—from eight until nine o'clock; but he was sometimes obliged to limit them to forty-five minutes on account of weak lungs. However, after the audience was well settled, he would take a seat on the platform, slowly draw out his watch, and spend five minutes or more solemnly looking first at the timepiece, then at his mystified auditors. At precisely quarter after eight he rose to begin his lecture, announcing with ludicrous gravity that he could lecture only three-quarters of an hour, and had been waiting for a good chance to begin. Whether we are only on the eve of a new century or have already entered upon it, as some maintain, now is the time to begin the work of rectifying our lives. We shall never have such another chance.

New Year resolutions had better not be numerous; the fewer they are the better chance there will be of their being

put into practice. Most people find that no inconsiderable amount of fortitude is required to keep even one good resolution. It is astonishing how difficult it becomes, say about the end of the second week of January, even to remember New Year resolutions. For this reason they ought to be put down in black and white, like a promissory note—something of which one is sure to be reminded. A document of this kind is wondrously enduring. A person with any self-respect hates to destroy it and thus admit that he is incapable of doing what he had resolved upon. A set of written resolutions may be out of sight, but they are not so easily put out of mind. Like the elder Mr. Dooley's pipe during Lent—he knew why he put it away and where it was all the time.

Reforms are commonly characterized as sweeping because, as a rule, they comprehend only the surface and include in their scope many persons or things. It is the same with self-amendment, which is apt to be restricted to the exterior and to embrace a great variety of actions. We forget that change of heart is the main thing, and that bad habits can be broken only as they were formed. The old story of the philosopher and the sticks illustrates the folly of those who would do everything at once instead of *pedetentim*—the favorite saying of St. Francis de Sales. The strength of the young disciple was unequal to the task of breaking the fagot as it stood. The philosopher unbound it and broke the sticks one by one. The making or breaking of habits takes time.

There will be no end of schemes for the rectification of individuals and the reformation of the world in this closing year of the century,—all sorts of new labor-saving methods of salvation for the faithful, and any number of novel plans for the enlightenment and conversion of all outside of the Church. Let

us be on our guard against adopting anything as a substitute for vigilance and penance and unworldliness. These are absolutely indispensable. And it is well to remember, as St. John Chrysostom says, that the conversions effected by the Apostles were the result, not so much of the sermons they preached or the miracles they wrought, as of the virtues they practised. We can do more good to our fellow-creatures by being good than in any other way.

That was a wise and memorable saying of Pope Pius IX. in reply to a delegation of zealous persons who once sought his approval of a scheme for the sanctification and renovation of Christendom: "I know the best way to reform the world—let everyone begin with himself."

Notes and Remarks.

A prominent and devout layman of our country thinks it is desirable that all the faithful should be induced to pay public honor to Christ during this Jubilee Year by wearing a heart-shaped badge of some suitable material, with or without the Holy Name stamped thereon. We are asked to express our opinion on this subject. The idea is eminently pious; but instead of a badge of any sort we would suggest a cross. What better symbol of Christian faith and practice could there be? It is regrettable to notice that the emblem of redemption is less used than formerly,—possibly the cross is not so much gloried in nowadays. Half a century ago it was considered a distinctively Catholic symbol; any one wearing a cross or crucifix was understood to be a member of the Old Church. But now when non-Catholics place crosses on the steeples of their churches, and are removing unsightly monuments in cemeteries, replacing them by those beautiful Celtic crosses, the

taste of many of the faithful is for badges and buttons. Fortunately, the crucifix is required to be placed above our altars, or we should fear to find an anatomically-impossible or artistically-insufferable statue in its place. Stick to the cross, say we.

Not many sensible people, we think, will disagree with the opinion expressed by the *Sentinel* of Manila, that it is a great mistake to permit the religious sensibilities of the natives of the Philippines to be outraged. English indifference to the religious practices of Indian subjects occasioned the Sepoy rebellion. But the mistake to which the *Sentinel* refers is constantly committed. It is no uncommon sight in Manila to see Americans openly venting their anti-Catholic spleen against the terrorized natives; to hear a passing *padre* insulted in the coarse vocabulary of an ill-bred ruffian, sometimes in American uniform. This we learn from an issue of the *Sentinel* just to hand. It says further: "The faith of the Filipinos is dearer to them than life itself; and the sooner Americans are convinced of this fact, the better."

It is unfortunate for the gentlemen who composed the Philippine Commission that American citizens have other sources of information than its perfunctory report. We are tired of hearing that the people in the Philippines are not capable of self-government. Many who have come to know them well declare that they are an orderly, intelligent and prosperous people; and our soldiers who have been fighting them so much longer than it was supposed would be necessary are convinced that, however near they may be to the American yoke, they are very far from subjection to it. They demand liberty, and it may yet be theirs. The fact of

their valuing it so highly is proof that they deserve it. The Hon. Cushman K. Davis, chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, is of opinion that "the Filipinos possess many qualities of self-government."

..

A copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, of Sydney, N. S. W., just received, contains a letter from Hong-Kong, in which it is stated that there is not a Filipino in the islands who has anything but hatred for our Government, in spite of all that has been asserted to the contrary:

The American system of government is in many respects the same as the Spanish colonial administration; the customs tariff and rules and regulations, also the laws enforced by the courts, being identical with the Spanish laws, tariffs, etc. As regards bribery and corruption, it simply rides rampant throughout the territory held by the Americans; while as regards the municipal government of Manila, it is infinitely worse than under the Spaniards. From the highest to the lowest, the Yankee officials are "on the make,"—making hay while the sun shines; believing, probably, that the day is not very far distant when the people of the States, through their representatives in Congress, will call a halt, and endeavor to make amends for the grievous injury which has been done to an unoffending nation.

—♦—

The centenary celebration of the death of Washington was hardly as enthusiastic as patriotism could wish. Indeed, it is not so long since his memory was far more universally and enthusiastically acclaimed on each recurring Fourth of July. However, the memorial exercises came appropriately at a time when there seems to be a disposition to consider coldly the noble character of the Father of his Country and to regard his lofty utterances and his sagacious policy as crude and out of date. Catholics especially have reasons to revere the most majestic figure in American history. It is gladdening to note that in our schools, books and periodicals, and in the pronouncements of our spiritual leaders, there is frequent and cordial acknowledgment of the fact. Cardinal

Gibbons, who always speaks opportunely, in announcing his inability to be present at one of the celebrations last month, revived some patriotic memories which all of us may contemplate with pleasure. We quote:

I am deeply interested in every celebration that is calculated to keep alive in the hearts of all our citizens the memory of Washington, and to cherish those civic virtues which the Father of his Country has left us as a most precious heritage. It is pleasant to recall the fact that one hundred years ago, a few days after Washington's death, my venerable predecessor, Archbishop Carroll, was invited by both Houses of Congress, in common with other clergymen throughout the country, to deliver a discourse on the personal character and services of George Washington. On February 22, 1800, the Archbishop preached to a crowded congregation in Saint Peter's Pro-Cathedral, Baltimore, when he portrayed the civic and the military exploits of the first President of the United States. Archbishop Carroll was indeed well qualified for the task imposed on him; for during the whole contest between Great Britain and America he was an attentive observer of its eventful incidents; and few men had formed a more accurate estimate of the colonial leader's ability and conduct than Dr. Carroll.

I may also add that when Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton were appointed by both Houses of Congress to proceed to Canada for the purpose of inducing that country to observe neutrality during the war, Archbishop Carroll accompanied them on their mission at their special request. I earnestly hope that the anniversary will contribute to inspire us all with a greater reverence for the Father of our Country, and a deeper attachment to our civil and political institutions.

For all who share—and every American does share—the responsibility for the future of this best of fatherlands, there is a first-rate New Year's resolution suggested by the Cardinal's concluding sentence.

—♦—

Among the prayers and forms of devotion condemned by a recent decree of the Congregation of Indulgences we notice one prayer, a salutation to Our Lady of Sorrows, which has had place in approved prayer-books for upward of thirty years. The moral of the decree would seem to be to fall back on the old-fashioned forms of devotion, con-

secrated by the use of saints; though they may have no special indulgences attached to them, they are at least excellent in themselves. The condemned prayer to which we refer is said to have been highly indulgenced by Pius IX., but the indulgence is now declared to be spurious. The decree not only prohibits what is named but all similar inventions and superstitions. All such practices and devotions as "a prayer to the Holy Cross, to which is attached the promise of the deliverance of five souls from purgatory if recited five times on Fridays," are sure to be authoritatively condemned at some future time, though industriously propagated now. Superstitious devotions are injurious to the faithful and scandalous to unbelievers; there are more of them than have yet been specifically prohibited.

Ordinarily a long address appearing in a newspaper stands as little chance of being read as the President's message. But there are addresses and addresses, though messages are always pretty much the same. The address on "Opportunity," delivered by the Bishop of Peoria at the formal opening of Spalding Institute in his own city, is so full of eloquence and inspiration that one feels well repaid for reading it, line by line, through six columns of a dingy daily. We hope to see this able address soon reprinted as a pamphlet. Meantime we present a few of its many striking passages:

If we can not do great things, there is ever-present opportunity of doing small things well; and great occasions come to those alone who make good use of the hundred minor offices and occurrences with which the lives of all are filled. If we fail in the dangers and temptations which none escape, it is because there is some fault in our daily life, in our habitual state.

To make our world larger and fairer, it is not necessary to discover or acquire new objects, but to grow into conscious and loving harmony with the good which is ever-present and inviting.

The test of a man's strength and worth is not so much what he accomplishes as what he overcomes.

Few can utter words of wisdom, but opportunity to speak kind words is offered to everyone; and they are more helpful.

Nothing touches the soul but leaves its impress; and thus, little by little, we are fashioned into the image of all we have seen and heard, known and meditated. And if we learn to live with all that is fairest and purest and best, the love of it all will in the end become our very life.

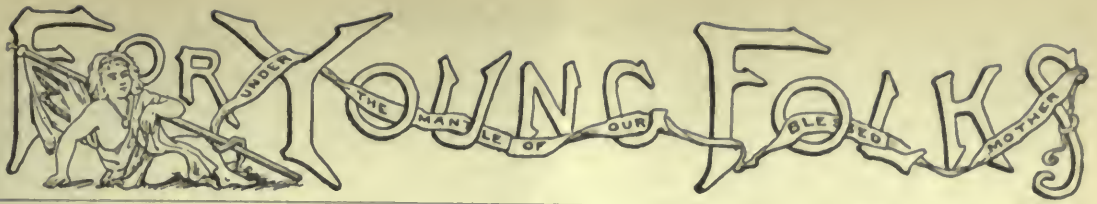
These are good thoughts for the New Year.

For the past ten years the population in France has been stationary, while that of all other countries has increased steadily. There is recently manifest a notable decrease in the marriage-rate; but, on the other hand, we are happy to say the number of divorces has decreased. In a volume of reminiscences entitled "That Reminds Me" the well-known editor and politician, Sir Edward Russell, records a casual remark of Gladstone's to him in 1888: "I have long thought that the battle of Christianity will have to be fought around the sacredness of marriage. Only Christianity can save society." The battle of national prosperity and of expansion will have to be fought on the same field. Our own country, as well as France, would do well to remember that any nation which fails to recognize the sacredness of marriage and countenances the "regulation" of families will have small use for colonies in the future.

This very interesting paragraph occurs in Mr. Kegan Paul's new "Memoirs":

Few congregations show such rapt devotion as those in French churches. Mr. Browning, whose sturdy Protestantism is evident throughout his books, as well as his sympathy with forms of faith not his own, once clutched the arm of a friend of his and mine at the moment of the Elevation and said: "O Arthur, this is too good to be true!"

Bits like this abound in Mr. Paul's pages.



A New Year's Gift.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

WHO gives what he hath, be it ever so humble,
Need frame no excuse that the gift is not more;
Nor fear that the friends he remembers will grumble:
By the *thought* of the giver those friends will set
store.

Then take as my New Year's gift thoughts the most
gracious


That ever cemented a friendship most true;
And believe that the heart of the giver, though
spacious,
Is full to the brim of good wishes for you.

May Bethlehem's spirit abide with you ever;
May Providence watch over, guide you and cheer;
May health bless you always, your friends fail you
never,
And life grow but sweeter each happy New Year!

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE
EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

I.—A HOMELIKE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

 HERE are more of them than
you may think, and this was
one. The children were not
dressed in uniform: they wore
blue dresses, brown dresses, red dresses,
with aprons of all kinds of check, made
after many patterns; indeed, what was
never before seen in any orphan asylum,
I do believe, some of them wore no
aprons at all, except when engaged in
some menial work. But these were the
larger girls, who had attained to the
dignity of fourteen or fifteen—almost
young women,—who were monitors,
going about the great house and through
the long halls on their various duties.

These the kindly superior was wont to
call "the little sisters of the Sisters."

Although there was perfect order in
that house, as there must necessarily be
in every public institution, it was not
such as destroyed all individuality: the
rules were not "cut-and-dried rules." For
instance, it was not against all
precedents, simply because it was not a
regular holiday, for Mother Ignatius to
enter the refectory on some beautiful,
sunshiny day and say: "Now, girls,
I feel the spring coming. We will go to
the woods this afternoon." At which
there would be a universal shout of joy
and a great clapping of hands. The big
girls would hurry to wash the dishes
and brush off the tables, while the little
tots almost fell over one another in their
eagerness to get their caps and wraps.

There were about sixty girls in the
asylum, ranging in age from two years
old to sixteen; after which time places
were found for them in respectable
families. But they always had the
asylum to return to; and there were
few who did not avail themselves of
the refuge when out of employment or
ill, or tired with bending over hot stoves
and lugging fat babies about.

There were also a few boys—not more
than twenty, as they had no room for a
larger number, and had originally not
meant to take any. But the boys'
asylum over at Northend having over-
flowed its limits, Mother Ignatius was
persuaded by the Board to try to find
accommodations for a few *very* little
fellows, some of whom had sisters in
the house; and thus it seemed kind and
human to have them near each other.
When a boy had reached the age of ten,
if not adopted by some family, he was

transferred to the Brothers' Protectory, to which he usually went with great reluctance, so happy and contented were they under Mother Ignatius' firm but gentle rule. They also shared the girls' holidays; and it was a merry party that set out, under the guidance of four or five Sisters, for a day in the woods, or at the beach, which was a little farther away from the asylum, being on that account a still greater treat.

On these occasions the wagon would be brought forth, into which the smaller children were piled in turn, coming and going. And, what was better than all—at least so the boys and girls thought,—there were always sausage and fried potatoes for supper when they got back, tired and hungry; and the next morning the bell for rising was rung at half-after six instead of at the usual hour of half-after five.

And there were snowy days in winter when the children were turned pell-mell into the yard to make snow balls or snow-men; taking turns on the few pairs of skates of which the asylum could boast; or racing down hill on the three large sleds which had been made and presented by a former inmate, now a prosperous carpenter.

And there were days—mostly rainy ones, principally during the Christmas holidays—when they had grand candy-pullings, which some of the children thought the finest treat of all. Visitors often gave them pennies and nickels. A portion of these was set aside for "candy money"; for Mother Ignatius was of the opinion that even orphan children needed a few luxuries occasionally; and it was a pleasant sight to see them all assembled in the long, low-ceiled laundry, around the great, round stove, watching the bubbling pots of sugar and molasses; their hands longing and their mouths watering for the toothsome morsels in preparation by their

elders. At these times they *did* wear aprons, all of them, boys and girls,—aprons ready for the next week's wash, and which it was no harm to soil with sticky molasses or delicious long ropes of candy in process of pulling.

To each was given a small tin plate, on which a large lump of candy was placed just at the right moment; then the gyrations of those children were a sight to see. After the candy had been pulled to the right consistency, they were allowed to eat half of it, while the other half was laid aside for Sunday afternoon. Unusually bad conduct in the interval deprived the offender of his or her share; but this was of rare occurrence. These candy-pullings left the children with little appetite for supper, which therefore generally consisted on such occasions of simple corn-meal mush and milk,—real milk, fresh from the cow, not skimmed four or five times for the last vestige of cream, nor made of the contents of cans labelled "condensed."

On the day our story opens there had been a candy-pulling. The children were gathered round the immense anthracite stove which stood in the middle of the recreation room. But there was plenty of ventilation; and the heat thrown off was well utilized and distributed, you may be sure. Four school-rooms opened on this large circular room, the doors of which were always open. Pipes radiated from it to the dormitory, also circular, giving it sufficient warmth for comfort. This was the girls' dormitory; while that of the boys was situated in another part of the house, above the kitchen, where the heat from the great range had been diverted to warm it for the little fellows.

Supper was over; the children were scattered in groups about the room. One of the larger girls went to the window.

"What is it, dear?" said the mistress, Sister Beatrice.

"Nothing, Sister," answered Monica. "It seemed so quiet outside I thought it might be snowing."

"And is it?" asked Sister Beatrice.

The girl peered into the darkness.

"I can't see," she responded; "but I believe it is."

The Sister looked over her shoulder.

"There are a few flakes flying," she said. "I believe we shall have a heavy snow-storm before morning."

She returned to the table where she had been working with some of the larger girls, but Monica still remained standing at the window. Presently she called one of her companions:

"Come here, Agnes! Don't you hear a strange noise outside?"

"No," replied the other. "I hear the wind rising; that is all."

"It is something else," said Monica. "It is a little voice."

"Why, what a funny thing to say! Everyone is here—the babies and all."

The babies were between two and three years old.

"It is a *little* baby's voice!" persisted Monica. "Listen, please! It is crying—a teenty-weenty baby."

"O Sister, hear what Monica says!" exclaimed Agnes, leaving the window. "She thinks there is a baby crying outside."

"A baby!" said the Sister, springing to her feet. "Perhaps it may be so. Come, Monica! We will go and see."

It was not the first time a poor little infant had been left on the steps of the asylum; but so far none of the poor little creatures had ever lived long enough to repay by their sweetness and innocent charm the care which had been taken of them. Generally, when abandoned by their parents at the entrance to the asylum, they had been ill unto death, or so utterly neglected that it was impossible to save them.

As Sister Beatrice and Monica left the

room, a little ripple of excitement went through the several groups. They heard their footsteps in the tiled vestibule, then the opening of the heavy outside door; and, after awhile, a faint, wailing cry. Yes, it must be—there was a baby there. Eyes and necks peered eagerly forward through the doorway into the corridor, awaiting the sound of returning footsteps. They came, and the wail grew louder. But, alas! just as the children caught sight of Sister Beatrice and Monica bearing a large basket between them, whence issued an unmistakable baby's voice, they turned off to the narrow hallway leading to Mother Ignatius' room. The cry receded in the distance; they heard the opening of another door, and then the sound was quite hushed.

They had taken the baby to Mother Ignatius! A murmur of disappointment went through the room, followed by a deep silence,—which was soon broken, however, by the voice of one of the smaller children:

"Maybe it was only a kitten."

This caused a general laugh, and a large girl said:

"I hardly think Sister Beatrice and Monica would carry a kitten to Mother's room so carefully. It is a poor little baby, just like the others; and as soon as we begin to love it, it will die just as they did."

"It's better that they go to heaven," said a quaint-looking, dark-eyed German maiden, with a wise nod of the head. "For they escape all sin and sorrow, Sister says."

"Yes, that is very true," responded another. "But it's so nice to have a baby to play with. At home we always had one."

A sigh followed this remark, and in it there was something very pathetic; for the speaker, a girl of twelve, was the oldest of six, all charges of the asylum.

They went back to their various amusements; and in a few moments Sister Mary Augusta, the sewing-teacher, entered through one of the school-rooms. She carried a darning basket under her arm, and a pile of little stockings in one hand. All the children eagerly sprang toward her.

"Yes, yes!" she said, seating herself in the place vacated by Sister Beatrice. "It is a baby—a poor, abandoned little baby,—a sweet little thing. And in a few minutes they are going to bring it and show it to you."

(To be continued.)

Legends of the Christ-Child.

When the Holy Family were departing from Bethlehem, they passed certain husbandmen occupied in a field; and the Blessed Virgin told them to answer in reply to any who might inquire, "When did the Son of Man pass by?" that He passed when they were sowing the corn,—which they were doing at the moment. The corn sprang up into the ear in the course of the night, and the toilers were engaged in reaping it the following day when the soldiers of Herod appeared and inquired after the holy fugitives. The reapers replied as Our Lady had directed, and the pursuit was stayed.

This legend is frequently represented in early German and Flemish pictures. "Many years ago," says Lord Lindsay in his "History of Christian Art," "it was related to me as current in the north of Scotland, where it is added that a little black beetle lifted up its head and answered, 'The Son of Man passed here last night.' In consequence of which the Highlanders kill the black beetle whenever they meet with it, repeating these words, in execration: 'Beetle, beetle, last night!'"

"At Babylon," says Jacques de Vitry, Bishop of Acre, who died in 1264, "is an ancient date-tree, which spontaneously bent itself to the Blessed Virgin when she wished to eat of its fruit, and rose again after she had gathered it. The Saracens, seeing this, cut the tree down. The following night, however, it sprang up again, as straight and entire as before; and consequently they now venerate and adore it. The marks of the axe are visible to this day."

A fountain is also said to have sprung up miraculously to quench the thirst of the Holy Family. It is still shown, under the name of Ain Shems, or the Fountain of the Sun, at Mataria, the ancient Heliopolis, not far from Cairo.

The Height of Folly.

It is an old story, but will bear being told again at the opening of a new year.

A certain nobleman who kept a fool one day gave him a staff.

"Keep it," he said, "until you find a greater fool than yourself."

The jester made some merry remark and took the gift, twirling it upon his finger as jesters had a way of doing.

Time passed and the nobleman fell ill. His poor fool went to see him.

"I am going away," said the master.

"But you will come back, sire?"

"No."

"Where will you go?"

"To another world."

"But, sire, I see no provision for your journey."

"I have made none."

"Dear master," then said the fool, who loved him well, "take this staff; for I never heard of such folly as this."

The advice touched the heart of the dying man; and, learning wisdom from a fool, he sent for a priest and made his peace with Heaven.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is said that Germany produces 24,000 new books per year; France, 13,000; Italy, 9,500; Great Britain, 7,300; and the United States, 5,300. England leads in the production of novels; Germany, in educational works, arts, sciences, *belles-lettres*, and travel; France, in history; and Italy, in political economy.

—The first half of a new and powerful story by Sienkiewicz, entitled "The Knights of the Cross," has just been published by Little, Brown & Co. The translation is by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who alone has the author's sanction. The public is warned against unauthorized and incomplete versions of this romance, upon which Mr. Sienkiewicz is still engaged. It is appearing serially in Poland.

—The Rev. John B. Tabb's new volume of "Child Verse" contains some poems that are grave, others that are gay; most of them are new and all of them good. Who but Eugene Field or Father Tabb could have written "Sleep"?

When he is a little chap,

We call him *Nap*.

When he somewhat older grows,

We call him *Doze*.

When his age by hours we number,

We call him *Slumber*.

—A committee of artists has been formed to consider what had better be done with Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture "The Last Supper," which is fast being effaced by a thick layer of gray mould. The work of restoration by any modern painter would hardly be less fatal to Da Vinci's great work. "A good contemporary copy of it by Marco d'Oggione," says the *Tablet*, "will soon, perhaps, be the best record left of the original idea of the master."

—We can heartily recommend Father Rickaby's edition of St. Matthew's Gospel for use in Catholic schools. Its annotation is scholarly and up to date—just what the editor's reputation led us to expect. The discussion of mooted points is so large and open and luminous that it can hardly fail to inspire students with a taste for bible study. One foot-note is especially timely as bearing on the controversy regarding the precise date on which the twentieth century begins. Nearly all the combatants on both sides insist that Our Lord was born either in the year zero or the year one. Father Rickaby accepts as "not wholly unlikely" the chronology of those modern scholars who contend

that the birth of Our Lord occurred six years before the date commonly accepted as the beginning of the Christian era. Published by Burns & Oates and Benziger Bros.

—Every Catholic lending library should include the works of Father Bresciani, S. J., five volumes of which have been translated into English. We are pleased to notice that they are still in print by D. and J. Sadlier & Co. Father Bresciani has been called the Irving of Italy.

—"Home Truths for Mary's Children," by E. C. B., should be in every sodality library. The subjects treated are "On Consecration to Mary," "Children of Mary at Home," "Conversation," "Vocation," and kindred helpful topics. The second part of the book is devoted to "The Inner Life of the Child of Mary." Benziger Bros., publishers.

—An original autograph letter of Savonarola addressed to his mother on the death of an uncle was offered for sale last month in London for £125. It is signed "Vro figliolo frate hieronymo Savola," and dated Florence, 5th December, 1485. Savonarola expresses a wish to his mother that her faith were such that she could see her children martyred before her eyes without weeping; not that he would not comfort her for the loss she had sustained—which would be uncharitable,—but that, in the event of his own death, she might not suffer so much pain. The learned Father Marchesi says of this letter that, when time and fate should have destroyed every other writing of Savonarola's, this alone would serve to attest his ardent and sincere piety.

—The fashions of books are as changeable as those of bonnets. The feminine headgear of two hundred years ago must have been wondrously elaborate, however, if one were to judge by the title-page of a book printed in 1679, which has just come into our possession—a quaint old volume by the pastor of Lavenham, England. We transcribe the title-page:

The Christian in Compleat Armour. Or, a Treatise of the Saints War against the Devil: Wherein a Discovery is made of that Grand Enemy of God and his People, in his Policies, Power, Seat of his Emplre, Wickedness, and chief design he hath against the Saints. A Magazin Open'd, From whence the Christian is furnished with Spiritual Arms for the Battel, help'd on with his Armour, and taught the Use of his Weapon, together with the happy Issue of the whole War. By William Gurnall, M. A., of Emanuel Colledge, now pastor of the Church of Christ in Lavenham, Suffolk. Sixth Edition. London,

Printed by M. White for Ralph Smith, at the Bible under the Piazza of the Royal exchange in Corn-hill. MDCLXXIX.

In his preface the author says: "What I present you with in this treatise, is a dish from your own table, and so (I hope) will go down the better. You can not despise it (though the fare be mean) except you will blame yourselves who chose the cook." This curious old book is as legible now as when it issued from the press. If it has readers two hundred years hence, they will have much to learn from it, and will find many things to amuse them in its five hundred quarto pages.

—The Abbé Guido Gezelle, the poet-priest who labored so successfully during the past half century for the rehabilitation of the Flemish language, passed away last month, and was buried with public honors by the city of Bruges. He published his first volume of poems over forty years ago, and until his death he continued with marked regularity to produce books on moral, religious and historical themes. He also founded several periodicals. It is pleasant to note that his literary labors were never permitted to hinder his parochial work. Lovers of good reading knew the Abbé Gezelle as a facile and graceful poet; the poor knew and revered him as their special friend and father. *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, net.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., net.

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., net.

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

In Chimney Corners. *Scumas MacManus.* \$1.50, net.

The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25.

The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.* 70 cts., net.

Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D.* \$1.60, net.

External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1, net.

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. With Illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. \$1.60, net.

Library of St. Francis de Salès. III.—The Catholic Controversy. \$1 60, net.

The Sacraments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.50.

Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P. *Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C. P.* 50 cts., net.

Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.* 2 Vols. \$6.

Fra Girolamo Savonarola. *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.* \$2, net.

In the Brave Days of Old. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* 70 cts., net.

The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.

Birds and Books. *Walter Lecky.* 70 cts.

Has the Reformation Reformed Anything? *Rev. F. Malachy, C. P.* 50 cts.

Characteristics of the Early Church. *Rev. J. J. Burke.* 50 cts.

The Saints. St. Louis. *Marius Sepel.* \$1.

La Salle in the Valley of the St. Joseph. *Bartlett-Lyon.* \$1.25.

The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century. *Patrick Cardinal Moran.* \$1, net.

Outlooks and Insights. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part II. \$2.25, net.

Gems from the Early Church. *E. F. Bowden.* \$1.25, net.

Natural Law and Legal Practice. *Rev. René I. Holaind, S. J.* \$1.75, net.

Urbs et Orbis; or, The Pope as Bishop and Pontiff. *William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50.

The Rival Chiefs. *S. M. Lyne.* \$1.25.

Manual of Patrology. *Rev. Bernard Schmid, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Plato and Darwin. *Abbé Herbert.* 75 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 13, 1900.

NO. 2.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Dumb shall Speak.

BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, P. P.

I SLEPT, and saw all Nature fronting God—
A fair, white statue, speechless, lifeless, cold;
A dumb enigma to a race that trod
Beneath it, ever guessing at the mould
And mind that framed it; and the plastic hand
That wrought its loveliness; and th' archetype
From whose ethereal essence it was planned,
What time the fruitage of the hours was ripe.
And shall it ever see? And shall those lips
Blush to red rubies in the crystal vase,
When silence breaks beneath the black eclipse
Of lips unhallowed, or some wanton gaze?
And from the unplumbed deeps the answer came:
"No! but one day in one deep, honeyed kiss
A child of God shall press those eyes to flame;
And one day in the pangs of frenzied bliss
Shall lean upon her mouth, and she will wake;
And through her eyes of flame shall all men see,
And through her lustrous lips shall all men take
Measure and message of life's mystery."

A Manor-House with a Tragic Memory.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

NEAR the dense forest of La Hunaudaye, on the confines of Brittany, stands the manor-house of La Guyomaraïs. It is a long, one-storied building, with a square tower at one end. In front is a courtyard, into which open the stables and outhouses; at the back, a large kitchen-garden, separated by a moat from a small wood called the "Vieux

Semis." The place is even now difficult of access; the roads that lead to it lie between high banks, and a century ago they were almost impassable during the winter months.

Tragic memories hang round the grey manor-house, where an aged chatelaine, the last of her name, keeps faithful watch over the traditions that people the empty rooms with ghosts of the past. The episode which we are about to relate, every incident of which is strictly true, is indelibly impressed upon her memory; all its details are as clear to her as when she gathered them from the lips of her father, who was himself one of the actors of the drama.

At the time of the Revolution of 1790 the proprietor of the manor was Messire Joseph de la Motte de la Guyomaraïs, a gentleman of good fortune and position. His wife, Marie Jeanne de Micault de Mainville, was unusually intelligent and handsome, and seems to have been an ideal chatelaine, kind-hearted and most hospitable. Of their nine children only two sons—Amaury and Casimir—and two daughters—Agathe and Hyacinthe—survived. The family led an uneventful and prosperous existence, spending the summer at their country-house, where many friends came to visit them; and the winter in the neighboring town of Lamballe.

In 1793, however, contrary to his usual habits, Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs was still living in the country in January. The state of France was alarming

enough. The King and his family were prisoners; anarchy and terror reigned throughout the kingdom. The Bréton gentleman probably imagined that at a time when gentle birth was a heinous crime he was safer in his lonely manor-house than at Lamballe, where it was more difficult to escape notice. Besides, he had grave reasons to expect that the Royalists of Brittany would soon rise in arms against the Revolutionary government; and it was easier to make the necessary preparations in the comparative solitude of La Guyomarais.

The progress of the Revolution had been viewed with peculiar horror and irritation in Brittany, the classic land of fidelity to God and the King; and it was with enthusiasm that nobles and peasants alike were preparing to shake off its detested yoke. The moving spirit of the conspiracy was one whose name, down to this day, is a household word in the homesteads and manors of Northern Brittany. Armand Marquis de la Rouërie possessed the gifts of a leader of men; and the mission which the King's brothers had entrusted to him was eminently suited to his ardent and adventurous spirit.

He was born in 1750, and thus was forty-three when our story opens. He had lost his father when a child, and at the age of seventeen had entered the Gardes Françaises. After a turbulent and dissipated youth, he went to America and served in the War of Independence, distinguishing himself by his extraordinary courage and enterprising spirit. In 1783 he returned to France and married; but his wife, an heiress and a beauty, died six months afterward.

Armand de la Rouërie was at a loss how to employ his restless activity when the Revolution broke out; he stifled in a calm and regular life: danger and warfare seemed his natural element. Not regularly handsome, but irresistibly

fascinating; bright, witty, with the careless gaiety of his race; revelling in wild adventures and hairbreadth escapes, he was one of those men whom we can not picture to ourselves leading the ordinary life of a country gentleman. The excesses of the Revolution had roused his hatred and indignation, and he resolved to devote his life to stemming the rising tide of anarchy.

In 1791 he went to London, then to Coblenz, where he informed the King's brothers of the plan he had conceived. He wished to establish throughout the western provinces a vast military organization, the members of which should be recruited among nobles and peasants alike; and, when fully armed and ready, he and his men were to rise in a body, march toward Paris, deliver the King and re-establish the ancient monarchy. In order to do this more effectually, he resolved to combine the rising in the west with the march of the allied armies under Brunswick through the eastern provinces. He fondly imagined that the Revolutionary government, threatened in two opposite directions at the same moment, must necessarily succumb.

On returning to Brittany, he began to organize his partisans. His activity had at last found a congenial employment; and his project was adopted with enthusiasm by the Bretons, whose religious sentiments were daily wounded by the persecution of all they loved and revered. Nobles, peasants, aged men, mere boys, offered their services to the leader with touching self-forgetfulness. In every town and village he established a committee, to whom he transmitted his instructions; and in an incredibly short time the military organization of which he was the head had spread far and wide. Now and then, at night, the Marquis assembled his followers in his ancestral home of La Rouërie; faithful retainers guarded the avenues of the

park, while within the chateau the chief addressed burning words to his men. In those early days all seemed bright and hopeful; no prophetic visions of the hideous guillotine flashed before the ardent spirits of the Breton Royalists as they eagerly drank in their leader's impassioned words.

Although every effort was made to keep these preparations secret, soon the Revolutionary government learned that a vast conspiracy had been set on foot to deliver the King. La Rouërie was a soldier rather than a politician, and he imprudently gave his views to a young doctor, a friend of his early days, whom he believed to be sincerely attached to him. This doctor, named Chêvetel—in reality a traitor of the deepest dye,—basely betrayed his confidences to the government, and diligent efforts were made to seize upon the Royalist chief. La Rouërie, while he never discovered Chêvetel's treachery, was aware that the government had set a price on his head, and his life became one of continual adventures. Sometimes he slept in the woods, at other times he lay hidden in some friendly manor-house.

On one occasion the famous peasant leader, Jean Cottureau, better known as Jean Chonau, one of La Rouërie's most devoted auxiliaries, had attacked a party of Republican soldiers near Laval. Suddenly a man appeared, dressed as a peasant, but whose hands, manners and language betrayed his rank; he took the lead, and, having routed the enemy, disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Deeds like this kept up the prestige of the Marquis among his partisans, and his very name had a magical effect throughout the castles and cottages of Brittany and Maine.

It had been agreed between La Rouërie and his followers that as soon as the army under Brunswick entered Châlons, the general rising should begin; and

it was with sickening disappointment that the anxious Royalists learned how the army on whose success they counted was hastily retreating toward the Rhine. They remained uncertain how to act; while the government, freed from immediate anxiety as to the eastern provinces, resolved to spare no means to crush the impending rebellion in the west, and in the first place to take possession of the Marquis la Rouërie, living or dead.

Among the friendly houses where the outlawed chief knew he would receive a cordial welcome was the manor of La Guyomaraïs. Its isolation and the character of its inhabitants made it a comparatively safe refuge. In November and December, 1792, the Marquis had passed some hours under its roof. Toward one o'clock in the morning on the 12th of January, 1793, suddenly the watch-dogs of the manor-house began to bark furiously. It was a dark and rainy night; and when he peered into the darkness, Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs perceived three horsemen in the court. "It is I—Gasselin!" exclaimed one. Immediately the master of the house went down; the horses were speedily led to the stables; and "Gasselin," in whom Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs instantly recognized La Rouërie, was taken to the best bedroom,—a room that to this day, after the lapse of more than a century, has remained as it was on that fatal January night.

The Marquis, who knew that his presence was a cause of grave peril to his hosts, seldom remained more than one night in the same place. He was detained, however, at La Guyomaraïs, first by the sudden illness of his faithful valet St. Pierre; then, when his servant was better, by a severe attack of fever that laid him prostrate. His state became so alarming that Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs sent at once to Lamballe

for a physician to visit the supposed "Gasselín," whose real identity was unsuspected even by the servants. After a few days the invalid seemed out of danger. Late one evening Monsieur and Madame de la Guyomarais, with their daughter Agathe, were sitting in the salon on the ground-floor and rejoicing at their visitor's improved condition, when a loud knock made them start to their feet. An unknown voice called to them: "If you have any one whom you wish to conceal, make haste: your house will be searched to-night."

When the chief heard of the warning, he implored his hosts to carry him to the neighboring forest; but Monsieur de la Guyomarais was resolved that, if possible, he would save the life of his guest. He immediately wrapped him in thick blankets, placed him on a horse, which his son Casimir led along the dark and muddy roads, while he himself and St. Pierre supported the sick man. Thus they succeeded in bringing him to a neighboring farm-house, where he was laid in one of those high Breton beds, made like cupboards, and with only a small aperture at the top.

Toward four o'clock in the morning the search party arrived at the chateau; but Monsieur de la Guyomarais had taken all possible precautions, and no trace was found of the outlaw's presence. On their way back to Lamballe, the gendarmes entered the farm-house where La Rouërie lay, and asked for a drink. The farmer's wife, apparently in deep distress, was kneeling on a high stool in front of a Breton bed. "Take all you want," she answered; "I can not leave my poor brother, who is dying." No one thought of inspecting the supposed brother, and again La Rouërie was saved. Next night he was taken back to La Guyomarais, and, in spite of his midnight ride, seemed better; his mind was as active as ever, and full of the

King's trial, which was, he thought, still going on in Paris.

On the 26th of January, at nightfall, two mysterious visitors arrived at the manor-house: they were Fontevieux, one of the chief's messengers; and Chafner, an American, who had followed his fortunes since the American campaign. The news they brought made Monsieur de la Guyomarais start and his wife weep and tremble. The King had been beheaded five days before, on the 21st of January; La Rouërie's hiding-place was suspected, a traitor having betrayed his whereabouts to the government.

It was spontaneously agreed among the four that both items of news should be kept from the Marquis; in his weak state he was unfit to bear a shock, and it was impossible to send him adrift to seek another hiding-place. Monsieur de la Guyomarais decided to wait till his guest had somewhat recovered his strength before informing him that a search was impending; and he carefully instructed St. Pierre, who was in the habit of reading the newspaper to his master, that he must suppress next day all the passages relating to the King's execution.

The valet promised to do so; but something in his manner when he began his usual reading must have roused the chief's suspicions. He suddenly interrupted the man, sent him downstairs on a trifling errand, and a few minutes later the sound of a heavy fall brought the terrified servant back to his master's room. The Marquis, who had risen from his bed to seize the newspaper, where he read the fatal news, now lay on the ground raving,—calling out in frantic excitement that the murdered King was imploring his assistance. With great difficulty he was raised, carried to his bed and held there by main force. During two days he raved unceasingly; his hosts never left him; and Doctor le

Masson, who had been sent for in hot haste from St. Servan, helped them to nurse him. But no care could avail, and at daybreak on the 30th of January the outlaw breathed his last.

His death caused his hosts as much terror as sorrow. It was impossible to make it known to the authorities, as the mere fact of his presence at La Guyomerais meant death to those who had received him under their roof. The house was suspected, probably watched, and might be searched any moment. It was impossible, therefore, to carry the body far; and yet, on account of the precious lives that were at stake, it was imperative to bury it without delay.

Monsieur de la Guyomerais, his wife and their friends held a council; and it was decided that the Marquis should be buried close by, in the little wood called the Vieux Semis, adjoining the kitchen-garden.

The next night the dead man, wrapped in a sheet, was cautiously carried from his room, across the garden, to the wood, where Thébault de la Chauvinais, tutor to the La Guyomerais boys, and Perrin the gardener had dug the grave. These two, with the doctor, the valet, and La Rouërie's American follower, alone were present at the ghastly scene. It was, it seems, a moonlight night, and the bearers glanced anxiously right and left as they crept across the kitchen-garden to the little wood; the grave had been filled with quicklime to hasten the destruction of the corpse; and, to mark the spot, a holly bush was planted over the grave.

Next day Madame de la Guyomerais called Perrin the gardener, the only one of her servants who had been present at the burial, and solemnly cautioned him never to allude to the subject in the presence of others. Then Monsieur de la Guyomerais drew up a document in which the death of the Marquis was

formally attested, and the place of his burial minutely described. This paper was signed by his two friends and by the doctor; it was enclosed in a sealed bottle and buried under an oak-tree, where it was accidentally discovered in 1835. La Rouërie's companions and the doctor then left the manor-house, where, after these days of keen anxiety, life apparently resumed its even course.

Alas! this period of calm lasted less than a month. The death of their chief had naturally been communicated to his partisans throughout the country, and the intelligence reached the government in Paris. Its representatives decided to crush any attempt at rebellion by an example that should effectually terrify the Breton Royalists. On the 25th of February, at daybreak, a body of officials and soldiers surrounded the manor. At their head was a man named Lalligaud, commissioned by the government to search the house. This he did minutely, but no sign of La Rouërie's presence was discovered.

Then Lalligaud established a species of tribunal in the room where the Marquis died. The La Guyomerais, their children and servants were placed under arrest, and prevented from speaking to one another; and later, one by one, they were brought before the tribunal and cross-examined. This lasted one day and one night, but only from the gardener Perrin could Lalligaud draw the least information. Perrin was given to drink, and after drinking became dangerously loquacious. His verbose and confused testimony may still be seen among the papers relating to the trial. He began by confessing that an "unknown guest" had died in the house; then he related the circumstances of the secret burial; finally, after having been given more brandy and promised a hundred gold pieces, he undertook to point out the place where the mysterious stranger

was buried. At last Lalligaud had triumphed; he knew that if once he discovered the chief's dead body, there would be no difficulty in proving his identity, and, as a consequence, the guilt of those who had given him shelter.

After that long day and night of anguish, during which Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs knew that his own life and the lives of his loved ones trembled in the balance, the prisoners were brought to the salon on the ground-floor and locked in together; while Lalligaud and his men, guided by Perrin, proceeded to the little wood. Here the miserable man pointed out the grave. It was now late in the afternoon, and in the dull grey light the half-decomposed body of the Royalist chief was dragged from its resting-place. A minute description of the corpse was drawn up and signed by the officials present; and, by Lalligaud's orders, the head was cut off.

These proceedings had occupied three long hours, during which Madame de la Guyomaraïs, her husband and children, in mortal anguish, waited the result of the search. They did not know that Perrin had spoken, and fondly hoped that their guest's grave might escape discovery; if so, no proof existed of his presence under their roof, and their lives were saved.

The shades of evening were gathering round the house when they heard the party return. Soon Lalligaud entered the room; and at the same moment the window was opened, so that the men who had assembled in the court outside could see and hear what passed within. Then, advancing toward Madame de la Guyomaraïs, Lalligaud addressed her: "*Citoyenne*, my mission is ended. Do you still deny that the Marquis de la Rouërie found a refuge in this house?" The lady hesitated; and before she had time to speak a hideous object, covered with mud and blood, was thrown in

from the court. It struck her dress and rolled on the floor. The unhappy woman's shriek echoed through the old house: she had recognized the disfigured head of the Royalist leader! Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs hastened to his wife's side, and with a dignity that the horror of the scene rendered still more striking he said: "Yes, it is useless to deny it: that is the noble head of the man who made you tremble."

On the following day the lord and lady of the manor, with their two boys, Amaury and Casimir, and their servants, were taken to Lamballe and subjected to a most severe trial. Only the eldest daughter Agathe, a beautiful, fair girl, and her little sister Hyacinthe remained in their old home. In a corner of the garden they found the head of their father's honored guest; and, to save it from further insult, they laid it under a slab in the chapel. It was sought for in vain after the Revolution; but in 1877 it was discovered by the present possessor of the manor.

In April Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs, his wife and sons, with other friends and relatives, all of whom had been more or less connected with La Rouërie, were removed from Lamballe to Paris. Their journey was a long *via dolorosa*. They were exposed to the insults of the people in the towns through which they passed; and at Versailles, where they arrived on April 21, they were paraded through the streets and avenues,—the men in chains, the women arm in arm with a republican official. The prisoners, exhausted and horrified, expected every instant to be torn to pieces by the infuriated mob.

Some weeks later, on June 3, 1793, they appeared before the Revolutionary tribunal. Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs, his wife, his two sons, and servants, sat together; close to them was Thérèse de Moëlien, a cousin of La Rouërie, who

had shared many of the perils of his adventurous career, and whose youth and beauty were conspicuous.

The trial lasted fifteen days. Monsieur de la Guyomaraïs generously endeavored to screen his wife and dependents by asserting that he alone in the house knew that the mysterious visitor was the Marquis de la Rouërie. Mademoiselle de Moëlien also showed great courage. She did not attempt to deny that she had served her cousin, and boldly defended his memory.

On the 18th of June the verdict was given: twelve among the twenty-five prisoners were condemned to death, and among them were Monsieur and Madame de la Guyomaraïs; Fontevieux, who had been present at the death of the Marquis; Thébault de la Chauvinais, the tutor, who had helped to bury him; and Thérèse de Moëlien. The tender years of Amaury and Casimir de la Guyomaraïs saved their lives.

The execution took place the same afternoon, in presence of an immense crowd. The calmness and courage of the Breton Royalists impressed even the bloodthirsty multitude that surrounded the guillotine. The fine countenance of Madame de la Guyomaraïs preserved its expression of quiet dignity in spite of the agonizing thoughts that must have tortured her spirit when she remembered her young daughters alone in their desolate home, and the boys she had left in prison. Thérèse de Moëlien's beauty, and the extreme youth of Madame de la Fonchais, another victim, who, although the mother of two children, looked like a girl of twenty, excited many comments and some compassion.

More than a hundred years have now gone by since the drama we have just related, and yet the Breton manor-house is much the same as it was when the Marquis La Rouërie found a refuge under its hospitable roof. Its present

possessor is Mademoiselle Mathilde de la Guyomaraïs, the daughter of the boy Casimir who was an eye-witness of the tragic episode. She heard from his lips the incidents that had impressed themselves in letters of fire on his youthful memory, and she has spent her long life in silent devotion to the past. Within the manor-house she has left things as they were in 1793. The room where the Marquis died and his bed are untouched; the wide, wooden staircase is the one down which the dead Royalist chief was carried on that terrible January night; the salon, where, in her black dress, the venerable chatelaine sits under the portrait of the Marquis, is the same room where her grandmother shrank in horror from the ghastly head of her late guest.

These things are ever present to the mind of Mademoiselle de la Guyomaraïs. She can point out the exact spot where her grandmother stood, and the window through which the head was thrown. Her voice has a ring of vehement horror when she alludes to "the man" who tortured and hunted to death those of her race; while it trembles with tender and chivalrous devotion as she points to the brave and loyal guest for whose sake her grandfather and his wife uncomplainingly laid down their lives.

Outside, under the green trees of the Vieux Semis, a small monument, bearing the lilies of France and the ermines of Brittany, marks the grave of him whose noble name is still a household word throughout the faithful provinces of Western France.

TAMPER not with idle rumor, lest the truth appear to lie;

Carve thy life to hilted silence: wrong shall fall on it and die;

Tamper not with accusation, harvest not what thou hast heard,—

Christ stood in the court of Pilate, but He answered not a word.

—S. Miller Hagerman.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

II.

THE man who had been familiarly addressed as "My dear Raz" rose and walked up to the table at which the all-powerful banker was sitting. On seeing the two together, one could instantly recognize in them the representatives of two distinct races. One seemed the embodiment of prudence united with shrewdness and the instincts of gain and covetousness; also with order, economy, and industry; in him remembrances of humiliations transmitted from father to son had become transformed into sullen rancor. In the other, the blood had become refined by long possession of comforts and the privileges procured by birth and habit, by might and right; the pride of caste shone in the clear blue eyes, on the smooth brow, scarcely wrinkled by care. There was a conscious probity in the fine, straight nose, with its sensitive nostrils; while the sensual mouth, smiling under the silky beard, once blonde now grey, bore witness to the fatal defects of the Slav—inconsistency, unconscious selfishness, ready to become criminal in spite of outbursts of generosity and thrills of heroic courage.

With a rapid gesture, Raz took the note from the pocket-book he held open in his hand with its long, white fingers, on one of which shone the pale gold of a ring set with turquoises, the favorite gem of these Oriental patricians. He unfolded the paper; his voice had an indifferent, almost cheerful, ring as he remarked:

"I am in no hurry, sir; business is business. Mine is simple enough and will not require much time. It is only this little note again." As he spoke he pushed

the paper forward on the table until it lay directly under the glance of the banker, whose eyes had not been raised to the speaker. "I must ask to have it renewed just once more."

Lewin took on a grave air; he sat motionless, and did not rub his hand together as he was wont to do when favorably inclined to a business transaction.

Raz began to feel anxious.

"You know," he continued, with a forced smile, "it is the note for five thousand roubles. You are aware that Jean, my son—"

Samuel interrupted him brusquely:

"Your son has nothing to do with the matter. He can do as he pleases; and I, on my side, shall act as my best interests shall dictate."

"Certainly, sir; certainly!" stammered poor Raz, struck to the heart by the prospect of a refusal. "You are free to act at your pleasure; perfectly free."

Then he laughed nervously, making his beard tremble and his thin neck wrinkle, as if he hoped to win over the banker by his good-humor.

"I know very well," replied Lewin, becoming more and more icy in his manner, "that I am free, as you say; and that is why I refuse."

"But, my dear sir," groaned the nobleman, "you surely can not suspect the cruel embarrassment your refusal will cause me. I beg you to reconsider the matter."

The banker raised his head; he seemed to be reflecting, to be undergoing some mental struggle. Raz breathlessly awaited his verdict.

"Sir," said Lewin, abruptly, "what is, in your opinion, the first duty of a father of a family?"

Raz was perplexed, for the question seemed insidious.

"The first duty of a father of a family?" he repeated, reddening.

"Yes," responded Lewin, evidently enjoying the confusion of his questioner. "Is it not to protect the interests of his children? Answer me honestly."

"To be sure it is," murmured the Councillor,—*"to be sure."*

"Then—"

"Then what?" inquired Raz, who did not clearly see the drift of the banker's reasoning.

"Then, my honored sir, I can not, merely to oblige you, deprive my sons of the five thousand roubles you ask of me, and which they should some day find in their inheritance."

Raz hung his head. A wave of blood rushed to his cheeks. In the depths of his heart he felt that the Jew was right, yet his pride made him protest.

"But, sir, my property!"

"Your property! Ah, yes! let us consider it. It is buried under encumbrances. You know that as well as I do. Put yourself in my place. My duty as a good father forbids me to come to your aid."

Raz stood rooted to the spot, lacking courage to cross the threshold of the accursed house. Ah! the clerks would now have rare sport. They could jest at their ease at the expense of the Christian, of the beggar lord. At this moment a diversion outside turned their venomous tongues from their victim to matters of more interest to themselves. A sleigh, whose approach had been announced by the jingling of bells, drew up before the bank.

"It is Master Leopold!" exclaimed Schmulek.

"He will find himself face to face with Raz," observed the accountant. "The patron's cash-box will be in danger."

"Why?" asked Schmulek.

"What a little innocent you are! Because Master Leopold is in love with the daughter of the noble seigneur; because the aforesaid seigneur is not ignorant of the fact; and, naturally, he

will want to profit by the situation."

Just then the door of the vestibule opened and Leopold Lewin appeared, muffled up in fur-trimmed garments. He exactly resembled his father. Short and stout, in spite of his twenty-five years, he had the same yellow, bloated face, the same thick lips, which were outlined by a faint mustache. His hair, which was almost red, was already thin on his temples and forehead. There was nothing attractive about the personality of the heir of the house; yet, by his haughty speech, his acknowledged cleverness in business matters, the prestige accorded him by his fortune, he impressed the employees even more than did the patron himself. When he entered every man was on his feet, bowing. He passed by them without even noticing their cringing greetings. On reaching the office door, he paused and asked:

"Is my father alone?"

The cashier and bookkeeper replied in concert:

"No: he has a visitor."

"Who?"

"Councillor Raz."

"How long has he been here?"

"About an hour."

Leopold passed into the office, closing the door after him. His scowling face lighted up as he entered the room in which the solicitor's fate had just been decided. He took off his cap, tossed his coat over two mahogany chairs, and politely addressed his father's client.

"I hope I am not intruding," he said, bowing.

"Oh, no!" replied Raz, with a wan smile. "Quite the contrary. If you had come earlier, perhaps you would have pleaded my cause for me." Then he added, with a gesture of discouragement: "I came to ask a favor of your father; he has refused to grant it."

"That was his privilege," answered Leopold, still smiling. "But you know,

sir, that I am the heir-presumptive of the house; and the rôle of such consists in showing themselves more liberal than the present possessors of power."

"What am I to conclude from that?" inquired Raz, anxiously.

A rapid glance was exchanged between father and son, and Samuel hastened to reply:

"We common people, sir, train up our children in the respect of paternal authority. Leopold may boast of his liberalism: that does not change matters. He is the same as the other heirs to whom he alludes, since they no more than he can influence the decisions of the head of the family."

Leopold understood. His bloated face assumed an expression of indifference; he evaded the eager eyes fixed upon him.

After a pause, all hope abandoned, the Councillor said, in broken tones:

"Is this your final decision?"

"Very sorry, sir, but it is," answered the banker.

He escorted his visitor to the door, and stood back against the wall to allow him to pass out. Then, abruptly, just as Raz was about to cross the threshold, standing on tiptoe, his lips close to the nobleman's ear, he uttered a few words that, in spite of their jocoseness, concealed a venomous shaft ready to bury itself in the heart of his victim.

"I see only one way for you to arrange it," he said, with an insinuating smile.

"What is that?" murmured Raz, with a heavy heart.

"Why, sir, sign the note yourself!"

The banker turned about with a hearty outburst of laughter, so amused was he by his own wit. This was too much. Raz went out without even turning his head; great drops of sweat stood on his brow. In his ears rang the Jew's words that had cut him like a blow from a whip. So he must sign for him—and that would be *forgery*!

As for Samuel, when the emaciated form of his client had disappeared through the door, he clapped his hands several times, thus giving the signal so anxiously waited for by his clerks.

"Go now, boys,—go to the devil!" he called out, gleefully. Then he pushed his son before him into the office, closed the door, and, pointing to a chair opposite his own, said: "Sit down; let us chat awhile."

Leopold sullenly obeyed.

"Don't keep me too long," he muttered.

"Aha!" exclaimed Samuel. "We know the cause of your ill-humor. It proves one thing true, my son; and that is that you have not yet reached your father's level."

"Did you keep me here to listen to your compliments, when I am dying with hunger?" asked Leopold, ironically.

"Supper is not ready yet; besides, I am happy to know that you are dying with hunger. You gave me to understand the other day that your love had taken away your appetite. I note with pleasure that matters are improving, at least in one direction."

"Cease your jesting or I shall go at once!" retorted Leopold, half rising.

"There, there, my boy! Don't get excited!"

And with his hand Samuel made magnetic passes as if to calm the rising irritation of his hopeful heir. He was evidently unsuccessful, as Leopold settled back into his chair and vented his wrath freely.

"Ah, yes!" he began, "you seem to find great amusement in ridiculing my sentiment. But does it prevent me from attending to business? Has it made me lose sight of the interests of the house? Have you not repeated to me over and over again that so long as those of our faith intermarry we shall remain Jews, be despised and buffeted about in spite of our money? Have I not left the

synagogue to second your views? For you know well that, no matter how large our fortune shall become, or how great the degree of abasement of those whom we wish to displace, never, never, I say, will a Christian woman, a nobleman's daughter, consent to marry a *zyd*,* who eats unleavened bread, puts on his filthy garment of penitence every Saturday, chants Hebrew verses, beating the time with his head covered with an old hat—"

"Upon my word, you are going too far!" interrupted Samuel, his hands clasped over his obese form, his thumbs toying with his gold watch-chain. "Where did you learn that Goldschmidt, Mayer or Neymann, not to mention many others, wore shabby hats? I tell you, on the contrary, they reflected the lustre of the synagogue as if they had been mirrors."

This evident desire to turn everything to jest irritated Leopold, but it surprised him at the same time. Either some master-stroke was being prepared or else Jacob, the fanatic of the family, had won his father over to his prejudices and views. The young man gazed at his father so fixedly that his grey eyes looked as black as the depths of a well.

"Jacob has turned your head," he said at last.

This time it was Samuel who started from his chair in indignation.

"My boy, understand one thing"—and he raised his voice significantly,— "neither you nor your brother nor cleverer people than either of you have the power to turn the head of old Samuel Lewin."

"But I persist in believing that you have seen Jacob lately," replied Leopold, less aggressively; for his father's superb assurance began to disturb him.

"Jacob is studying the text of the Thora with his uncle, the rabbi."

"With his cousin Rachel, rather."

"It makes no difference with which one. I tell you I have not seen him for two days."

"Possibly not, but you are very kindly disposed toward the fanatic—idiot rather; and we shall perish just through him. Remember that, father! All our toils, all our ambitions, shall come to naught. Our money shall escape from our strong boxes; we shall drop back into that sordid Jewry from which we have scarcely emerged. And it will be the work of this Jacob whom you favor; while I, who comprehend you, who am a true Lewin, capable of success,—I am to be thwarted and ridiculed! You halt when you should go forward; you refuse a few paltry roubles to that poor devil of a nobleman. Ah! it is altogether—"

Without finishing his sentence, the young man rose and struck the table violently with his fist; then he began striding excitedly about the room.

"And how can you hope to have such an opportunity again? You could kill two birds with one stone—crush the pride of that old imbecile, substitute yourself for all his creditors, and then urge me on the daughter as a savior. But you will not take advantage of the situation: you refuse to sacrifice a few roubles. Really, I thought you wiser. You lack what I had supposed you had there,"—and Leopold struck his forehead. "You have no genius!"

"Genius! genius!" grumbled Lewin senior, filled with secret admiration for his son's enthusiasm. "It is easy enough to talk, but have you any genius on your part? Yes, I know you can exclaim and rail, but what comes of it all?"

Samuel had risen in his turn, and the two men marched about the room after each other, continuing their invectives.

"But," continued the father, "explain yourself. What do you mean by killing two birds with one stone? I ask only

* Polish word for Jew.

to be convinced. If you have genius, so much the better for you. I claim some praise for that. It is something to be the father of a man of genius. You want to marry Wanda Raz,—that is understood. But would you also undertake to marry Rachel to the handsome Jean Raz, the rising engineer? Is that also in your plan?"

Leopold turned around abruptly.

"The idea would not be such a bad one."

"But they do not even know each other."

"But they soon will."

"I hope so, indeed. Do you imagine that Seigneur Raz would ask the rabbi for the hand of Rachel solely because it would settle our accounts?"

"If he loved her to distraction, why not?"

"That is all nonsense. In the first place, he would have to love her as you say; and secondly, I am not sure but that he could attain his end by some other means."

"I know Rachel; she is not a Lewin for nothing. She schemes, as you and I do. She knows the value of her beauty. Let her but meet the handsome Jean, and she will know how to fascinate him. She is very clever."

"But you claim that Jacob loves her."

"Oh, don't pretend to be so innocent! You know very well what I mean. Rachel is a girl of expedients. If she fails to secure Raz, Jacob will do. It will be a case of rank and love against money and sympathy. The first two denied, the money will do. That is why we ought to oppose Jacob with the engineer."

Samuel kept up his march and reflected.

"Never mind about that now," he said, after a short silence. "The Rachel question is subsidiary. I will think it over. It is Wanda that concerns us now. Do you really want to marry the girl?"

"I do, as much as it is in my nature to desire anything."

"Well, you *shall*."

"You really are taking a strange way to win her."

"The shortest way, therefore the straightest."

"By refusing to sign her father's note?"

"By refusing to sign it."

"You persist in turning everything into pleasantry."

"I mean what I say."

The father and son halted and looked at each other inquiringly.

"Did you hear what I said to Raz when we parted?"

"That he was to sign the note for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, and what am I to conclude from that?"

Suddenly Leopold's eyes, fixed upon his father's, flashed with comprehension; while the same significant smile hovered about the lips of the two men.

"So you understand me at last!" exclaimed Samuel, extending his arms, then clasping them over his breast as if he already held the instrument of his victory.

"It is impossible!" murmured Leopold, conquered without being convinced; "he will not do it."

"He *will*, I tell you; and now let us go to supper."

(To be continued.)

THE Old Testament teaches good and evil; the Gospel, on the contrary, seems written for the elect: it is the book of innocence. The first is made for earth, the other seems made for heaven. According as the one or the other of these books is the more familiar to a nation, different religious tempers come into being.—*Joubert*.

Star of the Sea.

A Morning Paradise.

[This poem, transcribed from folio 2 of No. 613 of the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum, has been sent to us by the Rev. Dr. Lee. It is supposed to be of the 13th century.]

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

MARY! beautiful and bright,
Velut Maris Stella;
 Brighter than the morning light,
Parens et puella;
 I cry to thee, look down on me,—
 Ladye! pray thy Son for me,
Tam pia,
 That thy child may come to thee,
Maria!

Sad the earth was and forlorn,
Eva peccatrice,
 Until Christ our Lord was born,
De te Genetrice.
 Gabriel's *Ave* chased away
 Darksome Night and brought the Day,
Salutis;
 Thou the Fount whence waters play,
Virtutis.

Ladye! Flower of living thing,
Rosa sine spina!
 Mother of Jesu, Heaven's King,
Gratia divina.

'Tis thou in all dost bear the prize,
 Ladye! Queen of Paradise,
Electa;
 Maiden meek and Mother wise,
Effecta.

In care thou counellest the best,
Felix fecundata;
 To the weary thou art rest,
Mater honorata.
 Plead in thy love to Him who gave
 His Precious Blood the world to save,
In cruce,
 That we our home with Him may have,
In luce.

Well knows He that He is thy Son,
Ventre quem portasti;
 All thou dost ask Him then is won,
Partum quem lactasti!
 So pitiful He is and kind,
 By Him the road to bliss we find,
Superni;
 He doth the gates of darkness bind,
Inferni.

II.

THE hour of intercession has come;
 the priest prays: "The desires of Thy
 people, imploring Thee, O Lord! vouch-
 safe with heavenly sweetness to receive;
 that so they may recognize those things
 that are to be done; and, recognizing
 them, may by Thy grace be enabled to
 fulfil them. Through Christ our Lord."

In this great sacrifice there is one thing
 before all—stainless purity of heart and
 soul. And, therefore, the priest reads from
 St. Paul: "Brethren, I entreat you by
 the mercy of God that you offer your
 bodies to God, a sacrifice, living, holy
 and pleasing. And be not like this
 world: be reformed in the newness of
 your mind; that you may understand
 what is the good and the acceptable
 and the perfect will of God.... For as we
 have many members in one body, but
 all these members [the hands, the eyes,
 the feet] have not the same office; so
 we, being many, are one body in Christ,
 and each one members one of another."

All the hosts of heaven bow toward
 St. Paul, and a new increase of glory
 is now added to the halo of everlasting
 happiness surrounding his head; for
 the *accidental* glory of the elect will, by
 reason of good works done here below,
 go on increasing until judgment-day.
 And, knowing that all inspiration is
 from God, the chorus of the blessed, in
 union with the congregation of mortals,
 cry out, as the priest ceases: "Thanks
 be to God!"

Then priest and people, alternately,
 chant the praises of God: "Blessed be
 the Lord God of Israel. He alone from
 all eternity hath done wonderful works.
 Alleluia!"—"The eternal mountains shall
 bring peace to His people; and the hills,
 justice. Alleluia! alleluia!"—"Blessed be

How the calm and repose of evening
 speak to the soul of the calm and repose
 of heaven!

the Lord, Israel's God, who alone hath from all eternity wrought wonderful works! Alleluia! alleluia!"

The priest is now going to read the Gospel in the courts of heaven, and therefore he bows down most humbly and prays thus: "Cleanse my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, who with a burning coal didst cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaiah; even thus, by Thy gracious pity, cleanse me, that so I may fitly announce Thy holy Gospel."

All heaven is attentive while he goes on: "The Lord be with you."—"And with thy spirit," respond the people.—"The continuation of the holy Gospel according to St. Luke."—"Glory to Thee, O Lord!"—"When Jesus was about twelve years of age,"* and so forth.

Now it is to the Evangelist St. Luke that the hosts of heaven bow, as soon as they have returned thanks to Our Lord for His divine instructions—"Praise be to Thee, O Christ!"—at the same time that the priest with reverent affection kisses the holy Book and prays,—

"Through the Gospel's words, we pray,
May our sins be wiped away!"

There is an instant's pause. The priest and his people and the heavenly hosts are going to make a solemn act of faith. God grant that we may one day stand before the great White Throne to make our solemn profession for eternity! The priest lifts up his hands and loudly exclaims: "*Credo in unum Deum.*"

Oh, no tongue is fit to proclaim the *Credo* of the living God in heaven but the unvarying, immortal language of the spotless Bride on earth! I do here attest that I should willingly learn the Latin tongue over again for the prayers and ritual of the Church alone; and I do pity the pilgrim soul who but guesses

* St. Luke, ii, 42-52. The reader will find a valuable instruction on this mystery of the Loss and Finding of the Divine Child in the Temple in one of Father Faber's books—"The Foot of the Cross,"—in the chapter on the Third Dolor.

at Latin words,—like Moses, standing on the borders of Canaan, having but a distant view of the milk and honey flowing in that delightful and blessed land. How could I venture to translate!—*Patrem omnipotentem, factorem cœli et terræ, visibilium omnium et invisibilium.* ("The Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of all things visible and invisible.")...*Deum de Deo, Lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero.* ("God of God, Light of light, true God of true God.")...*Et homo factus est.* ("And was made man.")

Oh, it is too much for mortals thus to stand and thus to proclaim; and so the priest presently turns to his people: "The Lord be with you."—"And with thy spirit [in this tremendous light]."

The priest reads from the Book: "O earth! praise thy God [that is, mortals who are come from earth, praise your God]; serve the Lord in joy, and in gladness of heart stand before His face. Because Our Lord Himself is God."

The priest now begins the immediate preparation for the most tremendous and adorable sacrifice. "Behold the fire and a knife!" Isaac, the young boy of fourteen, walked up the mount, bearing the wood; still, it was not Isaac but a ram that was offered. Melchisedec came forth bearing bread and wine; "for he was a priest of the Most High God."

The priest uncovers the sacred elements. All heaven, having in mind what these elements are going to become, bows down with mysterious and glad reverence. The blessed recognize well that this adorable sacrifice is not exclusively for priest and people who have come up from earth, but that the blessed in heaven as well are allowed a blissful participation in it. That participation, however, is a secret which mortal tongue may not tell.

With eyes tremblingly raised to the great White Throne, the priest holds up

before God this earthly bread, that in a few moments he, a creature made of earthly dust, is, by the power given him from on high, going to change into the food of angels,—nay, into the very celestial God Himself. O brethren, hold your beating hearts and listen to his earnest prayer!—

“Accept, O holy Father, almighty and eternal God, this unspotted Host, which I, Thy unworthy servant, offer unto Thee, my living and true God; for my innumerable sins, offences, and negligences, and for all here present; as also for all faithful Christians both living and dead, that it may avail both me and them unto life everlasting. Amen.”

The dedicated bread is now laid on the altar, high up among the eternal mountains, and far beyond where the burning choirs of cherub and seraph stand. Oh, what a dread place for mortal man to enter!

The wine of earth is put in the chalice of heaven; and again the eyes of the priest are tremblingly raised to the great White Throne, while the hands of mortal feebleness hold up the cup of benediction. Behold the hosts of heaven gazing on the chalice that is so soon to glow with the ruby Blood of “the Lamb that was slain”! Harken again to the prayer:

“The chalice of salvation we offer to Thee, O Lord! beseeching Thy clemency that it may ascend before Thy divine majesty with a sweet odor, for our salvation and for that of the whole world.”

He bends down. If his own self-abjection did not draw him down, the unbearable light issuing from the mercy-seat would: “In the spirit of humility and of contrition may we be received by Thee, O Lord; and grant that the sacrifice we offer this day in Thy sight may be pleasing to Thee, O Lord God! Come, O almighty Sanctifying Spirit, and pour Thy benediction on this sacrifice

which we are preparing to Thy holy name!”

It is told us that Isaac said to Jacob: “Come near and kiss me, my son.” And when he had kissed him, immediately as Isaac smelled the fragrant smell of his garments, blessing him he said: “Behold, the smell of my son is as the smell of a plentiful field, which the Lord hath blessed. God give thee of the dew of heaven, and of the fatness of the earth, abundance of corn and wine.”* Even so, priest and people, by the blessing of the Holy Ghost, are clothed in grace, and smell of the savor of heaven.

And, that nothing might be omitted, but that even to the very tips of his fingers the priest should be clean, he steps aside and washes his hands, and especially those fingers that are consecrated and are immediately about to touch the adorable Body of the Lord:

“I will wash my hands among the innocent, and will compass Thy altar, O Lord! that I may hear the voice of Thy praise and tell all Thy wondrous works. I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth! Take not away my soul with the wicked, nor my life with bloody men. In whose hands are iniquities their right hand is filled with gifts. But I have walked in my innocence; redeem me and have mercy on me. My foot hath stood in the direct way; in the churches I will bless Thee, O Lord! Glory be to the Father,” etc.

Again he bows humbly down and prays: “Receive, O Blessed Trinity! this oblation which we make to Thee in memory of the passion, resurrection and ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . and may those pray for us in heaven whose holy memory we celebrate on earth. Through Christ our Lord.”

Sacrifice, as a means of obtaining pardon of sin and gaining spiritual and

* Genesis, xxvii, 26–28.

temporal graces from Heaven, is offered only for mortals; and, therefore, the priest looks on the Holy Mass as, in a certain sense, the sacrifice exclusively of himself and his people. With that in his mind, and knowing well that it is not the sacrifice, but the sacrificers, that can render the oblation displeasing to God; and, furthermore, desiring to awaken the hearts of his people if they should in any way be apathetic, he turns his back on the altar and looks to them, saying: "Brethren, pray that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God, our Almighty Father."—"May the Lord receive this sacrifice from thy hands to the praise and glory of His name, to our benefit and that of His whole Church."

Again the priest looks to the great White Throne, and prays in a low voice: "May this sacrifice now offered to Thee, O Lord! keep us ever alive, and guard us. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God" (he raises his voice) "for ages and ages."—"Amen."—"The Lord be with you."—"And with thy spirit."—"[Rest] your hearts [in God] on high."—"We have [them turned] to the Lord."—"Let us offer praise to the Lord, our God."—"It is meet and just."

The priest, with heart on fire, then goes on:

"Eminently fit and just it is, equitable and meritorious, that we should always and in all places give thanks to Thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, eternal God!* Because when Thy Only-begotten appeared in the substance of our flesh, He by the new light of His immortality remedied [the old darkness of sin in] us. And, therefore, with the angels and archangels, with the Thrones and Dominations, and with all the heavenly

hosts, we sing without ceasing a hymn to Thy glory, calling out: Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabaoth."—"The heavens and the earth are filled with Thy glory."—"Hosanna in the highest!"—"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!"

How beautifully this burst of sacred acclamation leads up to the threshold of the awfully solemn Canon! The priest now bends profoundly; and while he is so bent, and with his lips in close proximity to the altar, he whispers—all unknown, as it were, to saints and angels, all unknown to every living being—into the ear of God:

"Thee, therefore, O most clement Father, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord, humbly we beg and entreat that Thou wouldst receive and bless these holy, unspotted sacrifices, which in the first place we offer Thee for Thy holy Catholic Church, to which vouchsafe to grant peace; as also to preserve, unite and govern it throughout the world; together with Thy servant N—, our Pope; N—, our Bishop; as also all orthodox believers and professors of the Catholic and Apostolic Faith."

Here is the place and this is the time to think of whomsoever the priest has a mind to think of:

"Remember, O Lord, Thy servants and handmaids" (the priest pauses to bring directly before God those he desires to pray for),—"remember all here present, whose faith is not hidden and whose devotion is not unknown to Thee; for whom we offer up, or rather who offer up, to Thee this sacrifice of praise for themselves and all belonging to them."

What does the priest look for? What does a man on the lofty mountain-tops at a critical moment look for? What but the footprints of those who have gone before? So the priest:

"Keeping in mind and reverently recalling the memory of the ever-blessed

* I know of no book that gives such blessed instruction on this point as St. Francis de Sales' work on "The Love of God."

Virgin Mary, Mother of our Lord and God, Jesus Christ; as also of the blessed Apostles and martyrs, ... we beg that through their merits and prayers we may in all things be defended by the help of Thy protection. Through Christ our Lord."

The priest is presently to make use of omnipotent power and to speak with the creative and all-operative Word of God Himself; and this thought abases him to the dust of the earth. He remembers that wonderful thing related in the second book of Machabees:*

"For when our fathers were led into Persia, the priests that then worshiped God took privately the fire from the altar and hid it in a valley where there was a deep pit without water; there they kept it safe, so that the place was unknown to all men. But when many years had passed, and it pleased God that Nehemias should be sent by the King of Persia, he sent some of the posterity of those priests that had hid it to seek for the fire; and, as they told us, they found no fire, but thick water. So he bade them draw it up and bring it to him. And the priest Nehemias commanded the sacrifices that were laid on to be sprinkled with the same water, both the wood and the things that were laid upon it. When this was done, and the time came that the sun shone out, which before was in a cloud, there was a great fire kindled, so that all wondered. And all the priests made prayer while the sacrifice was consuming,—Jonathan beginning and the rest answering."

A greater wonder, a greater miracle, a greater change than slime being transformed into light, is at hand; if indeed slime transformed into light is not a striking type of the miracle that is going to be,—bread that comes from the clay of the earth going to be changed into

"the true God of true God, the true Light of true light." *That* was not the light, but *this* is the true Light, "that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Over this slime of the earth, that is to be transformed in a moment into the true Light of heaven, the priest holds his hands outspread and prays:

"We therefore beseech Thee, O Lord! graciously to accept this oblation of our servitude, as also of Thy whole family. Dispose our days in Thy peace, preserve us from eternal damnation, and rank us in the number of Thine elect. Through Christ our Lord. Which oblation do Thou, O God! vouchsafe in all respects to bless, approve, ratify, and accept; that it may be made for us the body and blood of Thy most beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord."

Heralds now arrive with an answer to this prayer:

First angel: "Grace be unto you and peace from Him that is, that was, and that is to come; and from the seven spirits that are before His throne; and from Jesus Christ, the First-begotten of the dead, the Prince of the kings of earth, to whom be glory and empire forever and ever."*

Second angel: "Behold He cometh in the clouds of heaven, and every eye shall see Him."†

Third angel: "Therefore rejoice, O earth, and you that dwell therein!"‡

And from the sanctuary, lo! "a great Voice, as of a trumpet: I am Alpha and Omega—the Beginning and the End; the Almighty who am and was and will be."§

"Indeed, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. . . . How terrible is this place! This is no other but the house of God and gate of heaven."||

* Apoc., i, 4-6.

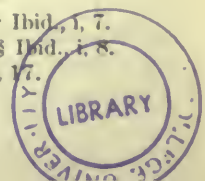
† Ibid., xii, 12.

‡ Ibid., i, 7.

§ Ibid., i, 8.

|| Genesis, xxviii, 16, 17.

* Chapter i, verses 19-23.



The Story of Count Stolberg.

II.

DURING his travels in Switzerland and Germany, Stolberg made the acquaintance of Goethe, in whom he was deeply interested, and who exercised upon him that peculiar fascination which was felt by everyone with whom the great poet came in contact. But later, when the first flush of enthusiasm had declined, Stolberg, whose judgment of men was wonderfully accurate, began to realize how thoroughly pagan was the nature of the man; and, while he did not hesitate to acknowledge and fully appreciate that titanic intelligence, he deplored the lack of spirituality which sought only the things of earth—the pride of intellect, the pleasures of the world,—with no thought or desire beyond them. With Lavater, on the contrary, he always preserved a warm friendship.

For a couple of years after the death of his consort, Stolberg led an unsettled life, though all his tastes were entirely domestic. Finally, in the year 1790 he married the Countess Sophie von Redern, who made him a most affectionate and excellent wife, and who became a devoted mother to his children.

The following year Stolberg entered the service of the Duke of Oldenburg, and accepted the position of Ober-President in Eutin, with the understanding that he should have a vacation of a year and a half in order to make a journey into Italy.

In 1792 he set out upon his travels, accompanied by his wife, his eldest son Ernest, and his tutor Nicolovius,—the latter a highly intellectual and worthy young man, with whom he had become acquainted in Berlin. They entertained for each other a great admiration. Nicolovius writes thus of his patron:

“On the brow of this godly man is traced the apostolic sign. He is a man after God’s own Heart.” It was thus, without the slightest effort—for he was the most disinterested of men,—that Stolberg impressed all who knew him.

At the beginning of this journey Count Stolberg met for the first time the Princess Amelia von Gallitzin, and then began a friendship with this remarkable woman which terminated only with death. He writes of her: “If Fénelon could have left behind him a spiritual daughter, it must have been the Princess Gallitzin. She is at home with her God, living only for Him and in Him. Her deep humility is the foundation of virtues grounded on religion and sanctified by its practice.” It was in her person that Stolberg first began to observe and to admire the beauty and solidity of the Catholic faith which pervaded her daily life, elevating and dignifying a character already noble by nature and education. We learn from his wife that he had known her only a short time when he began to pray daily that if truth were to be found in the Church of Rome he might be led to follow its teachings.

The journal of his travels through Italy and France, as well as his letters written during this time, are full of the deepest reflections on the beauty of nature, the solemn thoughts occasioned by it, with glimpses of the philosophy in which his discriminating and logical mind always found so much pleasure. His poetical soul penetrated beneath the surface of things, seeing and venerating the good God in all His works. He particularly admired the simple piety of the Italian peasantry, and the poverty and heroic devotedness of their clergy. Each little incident characteristic of the people and their faith served to increase Stolberg’s predilection for the Catholic religion.

On one occasion, while travelling in Savoy, he and his wife were greatly

edified by the sublime resignation and true Christian spirit displayed by the aged landlady in whose inn they had taken lodgings. She had undergone an extraordinary amount of suffering. Out of a family of ten children she had lost nine, and now the last was dying. "You have had a great deal of misfortune," said the Countess, compassionating her sorrows, and endeavoring to console her by words of sympathy. "Oh, no, Madame!" answered the old woman. "When one makes sacrifices to Almighty God, one is never unhappy."

Stolberg was much impressed with the grandeur of St. Peter's, which he visited many times during his stay in Rome. He had the honor and pleasure of an audience with Pius VI., of which he writes as follows:

"This grand old man, who fills his position with so much dignity, is very pleasant and friendly in conversation. I found him sitting at his study table. He invited me to a seat near him, and spoke with great animation and keen intelligence of the present melancholy situation of affairs.... He is at work in his cabinet at daylight every morning, even in winter; and he has brought to the Papal Chair a wide knowledge of events as well as rare steadfastness of purpose. He has used great tact in clearing the misunderstanding with the King of Naples. The contest is finished: there is nothing more to say. With regard to the French affair, he has conducted himself with wisdom and dignity; and has avoided every trap laid for him by the National Assembly, whether openly or secretly, in order that he might make a false step and so give a show of justice to their monstrous rapacity."

"Things are in a terrible condition in Paris," Stolberg writes from that city on the 21st of September, 1792. "Yet the farther away seems the arm of the

Almighty, the nearer it may be. What shall we say of those who, calling themselves Christians, betray the Son of God anew? This is their hour of triumph; in the end they shall fall, as the psalmist says, like broken pitchers. God, give the just strength to withstand the torrent of destruction which seems destined to overwhelm them! But such periods have their consolations: they serve to class the good and bad where they belong, and they make the virtuous more firm and consistent."

In another letter, dated from Rome, he observes: "With all their blindness, heartlessness, and irreligion, the French have still some friends and admirers in Germany. It will be well if the number of these be not increased and more of our people corrupted by their false doctrines. And it saddens one to think that these rapacious and bloodthirsty wretches disguise their terrible crimes under the name of 'Freedom.'"

Later he writes: "Lord, help me to pray and to work; and make me one of those who will never swerve from the standard of Thy Cross and its sublime teachings. Give me the spirit of truth and heavenly charity."

And so, through every stage of his travels, he makes reflections on the trend of events which were so soon to culminate in the triumph of anarchy and crime in the rapidly approaching drama of the French Revolution.

In the year 1793 Stolberg resumed his official duties in Eutin, and entered into the requirements of his position with all the ardor, conscientiousness, and singleness of purpose which distinguished all his undertakings. The Duke had the most implicit confidence in him, and entertained for him a particular friendship, which was appreciated and returned. In the midst of his family, life flowed on pleasantly; the spirit of the world was unknown in that peaceful

and happy household, where everything was regulated by system, and where intellectual and spiritual pleasures took the place of the feverish and illusory enjoyments so often the only resources of persons in Stolberg's rank of life.

The intimacy of the family with the Princess Gallitzin was again resumed, Stolberg having kept up a constant correspondence with her during his travels. He thanked God every day for having given him such a friend, and his wife shared fully in this feeling. He writes to a person about this time that nothing in his whole life had ever exercised so great an influence upon his innermost character as this almost daily correspondence. On her side, the Princess was deeply interested in Stolberg and his family; feeling that he could find rest and peace only in the bosom of the Catholic Church, to which, partly through the medium of her constant prayers, God was slowly but surely leading them.

After this period all Stolberg's letters show that his mind was passing through a spiritual process, which occupied it above all worldly concerns.

"I realize daily more and more," he writes to the Princess Gallitzin on the 3d of September, 1793, "that the longing for truth which fills my heart with a yearning and indefinable sadness must find its consolation only in a Church which Christ Himself has founded and constantly sustains. In the Protestant church there is so much latitude, so much doubt and uncertainty, so little stability and such unbelief, that my heart is filled with sorrow and anxiety when I think of the future of my children. The Catholic Church, with its unity, its unchangeableness, attracts me more and more. I am examining its teachings in every point, and am now reading St. Augustine. Pray for me that I may

obtain the spirit of humility. Only to the faithful heart is given the knowledge of God and His truth; only to the humble believer is granted the fulness of His illumining gifts. Ah, how deeply have I lacked this humility! Pray for me."

In the year 1794 he wrote to his friend Caspar Droste a touching letter, in which he envies him his faith and entire submission to the teachings of God's Holy Church. He compares himself to a shipwrecked mariner, in a boat without a rudder, tossed by every wind that blows, on every wave that swells and breaks in the midst of a stormy sea. To the same friend he writes, in the following year: "God will not leave your prayers for us unanswered." He wished to believe; but, as he said in a previous letter, his head protested against his heart, and he was slow in coming to a final resolution.

In January, 1797, Stolberg was sent by the Duke of Oldenburg on a mission to the Czar of Russia. When his errand was accomplished, he hastened to return to his family, intending to pass through Moscow on his journey home. But this he was not destined to do. On the 8th of March he was attacked by a fever, and for a time his life was despaired of.

"For more than a fortnight," he tells his friend Droste, "I was too ill to think (save when delirious), and even too prostrated to feel. As I began to grow better, God was very merciful to me. As in a moving panorama, my whole life passed before me, from my earliest childhood; and what did it show me? On the left, a black cloud of sin; on the right, the sun of His mercy melting that cloud away. Praise the Lord, O my soul; and let all that is within me praise His holy name! Praise the Lord, O my soul; and forget not that He hath done good things to thee, forgiving all thy sins and healing all thy wounds!"

The Reformation Reformed.

"HISTORY may be said to be the weak point of Protestantism, it is so generally studied with foregone conclusions; but as for the history of Christianity before the Reformation, it would not be far from the truth to say that most of us feel, or have felt, that we can dispense with it altogether." These honest words occur in a review of Dom Gasquet's new book, "The Eve of the Reformation," in the *New Era*; and they come from the pen of Mr. James Gairdner, the ablest Protestant historian of the Reformation period.

Mr. Gairdner is joint author of the "Kalendar of Henry VIII.," which competent judges set down as the greatest historical monument of our time. His spirit is one of honest inquiry; he has no entangling theories to bolster up with "false facts and false inferences." He has gone to the sources of Reformation history, studied acres of state documents hitherto not examined, read innumerable personal memoirs and crotchety church records; and the conclusion which has been forced upon him is this: "At present enough has come to light to show that a great many old historical judgments will have to be reconsidered."

Hitherto Catholic writers have set forth one history of the Reformation period; and Protestant writers, from Burnet to Froude, have felt it their bounden duty to contest, *in toto*, the conclusions of Catholic scholarship, to vilify the pre-Reformation church and to exalt the reformers into demigods. Our whole literature, our cyclopedias and reference-books, even our school-books, are impregnated with this spirit. But as faith in Protestantism grew weaker, and the *odium theologicum* died out, there arose a school of investigators, who, if they did not wholly agree with all the

contentions of the Catholic historians, at least declared in an unmistakable way that Luther and his imitators were not what they were cracked up to be; that the so-called Reformation was a myth, and that Protestant history needed a disinfectant. Dean Maitland's defence of the Dark Ages was the herald of the "new learning"; but later historians have far outstripped Maitland on the road to enlightenment. Men whose insufferable pretence can be measured only by their insufferable ignorance still repeat the old calumnies; but the position which genuine Protestant scholarship takes regarding the eve of the Reformation may be estimated from these five propositions which Dom Gasquet, according to Mr. Gairdner, "succeeds in establishing, in opposition to a considerable mass of opinion which is even yet current among us":

First, that learning was not discouraged by the Church in the era before the Reformation, and least of all in England.

Second, that art was not on the decline, but quite the contrary.

Third, that religious instruction was not neglected.

Fourth, that English translations of the Bible were not prohibited except on the ground that they were erroneous and heretical.

Fifth, that there was no disaffection among the people toward the spiritual headship of the Pope until Henry's quarrel with Rome.

These are large admissions, and from them follow others even more important. Mr. Gairdner himself comments on the fourth of these theses in this way:

"The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants." That, I believe, is a saying of Chillingworth's. And, truly, if an infallible book could have been written by inspiration, preserved by divine aid with an incorrupt text, translated by inspiration, too, with infallible accuracy, and finally even printed by a like inspiration, so that no "gnats" required to be "strained out," as the text should have run in one passage of King

James' Bible,—why, then we should have had undoubtedly a very precious gift; but it would have been quite unlike any other of God's gifts to man, which He commonly gives us to use or misuse, to apply nobly, or to neglect or corrupt at our own peril. As a matter of fact, we know well that the biblical text has been corrupted mainly through the inevitable transcribers' errors which have crept all over it in the course of centuries; so that there is absolutely no classical author that presents such a host of *variae lectiones* as the Greek of the New Testament. Yet, at first, doubtless in pure ignorance of this (for it was the Lollards with whom the superstition began, before printed Bibles existed), and afterward in complete indifference to the significance of these discrepancies, men went on from age to age . . . proclaiming the Bible their only rule of faith, repudiating entirely "unwritten verities," and refusing obedience to any ordinances that were not decreed in Scripture. It is marvellous to reflect that views like these actually survived long into the nineteenth century, and passed almost undisputed in our boyhood.

How this same Bible of which we make so much has been handed down to us from days long before it ever came to be printed is in itself a very interesting subject of inquiry; and how the essential truth of it could have been preserved in spite of all transcribers' variations it is difficult to imagine, unless there was a society which lived through all those ages very largely under the influence of that essential truth. So that it will not do exactly for Protestants to claim the Bible as their own exclusive property, which poor ignorant Papists know nothing about and never were familiar with. Those who could read or write were scarcely less familiar with it in early days than now; and those who could not learned the meaning of Scripture story from sermons and from miracle-plays—the best mode of bringing it home to them which the appliances and means of the age could furnish.

Moreover, not only was there a Latin translation of the Bible familiar throughout Europe, and commonly known as the Vulgate, but English translations existed even before Wycliffe's time; and, as Father Gasquet has already shown us in a previous work, received the sanction of church authorities long before the Reformation.

How true it is that the Church has nothing to lose, but everything to gain, from the exposition of historical truth! The *falsehood* of history has hitherto been the chief hindrance to her progress. All honor to the men who are calling the *truth* of history to the witness-stand! The work of reconstructing the text-books has only begun, but its final and speedy completion is assured.

Notes and Remarks.

The statistics that are oftenest presented to illustrate the progress of Catholicism are to us the least satisfactory. One hears much about the number of converts to the faith, but very little about perverts and those who lapse into indifferentism; and, of course, there is no telling how many of the latter class are reclaimed at the hour of death. No doubt the Church is spreading widely and deeply in spite of all opposition and all evidence adduced to the contrary. However, the number of children under religious instruction in a country is to our mind a surer indication of the present position and the future of Catholicism than could be afforded by any other statistics. Conversions to the Church in England, for instance, are numerous; but if they were tenfold greater the thousands of Catholic children attending religious schools are a truer test of real progress. The present necessity there, as well as in our own country, is for a body of workers to keep in touch with young people after leaving school. With this class of the faithful losses are greater than is generally supposed.

All who have been to the Philippines seem to be agreed on one point at least—that it is no place for Protestant missionaries. We have been assured that the Filipinos hate their clergy; that most of these are bad, bad men; that they are responsible for the evils which brought on the war with Spain, and are obstacles to the establishment of peace with the United States. The natives of the Philippines are a strangely inconsistent people, or they must be prejudiced to the last degree against Americans. They cling to the priests whom they are represented as hating, and will have nothing to do with the parsons

hailing from this country. The Filipinos are convinced that sectarianism is a departure from the pillar and ground of religious truth. It is useless, says Prof. Schurman, to try to persuade them to the contrary. "If we send missionaries, there is one indispensable condition to be observed—that is, to agree on some kind of Protestant Christianity, and send out only one type." An absolutely impossible condition. Sergeant Patten is of precisely the same opinion as Mr. Schurman. At the conclusion of an address recently delivered in New York, he was asked: "What do you regard as the greatest obstacle in the way of Christian work in the Philippines to-day?" The gallant Sergeant's answer was in one word—"Sectarianism." He answered wisely. This is indeed the greatest stumbling-block to the progress of Christianity, and always has been. Missionary work in the Philippines had better be confined to the American soldiers. Sergeant Patten frankly admitted that they have great need of missionaries.

The stories that bob up regularly in the newspapers about the workingman standing before a picture of the Crucifixion, asking who the Man is and why they are killing Him, are perhaps the concoctions of some humorous fancy; but well-authenticated instances of religious ignorance almost as startling are to be had in plenty. According to the *Churchman* (P. E.), a student once wrote on the query paper of the Harvard College library: "Will some one direct me where to find the story of Sampson?" And when an obliging person wrote underneath, "Book of Judges," it was only to elicit another query: "But where can I find the Book of Judges?" It is also given out by a serious writer as "an actual fact" that within the present year a student in a woman's college said:

"What are the Ten Commandments? I find them so often alluded to in Chaucer." The *Churchman* further asserts that "so ill acquainted with the contents of Holy Scripture is even the ordinary student of theology, that at the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge it has been found desirable to establish a new course whereby the men of the junior class are taken through the entire Bible in the course of the year. They are required to read the Bible through, a book or more a week."

The emphatic repudiation by the leading Catholic journals in England of ridiculous charges against the Jews repeated by papers published under Catholic auspices in Italy and France is a distinct service, one for which intelligent Catholics everywhere must be grateful. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when no Frenchman or Italian will consider himself a better Christian for being an Anti-Semite. Prejudice, like ignorance, dies hard; but the Jews have always recognized in the Vicar of Christ a defender and friend; and they do not hold the Church responsible for the follies and excesses of the Anti-Semitic movement.

The City of Brotherly Love, it would seem, has no love to spare for our brothers in black. Philadelphia is the city in which the Negroes most do congregate; yet, according to the studies made by Professor Du Bois (a Negro who was graduated from a leading Eastern university), prejudice against the colored man is so rife there as to exclude him from all the prizes of life, and to limit him to those occupations which the pale-face usually despises. The effect is naturally to stifle ambition in the Negro and to encourage the criminal and the shiftless classes among them. Here is

one of many typical cases cited by Professor Du Bois in his article:

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in mechanical engineering, well recommended, obtained work in the city through an advertisement, on account of his excellent record. He worked a few hours, and then was discharged because he was found to be colored. He is now a waiter at the University Club, where his white fellow-graduates dine.

This is all the more surprising when contrasted with the declaration of another colored professor, Booker T. Washington, who describes the South as "a most encouraging field for the colored business man." It is a question whether the North is really in a position to lecture the South on its duties to the Negro within its gates. Be this as it may, the fact is that the colored man fares best in the Catholic countries. In Cuba and Puerto Rico, for example, the relationship between whites and blacks has always been that of absolute equality.

That popular and diverting selection, beloved of masters of elocution, "Trouble in the Amen Corner," is recalled by the action of the vestry of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Stamford, Conn. That body, as say the press dispatches, lately expelled a venerable brother from church membership because he prayed in too loud a voice. M. E. circles are somewhat stirred up over the occurrence, and the Methodist press has taken sides *pro* or *con*: one party contends that the emotionalism of early Methodist days is unseemly in these piping days of higher criticism and scientific faith; the attitude of the other side is thus pithily expressed by one paper: "If they want to 'holler,' let them 'holler.'" If an outsider might offer an opinion, we should say that the fervent brethren should unquestionably be allowed to "holler." Not all Methodists are pure intellect. There are vast numbers whose nature

demands that they should "holler" when touched by emotion; and we venture to say that whatever faith exists in the sects is found principally among these very people. The incident, however, is another illustration of the changed conditions of the times. In the good old days of the camp-meeting and the revival a Methodist who did not shout long and loud was strongly suspected of agnostic leanings.

The newly-published "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Playfair" contains many interesting pages, but nothing more humanly touching than the story of a little deaf, dumb and blind girl whom he met at the Perkins Institute in Boston, in 1888, and to whom, observing the pleasure she took in a common brass curtain-ring she wore on a finger, he gave a prettier ornament of the same kind. The following year he paid her another visit, and, without revealing his identity, simply placed his hand in hers. At first she felt of it without recognition; but, touching his skin on the wrist under his cuff, her face suddenly lighted up, and with much excitement she spelled on her fingers, "It is the Englishman who gave me the ring!" Then she flung her arms about his neck and clung to him with every demonstration of affection, constantly stroking his face and hands.

It is very noticeable that in no other country of the world do Catholics show a more intense, sustained and studied sympathy with the government than they do in England. Perhaps the reason of this is that in no other country are Catholics so fairly treated by the government in the matter of official representation. Not only are the offices of Postmaster-General and Chief-Justice held by Catholics, but the highest official

in the naval administration of England is also a Catholic. This gentleman is Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, K. C. B. When Lord Kerr was only eight years old, his mother—a remarkable woman—was borne into the Church on the tide of the Oxford Movement. She had the faith of a saint and the courage of a heroine, and it required both to prevail over the influences which aimed at withholding her children from following her. We quote from a sketch in the *New Era*:

To enable the youngest, then a child of ten, to carry out his earnest desire to be a Catholic, Lady Lothian had to steal out of the house (Newbattle Abbey) early one winter morning, before the household was astir, and take him to Edinburgh, where he was received by Dr. Gillies, the Vicar-Apostolic. As they stealthily crossed the park, they heard the sound of hurried footsteps behind them, and were sure that they were being pursued. But, to Lady Lothian's great joy, the pursuer turned out to be her third son, Lord Ralph, who, having heard of his mother's intention and yielding to an impulse of grace, had determined on joining his little brother in being received into the Church.

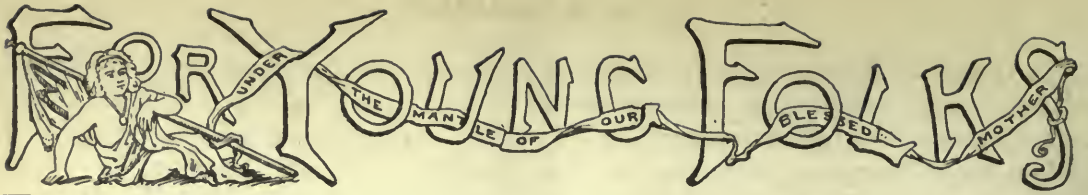
As first Lord of the Admiralty, it is the duty of Lord Walter to direct all the important movements of every ship in the British navy; and, though his official duties prevent him from taking prominent part in the great work which English laymen are doing, he has always spoken out vigorously when the rights of the Church or of Catholics were to be vindicated. It is worthy of remark that he has never found this manly frankness a bar to official advancement. In 1873 he married Lady Amabel Cowper, a convert and the wielder of a vigorous and industrious pen.

The Protestant author of a recently published booklet against "the filthy, offensive and injurious" tobacco habit quotes this text of Scripture on the title-page: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God

destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." (I Cor., iii, 16, 17.) George Fox, the founder of the Quaker body, was another foe of the weed called fragrant, and grounded his antagonism on the fact that smoke is emitted from the mouth, applying to it in its most rigidly literal interpretation the text: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but what cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." (St. Matt., xv, 11.) It is this use of the Bible, more than anything else, that has lessened reverence for it among the masses. The higher critics have been too much blamed.

In a paper read before the Connecticut Medical Association by Dr. T. D. Crothers, "an expert in inebriety," the startling statement is made that morphinism and the opium habit are being spread in this country by the advice and example of physicians, "from six to ten per cent of whom," says Dr. Crothers, "are now opium-drunkards." Until this surprising and scandalous assertion is more convincingly proved, we must refuse to believe it. Regular physicians observe a very strict code of ethics, as a rule; and it seems incredible that a body of men so rigorously hostile to the abuse of narcotics in the profession should permit such wholesale injury to the public as is implied in the Doctor's statement.

The attempt to foment public opinion in favor of interference between Great Britain and the Transvaal failed for two good reasons: the suggestion emanated from one of two yellow journals which were instrumental in instigating our war with Spain; and the same President is in office who two years ago refused similar advances from other nations, made in the interests of justice and humanity.



The Guiding Star.

I WONDER how the Magi knew,
In Eastern lands afar,
That God had sent them as a guide
The gleaming Bethlehem Star?

The stars are all alike to me
In their vast home of blue:
They never change from year to year,—
I wonder how they knew?

Ah! love was kindled in their hearts
By that one guiding Star,—
A love that told them more than words,
And led their steps afar.

Two Stories about Donatello.

AS we read of the great masters of ancient art, or of the more modern ones of the Middle Ages or the Renaissance, some little anecdote will sometimes throw a flood of light upon a character which otherwise might appear to us vague and unreal. And, as in the case of a naughty boy a mother loves, it is often a fault that makes the person more dear. It should not be so; but it is, nevertheless.

Vasari, the chronicler of Florence, tells us many stories of Donatello, or little Donato; and as we read he grows nearer to us. We understand him. We think how we should love to meet him singing in the streets of an old Tuscan city; or see him chiselling away at the marbles that have made his name live through the centuries. And we do not in the least mind when we hear how once he lost his temper. Some very good people, we are sorry to say, do that to this very day.

Donatello had been commissioned to

make a bust of a prosperous Genoese merchant, and had employed his spare time upon it for the space of a year. When it was completed, Cosmo de Medici, the sculptor's friend and patron, exhibited it in his own palace, where it was admired by all the gentlefolk in Florence. The merchant was pleased, but when he came to pay for it—ah! that was another matter. He stubbornly refused to give the very reasonable price which its maker set upon it.

"There is a year's work upon it," said Donatello.

"I shouldn't think it," answered the merchant. "If you had been industrious, you could have finished it in a month; and, at the price I am willing to give you, could have earned half a florin* a day."

Then it was that our amiable sculptor lost his sweet and equable temper.

"I might not be able to make such a bust in a month," he said; "but I can smash it in a very few moments." So saying, he kicked the bust out of the window onto the pavement, breaking it into small fragments.

"O my dear friend," said the merchant, now thoroughly ashamed and repentant, "make me another bust, and I will double your price!"

"Oh, I think," replied Donatello, "that you had better go back to bargaining in beans! You are probably a good judge of them; you certainly are not a judge of statuary, and you can get some one else to make you a bust. I won't."

It is, perhaps, unfair to select from all the incidents with which we are familiar in the life of the genial and boyish sculptor the only one in which he appears

* A florin is about half a dollar.

in an unfavorable light; so here is another pretty story, one often told, but which never in the repeating loses one bit of its charm.

Donatello had received an order to make a crucifix for the Church of Santa Croce, and on it had expended his most careful endeavors. But he needed the approbation of his friend Brunelleschi before he could be perfectly satisfied with his work. Now, Brunelleschi was a little disappointed, and could not refrain from showing his feelings.

"Tell me frankly," pleaded Donatello, "how do you like it?"

"You have placed a peasant upon the cross," he answered; "not the figure of Our Lord."

Donatello was plainly disconcerted, but only replied:

"It is easier to criticise than to execute. Suppose you take a piece of wood and see if you can do any better?"

Some months passed by, and one day Brunelleschi said:

"Come and dine with me. We will stop on our way and get some provisions."

As they neared the house Brunelleschi remarked:

"Here, take my share and go to the house. I will be there shortly."

So Donatello went toward the house—to be confronted, inside the door, with the most beautiful crucifix his eyes had ever beheld. He dropped his apron, and the eggs and cheese fell to the ground. Then his host returned.

"How are we to have any dinner?" he asked in dismay. "All the eggs are broken."

"I want no dinner," answered poor Donatello. "You were right: the figure on my crucifix was but a peasant. This is a Christ."

Then he went sadly home.

WITHOUT trouble one eats no honey.

—*Turkish Proverb.*

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

II.—THE BABY FINDS A NAME.

Now came the opening and shutting of doors again, and the sound of several persons walking along the corridor. The door opened. Mother Ignatius entered; and behind her, still carrying the basket between them, as though they had never let go of it, came Sister Beatrice and Monica.

"Oh, let us see—let us see!" the little ones cried, surrounding the newcomers with eager faces.

"First let me lay it where it belongs—at the feet of the dear Infant Jesus," said Sister Beatrice, taking the basket in her own hands and going with rapid steps to the altar in the corner, where a tiny Crib had been arranged in imitation of the manger. The children followed her closely, pushing and pulling one another in their anxiety to be in front. Sister Beatrice laid the basket on the floor beneath the Crib, motioning back the crowding children.

"Now, girls," she said, "you may come, one by one, and look at our dear little Christmas gift." With these words she drew back the light covering which hid the face of the child. "Here it is, just as we found it," she said. "Heartless as its parents may have been, they were anxious that it should not perish."

"We do not know, Sister. We must not judge," said Mother Ignatius.

"You are too good, Mother," replied Sister Beatrice. "If they had rung the bell! But to have left it there on the doorstep, in the cold!"

The children gathered in a delighted group around the basket. One by one, indeed! That would have been asking impossibilities. Mother Ignatius drew

the impromptu Crib farther out into the room, and they crowded about it on every side. It was such a tiny, helpless thing, that little baby; and it looked so snug and clean and comfortable, deep down in a soft, feathery pillow! The innocent, childish hearts above it were filled with rapture at the lovely sight. Clad in a long white nightgown and wrapped in a fleecy white shawl, it lay, calmly sleeping. One small red fist was outside the warm pink cotton quilt which covered the basket, while the tiny knuckles of the other were held tight between its lips. There was scarcely one of the children who looked upon it that did not glance involuntarily from the baby at the foot of the altar to the one in the miniature Crib above it.

"Why, it looks just like the dear little Infant Jesus!" said one of the children to a companion.

"Maybe it is," was the response. "He does come sometimes."

"Oh, see, see! There is a bottle full of milk beside it," said the little German maiden. "How, then, could they have dressed it so clean and wrapped it so warm, and given it food, and yet left it in the cold on the doorstep?"

"There may have been a reason," said Sister Augusta. "We can not tell."

"It doesn't cry any more," said Greta.

"No," answered Monica. "The very moment we lifted it from the stones it stopped, and it has slept ever since."

"And now who will take care of it?" asked Mother Ignatius, with a smile.

A dozen large girls stepped forward eagerly.

"O Mother, let me, let me!" they cried.

Monica was one of these.

Mother Ignatius turned to her.

"For the present we will let Sister Immaculate take it," she said. "You know she has had a great deal of experience with foundlings in the N— asylum. Here she comes now. And

Monica, I think, will be her assistant; while the others may help as occasion arises. If this sweet baby lives, it will be in great danger of becoming spoiled."

Sister Immaculate bent over the basket, lifting the tiny hand from the coverlet. It clung to her fingers.

"See! He acknowledges his foster-mother," said Sister Beatrice.

"Is it a boy?" asked a little tot.

"Yes," replied Mother Ignatius.

"And has he a name?"

"Not as yet," she rejoined. "Early to-morrow morning we shall ask Father Andrew to baptize it."

Sister Beatrice had disappeared. Soon they heard the tramping of many little feet in the hall; and a moment later she returned, with the Sister in charge of the boys at the head of her noisy little band. The baby was duly examined by them, though they were not nearly as much interested as the girls; and when the tiny creature, disturbed in its sleep by so much stir and bustle, began a pitiful wail, they all looked so uncomfortable that the Sister marshalled them discreetly back to their own quarters. And then Sister Immaculate, lifting the baby from its basket, took it in her lap and fed it with milk from the bottle, still warm; which it drank eagerly, till again it sank off into slumber. When it had been replaced in its basket, Monica crouched down beside it, her hand on the edge, in readiness to stir it if the child should not sleep soundly.

"Were you thinking of rocking the cradle, Monica?" inquired the Sister, observing her attitude.

"Yes, Sister," was the reply. "When I was at home mother used to put my little brother in a basket almost like this, only instead of having two little handles at the sides it used to have one across the top, like a market-basket, until father pulled it off so that the baby could get in."

"Probably it had been a market-basket," said Sister Immaculate.

"Yes: it was my grandmother's. But she was dead when the baby came. It just seems like old times to be doing this, Sister."

Tears gathered in the girl's eyes as she spoke, and Mother Ignatius hastened to observe:

"You have great reason to be proud, my dear, at having been chosen for the baby's nurse. We shall expect fine things of him under your care."

"I'll do my best, Mother," answered Monica, looking up at Sister Immaculate, with whom she was a favorite.

"Trust Monica for that," said the Sister. "She does all her duties well; doesn't she, girls?"

"Oh, yes, Sister!" came from all sides.

Monica was a general favorite. She had a very sad history. Seven years before, when she was a little girl of nine, her father, mother, and baby brother had been drowned in a ferry-boat accident, with several others. She had been left at home with a neighbor while they had gone across the bay to make some purchases, and was thus spared from sharing their sad fate. Having no relatives, she was sent to the asylum, and had remained there ever since. She was very useful to the Sisters, but not so strong and rugged as many of the other girls. On this account they had deferred sending her out to service, preferring to wait until they could find something suitable to her strength and capacity. She was thoroughly happy in her home, dreading above all things the day when she should leave it; though among the other girls it had come to be tacitly understood that Monica was a fixture there.

"Have you thought of a name for the baby, Mother?" she asked.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "But we must, and at once."

"Do give him a pretty name!" cried one of the girls on the outer edge of the group. "Don't call him James or Matthew or Henry, or any of those ugly-sounding things. Please do call him something nice, Mother dear!"

Mother Ignatius looked at the girl for a moment before she answered.

"And why none of these, Stella?" she asked. "You know there are no better names in the calendar than those you have just mentioned. They were all great saints."

"Oh, yes!" replied Stella, with a toss of the brown head, that would be curly in spite of all brushing could do to smooth it. "The saints are well enough; but when you think of James White with his long nose, and Matt Boylan with his cross eyes, and Henry Voight with his red face and tow hair, you feel as if you wouldn't want this pretty baby to grow up like those boys. They're good, I know; but they are so ugly! Now, aren't they, Mother?"

An indistinct murmur went through the various groups. Whatever they might think, none of the other girls ever dared to speak out as frankly as Stella did. Her nature was essentially worldly; but the frankness of her speech was a redeeming quality, even though it was often ill-timed.

"You know the significance of your own name, of course, Stella dear?" said Mother Ignatius.

"Oh, yes, Mother! It means a star," replied the girl. "Isn't it pretty?"

No one could help laughing merrily at this naïve remark. When the noise had subsided, and Monica, finger on lip, was gently rocking the basket back and forth, Mother Ignatius said:

"This is the Feast of St. Thomas à Becket. What of Thomas for a name?"

Stella made a face.

"He was a very good man," she said; "but he had an awfully funny name."

Wouldn't Thomas à Becket Callahan or Thomas à Becket Jones—whatever his last name is—sound dreadful, Mother?"

"The poor child has no last name," rejoined Mother Ignatius, gravely,—“at least there is no clue by which we can discover it.”

The girls looked at one another, that moment fully realizing the condition of the little foundling as they had not done before. Orphans they all were, and in a sense friendless; but they all had names at least, while the child now sleeping so peacefully among them had none.

There was a brief silence, and Monica was the first to speak.

"In that case, Mother," she said, "I think the name would just suit the little one. He could have Thomas for the first and à Becket for the surname."

"A capital idea!" exclaimed Sister Beatrice. "And really he should in justice be called after the good Saint who brought him to us."

No one demurred; even Stella yielded to the wisdom of this conclusion.

"Who knows but he may add new lustre to that great name some day?" said Sister Immaculate, as she prepared to take him away for the night.

"He will hardly do that," said Mother Ignatius. "But it is possible, of course. I hope he may become a good man, if not a great one."

Tinkle, tinkle! went Sister Martha's bell in the hall. Recreation was over. All was silence at once; night prayers were said, and soon the children were sleeping soundly in their warm beds,—all except Monica, who was permitted to accompany Sister Immaculate to the room adjoining the dormitory of the larger girls, where she slept, and which was to be the nursery of the new inmate. Under the coverings of the basket they found a change of clothing, neatly made and nicely laundered; but there was no

clue whatever to the identity of the child. Sister Immaculate loosened his garments and rubbed his little limbs.

"He will sleep the better for it," she said to Monica.

"How old do you think he is, Sister?" asked the girl.

"About a month old, I should judge," was the reply. "And a fine, healthy little fellow he appears to be."

"Oh, I hope he will not die, Sister! Don't you hope we may raise him?"

Sister Immaculate did not answer at once. After a pause she said:

"Yes, if it be God's will, of course; though I am always glad to see these children go to heaven. But not yet, my dear,—not until he has been made a child of God in baptism."

Monica soon joined her companions the voice of the baby was not heard once during the night. He was beginning his career like a little gentleman.

When Monica went to look at him next morning, as, being assistant nurse, it was her privilege to do, his eyes were wide open.

"He is laughing, Sister, I think," she said. "What beautiful blue eyes! Oh, how dear he is! Sister, I *hope* he will live. He is so sweet and lovely. And I know he will be good."

After Mass Father Andrew baptized him. Monica was godmother, and John the gardener godfather. Stella thought the selection a wise one, as Monica would be sure to look after his spiritual welfare; while John, who was credited with having money laid away, might even make him his heir. She whispered this to Sister Beatrice at the breakfast table, in such a comical way that Sister thought all the girls ought to hear it; and, in order that they might have that privilege without delay, she gave them recreation at table in honor of the baptism of Thomas à Becket.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Stevenson's biographer is to be Mr. Graham Balfour. It will require a master to please the public with a life of Stevenson since the publication of his familiar letters. They are the real biography.

—The late Bernard Quaritch, the famous London bookseller and bibliophile, loved his work passionately; and no other dealer in any age was half so successful in finding rare editions and filling difficult orders.

—If Canadian literature is as yet of small body it is not for lack of industry or courage. A government official of the Dominion has published an exhaustive bibliography which shows that no fewer than four hundred Canadian poets have blushed into print during the last hundred years.

—The *American Ecclesiastical Review* opens the New Year auspiciously with another serial from the ever delightful pen of the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, the author of "My New Curate." Our own readers know Father Sheehan only as a poet; his prose is just as delectable.

—It is gratifying to learn that a new edition of "Christian Schools and Scholars," which has been out of print for many years, is contemplated. This able work of Mother Drane, who was for many years the venerated superior of the Sisters of St. Dominic at Stone, England, is one of the most important contributions to literature made by a woman in modern times.

—Mr. Marion Crawford, whose "Ave, Roma Immortalis" is enjoying deserved success, is at work on a companion volume, to be called "The Rulers of the South." It will treat of Italy south of the Papal States. Mr. Crawford's eagerly awaited Life of Leo XIII. is also engaging his attention. The wonder is that such a hard-working author never fails to convey the impression of ease and freshness in his books.

—The sympathy and assistance accorded to France by the people of Ireland during the Franco-Prussian war are gratefully and fully acknowledged in a little volume published by the John Murphy Company. The title is "Ireland and France." The author, Alfred Duquet, was one of those who visited Ireland in the interest of France at the beginning of the war, and his account of the tour is such as a correspondent would send to one of our daily newspapers. The book is not without value as a footnote to history, but its chief interest lies in the way it brings out the striking features

of two great branches of the Celtic race. Good cheer, cordiality, and eloquence flowed lavishly; but in the speech-making the Irish seem to have had the advantage. The articles of the treaty of Geneva are reprinted, and a sketch of Marshal MacMahon seems to have been dragged into the book rather violently. The translation, which is anonymous, is good.

—It is a mistake to suppose that novels have a larger sale than any other class of our literature. Religion sells to a much greater extent. This is true of Protestant as well as Catholic books. There is a London firm (Passmore & Alabaster) which publishes nothing but Mr. Spurgeon's books and sermons, and it sells twenty thousand volumes of them every week. Over half a million copies of Spurgeon's books have been sold in this country alone.

—Under the unfortunate title of "Lies of 'Facing the Twentieth Century' Answered," the American Truth Society, of New York, publishes a brace of papers by the Rev. T. H. Malone and the Rev. P. C. Yorke. It is plain that neither of these able penmen found inspiration in his subject. The ignorant book to which this pamphlet replies is too transparently silly to beguile the clever, and it is not coarse and dense enough to appeal to stupid people.

—"Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church," by the Rev. John Freeland, is a series of stories of the first ages of Christianity; and one can not read of the saintly Bishop Clement, of his deacon Marcus, of Marcella, of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, and others of Christ's heroes, without feeling a thrill of holy triumph in their victory. The communion of saints is never so fully realized and appreciated as when one reads of God's saints who bear forever the palm of martyrdom. Benziger Bros.; Burns & Oates.

—A book of reminiscences just issued in England contains a good story about the Anglican bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, a man of grotesque character:

Dr. M'Dougall, who had gone up to Calcutta for his consecration as Anglican bishop of Labuan, seems to have somewhat shocked his prospective consecrator by a display of uproarious spirits at a dinner-party given in his honor on the eve of the ceremony. During the family prayers which he said according to invariable custom before his friends left, bishop Wilson prayed *extempore* for the company present. He ended with the prayer: "Bless, O Lord, this our brother,

on whom, after the example of the Holy Apostles, we are to-morrow to lay our hands! May he be delivered from all sins which most easily beset him, especially from that of inordinate jocularity." A burst of laughter from the corner where M'Dougall was kneeling interrupted the prayer and brought the proceedings to an untimely end.

We venture to say that Dr. M'Dougall was either a Broad or a Low Churchman; first, because if he were "High" he would have been on retreat instead of at a banquet; and, secondly, because no High Churchman whom we have had the honor of knowing was ever addicted to the sin of "inordinate jocularity."

—Books for young folk have been prominent in the holiday lists, and we would like to add to all library catalogues the following interesting and instructive stories for children: "Lot Leslie's Folks," by Eleanor C. Donnelly, who has the secret of success in writing for the young; two good translations from the French of Henri Ardel—"Little Arlette" and "'Twas to Be"; and "Little Orphan Annie and Her Friends," by Mary A. McGill, who has blended fiction and fact in a happy manner. The first three are published by H. L. Kilner & Co., the fourth by Mr. P. O'Shea.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1 10, *net.*

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, *net.*

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., *net.*

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., *net.*

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, *net.*

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, *net.*

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25.

The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.* 70 cts., *net.*

Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O.C.D.* \$1.60, *net.*

External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1, *net.*

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. With Illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. \$1.60, *net.*

Library of St. Francis de Sales. III.—The Catholic Controversy. \$1.60, *net.*

The Sacraments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.50.

Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P. *Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C. P.* 50 cts., *net.*

Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.* 2 Vols. \$6.

Fra Girolamo Savonarola. *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.* \$2, *net.*

In the Brave Days of Old. *Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.* 70 cts., *net.*

The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.

Birds and Books. *Walter Lecky.* 70 cts.

Has the Reformation Reformed Anything? *Rev. F. Malachy, C. P.* 50 cts.

Characteristics of the Early Church. *Rev. J. J. Burke.* 50 cts.

The Saints. St. Louis. *Marius Sepet.* \$1.

La Salle in the Valley of the St. Joseph. *Bartlett-Lyon.* \$1.25.

The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century. *Patrick Cardinal Moran.* \$1, *net.*

Outlooks and Insights. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part II. \$2.25, *net.*

Gems from the Early Church. *E. F. Bowden.* \$1.25, *net.*

Natural Law and Legal Practice. *Rev. René I. Holaind, S. J.* \$1.75, *net.*

Urbs et Orbis; or, The Pope as Bishop and Pontiff. *William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50.

The Rival Chiefs. *S. M. Lyne.* \$1.25.

Manual of Patrology. *Rev. Bernard Schmid, O.S.B.* \$1.25.

Plato and Darwin. *Abbé Herbert.* 75 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—CT. LUKE, I., 43.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 20, 1900.

NO. 3.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

At Mass for the Dead.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

[HEAR the rolling at the gate—
The hearse, the trampling, and the rest.
All are for *me*, and, soon or late,
Will lead to what is worst or best.

A year, a month, an hour, a day,
That wooden chest shall come for me,—
Me shall the bearers yonder lay,
And others see what now I see.

They bear me on the ghostly track:
For me the priest his chant intones;
Not his but mine the friends in black,
For me the weeping and the groans.

Out to the deep, damp grave they go;
And as they go they sing and pray;
They let the coffin down below,
On me the clay and clods they throw,
And silently they go their way.

Jesu, shield me in that hour!
Sweet Mary, too, be ever near!
Oh, let me feel this awful power!
Open my eyes and make me fear!

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

II.—THE ESPOUSALS.



T least once in each month the Church solemnizes a festival in honor of our Blessed Lady.

Some of these feasts are redolent with the breath of great antiquity, as, for instance, the Purification and Annunciation; while others of later institution serve to illustrate the ever-growing love

and devotion of God's children to that purest and fairest of His creatures.

The Feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which is yearly celebrated on the 23d of January, was introduced into the sacred liturgy some time during the course of the fourteenth century.* France claims the honor of originating it, and this honor in particular belongs to the well-known city of Chartres. Chartres boasts of a fine cathedral under the special patronage of our Blessed Lady, the titular feast being that of the Nativity, on the 8th of September. Quite recently a considerable amount of information regarding this noble church has been spread abroad by means of a book entitled "The Cathedral," by M. Huysmans. In this volume we are informed that the present structure dates from the year 1260; but four other fabrics have preceded it, the earliest of which is associated with primitive Christianity. The two remarkable shrines, "Our Lady of the Pillar" and "Our Lady of the Crypt," both located in this greatest of French cathedrals, have been held for centuries in great veneration, and have received the homage of countless generations of faithful clients of Mary.

It was during the fourteenth century that a canon of this venerable church was chosen by God as His instrument for adding to the calendar a new feast in honor of our Blessed Lady. This ecclesiastic, whose name is apparently

* Smith's Dictionary Christian Antiquities.

unknown, was nearing his end; but before departing out of this life he was desirous of perpetuating the special devotion he had always entertained toward St. Joseph and his virginal spouse.* In order to accomplish this pious wish, he caused to be inserted in his last will and testament a request that the Chapter of Chartres should institute a solemn commemoration in honor of St. Joseph, which would at the same time redound to the praise of the Mother of God.

John Gerson, the pious Chancellor of the University of Paris, who also had a singular devotion to the foster-father of Our Lord, proposed to the canons of the cathedral a practical means for carrying into effect this desire of the departed priest. He submitted to them an Office, which he himself had composed, in honor of the Espousals of Blessed Mary with St. Joseph. Thus was initiated the festival we keep to-day. The Office by Gerson was lost sight of for several centuries; but it was discovered again, and is said to have been republished in an edition of Gerson's works brought out in Antwerp in the year 1706.†

The observance of the Feast of the Espousals was, in the first instance, sanctioned by the Papal Legate, and must have been regarded as a local celebration, being confined to the limits of the territory of the legation. By degrees, however, it was introduced into different countries and adopted by several religious orders. Pope Paul III., in the sixteenth century, granted permission to John Calvo, a Franciscan, for the friars and nuns of his Order to celebrate the Espousals. No proper Mass or Office having been drawn up, it was arranged that recourse should

be had to the liturgy of Our Lady's Nativity, the word "Espousals" being substituted in every case for "Nativity." The Gospel, "When Mary His Mother was espoused to Joseph," taken from the first chapter of St. Matthew, was inserted in the Mass. This arrangement was to be observed until such times as a proper Office should be composed.* As yet, however, no proper Office is in general use; so the practice of adaptation has been perpetuated to the present day. St. Joseph is not forgotten in the principal services of the festival; a commemoration of him is made by special collect in Vespers, Lauds, and Mass.

Pope Benedict XIV., in his treatise on the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin, says that during the pontificate of Paul III. a Dominican friar, by name Peter Doré was charged with the task of composing a special Office in commemoration of the Espousals. The work, when accomplished, received the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff; but whether or not this Office was extended to the whole Church before the reform of the Breviary took place one can not say; in any case, it does not exist in the present Breviary. In the year 1625 Pope Benedict XIII. still further extended the celebration of the feast; but it is a remarkable fact that even now no law exists by which the Feast of Our Lady's Espousals is obliged to be inserted in the calendar of the Universal Church.

For many incidents connected with the feast of January 23 we are indebted chiefly to tradition as embodied in the so-called proto-gospel of St. James; † but as the marriage ceremonies of the Hebrews of the time of which we are writing are well known, it is not difficult to describe what must have taken place at the nuptials of Our Lady.

* De Festis B. M. V.: Bened. XIV.

† Acta SS., vol. viii.

* De Festis B. M. V.: Bened. XIV.

† "Apocryphal Gospels" (Cowper).

It was one of the duties of the high-priest to proclaim the names of those virgins in the Temple who were of a suitable age to marry. When Mary's time drew near she made known to the high-priest her vow of chastity, in consequence of which recourse was had to the special intervention of Almighty God. The men of the family of David were summoned together, and each was required to present a rod; he whose rod should blossom, and upon which the Holy Spirit should rest in visible form, was to be considered the divinely indicated spouse of the Virgin. Among the men came Joseph; and it was his rod that blossomed, and it was upon his rod that a dove from heaven rested.

When the Blessed Virgin heard of this manifestation of the divine will she hesitated no longer; knowing at the same time, by an intimation from God, that St. Joseph would be to her the guardian of her virginity. At this time, it is generally supposed, Our Lady was about fifteen years of age, and St. Joseph was probably between thirty and forty.*

RITE OF ESPOUSALS.

The Espousals of Mary were celebrated with the ancient simplicity. A form of contract was drawn up and signed; then a ring was presented with the words, "If thou dost consent to be my bride, accept this pledge." A short blessing followed, which concluded the ceremony. Some months, however, would elapse before the final rite of marriage was completed. It is the latter ceremony which the Church commemorates on the 23d of January.

The occasion of a marriage among the Jews, as with most other peoples, was one of great rejoicing. It is said that the time usually chosen was that of the new moon; and the favorite day

was Wednesday,—a day still considered by the Church as sacred to the cultus of St. Joseph.

Our Blessed Lady, escorted by a goodly company of friends and relatives, was led forth, with the sound of music, to meet her spouse. She was crowned with myrtle; St. Joseph wore a transparent diadem, peculiar to Jewish bridegrooms. When the procession arrived at the house where the feast was to take place, the friends of both bride and bridegroom sang out in chorus, "Blessed is he that cometh!" Joseph covered with his mantle, Mary covered with her veil, sat side by side under a canopy. The bridegroom then placed a ring on the finger of his bride, saying, "Behold, thou art my wife according to the rite of Moses and of Israel." Joseph then removed his mantle, and with it enveloped his bride. A near relation poured wine into a cup, and, after tasting it, handed it to the bride and bridegroom to be tasted by them also. Then followed a prayer of thanksgiving, after which handfuls of wheat (a symbol of plenty) were cast at the feet of the newly wedded pair. It was customary for a child to advance at this particular moment and break the wine-cup in pieces, after which the whole assembly withdrew to the hall of festivity.

The period of rejoicing extended over seven days, during which it was usual to offer a sacrifice. When the week of the nuptial celebrations had come to a close Mary and Joseph left Jerusalem for Nazareth, where they took up their abode in the peaceful habitation which had formerly belonged to Joachim and Anne.* In about two months from the time of which we speak, a great mystery will be wrought in that same humble house; for there Mary will be saluted by the Angel, and God will become man.

* "The Virgin Mother," Petitalot. p. 104.

* Husenbeth, History B. V. M.

It seems "needless to add that the life of Mary and Joseph in Nazareth was one of perfect chastity; for, according to the tradition of the Church, either immediately before or immediately after the marriage rite, both, by mutual consent, renewed their vows of perpetual virginity. This holy resolve of Our Lady and her spouse has not been without emulators; it will suffice to refer to the well-known examples of St. Henry and St. Cunegundis, St. Cecilia and Valerian.

THE RING.

A notice on the Espousals of Our Lady would be somewhat incomplete were no reference made to a venerable relic which the city of Perugia, in Italy, is said to possess.* This city boasts of having in its keeping the actual ring which was placed on the finger of Mary by St. Joseph. At different times this ring has been the occasion of disputes and discussions. A certain Bishop of Perugia, who has written a history of the ring, states that it was lost for some considerable time, and at last, during the pontificate of Gregory V., was discovered again. The town of Chiusi, which formerly possessed the relic, brought an action against the city of Perugia for the restoration of its treasure; the Holy See, however, pronounced a decision in favor of Perugia, where the ring is still venerated. In favor of the authenticity of the relic, there is, firstly, the ancient tradition; and, secondly, the miraculous effects which have been wrought by its means. But Benedict XIV. prudently observes that the Pontiffs have not delivered any definite pronouncement as to the genuineness of the relic.†

In concluding these remarks in con-

* De Festis B. M. V.: Bened. XIV.

† Pius IX., in 1857, venerated the relic in the Church of S. Lorenzo. Besides the ring at Perugia, the robe of Mary is kept at Chartres, having been given to that church by Charles the Bald in 877. ("Life of St. Joseph," by H. Thompson.)

nection with the January feast of our Blessed Lady, the attention of the reader may be called to the fact that during the whole forty days from Christmas till Candlemas, whenever the rubrics permit, a commemoration of the fruitful virginity of the ever-blessed Mother of God is made by the recitation of a special collect in Vespers, Lauds, and Mass. With the Church as our guide, we can not do better than imitate her example, and spend these sacred forty days close by the side of Jesus and Mary.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

III.

WHEN old Raz left the bank, his face burned with shame and a wild rage filled his heart. As if it were not enough to have his request refused, an insult had to be added to the injury. He strode rapidly along, seeing nothing, and in a few moments he reached the little inn on the outskirts of the town, where he stopped now because of his poverty. His dilapidated briska stood before the door; on the seat the coachman sat nodding, his head and his stomach empty. The Councillor himself felt the need of food, but there were only a few kopeks left. If the affair had been successful, he would have had something warm in the large dining-room; now his disappointment had dulled his appetite, and he felt embarrassed at the thought of exposing himself to the inquisitive gaze of the loungers in the public-house. Fortunately, the night was clear and the roads fairly smooth. The horses could easily and quickly make the five versts lying between the town and Wola, the estate of the Raz family. The Councillor tried to take on a cheerful

countenance as he tapped the sleeping coachman on the shoulder:

"Come, Bartek, wake up! We must start for home."

The man roused himself and said nothing for a moment; then, as his master entered the briska and gave the signal for starting, he inquired, doffing his cap respectfully:

"But the provisions, sir?"

This time it was the master who made no reply, but merely pointed to the road. What explanation could he make to Bartek? Provisions, indeed! He had quite forgotten them. In the morning, on bidding him good-bye, his daughter had said:

"You know, father, in two weeks it will be Christmas. We need some fruit for dessert—raisins, figs, dates—and some sugar. And since Jean is coming home, it would be nice to have a few bottles of rum and wine. Don't forget, will you?"

And he, with his habit of looking on the bright side of everything, of believing in illusions, of refusing nothing, had replied so loud that Bartek, doubtless, had heard him:

"All right, little girl! I'll bring everything,—sugar, fruit, wine, and all."

He had been so certain of success! Lewin's name at the bottom of his note would have meant ready cash. But what could he buy with half a rouble? As if his humiliation had not been enough, everyone seemed to take pleasure in increasing it. His mind was filled with confusion, and he wished to atone in some sort for his failure by kindness and condescension. This prompted him to say to Bartek:

"I hope you have not been so very cold. Did you get anything to drink?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"What could a man get when they make him pay for even a glass of water? Of course I'm cold and so are the horses. And now we have to travel at night

through the deep snow. Who knows but what we will break down on the way? The front axle is cracked, you know."

The Councillor put his hand in his pocket and took out fifty kopeks—all that he had.

"Give me the reins," he said, handing the money to the man, "and go and get something to drink. It will warm you."

Bartek jumped to the ground, without waiting for a second invitation, and hurried into the inn. The Councillor looked after him with a feeling of something like envy. He himself would have liked a glass of Wodka—simple Wodka, not distilled. It would have driven away his gloomy thoughts. Bartek was indeed more fortunate than he.

The coachman came out in a few moments, wiping his mouth with his sleeve; jumped up on his seat, whipped up his horses and drove rapidly away.

The Councillor drew his shabby cloak more closely around him, and, settling back in his seat, let his eyes wander mechanically over the scenes around, seeing objects as if through a veil. Soon they were out in the open country, and the snow-covered landscape stretched away toward the horizon. Tall poplars bordered the roadside like rows of grim giants. The silence of a winter night hung over the hamlets: not even the barking of a dog could be heard. Here and there faint lights could be seen under low roofs, whose snow-laden slopes seemed to reach down to the ground. Occasionally they passed a church, the steeple of which shone in the moonlight; or a mill, with its rigid arms stretched out to the sky.

Raz dreamed with eyes wide open. The fleeting scenes evoked images of the past. Pictures of bygone days rose before his mind with startling distinctness. They passed a tree with gnarled and twisted branches,—a sort of deformed dwarf, standing alone in the middle of a field. It

looked exactly the same as it had looked one winter night long ago when, with a heart lighted by hope and love, he had pointed it out to his young wife, who was beside him under the fur robes. He seemed to hear again her sweet voice, to feel the caress of her soft cheek pressed against his as she trembled in superstitious terror.

"Oh, what a dreadful tree! It will surely bring us misfortune!" she cried.

He had smiled and kissed her on her closed eyelids. What childishness! Everything was theirs—youth, fortune, and love. What was there to fear? And now this wife had been under the sod for years; he was old and poor; the tree alone was unchanged—still standing with its distorted, monstrous arms outstretched.

His wife had been right. Nature is like an open book in which are inscribed in mysterious characters the secrets of human destiny. A chill passed over him. He crossed himself twice, saying aloud: "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

He immediately fell into a reverie again. Suddenly, without his being able to follow the chain of his ideas, the sign of the cross, the mark used by the illiterate in signing notes and legal documents, recalled to his mind Lewin's last words: "Sign the note yourself!" Indeed, it would not be so very difficult to imitate the banker's signature; in his imagination he seemed to see the note with the two words, "Samuel Lewin," standing out boldly at the bottom.

Surely he must have become the plaything of hallucinations. That accursed tree was exercising its malign influence. Happily, Wola was not far distant. The horses were now quickening their pace, scenting the tables. Bartek had straightened himself up on his seat and was whistling. Soon they passed the hamlet and the stables, and entered the broad

avenue leading to the chateau—a large, square structure with a high slated roof. On each side of the entrance door were four windows, and their closed shutters made dark squares on the white walls. The briska at last halted in front of the veranda. The door flew open and Medor, the watch-dog, bounded out, barking for joy.

"Ah, here you are at last!" exclaimed a fresh young voice; and the flickering light of a torch fell upon the blonde hair and fair face of a young girl standing in the doorway. Felix, the old steward and cook, hastened out to assist his master to alight. Raz went quickly up the steps; and Bartek drove off at once, to the great disappointment of Felix, who was preparing to look under the seat for the promised provisions.

In the dim light of the hallway the Councillor saw the outlines of a man's form, and a resonant voice exclaimed:

"It is I—Sigismond Prus! Did I frighten you? I came on horseback, as usual, expecting to find you at home. Wanda invited me to have some tea before returning, so I remained."

"Sigismond was nearly frozen," said Wanda, apologetically.

She kissed her father affectionately, inquiring about his welfare; but she asked no question about the provisions. The Councillor's face remained clouded, however: the sight of the young man seemed to irritate him. He did not even greet him until Wanda, in an undertone, reminded him of his neglect. Then he stretched out his hand, merely saying:

"I am glad to see you, sir!"

Sigismond Prus, whose estate adjoined Wola, was a broad-shouldered, stalwart youth, with abundant light hair, a low brow, and blue eyes; a long, drooping mustache completely hid his lips. He was a typical Slav, frank, trusting and kind, with as much timidity as confidence in his nature. The cool reception given

him by the Councillor disturbed him greatly. His face flushed, and he was so ill at ease that he decided to take his leave at the earliest opportunity.

Meanwhile his eyes followed Wanda about with an expression of love and timid adoration; he became radiant at the slightest remark she addressed to him. Soon all took their places at the table, while Felix brought in the smoking goose, fresh from the oven. Despite the good cheer and the assiduous attentions of the two young people, the Councillor's gloom did not disappear. He seemed preoccupied and his eyes wandered up to the long row of family portraits that adorned the walls. Among them were figures of warriors, their hands resting proudly on their swords.

One in particular, wearing a coat of mail, was the picture of a soldier who had followed Sobieski under the walls of Vienna,—a colonel of those *houssards* whose great silver wings fluttered, making continued metallic music when they rushed to an assault. On one occasion, when a revolt had broken out in the ranks, this Raz had with his own hand beheaded six of the malcontents; then, to show that he could reward fidelity when united to valor, he had distributed his own share of the booty among the soldiers. This grim warrior looked down now from his gilt frame with an imperious, searching expression that seemed to read one's very soul. The Councillor bent his head, ashamed of the unworthy thoughts that filled his mind. Agitated and dissatisfied with himself, he absently stirred his tea, while a profound silence reigned in the room.

Wanda and Sigismond had made several attempts at conversation; all had been failures, however. After the meal the young man prepared to take his leave. Going up to the Councillor, he said, extending his hand:

"My horse is at the door and I must

go now. When Jean comes home, I hope we can arrange a hunting-party."

Raz bowed in assent, but his mind was occupied with quite a different project. He rose and escorted his guest to the door. On the threshold Wanda observed:

"If your sister comes home for her vacation, bring her over on Christmas Eve and I will have a tree for her."

"Thanks!" replied the young man. "But I think Françoise will stay at her school. It is so very cold, and Wolka is so dreary in the winter."

"Then you must come alone," was the girl's rejoinder.

Sigismond thanked her again with an affectionate smile; and a moment later the sound of his horse's hoofs was heard on the frozen snow of the avenue.

IV.

As soon as the father and daughter were left alone, Raz began pacing around the table with a slow, regular step; his hands crossed behind his back, as was his custom. Wanda put the remains of the meal into a cupboard, then took her knitting and sat down at the table, drawing the lamp up to her.

"You should not entertain young Prus in my absence," remarked the Councillor, pausing abruptly in his walk.

The girl made no reply.

"Do you hear?" said Raz again, in a softer tone this time, as if he divined the pain he caused his daughter.

"I will not again, father," answered the girl, quietly.

"He is an excellent fellow," continued Raz, resuming his walk. "I have great respect for him; but you know, my child, to match two poor young people would bring about nothing but misery."

Wanda sighed and said nothing. Alas! she knew poverty already: her life was one long struggle against it.

"Yes," he went on, after a pause, "I have always been ambitious for you. You are to be happy, I feel sure, in the

future. Our embarrassments are nearly ended. Jean is coming home with his diploma; Wasserberg, the contractor, has promised to give him a position. Once started, the boy will go far."

"Meanwhile," said the girl, tossing her head proudly, "we are obliged to pay court to the Jews. If it were only of any use,—if we were to have some compensation for our humiliation, it might be endured."

Raz stopped in front of her. He understood the reproach, and the direct allusion her words expressed. He felt irritated at being understood, and the idea of succeeding at any cost became more firmly fixed in his mind. The Jew's suggestion tempted him almost beyond endurance, and Wanda's words were far from turning him from his project.

"My dear child," he explained, "when one has a worthy end in view, one should not draw back from the means of attaining it. If sacrifices are imposed upon us, we must have the courage to make them. I am not thinking of myself, but of our name—of Jean. I want him to be able to take his place in the world, and we must both aid him to do so."

Tears filled the girl's eyes; she had always seen her brother, the hope of the family, preferred to herself.

"You know that I shall always be ready to make any sacrifices for you both," was her reply.

These words were spoken in such a pathetic tone that Raz was moved.

"You are a good girl!" he exclaimed. "God will surely reward you!"

As he spoke, he laid his hand caressingly on the beautiful, blonde head bent over the work. Happy and grateful, she seized it and bore it to her lips, covering it with kisses. Ah, yes! if one could have read her heart, he would have seen that sacrifice did not frighten her: that she would willingly subordinate her happi-

ness to that of the two men she adored.

He seemed to divine her thoughts and a current of sympathy passed between them. But while the girl was oppressed by sadness, as if in presentiment of what the future had in store for her, her father, on the contrary, felt increased confidence. Wishing to please and conciliate her, he said gaily:

"My little girl, I did not bring the provisions I promised you; but you will lose nothing by waiting a day or two for them."

Wanda looked up quickly; she had attributed her father's ill-humor to the failure of his visit to the Lewin bank,—a visit at which he had only vaguely hinted.

"Are you going to the city again?" she inquired.

"Yes: I have another business appointment to keep."

"So you were successful, then?"

The Councillor felt embarrassed under the girl's steady gaze. He began to walk about again, and replied evasively:

"Almost. Matters are not settled yet, however. There are some difficulties that I hope to be able to smooth out."

Wanda observed her father closely. "Always the illusions!" she thought. She would have liked to ask him what the difficulties were and how he expected to smooth them out. But she knew by experience that if she did so he would either entirely refrain from replying or make the statement she had heard so many times before: "Women should never talk about business matters: they know nothing at all about such things."

On this particular evening, more than ever, he desired to shut out all investigation, no matter how discreet it might be. Taking a candle from the table, he went toward the door, remarking:

"Good-night, my child! My ride in the cold has fatigued me. I will retire now, as I am very sleepy."

The Measure of Time.

NOT by the sand-grains that slip through the hour-glass,

Nor by the sound of a silvery chime,
Not by the shadow that creeps o'er the dial,
Measure earth's children the passage of time.

Yet is it measured by rhythmical beatings—
Beatings that come from the Heart of a child,
Nestling like lily-bud close to His Mother,—
God-planted flower in earth's weary wild.

Catching the rhythm, the priest at the altar
Gazes with love in the chalice he holds,
While the red blood-drops he offers the Father
Touch into life the new day that unfolds.

What though the years are fast hurrying onward,
What though the end seem far from our view,
If we but measure our time by the throbbing
Of the one Heart that forever beats true!

A Morning Paradise.

BY THE VERY REV. IL O. KENNEDY.

III.

IT is after the Elevation. The sacred moment has passed, the tremendous mystery has taken place.

Adam conversed with God in the Paradise of Pleasure "at the afternoon air"; and Holy Scripture significantly does not tell us that he brought aught away. Moses conversed with God on the mount. He did, indeed, bring away, for himself, mysterious and appalling horns of light; but for his people only two tables of hard stone, whereon were written the stringent and severe laws that were to bind them so sternly.*

The priest, leading his people to Paradise, has gone up to the holy mount, and from the throne of "the King of Ages, immortal and invisible," has brought away the choicest and best gift that the heaven contains and that the limitless

wealth of its omnipotent Sovereign could bestow—namely, the body and blood, soul and divinity of God's own Son. Coming down to earth with that gift, singular in all creation, priest and people adore; and then the priest raises on high the venerable Victim, amid the hushed silence, and for the salutation and reverence of the prostrate multitude. They whisper beneath their breath:

"O Jesus! O Jesus! O adorable Lord!
"O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine!
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment
Thine!"

Jesus is here! What ceremony, you will ask, befits Him? Or who will ordain ceremonies worthy of Him? Oh, you will be surprised! Listen! But can words tell it! The priest is ordered to proceed quietly, tranquilly, calmly,—nay, almost as if He were not there at all,—as if His body and His blood were not present under mystically separate elements; and as if 'thousands of thousands ministered not to Him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood not waiting before Him.'* "Behold, He cometh, saith the Lord God of hosts; and who shall be able to think of the day of His coming?"† "Thou didst come down, and at Thy presence the mountains melted away."‡

When He made the world, all things with miraculous swiftness and display appeared at His word. "He spoke, and all things were made." When He was born, "the brightness of God shone round about;...and a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God," appeared. When He died "there was darkness over the whole earth;...and the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in two." When He comes to judge, it will be "in the clouds of heaven, with great power and majesty." "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat upon it, from whose presence the

* Read St. Paul to the Romans, seventh chapter.

* Dan., vii, 10. † Mal., iii, 1, 2. ‡ Isa., lxiv, 3.

earth and heaven fled away.”* But when He comes in Holy Mass there is no display; for “now you are no more strangers and foreigners; but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God”;† recognizing Him “in spirit and in truth,” and “in spirit and in truth” adoring Him.

No one knows how to arrange the banquet-hall for the Bridegroom so well as the Bride without spot or wrinkle. Let us listen:

“*Unde et memores, Domine,*” begins the priest, thoughtfully, most reverently to be sure, but tranquilly and calmly, as ordered. “Wherefore, O Lord! being mindful also...” This prayer seems to be without connection or reason; and, truly, it would be inconsequential and unreasonable if we forgot that the priest had been saying a moment ago: “The chalice of My blood, the mystery of faith,‡ which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins. As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of Me.”

“Wherefore,” continues the priest, “we, Thy servants, and all Thy holy people, O Lord! calling to mind the blessed passion, the resurrection also from the dead, as well as the glorious ascension into heaven, of the same Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, do offer to Thy excellent majesty, of Thine own gifts and presents, a pure Host, a holy Host, an immaculate Host, the holy Bread of eternal life, and chalice of everlasting salvation.”

We now see the connection of this beautiful prayer with what immediately preceded it. God has put the divine present in the priest’s hands; and the people and the priest, enriched beyond

the power of word or thought, offer back again to God, out of their (now) divine and infinite riches, “a pure Host, a holy Host, an immaculate Host, the holy Bread of Eternal life, and chalice of everlasting salvation.”

Again the priest remembers his own unworthiness. The Church will have him never forget it; and, therefore, that one plaintive note is heard through all the adorable sacrifice. It began with “Judge me, O God!” it was heard in the *Mea culpa, mea culpa*, of priest and people; and in the *Misereatur nostri* of both; once again in the *Kyrie Eleison*; and even in the gladness of the *Gloria in Excelsis* it did not fail: *Misereatur nostri, miserere nobis!* and so forth. Now also is it heard. We are human; and the word “human” is, alas! but another name for “fragile.” Therefore does the priest cry out:

“On these presents deign to look with a propitious and serene countenance; and be pleased to accept them as Thou didst accept the offerings of Thy just servant Abel, and the sacrifice of our Patriarch Abraham, and that which Thy high-priest Melchisedec offered to Thee—a holy Host, and an unspotted sacrifice.”

It is not that there is any doubt of the offering itself being acceptable, but it is because of the hands of priest and people that offer. “The hands are indeed the hands of Esau.”

The Church now orders her minister to bow profoundly before the altar. I will tell you why: because he is going to say a prayer that, of all the holy prayers in Missal or Breviary or Ritual, is perhaps the holiest:

“Humbly we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that Thou wouldst command these offerings to be borne by the hands of Thy holy angel to Thy altar on high, in sight of Thy divine Majesty; in order that as many of us as, by participation

* Apoc., xx, 11.

† Ephes., ii, 19.

‡ I should wish to see in the hands of every lay-person an explanation or exposition of that most sacred phrase, “the mystery of faith”; and especially of what it means in its setting here. Oh, that “mystery of faith” is so full of spiritual meaning!

at this altar, shall have received the most sacred body and blood of Thy Son, may be filled with every celestial benediction and grace. Amen."

Let us repeat to ourselves the blessed request of the prayer: "May be filled"—with what? "With every celestial benediction and grace." Not with one or several graces, but with *every* celestial benediction and grace. Now, you and I value, thank God! the least celestial benediction; and our esteem for the highest is so far beyond the power of our hearts to grasp that it forms rather an arithmetical or metaphysical calculation in our reason.

There is one condition, however. It is your most sincere wish, and it is mine, that we be included in that prayer of the minister of God bent down in supplication before God's altar, and in presence of His most holy and adorable Son. But there is one condition: "That as many of us as, by participation at this altar, shall have received the most holy body and blood...." Perhaps it means simply "that as many of us as, by participation at this altar, shall *at any time* have received." I hardly think so; and therefore I believe that most beautiful prayer is said at Mass for those who at that Mass "shall have received the most sacred body and blood," and for no others. At any rate, if we wish to have of a certainty a part in that beautiful prayer, we had better prepare for Holy Communion; or, being unable or not being allowed, to prepare to receive spiritually at least.

Turning his thoughts to the patient children of the Church who are being saved "yet so as by fire," the priest offers a prayer for them. What a beautiful idea the thought of purgatory gives of the universal sway of the Redeemer as Man! His sacred humanity is enthroned beside God the Father in heaven; and, seated thereon, "rules from sea to sea,"

from one eternity to another, from the unbeginning to the unending. All that lies between is His territory; and all that had a beginning in that territory, His subjects: therefore heaven, earth, purgatory, hell. And the Sovereign Lord of all that territory, of all those realms, is now lying before the priest, His hands full of gifts, as one of the saints saw Him; and those hands on fire because no one would come near to take these gifts away; just as a mother suffers when parted from her offspring. Oh, *He* is ready to give if we only ask Him!

So the priest softly whispers to Him: "Remember, O Lord! the souls of Thy servants and handmaids who have gone before us with the sign of faith and rest in the sleep of peace."

Let us for a moment talk of these two beautiful things, "the sign of faith" and "the sleep of peace." We know what is a sign; but what is the "sign of faith"? We turn for answer to the Apocalypse* and read:

"After these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that they should not blow upon the earth nor upon the sea nor on any tree. And I saw another angel ascending from the rising of the sun, having the sign of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying: Hurt not the earth nor the sea nor the trees, till we sign the servants of our God in their foreheads. And I heard the number of them that were signed, a hundred forty-four thousand signed, of all the tribes of the children of Israel."

You know that it is the custom of the inspired Scriptures to use a large number—such as one hundred forty-four thousand used here—to indicate a vast multitude. An exact number is given,

* Chapter vii.

not that the Holy Bible wishes us to understand that that is the particular number saved, and not one more and not one less; but that it wishes to signify that God knows the correct number to a unit, just as easily as man may know an exact number.

"The sign of faith," then, is that sign which shall precede the coming of the Son of Man in the heavens; because faith has come to us through the Son of Man. "Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in the heavens,"—that is to say, His most holy Cross.

From the early Church has come to us that second beautiful saying, "the sleep of peace." In the catacombs the bishops, priests, confessors, and virgins—those holy souls that had "but one mind and one heart," and loved God with such ardor that it is enkindling and even blessed to think of it,—lay down in peace and "slept in the Lord." In the open arena, the martyrs, when the wild beasts were slipped on them, or when fire was heaped about them, or the rottenness and slime and vermin of dungeons clung around them and reached to their lips, or when the cruel headsman's sword was unsheathed, meekly bowed their patient heads and slept in the Lord.*

But the Church in the Mass uses it of our own day. And—thank God!—it may be as truly used of those "who have gone before us" in our own day as of the catacomb Christians and the early martyrs. They, too, have gone on, signed with "the sign of faith." The Cross and stole have been raised over them; the

lighted candle, denoting faith, has been held in their grasp to the last; and with faith, hope, and love, scarcely less than that early faith, hope and love, they, too, have drooped their patient heads and slept the sleep of peace.

Let us from our inmost heart repeat that beautiful prayer with the priest: "Remember, O Lord! Thy servants and handmaids who have gone before us with the sign of faith and rest in the sleep of peace. To these, and to all that rest in Christ, grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light, and peace."

(To be continued.)

The Story of Count Stolberg.

III.

AFTER Count Stolberg's return from Russia, the intimacy of the family with the Princess Gallitzin became even more pronounced than before; while the saintly Overberg and Madame Pauline von Montagu were also included in the friendly circle. These two had long been friends of the Stolbergs, and he writes of them to his friend Christian Schlosser, in Frankfort, in the following words:

"The apostolic Overberg and the two friends [Princess Gallitzin and Pauline von Montagu] live and move only in the highest and most spiritual regions; and as for myself and my Sophie, we know nothing more interesting than religion for our family. 'Satisfy thyself, but be not in a hurry,' says Overberg. 'Above all things, pray and prostrate thyself before Almighty God; for only

* This is charmingly illustrated for us by what we read of that early Pope and martyr, St. Clement, the disciple of the Apostles. The Emperor Trajan, being angry on account of the miracles wrought by St. Clement and the number of pagans thereby converted to the faith, gave orders that a halter be put about his neck and that he be cast into the sea. It was so done. The Christians, in tears, came down to the shore, and, falling on their knees, prayed to God. The sea withdrew for the

space of three miles, when on the strand there appeared a small building made of marble, shaped like a temple. Within was an ark, the material of which was whiter than the purest ivory; and in the ark lay the dead body of the holy Pope and martyr, calm and tranquil as if reposing in the most peaceful sleep; and beside him lay the halter wherewith he was drowned. The Christians took all away and preserved them as sweet and most blessed memorials.

through prayer and humility canst thou attain to the right understanding and knowledge of truth.' Yes, could I pray like Overberg, and had I his humility, God would have sooner given me the grace to enter into His Church.... And so the years went on," he writes long after, "and I could not yet bend my shoulders to the sweet yoke of faith under which I find myself at last."

His humility was great, though he did not know it; his prayers constant, though he doubted their efficacy. So true a soul as Stolberg's, so faithful a heart as his, could not be content outside the Church of God.

It was on account of his children that he finally determined to resign his position in Eutin, and leave that place for another where he could have them educated after his own heart. "In this school," he writes, "my children are in the greatest danger of losing all faith in the Christian religion, and of having their habits of piety destroyed."

At the head of this school was one of Stolberg's earliest friends, Johann Friedrich Voss. At Göttingen their tastes had been similar; and in 1782, through Stolberg's influence, Voss had been given the position at Eutin. But the Count soon began to perceive that time and different habits of thought had developed their minds in opposite directions. Voss was an ardent Nationalist, which represented all that was abominable in politics to Stolberg. Through all the horrors of the French Revolution he had remained steadfast to his theory of Socialism, as it was then understood; and his religion, under these circumstances, was, to say the least, a negative quantity. The friends diverged more and more widely. In 1798 Stolberg wrote to the Princess Gallitzin that it was no longer possible for him to leave his boys under the direction of Voss. He deplores the horror of the Revolution, writes with

the greatest concern of the evils which threaten the Papacy, and concludes thus: "When the blow falls, what will follow? Pray for us,—pray that we may be conducted to the knowledge of the Truth. How much more contentedly could I live and die if I could see my poor children in the arms of their dear old mother!"

In the first month of the year 1800 Stolberg wrote to his friend Christian Schlosser that he and his wife made a daily study of the doctrines of the Catholic Church,—a study that was full of the deepest research, as they were both so constituted that they would take nothing for granted until they had satisfied themselves, as far as was in their power, that the doctrines they were investigating had emanated from the spirit of God.

They went carefully and diligently through the decisions of the Council of Trent and the Roman Catechism, with the result that they became more and more convinced of the falsity of the Protestant teachings. Then Bossuet's "*Histoire des Variations*" let in a flood of light on their receptive minds. They enjoyed extremely this great writer's explanation of Catholic truths. Says Stolberg: "It lifted from my soul a cloud of prejudice which I had imbibed (not in my father's house, but at the university) against the teachings of the Catholic Church. This production is for the earnest Protestant seeking truth a veritable mine of religious instruction. It should be better circulated among us here in Germany."

On the 2d of May, 1800, he went with his wife to pay a visit to the Princess Gallitzin and her friend in Münster. As a rule religious conversation filled up the hours; and while in this purely Catholic atmosphere the Count and his wife resolved to make their submission to the Church of Christ. It was in the

beginning of June that this important event took place. They were baptized in the chapel of the Princess Gallitzin, and later Stolberg pours forth his soul to Madame von Montagu in these words:

"My soul rejoices before the living God that the bird has found an abiding place and the swallow a nest for its young,—Thine altar, O Lord of Hosts, my King, my God! Bathed in a stream of heavenly joy, my heart shall be a temple wherein the praises of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob shall be forever sung, because He has shown mercy to me and my Sophie and our children."

He writes as follows to the Count von Schmettan, the brother of the Princess Gallitzin:

"A Protestant born, I marked with pain the crumbling of the Protestant religion. It is inevitable because of its fallibility; by the natural incoherence of its parts it lays the way for its own destruction. Even the name Protestant, a most characteristic one, betrays the restless, stormy spirit whose purpose is not to build but to destroy. Soon it will turn its own weapons against itself.... It is fast marching to atheism. Kant was rather the follower than the founder of a new sect."

On account of his position, as well as his widely-known poetical and literary attainments, the Count's conversion created a sensation among his friends and contemporaries. At that time the faith seemed to lie dormant even in the hearts of many who professed it. In literature it was all but dead, exercising no influence whatever upon the spirit of the time. There were not a few who prophesied that the end was at hand: that the Catholic Church would never more awake from the lethargy into which it had fallen. With many of these prophets the wish was father to the thought. "The Church of Rome," said

Herder, "seems only an ancient ruin, in which there can never more appear even a semblance of life."—"Only among the ignorant and credulous," Nicolai adds, "can the Romish belief any longer maintain a hold; it can never withstand the advance of knowledge and progress." And in a similar manner Goethe wrote: "Thoughtful minds have long since relegated the Trentarians to the background. It appears to me that the day of the supremacy of the Catholic Church is forever departed."

It can easily be imagined how the news was received throughout Germany when it became known that the great Count Stolberg, a scion of the oldest and proudest nobility, who had served as diplomat at the courts of Denmark, Berlin, and St. Petersburg; a statesman of rare ability, a writer of poetry and prose, a personal friend of Klopstock and Goethe, had humbly "given his conscience into the keeping of Rome."

At the same time it was felt by those who loved him, while deploring the step he had taken, that it would certainly have an effect upon his political life. But for this Stolberg did not care. He had counted the cost: before all else, his own salvation and that of those dear to him had seemed the one thing necessary. The separation from the church of their parents, the religion of their infancy and youth, did not in the least change the friendly relations of Stolberg with his brother and sisters. This was to him a great consolation.

Soon after his conversion it became necessary for him to take the step which he had so long been contemplating—to leave Eutin, resigning his position and its emoluments in order that he might dwell in a Catholic atmosphere. October, 1800, found him again in Münster with his family, resuming their affectionate relations with the Princess Gallitzin, with Fürstenberg, Overberg,

and others, who dwelt in a religious environment so delightful that to the Count it seemed a foretaste of heaven. At this time he writes of Fürstenberg:

"This noble and lovable old man has all the mental and bodily activity of a much younger one. On the one side he has that thoughtfulness and solidity of mind which comes from experience and equanimity of character; on the other, the imagination and fire of youth. He is a mixture of dignity and childlike simplicity. I see him and the Princess Gallitzin almost daily. I must confess that the personality of these heaven-sent friends is to me like a perpetual harmony, soothing and composing my overwrought mind and nerves. My duties, as well as my own inclinations, unite to prevent me going into general society. We always begin the day with attendance at the Holy Sacrifice. At seven o'clock my son comes to me to read Plato. This occupies the morning. We have just begun Pindar also. In the afternoon we ride together. Besides this, he has an hour of philosophy with a resident professor."

During March, 1803, Stolberg was visited by his brother and sister-in-law; and they, too, became intimate in the Gallitzin circle. This gave great pleasure to the Stolbergs, who hoped that it might not be without fruit in the near future. They were soon joined by their eldest daughter, the wife of Count Ferdinand Stolberg-Weringerode, the only one of the children who had not entered the Church with them. At the time of their baptism she was already betrothed. This was a source of much grief to the parents, though their love for her was thereby rather increased than diminished. All the children, eleven in number, were now for a short time reunited.

In August of the same year the eldest son, Ernest, at that time twenty years

of age, entered the service of his country. Stolberg's letters to him are models of fartherly love and timely, well-digested counsels. We quote a few extracts. On Ernest's birthday he writes:

"God is always with us; we are ever in His presence, whether we care or not, whether we are glad of it or not. Let us so conduct ourselves that the knowledge of His nearness may be a welcome thought; and should we sometimes forget it and fall into sin, let us return to Him at once, saying like the prodigal son, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee!' If we do this with earnestness and humility, we shall find grace and pardon in His sight.... Always begin the day with prayer, and end it in the same manner. But this is not enough if you wish really to pray. You must try ever to be surrounded by the thought of God, in whom you live and move, and who apportions every moment of your life... Examine your conscience daily, during your evening devotions, on the thoughts, words, and actions of the day. Place yourself daily under the protection of the Mother of God and your Guardian Angel. May you always be able to kneel with a contrite heart, and to rise with your burthen lightened!"

And so he goes on, page after page, telling his son of all the evils which follow confidence and human respect; beseeching him to place his hopes, his ambitions, his desires in the hands of Almighty God. He warns him against all kinds of dissipation, and against the company of those who can not be, in some way or another, a source of spiritual or intellectual profit. He is very particular and insistent when he comes to mention the faults of the tongue. "Be slow to anger and slow of speech," he says, warning him of the evil that may be wrought by a light, careless, uncharitable or impure word.

He bids him foster a taste for literature by reading at least a little every day; beseeching him not to give up his studies in Latin and Greek, and to have for constant friends the best works of the day; bidding him not neglect the then most popular weekly English publication—the *Spectator*,—and others of the same kind. He gives him advice as to his demeanor to his fellow-officers, to the common soldiers, to his servants; cautioning him to be not over-intimate with any, supercilious or arrogant to none. He begs him to be foremost in all manly pursuits and pleasures—fencing, swimming, riding, the chase,—everything which will tend to elevate the mind and strengthen the body. He concludes with the following entreaty:

“Dear Ernest, you were early deprived of a mother’s care and love. I know how often before your birth, and later when she pressed you to her bosom, she committed you, with tears and prayers, to the Almighty’s care, asking Him to take you from this world rather than that you should live to become an unworthy man. Your second mother, who has loved you so tenderly, has encompassed you with an atmosphere of affection, and has always prayed for you with a heart full of fervor. You are nearer to my heart than you can ever know. I often plead with God for you, as I speak often, with you of Him who has brought you with us into the bosom of the holy Catholic Church....

“Be untiring in your devotion to the Holy Mother of God. Pray for me, for mamma, for your brothers and sisters; for all our enemies, for our friends, for those in authority over us, for the Church, for unbelievers, for all mankind. Pray for the souls in purgatory. If one of us should die, pray for him or her; pray for those of the family who are already in eternity. God, the Father

of heaven and earth, bless thee! Jesus Christ, our Lord and our God, bless thee and supplicate for thee to His Father! God the Holy Ghost bless thee and fill thee with His love!”

In spite of the accusation of narrow-mindedness which her enemies are ever bringing against the Church, the most faithful of her followers have always been, as a rule, the most enlightened. Indeed, those brilliant intellects, finding nothing but error and inconsistency in the teachings of her adversaries, have been brought into the fold through the most severe and logical process of reasoning. They to whom all the books of the world are open, who hold at their finger-ends the history of nations and the causes which led to their prosperity as well as their downfall and decay, are best qualified to sift and separate the fragments of truth and divine light which still linger, like heavenly sparks, amid the darkness of infidelity which the so-called progress of the last four centuries has fostered and developed.

Such was Stolberg: a man erudite in philosophy, in political economy; in the higher walks of literature a shining light; familiar with the poets of old and their wisdom; himself a favored child of that Muse whose sons are prophets for all time. Broad-minded in every way, he believed in that form of education which enlarges and illuminates the intellect by the study of the ancients, their philosophy, their history,—even their so-called religion, which, after all, had in it a survival of the idea of God. On this account he advocated a wide range of studies; strenuously insisting that without religion and faith as a safeguard the profane studies would not only fail of their purpose, but must be subverted to ignoble ends. We shall give some of his remarks on this subject in the next chapter.

St. Agnes' Day in Rome.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

Her grave is not a grave: it is a shrine
Where innocence reposes,
Right over where God's stars must love to shine.

FATHER RYAN.

JANUARY in the Eternal City is usually a month of sunshine. There are times when the cloudless azure of the Roman sky wraps itself in an outer covering of sombre grey. This, maybe, is only one of Nature's wiles to enhance her fascinations by the force of contrast. The 21st, however, is usually a "blue day"; and the thoughts and footsteps of visitors and residents turn toward the old Basilica of S. Agnese fuori le Mura.

There is something quite unique about the *fešta* of St. Agnes. It possesses an individuality all its own which distinguishes it from the celebration of other feasts. The customary silken hangings of crimson and gold—which are the distinctive marks of a Roman function—decorate the walls of the ancient edifice which bears her name; and the Sistine choir sings its sweetest strains in her honor. On this occasion, however, the vibrating strings of a harp, touched by artistic fingers, mingle with the rich, sonorous peal of the organ; and two snowy lambs are placed upon the altar.

Adorned with blue ribbons, bedecked with fragrant flowers, these symbols of the young virgin's innocence are blessed by the Bishop during Pontifical High Mass, and afterward conveyed to the Vatican. On each succeeding anniversary they are sent by the canons of St. John Lateran; and, later, their wool is used to make the pallium worn by the Sovereign Pontiff. Previous to its consecration, this sign of episcopal jurisdiction is deposited in a golden urn before the tomb of St. Peter; and the shorn lambs which have supplied it are bestowed by the Holy Father upon a community of nuns.

It is a cosmopolitan crowd which fills the Church of Sant' Agnese on this anniversary of her martyrdom; a crowd which presents many varied aspects of humanity, and which it is interesting to observe from an analytical point of view. There are devout Catholics of several nationalities—Italian, French, English, Irish, German, American—who come to pray; there are some specimens of the Young Italy type—youths who have graduated in the modern school of free-thought and infidelity; there are endless varieties of the tourist tribe, who come to look on, as at a superior kind of "peep-show" got up for their benefit; and there are priests and friars and seminarists innumerable. The perfume of the many-tinted blossoms which adorn the shrine of the virgin-martyr mingles with the fragrance of the incense; waxen tapers gleam from every altar, while a ray of sunshine gilds the alabaster statue of the youthful Saint.

Presently, when the Holy Sacrifice is almost at an end, there is a general stir and movement in the crowded church; and the woolly heroes (or heroines, as the case may be) of the occasion are carried in from the sacristy and placed upon the high altar. As a rule, they play their parts in the ceremonial with becoming dignity, possibly induced by a fearful uncertainty as regards the next act on the programme. But now and then a faint "baa—aa" is heard, or a tiny leg is kicked in silent protest.

It is a most imposing-looking edifice, that old basilica; and the modernizing processes through which it passed in 1490 and again in 1855 have failed to destroy its ancient character. Rich-hued mosaics, dating from the seventh century, adorn the tribune, and four gleaming porphyry columns support the *baldacchino*. A picturesque feature of Sant' Agnese is the staircase of forty-five marble steps, lined with ancient inscrip-

tions which forms the approach; and many hallowed memories linger round the Catacomb of St. Agnes, which is entered through the adjoining vineyard.

This, however, is not the spot sanctified by the maiden's martyrdom. In the very heart of the City of the Cæsars there is another church dedicated to St. Agnes and raised upon the site of the scaffold where she was executed. The front of this magnificent building opens on the Circo Agonale, or Piazza Varona, a spacious oblong square adorned with three fountains; that of Bernini—"a fable of Æsop done into stone," as it has been described—occupying the place of honor in the centre.

The interior of Sant' Agnese is rich in precious marbles and antique pillars, but is rather cold in appearance and not particularly conducive to devotion. The handsome columns of verd-antique over the high altar once belonged to the Arch of Marcus Aurelius in the Corso; there is an exquisitely carved statue of St. Agnes by Ercole Ferrato; and just above the entrance may be seen the half-length figure and marble tomb of the Pontiff Innocent X.

It is in the vaulted chambers underneath the church that we must seek for reminiscences of St. Agnes; for it was here, so says tradition, that she was dragged by the Emperor's soldiers and exposed to the most degrading outrages. It was here that the already abundant tresses of her hair were miraculously increased in length, wrapping her as in a veil from head to foot; and it was also on this spot, as we read in her life, that, praying to be delivered from the dangers by which she was surrounded, she saw a "white and shining garment" with which to clothe herself.

The floor of this subterranean cell, now converted into a chapel, retains the old mosaics; and over the altar is a beautiful bas-relief of St. Agnes, with clasped

hands and flowing hair, urged onward by fierce-looking soldiers. On the day of her *feſta* this cell is illuminated with torches, and from early dawn until the hour of the *Ave* the place is thronged with those who come either out of curiosity or to implore her powerful intercession.

The devotion to this Saint of thirteen summers dates from the earliest ages of the Church. Her name has been found inscribed on ancient glass and earthenware vessels used by the faithful in the beginning of the third century, and her praises were sung by St. Jerome in the fourth. Condemned by Diocletian to be cast into the devouring flames, the fire was transformed (for her) into a most refreshing shower, and, dividing itself into two parts, consumed her tormentors; after which miracle, having been treated with the utmost brutality, this intrepid virgin was stabbed in the throat, and died glorifying God.

Agnes was transported with joy, we are told, on hearing her sentence, and still more at the sight of her executioner. "She went to the place of her martyrdom more cheerfully than others go to their wedding"; while the spectators wept to see so beautiful and tender a virgin loaded with fetters, and to behold her fearless under the very sword of the headsman.

The expression made use of in the acts of her martyrdom to describe her burial is an eminently significant one. Her parents, we read, "laid her with all joy" in the catacombs. Theirs was the spirit which gives thanks to God when deprived of all it loves best. Their loss was as nothing compared to the consummate bliss and triumph of their saintly child; and so it was with great gladness of heart that they placed her body in the tomb, and realized with an undoubting certainty that her soul had already gained its eternal reward in heaven.

Confidence in God, detachment from the things of earth, unswerving faith, and heroic courage in overcoming the natural timidity of her age and sex,—these are the lessons which St. Agnes teaches to us modern Christians; and they are lessons which we are somewhat slow to learn. God was indeed her beginning and her end, and the keynote of her brief young life. Whole-hearted, uncompromising service is beautifully expressed in these lines from the Roman Breviary,—one of the last prayers which issued from her lips:

“It is to Thee that I appeal,—to Thee, the all-powerful, adorable, perfect, terrible God! O my Father! it is through Thy most blessed Son that I have escaped from the menaces of a sacrilegious tyrant, and have passed unblemished through shameful abominations. And thus I come to Thee,—to Thee whom I have loved, to Thee whom I have sought and whom I have always chosen.”

The Moss-Rose.

THERE is, so an old legend tells us, an angel whose duty it is to care for the flowers by day and to sprinkle them with dew at night. One day, being tired, he lay down in the shade of a rose-bush and slept through the summer hours. When he awoke he said to the roses: “Most beautiful of my children, what reward shall I give you for this delightful odor and refreshing shade?” “Give us a new charm,” answered the roses. And the angel, in gratitude, gave each a garment of softest moss.

The origin of the snowdrop, as told in folk-lore, is quite as poetic. Eve, the story runs, was mourning because after her fall the flowers faded. But as she wept the snowflakes fell; and an angel, pitying her, breathed upon them and turned them into blossoms.

Notes and Remarks.

A Chicago editor, writing in a sociological journal, discusses the best means of changing the ordinary daily into a conscientious, clean, consistent and scholarly newspaper. The writer, most people will say, is a brave man even to dream about such a marvellous metamorphosis; but the feat is a difficult one, not because the way of doing it is not clear, but because The People alone can do it, and The People have no initiative. The discussion of how to reform the daily newspaper will, therefore, remain a nice academic exercise; but at least one passage from the pen of our Chicago confrère may do good. It is this:

Editors ought to be watched and held to a strict accountability. They ought to hear from their constituency whenever they are guilty of a lapse, injustice, or blunder. “Flops,” self-stultifications, and violations of fairness and decency would be far less frequent if editors knew that hundreds of denunciatory letters would pour into their offices. The fear of exposure, ridicule, and anger on the part of scores of intelligent readers would act as a deterrent. When self-contradiction, sophistry, lying, and misrepresentation are safe, because unchallenged, the editors who lack logic or conviction, or both, resort to those weapons without hesitation. They would seriously consider contemplated sins of commission or omission if a vigilant constituency were certain promptly to call them to task. Even the humblest reader should be quick to resent in a “letter to the editor” any meanness or offence which outrages his moral sense. The editor may seem “august” behind his “we”; but he is human, and he is amenable to appeal and influence. He likes approbation and dislikes rebuke and criticism. He can be taught care and moderation. No single person, no matter how highly placed, is a match for the omnipotent editor; but in solidarity there is strength, and he who rightfully takes up the cudgels against an editor should be vigorously supported by all who sympathize with his protest.

We assure our readers that what the Chicago man has here written is the plain truth; if any doubt it, let them send forth reproachful letters (to other editors, we mean) whenever their feelings are lacerated, and observe results. A few energetic, vertebrate Catholics

have already effected a wholesome change in certain well-known but hitherto antagonistic publications by cultivating the gentle art of letter-writing.

Our alert Canadian contemporary, the *Casket* of Antigonish, N. S., notes that the death of the Rev. Dr. Hyde appears to have revived a rumor, prudently kept back until the pen that scourged him had been laid aside forever; namely, that the gallant champion of the martyred leper priest had retracted his utterances. Of this rumor, never credited by any one capable of judging of the matter, the *New York Times*, certainly not partial to the class to which Damien belonged, says: "We are able to state in the most positive manner possible that Robert Louis Stevenson never wished to modify in any way his utterances concerning the maligner of the martyr Damien."

By one of those startling dramatic strokes of which Death seems fond, Father Sylvester Malone and the Rev. Dr. McGlynn passed away almost within the same week. A marked characteristic of Father Malone was his perfervid patriotism, which was appropriately symbolized by the big flag that floated from the steeple of his church during the whole Civil War. Dr. McGlynn was beloved of the poor, to whom he was remarkably devoted. Both were men of unusual quality, earnest purpose, and upright intention. May they rest in peace!

We regret that the youthful Senator from Indiana did not rise to the level of the anticipations which the press had aroused regarding him. Considering that he was commonly understood to speak for the Republican party, his reference to the Filipinos as "steeped for three centuries in religious superstition" can

hardly be considered good politics. He who was loudly acclaimed as "the new Blaine" has proved to be only a new Burchard. Senator Beveridge's speech had all the rainbow tints, the sonorous drum-beating, and the "high-falutin" rhetoric of the sophomore's oration at commencement; but his phrases were not indented with mature thought. It must have been an amusing sight when, the applause of the youthful reporters having subsided, old Senator Hoar arose and pitilessly dissected the young man's speech. 'He had heard enticing figures as to the wealth of the Philippines,' he said; 'but he had listened in vain for those words which the American people had been wont to take upon their lips in every solemn crisis of their history. He had heard much calculation to excite the imagination of the man seeking wealth and the youth charmed with the dream of empire; but the words *right, justice, duty, freedom*, had been absent in his friend's eloquence.' And Senator Hoar enunciated in these words the judgment which the conservative forces of the Republic will finally pronounce on the speech and the policy it advocated. Mr. Beveridge's address were more fittingly spoken in a pirate's cave than in the Senate of the United States.

There are no fewer than seven daily papers published in Honolulu—four in English, two in Kanaka, and one in Japanese; besides three bi-weeklies, five weeklies, and six monthly reviews. Most of these publications are frankly hostile to the Church, and there is no Catholic printing-house to offset their influence. The population counts 50,000 pagans as yet uninfluenced by Christianity; 27,000 Catholics, 24,000 Protestants (including theosophists, spiritualists, and the Salvation Army), and 5,000 Mormons. It is consoling to know

that the heroic life of Father Damien is still freshly remembered in the Sandwich Islands,—a welcome reminder that the good, as well as the evil, that men do lives after them. From a letter written by Father Wendelin Moellers, Damien's successor, we quote these words: "Damien's self-sacrifice and death as a leper have placed the Catholic mission so far above the Protestant sects represented in the Sandwich Islands that no intelligent and loyal person thinks of disputing the superiority of the Catholic religion, the sole inspirer of such beautiful devotion."

• THE AVE MARIA praises Gen. Brooke's administration in Cuba. It does not mention, however, that he decreed that marriages at which priests officiated should be considered null and void legally, and that the children who were the fruit of them should be held to be illegitimate. Who can with a safe conscience lend to the public such a governor?—*The Pittsburg Observer*.

This would be all right, brother, if your facts were not all wrong. Investigate the matter, as we did, and you will find that the General did something very different from what is generally supposed; that he consulted with the Catholic clergy before taking action; and that he is to be praised rather than blamed for what he did. Your statement about marriage and illegitimacy is altogether erroneous. We may remark also that the least yellow of American journals are not always to be trusted.

The war pictures that fill so much space in so many newspapers are as little to be relied upon as ninety and nine hundredths of the rest of the contents. But people seem to like being "humbugged"; and when they see in their favorite daily the portrait of some obscure soldier-man killed or wounded somewhere the day before, they never question its being true to life; and the more simple will make observations

about the marvellous enterprise of modern journalism. We knew how the "picture racket" is worked, but the evolution of battle scenes was a mystery to us until we met with the following paragraph in the Paris correspondence of the *Saturday Evening Post*:

Yesterday the correspondent of one of the great New York dailies gave me an opportunity of witnessing one of the fierce little battles of the Anglo-Boer War. It was on some vacant lots alongside the Rue Manin, near the Buttes-Chaumont. There was a small hill held by the Boers with two heavy guns. There were Scottish Highlanders led by a general on horseback. Of course all these people were theatrical "sappers," and there was a professional stage-manager to direct the battle. At the right instant—just as the wounded general was falling from his horse and the Highlanders were storming the hill—the photographer clicked his shutter. He secured a fine series of sensational photographs. You will see them all in a New York newspaper, labelled "taken on the spot."

The importance of giving due prominence to the crucifix is shown even by outsiders. It ought to be the most conspicuous object in every church in the world. Nothing else can fill its place. The most exquisite of statues, the most lifelike of paintings are as a book to a voice compared with the crucifix. In "The Potter's Wheel," Ian Maclaren writes this fine paragraph:

When one enters the dimness of a foreign cathedral, he sees nothing clearly for awhile, save that there is a light from the eastern window, and it is shining over a figure raised high above the choir. As one's eyes grow accustomed to the gloom, he identifies the crucifix repeated in every side chapel, and marks that to this Sufferer all kneel in their trouble, and are comforted. From age to age the shadow hangs heavy on life, and men walk softly in the holy place; but ever the crucifix faces them, and they are drawn to His feet and goodness by the invitation of the pierced hands.

By the death of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher the Diocese of Fort Wayne, over which he presided for six years, has lost a most devoted bishop, one who was a model to his clergy and a

wise guide and fatherly friend to the laity. His faults must have been few and slight; for now that he has gone to his well-earned rest only his virtues are remembered, and these were many and great. A more gentle, kind-hearted man than Bishop Rademacher never drew breath. Nothing gratified him more than to hear the good deeds of others praised, or their faults and failings condoned. Pious, prudent, zealous, full of charity for the poor and the afflicted, with a high sense of the responsibility of the office he filled so well, he was beloved by all who knew him, and will long be sincerely mourned by those who knew him best. God rest his soul!

One is surprised to learn that the number of men lost to Spain during the recent war is about twice as large as the number lost by Germany during the Franco-Prussian War. According to the *Imparcial*, of Madrid, the official figures are as follows:

Killed in battle	2,355
Died of wounds	1,391
Died of yellow fever	20,629
Died of starvation and neglect	30,120
Missing	74
Total,	54,569

It will be observed that ninety-three per cent of the deaths among Spanish soldiers were due to sickness and want.

Last week we had the pleasure of forwarding \$235 to the Bishop of Nagpur, India, for the benefit of his afflicted flock. This week the collection amounts to \$104. Every little helps, and we can assure our readers that a small sum is made to go a great way by the self-sacrificing Sisters who care for the unfortunate children in whose behalf the Bishop especially appealed to the charity of our readers. Acknowledgment of contributions will be found on our third cover page.

Notable New Books.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life: From 1845 to 1855. By Henry F. Brownson. Detroit, Mich. Published by the Author.

We have already tried to give our readers an idea of the value and interest of this work, the previous volume of which was reviewed at some length in these pages. A third volume, completing the work, is yet to appear. It is a blessed thing that the only person who could furnish an adequate record of the career of Dr. Brownson has been spared to prepare it. We have always been of opinion that the services of our greatest American publicist have never been thoroughly appreciated; and it is to be hoped that this biography, so frank and so full, may make its subject better known to the Catholics of this country, and cause them to study his writings more closely than has hitherto been done. They are a veritable mine of information on many subjects still under discussion, and one will search in vain for more forcible arguments in defence of the Church than those employed by Dr. Brownson. The spirit in which he wrote gave an added power to his words. He was always actuated by the motive of doing good by removing some of the obstacles which keep immortal souls separated from the lifegiving communion of the Church of God.

Something of what Dr. Brownson did to keep up the tone and courage of his own brethren may be learned from the present volume of the Life. Formerly, as now, there were many timid Catholics, half ashamed to profess their faith. Dr. Brownson everywhere asserted his Catholicity publicly. At one time, we are told, he was lecturing in Andover, Lawrence, and other places in Massachusetts. At the hotel in Andover, one Friday morning at breakfast, which all the guests of the house ate in common, Brownson commanded a waiter in a loud voice to send the landlord to him; and when the landlord came, Brownson inquired in a tone heard throughout the room: "Why don't you have something in your house that a Christian can eat?" The other said he had beefsteak, and other meats which he mentioned; but his guest interrupted him by asking: "Why don't you have fish? No Christian eats meat on Friday." Fish was soon procured, and the matter ended. But it is very clear that Brownson aimed solely at asserting boldly his Catholicity in the very hotbed of Puritanism. Truth to tell, if the Catholic tone in this country has become less timid

and apologetic than it used to be, we owe the change to Dr. Brownson more than to any other man. "The ground on which he took his stand was that the constitution and laws of this country placed the Catholic Church on as high a level as any one of the sects, whilst the appointment of God placed her infinitely above them all."

Dr. Brownson hated heresy as the deadliest of sins; and, like the great Bishop of Boston, who opened to him the door of the Church, he deplored the pusillanimity and liberalism of American Catholics. Some who seemed to love peace more than truth blamed him for what they considered harshness in dealing with Protestants; but he knew his countrymen too well not to be convinced that a disposition to conform to prevailing modes of thought, and to throw off whatever might appear exclusive or rigorous to outsiders, would have the effect of making them distrust the Church and his own sincerity. He realized as few others could the danger of minimizing Catholic doctrine and the necessity of strong and decided speech. "Not the severity of reason, but the severity of passion must be avoided."

This most welcome volume contains many lessons which American Catholics would do well to learn; it is full of interest and inspiration and edification; it shows Dr. Brownson to have been as single-hearted as he was brave in the defence of the faith. May it have numerous readers among Protestants and Catholics!

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II.

By the Comtesse R. de Courson. Translated and Amplified from Original Sources by Mrs. F. Raymond-Barker. Catholic Truth Society; Art and Book Co.

Books like this serve a double good purpose: they remind Catholics who now enjoy peace and freedom how dearly these were purchased; and they prove how pertinaciously the adherents of the old faith were persecuted by the professors of the new religion, which now claims continuity with that which it tried so hard to destroy. Madame de Courson's work is, perhaps, the first attempt to present a consecutive narrative of the persecutions endured by English Catholics during the disgraceful reign of Charles II.; and surely the excesses of injustice and cruelty to which a nation may be driven by religious bigotry are nowhere more clearly shown.

The work contains much that will be familiar to readers of Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests" and Brother Foley's painstaking "Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus";

but there is much else, gleaned from forgotten books, old family papers, etc., no less interesting and edifying. The details supplied by the English translator give a local color and lend additional interest to many of the historical facts so graphically related by Madame de Courson. One of the most fascinating chapters of this charming book is devoted to "Fugitive and Imprisoned Priests," of whom many anecdotes are related. From this chapter we quote a few paragraphs which will serve to show the reader what a treat is in store for him:

If the life of the imprisoned priests was hard and painful in their noisome cells, that of the proscribed missionaries wandering or concealed about the country was equally hard in other ways. In constant danger, they were compelled to be night and day on the alert, and to take endless precautions not only to escape discovery but to avoid compromising any Catholics or other charitable persons who might dare to give them food or shelter.

The hiding-places which ever since the time of Elizabeth the Catholic gentry had had constructed in their dwellings, saved the lives of many priests. The existence of these hiding-places in the house was carefully kept secret by the master and mistress. They were contrived with great skill, and often baffled all the ingenuity of the pursuivants to discover them....

At Lydiate Hall, in Lancashire, were several hiding-places. In one of these, discovered in 1863, were found a few chicken bones, the remains of the last meal of some fugitive priest. In a farm-house in the neighborhood another hiding-place was found, in which were a chair and a book, the "Hore Buarne." A pewter chalice and paten belonging to the times of persecution are still preserved at the Hall....

In these narrow hiding-places the priest often had to spend days or weeks or even months, and almost always in solitude; the one or two persons who knew the secret of his presence being obliged to observe the utmost precaution in visiting their proscribed guest, for fear of attracting attention to their movements....

Father Charles Poulton, who during a missionary career of thirty years had endeared himself to all who knew him by his disinterested zeal, meekness and charity, was a great sufferer during the Oates' persecution; being hunted up and down the country like a wild beast; and during eighteen months spending his days and nights in the woods, stealing out in the darkness to visit the afflicted Catholics, and never venturing to return to the same house a second time.

Often, indeed, it seemed as if the special protection of God was over His servants; and, in regard to this, the incidents related and preserved in family traditions are fragrant with the perfume of simple faith and bring vividly before us the experiences of those sad times.

The following account is from an old MS. preserved at St. Scholastica's Abbey, Telghmouth: "Edward Paston, Esq., of Thorpe in Norfolk, had a house, distant about half a mile from where he lived, which stood alone in a wood and was moated round about. It was therefore settled that it should be used for entertaining priests, and a Catholic gentleman undertook to live in it to receive them. Whilst he was there it happened that the pursuivants came on a sudden; and the gentleman bade them show their commission; and

kept them in talk some time, during which the priest and the church stuff were put safe into the hiding-place, so that the searchers coming in found nothing. But they had brought with them a dog of the bloodhound kind, and he stood sniffing about the secret place where the priest was hid. Before the men, however, espied him, up came a great cat and fell a-fighting with the dog; never once leaving him until the pursuivants, returning sorely vexed because their searching through the house had been of no avail, called him off and went their way. And truly it seemed a wonderful thing that the cat was not afraid to set upon such a great dog; but by this means did Our Lord deliver that house."

The Four Gospels from a Lawyer's Standpoint. By Edmund H. Bennett, LL.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We have thoroughly enjoyed this little book, in which a lawyer cross-examines the Gospels after the fashion of the court-room. The author, though not a Catholic, is a man of robust Christian faith; and his work is really a lecture evolved after a painstaking study—begun and prosecuted in a frank spirit—of the authenticity of the sacred writings. The subject-matter has often been treated before, but not, we believe, in the same way. An astonishing number of points which the author's legal training prepared him to see and to present are unfamiliar even to well-informed students of the Bible,—small points, it is true, but invested with the unusual interest that attaches to all biblical topics. As an illustration of the method of the work, we quote the following paragraphs dealing with a matter which is rather familiar:

Luke also has many indirect proofs of naturalness. For instance, Luke traces the genealogy of Jesus upward to Adam, as the Gentiles did, because he was writing for Gentiles; while Matthew, writing for Jews, as we have said, reckons downward from Abraham, as the Jews always did. Still more: in St. Luke's descriptions of miraculous cures, the natural and genuine character of his Gospel clearly appears. Thus, while the others simply speak of Christ as "healing a leper," and of curing a man who had "a withered hand," Luke says the first was "full of leprosy," and it was the *right* hand of the last which was withered.

Again, the others say Peter's wife's mother lay "sick of a fever"; but Luke writes that she "was taken with a great fever." In the account of the healing of the centurion's servant, Matthew simply says the servant "was sick of the palsy"; but Luke with more fulness records that "he was sick and ready to die." So in the healing of the daughter of Jairus, Matthew merely states that her father addressed our Saviour thus: "My daughter is even now dead; but come and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live. And Jesus took her by the hand and the maid arose." But Luke, with more minuteness and tenderness of feeling, tells us that Jairus "fell down at Jesus' feet and besought Him that He would come into his house; for he had only one daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay a-dying. And Jesus took her by the hand, and called, saying: Maid, arise! And her spirit came again and she arose straightway." And again, while three Evangelists

mention that Peter cut off the ear of Malchus, the servant of the high-priest, they all stop there. But Luke alone, with his more acute observation, adds: "And Jesus touched his ear and healed him." So also Luke alone mentions the compassion of the good Samaritan; he alone records the fact that the sleep of the disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane was induced by extreme sorrow; that Jesus sweat great drops of blood, etc.

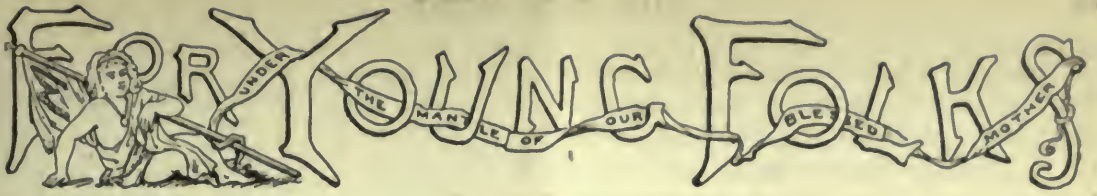
Now, why this more accurate observation and description by Luke of every circumstance of disease and of mental and physical suffering than can be found in any other historian of the same events? What was there in Luke's history of life which qualified and induced him thus to note and describe all kinds of diseases so much more minutely than the others? Turn to Colossians (iv, 14) and you have the answer, where Paul, writing to the Colossians, closes his letter thus: "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas greet you." Did the forger of Luke's Gospel conspire with the forger of Paul's Epistle, the one to put into Luke's mouth words which a physician would naturally utter, but without intimating that he was a physician, and the other simply to *call* him a physician without giving any circumstances indicating it? Forgers do not rest content with such roundabout confirmations. On the other hand, truth-tellers do not trouble themselves to make their stories corroborate each other.

The range of subjects discussed in this way is necessarily limited, and the treatment unavoidably incomplete; however, the book contains a suggestion for a great work when the right man turns up to produce it. An elaborate treatise on the lines marked down here is one of the things we have long desiderated.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. By the Duc de Broglie. Duckworth & Co.

This attractive historical portrait of the great Archbishop of Milan is all the more welcome because no adequate life of him has yet been published in English. It is divided into three parts: Ambrose, adviser to the Emperor Gratian; Diplomatic Missions; and Ambrose and Theodosius. It is a study rather than a biography, the scope of the author's undertaking being to present a faithful outline of the career of one who stands as the type of the Catholic episcopate of all ages. Although he ranks with Saints Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory as one of the "Four Doctors" of the Latin Church, we think of Saint Ambrose rather as an opponent of the Arians, a rebuker of iniquity in high places, and a promoter of the consecrated life in the early ages of the Church. In his death, the circumstances of which are related by his secretary and first biographer, he was like Venerable Bede.

A fuller life of St. Ambrose is a *desideratum*; but we are grateful to the Duc de Broglie for this valuable study; and we have to thank the translator of it, who has performed her task with much skill.



The Hero of the Evening.

IT is a custom in our Sunday-school to ask the children if they have a preference as to gifts; for many of them are not likely to receive any others than those which are given them from the Christmas Tree.

Luigi was twelve years old. He had made his First Communion the previous spring, and had been taken from school to help his father, who was a fisherman. On the Sunday before Christmas, Luigi, who was a favorite with all, waited for his teacher, and as she was leaving the class-room called her aside in a shy, mysterious manner.

"Miss Wilson," he said, "do you think you could get me a doll-baby carriage for my Christmas present? I'd rather have it than candy or anything—"

"Luigi!" she exclaimed. "What do you want with a baby carriage,—such a big boy as you are? All the others will laugh at you."

"Don't care if they do," replied Luigi, planting himself firmly on his sturdy legs, and looking up into her smiling face with his large soft Southern eyes, while he gave his curly black head a saucy toss. "I don't care a bit what them boys say. They'll have to get over their laugh, that's all."

"But, Luigi, I never knew you were a girl-boy," said his teacher.

"I'm not, neither," he answered, with another toss of the head. "I want it for my little sister, I do."

"For your little sister! Oh, that is different! That is very nice."

His swarthy face brightened until it was all one beaming smile.

"I'll tell you what: she's so cute, teacher! You seen our Rita, didn't you, when she come in here with mother last Sunday?"

"That pretty little thing in the scarlet cloak, Luigi?"

"Yes'm. *Isn't* she pretty! And she's awful cute. Father is going to get her a doll, and she'd just be so glad if she had a carriage for it."

"It would be very nice," replied Miss Wilson. "And I'm sure you will have as much pleasure from it as though you received something from the tree yourself."

"More!" said the lad, decidedly. "I don't care for toys,—I'm too big. And I can't play none of them games home. Father and mother they can't read no English, anyway."

"I'll see about the doll carriage, then," said Miss Wilson. "I think you may expect it, Luigi."

"She'll be mighty glad!" exclaimed the boy, as he gaily sprang down the steps. "She's awful cute!"

The toy merchant was a friend of Miss Wilson. She told him the story, which excited his admiration.

"I'm going to give you a fifty-cent doll carriage for twenty-five, Miss Wilson," he said; "and, besides, I'll throw in something for the boy. That little fellow deserves it."

When the purchases were completed and sent home, Miss Wilson and her colleagues prepared to mark the various articles. They had not been at work very long before they came upon a neat package, marked on the outside in a large plain hand, the sight of which greatly pleased all the teachers, especially the amiable Miss Wilson.

Christmas Eve arrived. The tree, laden with gifts and brilliant with candles, excited the admiration of all who beheld it. When Luigi Beniti's name was called he went smilingly forward to receive his gift. The other boys seeing him return with a doll carriage under his arm began a series of whistles, cat-calls, and very audible smiles, more forcible than polite. But Luigi was not at all discomfited. Nodding and laughing from right to left, he resumed his seat at the rear of the room. Then Santa Claus, pulling his long white beard with a severe frown, shouted, "Silence!" in a deep bass voice, as he took another package from the tree, examined it, and read aloud:

"To Luigi Beniti, the boy who would rather receive a Christmas gift for his baby sister than get one himself, the enclosed trifle is presented by William Biggs, toy merchant, No. 1967 Mercer Street, San Andrea, California."

A murmur rose and fell in the crowd. The children, as well as some of their elders, craned their necks eagerly in the direction of Luigi's seat. But the boy had to be called again before he rose to respond; and when he did so, with lagging step and downcast head, the whole room set up a shout of joy and approbation.

The gift proved to be a beautiful knife, the like of which Luigi had never seen before. It was passed from hand to hand among the boys, whose Christmas gifts seemed, for the moment, to pale into insignificance beside it. He was the hero of the evening; and the doll carriage groaned under the "left over" candy, nuts, oranges, and so forth, with which the teachers filled it for little Rita.

Miss Wilson told me the story; and Luigi showed me the knife last Friday morning, when he came with halibut and lobster to the kitchen door.

M. E. M.

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

III.—ANOTHER BABY.

The baby grew and thrived wonderfully; and though all, including the Sisters, did their best to spoil it, it was not spoiled. When the little dark fuzz of hair which had at first covered its head began to grow longer and take a definite color, it was seen—and everyone was delighted to see—that it was going to be curly. Soon the delicate little rings asserted themselves with decision; and the result showed a lovely head, after the pattern of the St. John the Baptist seen in so many pictures. It was of a lovely reddish brown; though the eyebrows, regular and beautifully pencilled, were many shades darker.

When the child was about nine months old, and six tiny pearly teeth were just peeping between its laughing lips, the asylum was thrown into its first fright on a subject which soon became chronic, as only one possible fate could now be expected for so charming a baby as Tommy had grown. Yes, in spite of the prejudices of Stella, and her efforts to have his name preserve the dignity of "Thomas," it had soon degenerated into plain, simple "Tommy," as being so much more expressive of babyhood and affection.

One day a lady came in search of a child for adoption. Critically scanning the ranks of the children before her, she finally selected three, among which she had determined to make a choice. They were aged respectively two, three and five years, and were remarkably bright and pretty children. The Sisters were anxious that she should take one of the three; for she had all the qualifications that ought to make a good mother—

wealth, the faith, and, if looks were to be relied upon, a most kindly heart.

"I am so much at a loss which to choose," she said finally. "They are all so sweet and pretty and bright, and seem so good that I find it very hard to decide. That oldest girl has a lovely face; the second is almost irresistible, with those pink cheeks and big grey Irish eyes; and the little one draws me by reason of her babyishness and unconscious beauty. If you had a *real* baby now, I should like it best of all. It would be so much more like one's own to have it almost from the time it was born,—don't you think, Sister?"

"We *have* a baby here," said Sister Beatrice. "Would you like to see it?"

"A real little baby, Sister?" inquired the visitor,—*"one that can not walk?"*

"One that can not walk," answered the Sister. "Monica, fetch the baby."

The children had not heard all the preceding conversation, though the girls nearest the speakers had caught some of it; but when they heard the command, "Monica, fetch the baby," there was a general disturbance—slight, to be sure, yet sufficient to show into what consternation they had all been thrown. And as for poor Monica, her limbs trembled under her as she went to her unpleasant task. She found Tommy in Sister Immaculate's arms, laughing and crowing after his afternoon meal.

"O Sister," she said, "some one wants to see him—a lady!"

"A lady!" echoed Sister Immaculate. "Is it some one who knows about his parents?"

"I think not, Sister," replied the girl, mournfully. "She wants to adopt a child; and I heard her say she would rather have a very little one, though at first she had almost decided among Ellen and Sarah and Maria. O Sister, shall I get a clean white apron?"

She asked the question as though one

might say, "Shall I get a shroud?" so woe-begone, so hopeless and altogether sad was the expression on her usually bright and cheerful countenance.

But Sister Immaculate was already opening a drawer, and in a moment had slipped off the light blue checked apron the baby wore, substituting for it one of striped jaconet with embroidery at the neck and the edge of the sleeves.

Monica watched her with fixed and melancholy eyes.

"That is his prettiest apron, Sister!" she said, in a tone almost of reproach.

"And isn't that right?" said the Sister. "Shouldn't he wear his very prettiest when he is going on exhibition, dear?"

"No," was the response; "for then she might take him. And, O Sister, if she did! Wouldn't it be awful to lose our little Tommy!"

"Yes: we should feel it very much,—you and I most of all, I believe," she observed. "But we must not be selfish in our love for the baby: we must think of what will be best for him."

Brushing the rings of curls into a little crown with one hand, she resigned him into Monica's arms. The girl bent over and kissed him two or three times, leaving a tear upon his soft cheek. But he laughed and gurgled on, trying to get her hair between his fat fingers.

Sister Immaculate turned away.

"Hurry, child! They are waiting for the baby," she said, more abruptly than was her wont to speak. It was her way of repressing her own emotion.

Tommy was greeted with the most exuberant welcome.

"Oh, the darling, the little beauty!" exclaimed the would-be mother, as she extended her arms.

But Tommy nestled his curly head on Monica's shoulder: he was not used to beflowered bonnets and lace mantles.

"What a lovely attitude! And what a charming picture those two would

make, Sister!" she said. Then, turning to Monica, she inquired: "Are you the baby's sister, my dear?"

"No, ma'am," answered Monica. "I only take care of him, but I love him very, very much."

"Oh, it is a boy!" said the lady, in a disappointed tone. "I do not want a boy. They are just as sweet as girls when they are little—perhaps sweeter,—and I do believe they are brighter; but after they begin to grow up they are so difficult to manage. I have decided positively not to take a boy."

A murmur of relief went round the room: Tommy was saved. They were not to lose the baby this time, at least. But after the lady had gone, and little Sarah with her, the children took advantage of the first recreation hour to discuss the dreaded possibilities which would henceforward loom in front of their precious idol,—which discussions, being prolonged and extended over several recreations, finally became what practical Sister Augusta called "a shame and a sin."

"Girls," she said at last, "let us hear no more of this threatening what will happen and what fate will befall should Tommy be taken away. Have you means to give the child an education? No. Have you provision to make for him when he grows up? No. So let us hear no more of this silly clamor, children. If you really loved the little fellow, you would be glad when a good home should be found for him, and pray that it might be soon. For the younger a child is adopted, the dearer he becomes to those who have taken him. Pray rather, as I have said, that the good God who sent him here at the time of His own joyous festival, will also find for him kind parents and a home. And now come and mend your stockings,—here is a great basket waiting."

Her words were not without effect;

although the children still looked with jealous eyes on strangers who praised and noticed the baby, especially such as were looking for children to adopt. But the days flew by, and no one seemed desirous of depriving them of their pet.

When the little one was just seventeen months old, walking about everywhere and getting into all kinds of mischief, a shabby-looking old woman came one day to visit the asylum. She told a sad story of poverty and sickness, which touched the heart of the Sisters; and when she asked if she might bring her little orphan granddaughter to the shelter of that kindly home, they could not refuse her.

"I am not a Catholic," she went on, "but the father of the child was one; and though I *could* get her into the Protestant asylum, I want to do what would have pleased my son-in-law. But first, if you've no objection, I would like to look around and see the children."

It was the recreation hour, and they took her to the room where the girls were assembled. Tommy was running up and down a long gangway, between two rows of desks which had been pushed close to the wall. The visitor observed him at once, although he was at some distance from where she stood.

"Who is that little fellow?" she asked of Mother Ignatius.

"A child who was left on the doorstep a little more than a year ago," was the reply. "He is our baby, and the pet and plaything of the house. Would you like me to call him?"

"Yes, indeed I would," answered the woman. "That child has been well taken care of, ma'am. He couldn't look better nor happier if he had his own mother."

Mother Ignatius called the child to her. He came readily, puffing out his little cheeks and blowing like a locomotive, as the girls had taught him to do.

Mother Ignatius took him in her arms; the woman looked at him curiously, almost severely. The child turned his head away, evidently not at all pleased with the survey. She put out her hand, but he refused to take it.

"Not very friendly, is he?" she said.

"Usually he is," replied the religious. "Children are all wayward at times."

"It's funny,—it's very funny!" said the woman, thoughtfully; still holding out her hand, which the child persistently ignored,—*"I mean how much he looks like—like some one."*

"Ah! you know some one whom he resembles?" said Mother Ignatius.

"Yes, ma'am. He's as like my little girl—the one I want to fetch here—as one blessed flower is like another. I mean lily flowers—lily flowers; though, come to think of it, I believe roses would be more of a good comparison. And to think that any one—any one could leave a tender little infant like that to the mercies of charity! Oh, it's heartless—it's heartless! Now, if my daughter had chosen to do it, she'd have been lucky—very lucky—to have hit upon this here place. But she didn't. She clung to her little girl with her latest breath; and it's only now, when I can't keep the baby no longer, from poverty and illness of my own, that I've ventured to ask a home for it here. The sight of that little boy there contents me, he looks so well taken care of."

So she went on in her garrulous way, Mother Ignatius taking but little notice of what she said. Her thoughts were with her own affairs, which were being neglected, and this was with her a very busy day. Before leaving, the woman made another effort to capture Tommy's attention, but without success.

"Your grandchild is healthy, you tell me?" asked Mother Ignatius, as they walked away.

"The child has never been sick a day."

"How old is she?"

"About the age of that one, I guess. They'll be nice companions, while she stays; though I don't mean to leave her always. As soon as I get able to work again I intend to come and get her. But the doctor says I must go to the hospital for awhile. I've got some sort of a tumor on my knee."

The woman walked with difficulty; and while the superior was not at all attracted by her, she pitied her forlorn condition. She lived in a small town about fifteen miles from the city, she said; her grandchild was at the house of a friend not far away. If the Mother would consent, she would bring her in the afternoon.

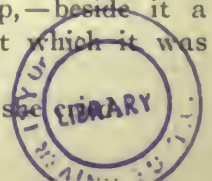
"I'll be just over at the hospital," she continued. "I can manage to come to see her now and then. I wouldn't be contented if I didn't have her near me."

She went away at last, promising to return about four o'clock with the child. She did not appear at that hour nor later, and it was thought that she had changed her mind. It was early in May, and the children were in the habit of reciting the Rosary and singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin every evening as they walked up and down the garden. It was just eight as they concluded, separating in groups for the remaining half hour of recreation, when a loud ring was heard at the front door-bell.

"Come, Stella," said Sister Augusta, "let us see who is ringing so late."

Visitors were unusual at this hour, and they opened the door with some hesitation. The vestibule was dark. At first there seemed to be no one there; but in a moment, crouched in a corner, Stella discovered a child—a baby in a little red cloak and cap,—beside it a telescope satchel, against which it was kicking its feet.

"Sister, look, please!" she



Sister Augusta lifted the little creature in her arms. It made no resistance.

"Who brought you here, darling?" she inquired.

"Gandma," answered the little one. "Gandma *all* gone—*all* gone."

Sister Augusta looked out into the darkness, but saw no one.

"Can this possibly be the child who was to have come this afternoon?" she said, more to herself than to Stella.

The girl took up the satchel, and they went in, closing and locking the door.

As the sound of the bolt echoed inside and outside, an old woman crept from under the arch of the double steps, where she had been concealed; then, looking cautiously about her, she stood erect, straightened her bonnet and brushed the dust from her thin black shawl.

"She's in fast enough; and now that they've got her, they can keep her!" she muttered, as, keeping close in the shadow of the houses, she stole hurriedly away till she reached the busy thoroughfare, where she speedily became lost in the crowds that do their shopping Saturday nights.

It was the old woman whom we have met before, and—a very curious thing—her lameness had entirely disappeared.

(To be continued.)

An Acquired Faculty.

The Australian dog never barks,—indeed, we read in Gardiner's "Music of Nature" that "dogs in a state of nature do not bark: they simply whine, howl, and growl." Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty,—an effort to speak, which he derives from his association with man.

Sir Walter's Memory.

Sir Walter Scott's memory played him strange tricks at times. One day he entered a room where a friend was reading aloud to his sister. Scott sat down and listened. Soon he began to express an opinion of the book: "That's fine!" or "Good!" or "Powerful!" At last his lips began to tremble and the tears rolled down his face.

"What is that book you're reading, I should like to know?" he inquired, striding across the room and looking over his friend's shoulder.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel," said the friend. "It's strange that you should ask such a question."

Scott dashed the tears from his eyes and seemed astonished.

"God help me, James!" he answered, his face suddenly lighting up with a smile. "I fear I am losing my memory: I didn't know my own work."

A Hand-Shake.

To many the fashion of shaking hands is utterly absurd; but when we understand its origin, it gains in dignity, and has, like many another strange custom, a good reason for existing.

Back in the olden days, when our ancestors were what may be called only semi-civilized, each man had always near him a weapon of defence. Everyone was his own lawgiver, protector, and avenger; and carried in his hand a club or sword or dagger, as the case might warrant. Thus it came about that, merely as a proof that he was unarmed, he offered his chance acquaintance his empty right hand.

What was at first merely a safeguard gradually grew into a habit, and is now an indication of friendliness and good-fellowship all over the world.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The literary journals have at last discovered that the "Hal Godfrey"—whose novel, "The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore," has already gone into its eighth edition—is Miss O'Connor-Eccles, a valued contributor to this magazine.

—The following advertisement, which is said to be posted in the Cathedral of Milan, ought not to be allowed to perish: "Appele to Charitables. The Brothers, so-called, of Mercy ask slender alms for the Hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases and have no respect for religion." That is the sort of English that foreigners write with the aid of a pocket dictionary.

—The approaching celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of Gutenberg's birth has again raised the question as to which was the earliest printed book. The result of the discussion is notable. German and French specialists agree, for once, that a "special Missal" was the first volume put into type, not the Gutenberg Psalter of 1457, nor the forty-two-line Bible of Gutenberg credited to 1450.

—There is plenty of well-tempered adventure in "The Young Puritans in Captivity," by Mary P. Wells Smith. Two Puritan children of the olden time fall into the hands of the Indians. This affords the author endless emotions and experiences which she describes sympathetically, vividly and with considerable historical knowledge. One of the young Puritans eventually reverts to Catholicism; and this, with other circumstances, induces much talk about religion, in which the author shows a broad Christian spirit. Mrs. Smith is a feminine Henty with certain unpleasant features of Henty left out. Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

—The Cathedral Library Association of New York has just published a well-written and thoroughly enjoyable eulogy of "The Jesuits as Educators," by the Rev. Eugene Magevney, S. J. The success of the Institute in bringing system into the work of education, the spirit in which its members studied and taught, the broad principles of the Ratio Studiorum, and the admiration wrung from unfriendly lips and pens, are here succinctly presented in the compass of a single lecture and in a buoyant and easy style. The booklet is one which Catholics will read with pride and pleasure, and with a new appreciation of the debt which the Church owes to that body of teachers, the greatest, taking all things into account, that the

world has ever known. Father Magevney's lecture, like its predecessor, is issued in a way to make one grateful to the publishers.

—From the John Murphy Co., Baltimore, we have received two edifying and interesting plays for girls—"Pontia, the Daughter of Pilate," a drama in four acts, founded on an old legend, in which are introduced many characters giving good scope for effective costuming and grouping; and "The Shepherdess of Lourdes," which deals with the first days of that wonderful spot where Our Lady has so graciously and powerfully manifested herself. Both are from the pen of the Very Rev. P. Felix, O. S. B.

—Opportunely for England and America comes "The Paraclete," a manual in which Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap., offers instruction regarding the operations of the Holy Ghost, and seeks to inspire fervent devotion to Him. The message of this little book is to people in all circumstances, clerical and lay; and all will find in the variety of pious exercises it affords at least a few that will meet their needs and their tastes. Devotion to the Holy Ghost accords so perfectly with the peculiar mental complexion of the English-speaking nations and the work which the Spirit of Truth is so visibly accomplishing around us that a great revival of devotion to Him in the near future seems only natural. We trust that the little book may have a not unimportant part in hastening that revival. Benziger Bros.

—Both priests and laymen often feel the need of clear, carefully-reasoned answers to the ancient and eternally-recurring objections which moderately well-disposed people put regarding the Church and her history. A good practice is to file away for future use the best articles on these subjects in periodical literature. For those who have not the leisure or the energy to do this the various Catholic Truth Societies do the work by publishing pithy pamphlets. From the excellent Society in San Francisco we have received a bundle of these publications, most of which have already been referred to in this department. Others hitherto unnoticed are Archbishop Riordan's scholarly lecture on "Luther and the Reformation"; Father Prendergast's excellent essay on "The Temporal Power"; a tract entitled "Are Catholics Ignorant?" and two anonymous and exceptionally meritorious ones on "The Sabbath or Sunday,"

and "The Catholic Church and the Bible." Priests who keep an "information box" at the doors of their churches would do well to stock it with these publications.

—In its review of a new book by the Countess of Courson, the *New Era* says: "We must quote one anecdote which is probably unknown to most of our readers. Father John Kemble, a secular priest of over eighty years of age, was being taken back [1679] from London to Hereford to be hanged. On the journey his joyous humor never forsook him. When the constable in charge pointed out Hereford and told him it was the place where he was to die, the brave old martyr said: 'Well, let us sit down and look at it while we smoke a pipe.' There is, we think, the true ring of Englishry about this. A Frenchman would have struck an attitude; Father Kemble struck a light." The story is a capital one, and the humor not at all bad for an Englishman; but it is one of many specimens of humor at the expense of exactness. There is no braver man on earth than the right sort of French priest; and Frenchmen can be as sensible as other people when they are not foolish.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3
 The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Luc de Broglie.* \$1.
 The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, net.
 The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.
 Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1 10, net.
 Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cl th, 30 cts. each.
 Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., net.

- Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, net.
 Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.
 The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.
 The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.
 Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., net.
 The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, net.
 In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50, net.
 The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.
 Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.
 The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25.
 The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.* 70 cts., net.
 Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O.C.D.* \$1.60, net.
 External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1, net.
 The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. With Illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. \$1.60, net.
 Library of St. Francis de Sales. III.—The Catholic Controversy. \$1.60, net.
 The Sacraments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.50.
 Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.
 The Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P. *Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C. P.* 50 cts., net.
 Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.
 History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.* 2 Vols. \$6.
 Fra Girolamo Savonarola. *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.* \$2, net.
 In the Brave Days of Old. *Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.* 70 cts., net.
 The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.
 Birds and Books. *Walter Lecky.* 70 cts.
 Has the Reformation Reformed Anything? *Rev. F. Malachy, C. P.* 50 cts.
 Characteristics of the Early Church. *Rev. J. J. Burke.* 50 cts.
 The Saints. St. Louis. *Marius Sepet.* \$1.
 La Salle in the Valley of the St. Joseph. *Bartlett-Lyon.* \$1.25.
 The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century. *Patrick Cardinal Moran.* \$1, net.
 Outlooks and Insights. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts.
 Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part II. \$2.25, net.
 Gems from the Early Church. *E. F. Bowden.* \$1.25, net.
 Natural Law and Legal Practice. *Rev. René I. Holaind, S. J.* \$1.75, net.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—*CT. LUKE, I., 48.*

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 27, 1900.

NO. 4.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Carol for Christmastide.*

ONE who mayde the morn
Is in stable born,—
Lulla-lulla-lu!
For the Lorde of earth about
Joseph buys a swatheing-clout,—
By-by, Jesu!
Mother wraps Him all
Featly in the stall,—
Lulla-lulla-lu!
There betweene the cattell kind,
Ye the worlde's delight shall find,—
By-by, Jesu!
Lo, how sweete a thing!
She that feeds her King,—
Lulla-lulla-lu!
Kissing of the Babe she bore,
Him eternall doth adore,—
By-by, Jesu!
Ladie, safe that we
Evermore may be,—
Lulla-lulla-lu!
Pray, O pray thy litel Boy
That our souls attayne His joy!—
By-by, Jesu!

My Recollections of Bishop Neumann.

BY A. J. FAUST.

PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER, in reviewing the career of Baron Bunsen as delineated in a memoir by his widow, remarks that "all really great and honest men may be said to live three lives. There is one life which is seen and accepted by the world at large—a man's outward life; there is

a second life which is seen by a man's most intimate friends—his household life; and there is a third life, seen only by the man himself and by Him who searcheth the heart, which may be called the inner or heavenly life." It is not often granted us, especially in early years, to catch glimpses of the union of these three kinds of life in the person of one individuality, because this triad is restricted, as Müller says, to really great and honest men.

I was privileged as a boy to understand, with the average intelligence of a boy, a great and noble character in whom this threefold life was clearly manifest even to casual observers. In recalling impressions, rather than recollections, of the Right Reverend John Nepomucene Neumann, who died as Bishop of Philadelphia, on the 5th of January, 1860, I am constrained to mention a few facts personal to myself for the sake of the reader's appreciation of the individual influence of one of the most saintly of our American hierarchy. My mother, an ardent Episcopalian, was left a widow in my childhood; but she continued after the death of her husband, who was a devout Catholic, to keep open house—as it was called in those days—for the Catholic clergy serving the mission of Carlisle, Pa., then attached to the parish of Harrisburg, and at a later period to that of Chambersburg.

Carlisle was then, as it still is, the seat of Dickinson College, founded by the Presbyterians in the last century to

* From the Latin text of a processional of the nuns of Chester (14th century).

accomplish for the educational purposes of that denomination what Princeton was already doing in the neighboring territory under the Presbyterian synod of New York, which then included New Jersey in its ecclesiastical division. Carlisle is an inland town with something of a colonial history; of late years the parish has become an important one in the Diocese of Harrisburg. In the days of Bishop Neumann the parish belonged to the Diocese of Philadelphia; and during this period its strength was numerically increased by Catholic officers and soldiers then stationed at the United States Barracks, a school of cavalry practice situated in the suburbs of the town.

I recall with no little vividness two or three episcopal visits of the then diocesan of the See of Philadelphia, Bishop Neumann. The clergy of the neighboring parishes and one or two priests accompanying the Bishop were guests, for a night at least, in my mother's house. Among these early acquaintances I can distinctly call to memory the figures of the Rev. Pierce Maher, then of Harrisburg, who died as pastor of St. Patrick's, Norristown, Pa., December 28, 1873; and of the Rev. John J. Doherty, of Chambersburg, who at the time of his death was rector of St. John's Church, Honesdale, Pa. These exemplary priests, above the average in literary culture, were well known to me; for when a boy I had spent part of the summer holidays with them in their then respective parishes. They are associated in my youthful recollections with the saintly Bishop of Philadelphia whose beatification is now in formal examination before the Congregation of Rites. Among the impressions of childhood, none, I can safely say, took firmer hold and remained more indelible through the shifting scenes of after years than those of Bishop Neumann.

It is a common belief with all of us that no memories are so lasting as those of our boyhood. Even in the sunset of life the waning years gather their best mental nutriment from the early days when existence was all aglow with radiant hope and promise. Of the value of such memories, in our work in the world, we hear too little. Indeed, the testimony that they bear to the silent influence of holy men is too often overlooked in a forgetful age like ours. Among the benefactors of my youth, whose influence and conversation fructified in later years, I have always placed Bishop Neumann.

The man is clearly before me as I write. In stature he was below the average height. His presence had none of those commanding aspects which sometimes repel children, and which are usually associated with leaders in Church or State. His face was decidedly of the German type; and its features were saved from what we Americans call homeliness by an expression so placid and so benign that it carried with it, even to childhood's fancy, the thought of great goodness. The boy instinctively felt that there was nothing about the man to awe into timidity. The fatherly gentleness of face and manner invited confidence, and the boyish response was always met more than half way. Bishop Neumann's head was remarkable for its size and conformation. And I remember thinking as a boy, and perhaps saying to him, that his hat would be safe among numberless others at a public function requiring their removal; for it would cover the face as well as the head of the average mortal.

The room set apart for good Bishop Neumann in my mother's house would be regarded as rather antique in these days, when the remains of old-style architecture are rapidly disappearing before the spirit of present enterprise. Its

walls were deep, as though built to resist the shock of the revolutionary period of 1794, when the whisky insurrection occurred in that part of Pennsylvania. It is no stretch of imagination to believe that its foundation was coeval with the times when General Washington had his headquarters in the town of Carlisle. I have sat in one of the deep windows of his room, made so by the thickness of the walls, when Bishop Neumann interrogated me about my studies, school hours, and teachers guiding me in the rudiments of education. At this day, after the passage of many a year, the gracious smile enlivening the repose of his features comes back to me with the sweet freshness of youth; and the kindly presence, allaying all thought of fear, yet lives as a reality in the vision of boyhood. His tests of my proficiency in studies were not nearly as captivating as his inquiries about the sports that I liked. When the Bishop entered into an investigation of my mathematical acquirements, a certain tremor took possession of me, in kinship, I now fancy, with that which makes the tongue of the newly fledged actor cleave to the roof of his mouth.

In some way or other, as a boy I got the impression that Bishop Neumann was unlike anybody else. I can now see from man's estate what charmed the estate of youth. It was the simplicity of manner and of speech, it was the honest sympathy of a high and holy soul for a fatherless boy exposed to the influences of an environment almost wholly non-Catholic that touched him deeply,—these, too, by reflex emotion, touched me, although not understood by me, and made me feel that Bishop Neumann was like nobody else.

It was a great cause of wonder among the servants and younger children why the Bishop never occupied his bed at night, but seemed to make use of chairs

arranged by himself for sleeping purposes. Self-mortification, so little known among non-Catholics, was first taught to me by the example of him who, we all trust, may soon find his place with the beatified of Holy Church. Childhood's experiences can not fathom the needs nor the modes of self-conquest; for the dominion of evil is only complete when habit fixes in its iron grasp the victim of desires. Habit comes with years, when the will is a tenant of the brain, ready to vacate its supremacy in the day of conflict.

While Bishop Neumann was a genial man in the best sense of the term, I can remember no mere talk for talk's sake. Badinage, the delight of some of the saints, had no place in his mental make-up. I can clearly discern *now* a fixed purpose in his conversation with the clergy, which was to direct its topics into a higher range than the mere pleasantries of the hour. In the expression of his opinions, literary or theological, he had the grace of exquisite humility, which appeared to be a normal intellectual trait of character rather than a result of acquirement.

If my memory serves me, I had already begun the study of Latin; and, with an eagerness for novelty, a boy is apt to seize the sounds of new words heard in conversation. When an amicable discussion arose between Bishop Neumann and the Rev. Pierce Maher as to the relative merits of Henry Kenelm Digby's "*Mores Catholici*" as a picture of the mediæval age, the Latin title of the work fixed itself in my memory. Years later the matchless pages of the "*Ages of Faith*," remembered by its title—"Mores Catholici,"—opened to me an historical mine of inestimable riches; and to this rather unique fact I owe my early acquaintance with Digby. The only point of difference of opinion, as I recall that delightful conversation, was the emphasis

that the Bishop placed on his statement that the coloring of Digby's pictures of the Middle Ages was too high for strict historic accuracy. Subsequent reading has shown that the limitation made in regard to Digby's important work by Bishop Neumann has the sanction of some of the best critical scholars who have proved themselves specialists in mediæval history.

In that monumental work of Montalembert, "The Monks of the West," its author says in a footnote that "the best book to make the Middle Age known and loved is the work of a layman, and of a layman gone over from Anglicanism to the Church. It is the collection...entitled 'Mores Catholici,' or 'Centuries of Faith,' by Kenelm Digby....It is right to acknowledge that the defective aspect of the Middle Ages (what the Germans so justly call *die Schattenseite*) has not been sufficiently brought to light by Mr. Digby."

So Ozanam, in his "History of Civilization in the Fifth Century," says that "that very excess of admiration which is paid to the Middle Age has its perils. Its results may well be to rouse noble minds against an epoch, the very evils of which men seek to justify. Christianity will appear responsible for all the disorders of an age in which it is represented as lord over every heart. We must learn to praise the majesty of cathedrals and the heroism of crusades without condoning the horrors of an eternal war, the harshness of feudal institutions, the scandals of a perpetual strife of kings with the Holy See for their divorces and their simonies. We must see the evil as it was—that is, in formidable aspect,—precisely that we may better recognize the services of the Church, whose glory it was throughout those scantily studied ages not to have reigned but to have struggled."

In the centre of our garden, which

was a large one, my father had built a beautiful summer-house, the delight of his children. It was covered with honey-suckles and grape-vines, which entwisted themselves in its lattice-work, making a fragrant bower secure from the rays of the sun. This secluded spot served as a smoking-room in mild weather. Thither the clergy retired after dinner, with now and then an army officer from the barracks, to enjoy their cigars. Bishop Neumann, as I remember, did not smoke, but he usually went with the smokers to their outdoor retreat, seemingly enjoying the delicious odor of vines and flowers rather than that of the best cigars. An old family dog named "Brandy"—why I know not—followed him about in a winsome way, and reclined at his feet when the Bishop was seated. Animals and little children instinctively turn to those who notice them, and become friends with the kind and the gentle, illustrating the truth of Shakespeare's words, that "love lends a precious seeing to the eye." I wish I could recall more definitely the conversations in the old summer-house, now among the things that were; but many of the subjects discussed were quite beyond the reach of boyish apprehension. The picture of the scene lives, but, as I have remarked, in impressions rather than in recollections.

To have seen and to have known a saintly prelate like John Nepomucene Neumann is in itself an abiding influence, adding to the responsibilities of life's privileges. May the influences of that saintly example remain with all the freshness of the dews of the morning!

As the frigate-bird, lifted on high above the storm, sees the clouds tinged with gold and purple, so the mind elevated by grace contemplates pain and adversity gilded by hope.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

V.

TO tell the truth, Raz's over-excited brain would have prevented him from closing an eye after his interview with Wanda. On entering his chamber, he resumed his nervous pacing to and fro. The candle cast a dim light about the room; and the bed, above which hung a crucifix between two swords, was enveloped in shadows. Opposite the bed hung a mirror, and before this Raz stopped and looked absently at his reflected image.

His personality seemed to be doubled. Possessed by his thoughts, by the last resistance of his scruples to his illusions and his weakness, he engaged in a discussion with himself. Nothing in his intentions indicated an unworthy motive. In reality, what did he desire? Nothing but the welfare of his children. As for himself, all his ambitions were dead; but no effort on his part would be too great if it secured the happiness of his family. He asked the figure in the mirror if this was not true. It seemed to affirm that it was, and also to say that everybody would acknowledge the wisdom of his decision; that his well-known honorable character would leave no room for suspicion. Comforted by this imaginary eulogy, he strode about again, passing from the window to the bed, and murmuring incoherently.

To be sure, Wanda would have to be sacrificed in the realization of his plans. But was not sacrifice the rôle of women? She surely was sincere when she told him that she would resign herself to her fate. Of course it was his duty to make the sacrifice as easy as possible. To begin with, his duty as a father strictly forbade him to allow her to think of

Sigismond Prus. There was nothing tyrannical about that. She could do better and without looking far.

Although he had long been aware of the pretensions of Lewin junior, he had feigned blindness. The truth was, his ancestral pride protested against their realization. His daughter to marry a neophyte of yesterday who was still a Jew in manners, ideas, proclivities! It was indeed hard to think of. But one must obey necessity and the higher law of reason. And, after all, women neither perpetuate nor alter the name of a family. It was with Jean alone that the duty of restoring his house rested.

His sister could assist him by this marriage. What therefore at first seemed like an abasement, would become, on the contrary, a means of restoring the ancient glory of the family. Aided by the credit and capital of his brother-in-law, Jean could aspire to almost anything. As in this world everything is measured by success, when it was seen that his son was on the road to fortune, the most noble heiress could be his for the asking; an equilibrium would thus be established. But no violence must be employed in urging Wanda to the altar. Reflection was necessary; it was an affair to look into and consider well.

Somewhat quieted by this concession to his conscience, Raz began to undress. But his thoughts held him in their power and could not be controlled. Why should he be so disturbed and worried when, in reality, he held the Jews in his grasp? "Sign the note yourself," Samuel had said, sneeringly. Well, he would sign the note himself! Of course Lewin would come and say to him: "You have appropriated my signature, now give me your daughter."

Raz was neither surprised nor scandalized at these deductions. He stretched himself out on his back, after the light was extinguished, and lay motionless;

his eyes wide open, staring into the darkness, which his excited imagination peopled with a world of visions. His conscience and honor were urged on by false reasoning toward the fatal abyss.

No one would ever think of considering him a forger. He would act openly: he would send the note to Lewin with these words: "You told me to sign for you. I have done so. It is now your turn to act." To what danger could he expose himself by this? The jest seemed in rather doubtful taste, to be sure; and he would not have Wanda know of it for the world. But the Lewins were less sensitive and scrupulous.

If matters did come to the worst, what would happen? Samuel would return the note and he could destroy it. An eagerness to put his plan into execution devoured him; he longed for morning. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but the note with the blank space for the signature danced before them. At last he rose and lighted the candle, hoping the light would dispel the hallucinations of his brain. But no: on the contrary, everything around him seemed to be alive, and this only accelerated the rush of his ideas. He began walking around the room again, hoping that physical weariness would relieve the tension of his nerves.

Every time he passed by the table his eyes were riveted on the old leather wallet that held the note; it seemed to possess a magnetic attraction. Suddenly he seized it feverishly, took out the note, unfolded it as if the mysterious suggestion of an imperious will had overpowered his reason and his moral freedom. He sat down before his desk, dipped his pen in the ink, and, with staring eyes fixed on the name of the banker at the close of a letter, he wrote, without hesitation or trembling, the words: "Samuel Lewin."

It was done,—the note was signed.

Raz drew a long breath as if relieved of a great weight. His watch marked five o'clock; he went to the window and put back the curtains. The sky was clear and he could plainly distinguish the road winding around the hedge. Figures were moving to and fro,—farm-hands, both men and women, on their way to the stables, as the work of the day was about to begin. Raz felt a strange satisfaction as he looked out on the scene; he would now be able to stay in this loved spot. The tumult of his thoughts subsided; the manifestations of human life recalled him to the reality of things, and he quietly awaited the arrival of his overseer.

Every morning Danielak came, with his heavy lantern and his keys hung to the leather belt buckled over his grey coat, to rap at his master's door and get his orders for the day. Soon Raz heard the creaking steps on the snow, then the sound of heavy boots on the floor of the vestibule. In his impatience, he threw open the door without waiting for his overseer to rap; then, before the man could speak, he thrust into his hand the envelope addressed to Lewin.

"Send a man to the city with this at once!" he said, in a peremptory tone that was unusual with him.

"A man to the city?" said Danielak, setting down his lantern and scratching his head in perplexity. "They all have work to do."

"Never mind the work; you can get along without one man and his horses. Let him start at once; he is to deliver this letter to the banker."

"To Samuel Lewin?" asked Danielak, who knew the condition of his master's affairs.

Raz nodded, anxious to finish the conversation, as if he feared censure.

"You may go now,—that is all!"

The overseer did not leave at once, however.

"Is there to be an answer?" he asked.

"I do not know. That depends upon circumstances."

Danielak then bowed and withdrew. The Rubicon was at last crossed. Raz rubbed his hands together with satisfaction; he lay down again upon his bed, closed his eyes with a sensation of comfort, and was soon fast asleep.

VI.

Two days had passed by since the morning when Raz had dispatched the messenger to the city. The excitement over, the unfortunate man felt tormented by a vague dread. This was increased by the fact that he had received no reply to his missive. His uncertainty, and the restraint he was obliged to impose upon himself in his daughter's presence, made his condition almost unbearable.

At first he attributed Lewin's silence to a motive of legitimate prudence. The banker doubtless needed time to recover himself. Raz was willing to grant him a delay; but no communication coming on the third day, he was assailed by the liveliest fears. After a silent breakfast, he pleaded urgent work as an excuse to go to his room. He thought he would occupy himself with a report addressed to the Fire Committee of the neighborhood, of which he was the delegate from the canton. In fact, the title of "Councillor" by which he was addressed had no other origin.

Wanda observed him closely with an affectionate solicitude, and inquired whether he was not going to the city again soon.

"To the city? Why?" he answered, alarmed.

"Did you not tell me that you intended to go to finish up some business with the Lewins?" said the girl, tranquilly.

A flush spread over the pale face.

"That is true,—I did; I shall go, perhaps."

When he was alone in his room, safe

from inquisitive glances, he said to himself that to go to the bank would be the only means of obtaining relief from his anxiety. Perhaps it would be better not to give the banker time to make the first advances; for if Lewin took the matter unkindly, he might come and accuse him before his daughter and the servants.

Misfortunes had led him almost to madness; but surely God, who sees into all souls, knew that his wounded heart and care-burdened brain at times lost the power of seeing things in their proper proportions. But if it came into Lewin's mind to accuse him of forgery, what defence should he make? To think that he, the gentleman, the descendant of a long line of fearless, stainless warriors, should be reduced to such a state! But would they call him a forger? That question, to which he could not reply, filled him with fear, and he decided to start for the city at once.

One half of the house at Wola was not used during Jean's absence, there being no fuel to heat it. Across the hall from the family living rooms was a parlor furnished in massive mahogany pieces, with hanging of red Utrecht velvet and lighted by large bay-windows. This apartment communicated with another smaller one; both were used by Jean in his visits at home during vacations.

From his room Raz could hear the noise of doors opening and closing, furniture being moved about, and other confused sounds. Haunted by the one idea, he fancied that bailiffs had already invaded his house to take possession of it. Great drops of sweat stood on his brow.

He went out to prove the uselessness of his fears, and found Wanda, aided by Felix and a farm-hand, putting the parlor in order. Still under the influence of his fright, he looked at them with a bewildered expression.

"What is all this?" he asked.

The girl, with cheeks flushed from exercise, replied, smiling:

"Why, father, have you forgotten that Jean is coming home Christmas? I have only time to get his room aired and in order."

"So he is—so he is!" said Raz. Then, summoning up his courage, he went on: "Since you are all occupied, I will take the occasion to run into the city and finish my business. I will be out of the way then, so you can work without interruption."

The daughter acquiesced, offering her forehead for a kiss.

He bade Felix tell Bartek to bring the horses, and then passed into the dining-room. He went up to a window to watch for the briska. Suddenly, on looking toward the road leading to the city, he was seized with a violent fit of trembling. At the entrance to his grounds he saw a sleigh drawn by two large Mecklenburg horses that he recognized at once as belonging to the Lewins. So one of them was coming! His presentiments had not been false.

Just at that moment Wanda entered the room with a white face.

"Do you know, father, the Lewins are coming?" she said, a proud light flashing from her eyes.

"Yes."

"Were you expecting them?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

She looked searchingly at him, and her clear grey eyes seemed to read his secret thoughts.

"You are hiding something from me, father," she said. "Some misfortune is threatening us."

Raz tried to laugh, but it was a sort of sob that came from his lips.

"What an idea! Fear nothing. What can happen to us? But, Wanda, see that I am not disturbed during this visit."

(To be continued.)

The Soul and Death.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

A Soul, meeting the Angel of Death in the courts of heaven, saith:

HAIL, benefactor!—hail! and pardon me!
Long did I shun thee,—long I feared to see
Thine awful coming; and a chilling fear
Seized on my heart to think that thou wast near.

Little I knew! For when I saw thee come,
All kind and glorious, to lead me home,
I struggled and rebelled, and fain had kept
My mortal pains. Then, at thy touch, I slept,
And waked to see my Lord! O mortals blind,
That fear thee, of God's angels all most kind!

A Morning Paradise.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

IV.

AND now, after having prayed for the dead, the priest prays for the living. After the dead come the living. It is more charitable to pray for the dead than for the living,—that is, understanding "charity" in its strict meaning. It may seem to us more *compassionate* to pray, for instance, for a dying person, trembling in the balance, entering for the first time—and, alas! there is no second entrance—into the dread realms of eternity. Yet, since everything is as nothing compared with the glory of God, and since the soul in purgatory is nearer to give glory to God, the shorter we make that soul's delay—until it does give glory to God, the more meritorious is our act.

Father Faber, in his book "All for Jesus," tells of two holy priests, one of whom offered all his prayers, indulgences, and Masses for the most abandoned soul in purgatory; the other, for the soul nearest to glory. Each tried to gain the other to his side, and to help his protégé. They discussed the matter on strictly

theological and spiritual principles; and it ended by the Father of the abandoned soul being persuaded to give all his prayers, and so forth, to the soul nearest to glory. It was truly *compassionate* to give spiritual aid to the abandoned soul, but it was more *charitable* to give assistance to the soul that was nearest to praise and honor.

Ordinarily, then, it is more charitable to pray for the souls in purgatory than for souls still on earth. And so it is after the prayer for the dead that the priest, for the first time since the Canon began, breaks in on the solemn silence, and cries, in a voice still hushed because of the adorable presence:

"Nobis quoque peccatoribus!"—And to us also, sinners, Thy servants, trusting in the multitude of Thy mercies, deign to grant some portion and company, O Lord! with Thy holy apostles and martyrs; with John [Baptist], Stephen, Matthew, Barnabas, Ignatius [martyr], Alexander, Marcellinus, Peter [martyr], Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia, and all Thy saints; into whose company we beg Thee to admit us, not in consideration of our merit, but of Thy own gratuitous pardon; through Christ our Lord. Through whom Thou dost always create, sanctify, quicken, bless, and give us all these good things."

"Through whom"—that is, through Christ—"Thou dost create,...and give us all these good things." What are all these good things?

This prayer is supposed to have come down to us, unaltered, from the period when various offerings of the fruits of the earth were laid on the altar for a blessing at the time of the Offertory, and remained there during the rest of the Holy Sacrifice. Part of these offerings went to the support of the priest, and the other part returned to the offerer, and was generally used, I believe, for the

sick of the family or the sick among the cattle. We use the words now in respect of the holy elements, which, by the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, have been changed into His own adorable body and blood; though to the outward eye, as is insinuated in the prayer, they still look to be things of the earth,—like Melchisedec's sacrifice, merely bread and wine. Thus, then, the prayer reads with us: "And through whom Thou dost always create, sanctify, quicken, bless, and give us all these good things." The Church is so satisfied of the adaptability of the words to the sacred elements that she preserves and continues the prayer in our day. "And through Him also," the priest adds, in a prayer sacred as a doxology, "and with Him and in Him is to Thee, O God [that is, is offered to Thee, O God], Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory."

I do like to say that prayer over and over. "*Per Ipsum, cum Ipso, et in Ipso.* And by the very same, and with the very same, and in the very same, is [or there comes] to Thee, O God, Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory forever and ever." It reminds me much of that beautiful strophe sung at Benediction:

Genitori, genitoque,
Laus et jubilatio,

Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.

To Begetter and Begotten,
Laud and joy and glory be;

And to Him from both proceeding,
Equal praise and jubilee.

In response to the prayer of the Missal we would say, "May it be so!" And, in order that we would say it, the priest, after reciting in silence, "Through Him and with Him and in Him is to Thee, O God, Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory!" concludes the prayer by saying aloud:

"Forever and ever." To which the people respond: "Amen."

Now let us listen well to what the priest is going to say—or, rather, to what the Church orders him to say. We are certain it must be something exceptionally solemn when he is permitted to continue in a loud voice during the reverential secrecy of the Canon. He is going to recite the "Our Father," but before he does so let us note the words the Church puts upon his lips. It will be a lesson to us when we go to say the "Our Father" in our customary prayers.

"Admonished by salutary precepts and formed by divine institution [the institution, discipline, instruction of our Divine Lord Himself], we venture to say [we *dare* to say: we have the boldness, almost the hardihood to say], Our Father, who art in heaven," etc.

And indeed were it not that our Lord Jesus Christ taught us to say it, it would be not only the utmost hardihood but the wildest lunacy or most audacious presumption to address God in heaven as *our* Father. Oh, what do we not owe to God the Father, who deigns to call Himself *our* Father; to God the Son, who has taught us to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven"; to God the Holy Ghost, who prompts us to cry, "Abba—Father!" "For you have not received the spirit of bondage again in fear; but you have received the spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry Abba [that is], Father! For the Spirit Himself giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God."*

I will candidly confess that I do not know, and I would be grateful to be told, what are the "salutary precepts" alluded to above. Perhaps it is the solemn teachings of the Apostles that are understood; and that these are mentioned in addition, or contradistinction, to the clause, *divina institutione*

formati—"by divine institution formed" (or trained).

But this we know: it was Our Lord that composed the "Our Father." It has come to us, therefore, by "divine institution." His commanding us, or encouraging us, to call God *our* Father has "formed," or fashioned, the trend of our mind, and educated it in the way we should regard Almighty God—not as an absolute, distant Being, "who is far from us"; but as our Father, in whom we live, move, and are.

If it were not for His telling us to do so, and teaching us that it was God's holy will we should do so, we never would have done so; in fact, it would be so far removed from the grasp of our mind that we could no more conceive it, I believe, than we could at present conceive the happiness of heaven. Dear and familiar as were the relations between God and the Jewish people, and between God and the patriarchs, we do not read that any of them ever called Him by the tender name of "Father," or was encouraged to look to Him with the heart of a child. Not Moses, "the meekest of men"; not David, "after God's own heart"; not Abraham, "the father of the faithful," in whose seed, as was promised, the nations of the earth should be blessed.

It is such a new, dignified and extraordinary relationship between God and us; it so ennobles and puts us on such a familiar footing with the Sovereign Being, that exists of Himself and never had a beginning; it puts us on a plane so far beyond, and in an affectionate intercourse so enviable to, the angels (if envy could touch them), that it is no wonder it was not heard of in the ages, and that it was none other than the lips of a God that proclaimed it.

Well, then, does the Bride, who is ever one with the Bridegroom, order her priest to use the words, "Admonished

* Rom., viii, 15, 16.

by salutary precepts and formed by divine institution, we dare to say, Our Father, who art in heaven." The angels think of the sweet and endearing title, but they dare not make use of it; for God never allowed them, God never encouraged them, and God never from His heart desired them to do so.

The holy Apostles, who had heard this wonderful prayer coming for the first time from the lips of the Divine Saviour, did, we may be certain, impress on their disciples, with the greatest solemnity, the extraordinary and, to human minds, the unimaginable dignity conferred on them by its institution. Indeed, so sacred was it to the Apostles that it is believed "the breaking of bread" (which is the Scriptural way of expressing the changing of bread and wine into the most holy body and blood of Christ) was, occasionally in apostolic times, celebrated with the sacred words of Consecration and the recitation of the "Our Father" alone.

It would take us far afield to speak here of the different apostolic rites. This much, however, we may briefly note:

(1) The Apostles were ordered by Our Lord to "do this in commemoration of Me."

(2) So far as rite was concerned, our Blessed Lord's words confined them in the celebration of the Mass only to the words of Consecration.

(3) The Apostles were so impressed not alone by the superhuman but even the superangelic dignity of the "Our Father" that they felt it ought to be included, or they agreed that it should be included, in the rite, or collection of prayers, accompanying the function.

(4) When they separated, it was within the power of each Apostle to draw up what formula of prayers he thought best suited to the solemnity of the Holy Mass. Of course he could not be free to leave out the words of

Consecration for two reasons: first, because they are the effective power in causing the adorable change; and, secondly, because they were imposed by a higher power than the Apostles,—namely, by our Lord Jesus Christ.

(5) But outside the words of Consecration and the retention of the *Pater Noster*, we find that the rites of the Apostles (the rite, for example, of St. Mark of Alexandria, who was a disciple of St. Peter and had therefore his rite; the rite of St. James of Jerusalem, and so forth), while closely resembling one another, are not identical.

(6) For three hundred years—that is, during all the time of persecution—until the first Catholic emperor came to the throne, none of these rites was entrusted to paper, for fear of falling into the hands of the infidels; and the words of the rites had, therefore, to be committed to memory for those three centuries. The Christians had, moreover, to invent names and forms for the purpose of disguise—as, for instance, "the breaking of bread," used in the New Testament,—to conceal the sacred mysteries from the unbelievers. And all this is known in Church History as "the Discipline of the Secret"; or, to borrow an expression of our day, the cipher writing of the great mysteries in those times.

The priest is allowed to say the *Pater Noster* and the introductory prayer in a loud voice for two reasons: on account of the dignity and the antiquity of the prayer, and on account of its intrinsic value spiritually.

It is worth while to consider for a moment its intrinsic value. It seems irreligious even to think of saying that any one could compose a prayer as well as our Lord Jesus Christ. No one knew the riches of heaven and the poverty of earth, the needs of man and the graces of God, as well as He who was God and Man. We need not go for further proof

of the superiority of the "Our Father" over all prayers composed by man or angel. Every clause in the first part is a distinct act of love—of the highest love—of charity. When I say, "hallowed be Thy name," if my heart goes with the prayer, it is an act of charity. "Thy kingdom come" is an act of charity,—that is, if I do really mean that God may be the absolute and undisputed Sovereign of the world and of every heart in it. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven" is, really, the highest and most sublime act of charity that it is possible for even a glorified saint or an angel to make.

We will go no further, as beautiful dissertations on the "Our Father" can be found—thank God!—in numbers of devotional works. But from the short look we have had we do not wonder that the priest is ordered to break in on the sacred stillness of the Canon and recite the prayer aloud, that you and I may, reverently and gratefully, repeat it with him.

"Admonished by salutary precepts and formed by divine institution, we dare to say, Our Father, who art in heaven.... And lead us not into temptation."—"But deliver us from evil."—"Amen."

There are three evils—past, present, and future evils—from which we pray to be delivered. The Church recognizes no evil but what is in some manner connected with sin. The malice of sin is, of its essence, the very opposite of God; and because it is so essentially, it can never change, and can never cease to be opposed to Him while sin is sin and God is God. The Church knows it perfectly. God and sin are the two opposing forces of the spiritual world. Now, the Church knows also that it is written, "Be not without fear of sins forgiven." The evil that follows past sins, even when those past sins are

forgiven, is not to be lightly esteemed; so divines tell us, and so the Scriptures in David's case proclaim. Then, there is always the danger of present evil, from our present liability to fall into sin. "Let him that thinks himself to stand take heed lest he fall." And how little we know of the future is well, and with a deep lesson, conveyed to us in Our Lord's words, "This night thou shalt deny Me thrice." Oh, how the early Apostles—those holy men whom the more we meditate on the more we learn to admire and revere,—oh, how well they knew and dreaded those evils! And the Church, warned by their teaching and inspirations, orders her priest to pray:

"Deliver us, we beseech Thee, O Lord! from all evils, past, present, and future. And, the blessed and ever-glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, interceding for us, with Thy blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul and Andrew, and all Thy saints, grant us peace in our days; that, helped by the aid of Thy mercy, we may be always free from sin and secure from all confusion; through the same Jesus Christ Thy Son, Our Lord, who with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth with God."

(To be continued.)

ALTHOUGH Durham cathedral has been in possession of sectarians for many centuries, an old-time ceremony is there kept up, the institution of which dates back to A. D. 1429. It was the vigil of Corpus Christi, and the monks were at midnight prayer. Suddenly a storm arose and the belfry was struck by a bolt of lightning; but, though the flames raged fiercely, the tower and its contents were left uninjured. This escape was attributed to St. Cuthbert, whose body rested in the cathedral; and ever since, on the anniversary of that day, the choristers have ascended the old belfry and chanted the *Te Deum*.

The Story of Count Stolberg.

IV.

STOLBERG had decided views as to the influence of the drama. In all things he was with the teachings of the Church, and was not timid in expressing his views as to the general effect of plays, spectacular and dramatic, and their share in the education of heart and mind. An ardent admirer of the classics and of true poetry in every form, his judgment was too keen, his intellect too clear, not to see and deprecate the evil wrought by an indiscriminate reading of the pagans, ancient and modern. Their influence on the young of both sexes he specially deplored. He held that the modern comedy, which even then was beginning to control the stage, was, more than anything else, instrumental in depicting false views of life. What would he have written at the present day, when, alas! the more indecent and suggestive the play, the more thronged are the theatres where it is presented!

In his time it was the custom if a young girl attended the theatre at all, that she should go there in company with her parents or elders; and it was a very unwise and imprudent mother indeed who would take her young daughters haphazard to a play of which she knew nothing, or the moral of which did not form at least the basis of an excuse for attending its performance. How different is it to-day, when young persons of both sexes go in company to see the most objectionable comedies and melodramas, and sit unmoved and unabashed at sights and sounds at which persons of an older generation would have blushed for shame! Similar views were expressed in his thoughts of the poets.

Apropos of the drama he writes:

"The learned men of Greece and Rome declared themselves against such presentations. The Church has always been opposed to them, as being contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, which must be evident to all impartial minds. And, nevertheless, we find all through Europe that the stage is antagonistic to religion and virtue...."

"It might be said that the greatest dramatic poems can do but little harm, they are so artificial and unnatural. It is enough that they are bad. In most of these, though they are intellectual, the spirit and motive are not good. Great evil is wrought in this way, because the multitude follow the lead of those who, by the superiority of their acquirements, are held to be arbiters of good taste. The average man depends, for the most part, on the judgment of these arbiters, who thus lead him astray. The evil does not always appear on the surface. We are deluded by fine words and by the feeling which dominates the human heart, so susceptible to the play of emotion. The weak points are lost sight of, next the judgment is taken captive, and we find nothing but enjoyment in what in our sober senses would have repelled and affrighted us.

"Even the very mediocrity of most plays," he goes on to say, "proves how dangerous is the moral philosophy of the stage. The witchery of the drama conduces to flatter our indolence, our judgment, and our pride. The majority of people are too lazy even to read. Many are driven to the theatre by the desire of being in a crowd, of mingling with their kind,—by the wish for some sort of diversion.

"It is no accident which causes the drama as presented on the stage in our day to be a powerful factor in inflaming the worst passions of mankind. It is, alas! too often done with deliberate purpose,—deifying vice and belittling

virtue, till the spectator, bewildered and entranced by the scene before him, gives a willing adhesion to that which in the solitude of his better thoughts he would despise and condemn."

Here are a few of Stolberg's thoughts concerning some of the poets:

"In the 'Garden of the Poets' I find a number of poems of Frederick Schlegel. They are full of the love of Christianity. Nevertheless, these verses would never work conviction in my mind. Some—Schiller, for instance—can lovingly play with religion as a beautiful mythology, or the poetical enthusiasm of refined souls, without any higher impulse than the imagination, lacking both will and understanding to be convinced. From Schiller, at least, one could have expected something better....

"Schlegel's little book on dramatic art and literature is one of the most delightful things I have ever read. He shows a wonderful depth of thought, not only in the manner in which he writes, but also in his understanding of his subjects....I am now reading the article on Shakespeare. Surely one can not admire him enough. However, I can not, as Schlegel does, think him entirely without faults. In truth, it does not matter much any one's estimate of so powerful a genius. Still, justice is justice by whomsoever dealt. Who would have believed that the two Schlegels, both formerly so uncompromising, one might say almost harsh in their judgments, should give us such refreshing draughts of the clear and precious wine of unbiased criticism!"

Stolberg was always a religious man, but after his conversion to the Catholic faith his religion so permeated his every act and thought that one can easily see how it became the mainspring and stay of his whole life. It breathes in his letters and diaries, as does the delicate discrimination which ever characterizes

his observations on men and things in general. We here give a few admirable extracts from his writings on various subjects:

"'No day without a line' is an excellent motto for an author. The same holds good for reading as well as writing. Is thy time limited? Then give the mind at least a taste of ambrosia, a drop of nectar. In this way shalt thou imbibe nourishment strong, such as it is not given to the ordinary man to taste. But remember to seek true nourishment....

"What a wonderful thing is a book! We open its pages, and they scatter abroad the aroma of the thoughts that are in them. It may be the fragrance of Life, again it may be the corruption of Death....

"What a rare charm in letters! They become the embodiment of thoughts and experience; under the eye that scans them the dull, dead things are imbued with life....

"No blessing would appear slight to us if we would only consider from whom we have our being. We acknowledge Him so little who gives us so much; we are so worthless, while He is so good. It should fill us with joy to think that from His holiness we daily receive gifts—countless and loving gifts....

"The uncertainty of the hour of death is a great gift of God. Thus we preserve an interest in life from day to day. If the young man knew that he was destined to live for even eighty years, the thought that at the end of that time he must depart would cause him to dwell upon the thought with apprehension. He would lose all interest in life. The uncertainty of the length of our lives makes us look forward full of hope to the future, as well as enjoy the present....

"'I believe, Lord; help my unbelief!' said the father of the afflicted child in the Gospel. Humble and sincere was

the faith of the suppliant, and the Son of God made the boy whole....Did we possess true faith, true hope, true love—oh, how constant and how strong would be our prayer! He who has these powerful virtues can not fail of being heard. Whatsoever he prays for is granted to him; if not in the way he wishes, in some manner that will be better for his needs. If he prays for another, his intercession is rewarded, and the Father looks kindly on his love and charity....

"Christ is not our Alpha and Omega if we think of Him only in the morning and evening, when we pray, perfunctorily, as it were. In that case we can safely say that the alphabet of our days belongs to the devil.... To render prayer effectual, says Our Lord, we must ask the Father in His name; and He tells us that we should pray in His spirit. And this also St. Paul tells us." And so on with numerous reflections on the infinite goodness and kindness of God.

Stolberg was all his life an ardent student of the Fathers of the Church. When he found an intelligent and willing auditor, nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to discourse upon them for hours at a time. He was an assiduous reader and worker, and his erudition was wonderful. The classics, the Grecian and Roman poets, the modern English, Italian, and French philosophers and poets, were his familiar friends; many of them he knew by heart. His mind was so cultured, his judgment so true, that he never failed to separate the pearls from the false jewels that abounded in so many of the glittering collections outspread before him.

He never knew an idle moment: he was always engaged in some work. He was fond of walking; and when he had a congenial companion, poured forth a stream of delightful talk which made

his company something to be envied.

On the 27th of April, 1806, he lost his friend the Princess Gallitzin. The death of this estimable woman was a sad episode in his life. "The friend of my heart," he writes, "has gone to God." Then he goes on to expatiate upon her beautiful life, filled with the spirit of deep humility and of rare holiness,—a life consecrated to the service of God and her fellow-creatures.

"God has taken your mother," he says in a letter to Metri, her son. "She longed for Him with an unspeakable longing, and He has taken her to Himself. You will not forbid me, Metri dearest, to say what an angel your mother was; but I say it to you in deepest sorrow. My soul is plunged in grief, even while my spirit rejoices; for, now that she has attained the goal, I know she can and will help us through her powerful intercession. Rejoice, dear Metri, that you are the beloved son of such a saint. It is sweet to know that her mother-love still encompasses you; and that she will pray for you is a great happiness. I reach my hand to you across the sea, uniting my spirit with yours, and with our beloved one whose earthly pilgrimage is ended and who is at rest; whilst I cry out in the fulness of my soul, 'Praised be our Lord Jesus Christ now and forever!'"

(To be continued.)

ONE name for the plantain is "the white man's foot," so called from its habit of following the path of the discoverer. Longfellow says of the early American settlers:

Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,—
Springs the white man's foot in blossom.

In Germany the plantain is known as the "way-bread," owing to its fondness for the public highway. "The watcher of the road" is another of its titles.

The Foster-Sister of St. Agnes.

BY DOM ALOYSIUS SMITH, C. R. L.

THE solemnity of St. Agnes over—when the crowds have returned from the Nomentan Way, and left the basilica to its solemn, peaceful quiet—the feast is not yet concluded; for Emerentiana lies there, side by side with her sister Agnes, beneath the rich and canopied altars; and she, too, must receive her share of the honor due to the virgin martyr. Alone she died there at the tomb of St. Agnes, only a few days after her sister had given public proof of the power of chastity and of the force of divine love. So from ancient tradition her feast has been observed year by year in a manner to recall her blessed death—simply, unknown to the many, there in the catacombs, so to speak, where few are to be found except on the feast-day of the patronal saint whom all the world loves and cherishes.

Emerentiana was the daughter of Agnes' nurse, probably a Greek slave, as to the Greek women chiefly belonged the occupation of nursing the children of the noble Roman families, both on account of the care and affection which they displayed toward their charges, and because their pronunciation of the language was more exact than that of slaves of other nationalities. Thus Agnes and Emerentiana grew up together in the love and intimacy of sisters. They received the same education in their earlier years, and were treated without distinction of their grades of birth; the more so as it can hardly be supposed that the Christian family of the Claudii would leave upon Emerentiana the brand of slavery.

In the company of the sweet and holy Agnes, Emerentiana learned the truths of the faith; and that eminent virtue of

the tender spouse of Christ must have spread its influence into the soul of Emerentiana, captivating her, too, to the love of the Lord who had pledged Agnes "with the ring of faith" and "adorned her with the nuptial crown." It must not be wondered at that the young girl was not admitted to baptism; for the catechumens were often allowed to reach a mature age, that they might be the better instructed in the faith. In some cases the sacrament was even deferred to the hour of death. It seems probable that in the case of St. Agnes baptism was administered earlier than usual, on account of the evident signs she gave of a special vocation.

Though the acts of the martyrdom of St. Agnes say nothing of Emerentiana, we may believe that she was present to fortify herself with the example of her sister, and to keep guard with the group of Christians who were waiting to take possession of the sacred relics of the martyr and treasure them up in the catacombs.

The mortal remains of the "blessed Agnes" were reverently gathered up and deposited *in pace* in a chapel of the catacombs. The tomb was closed in with a marble slab, upon which was engraved the simple epitaph, "*Agne Sanctissima.*" The two words told all to the Roman Christians, who were too well acquainted with the history of the angelic maiden to need any ampler memorial. But a few hours after the interment, a little band of devout persons knelt about the tomb. The air was sweet with the fragrance of the incense which burned in small vases at the base of the tomb; while the feeble light of the quaint little oil lamps, so familiar to those who have ever visited the catacombs, gave a solemn aspect to the whole scene.

All was silence till the sound of rough and irreverent voices broke the stillness of those sacred halls. The loud cry of

"Christians! Stone the Christians!" soon explained the danger to those assembled about the martyr's tomb. Escape without injury was impossible; and many, perhaps, would have succumbed had not a tender maiden, Agnes' sister, stood forward to reproach the disturbers of their devotion. She called their murderous fury upon her tender self; and, wounded again and again with the blows of the inhuman persecutors, she turned to throw herself upon the tomb within which her Agnes rested. Her innocent blood flowed down in streams upon that sacred earth. Her persecutors sought her death, and they did not cease from their brutal strokes till they saw her sink at Agnes' feet. They had beaten down that mortal frame, but their blows had caused a stream to flow which proved for her the saving stream of baptism—the baptism of blood.

Emerentiana was not buried in the same catacomb as Agnes, but was interred in the Ostrian cemetery, close by. It would seem that the catacomb, which derived its name from the family of the Ostorii, had already become the public possession of the Christians, by whom it was held in great respect for the memories it contained. A tradition taught that when St. Peter came to Rome under Claudius, in A. D. 42, he received hospitality at the hands of the Ostorii. As their land was rich in water, the Prince of the Apostles found it convenient to confer baptism publicly in this retired spot. In 1876 a crypt was discovered in this cemetery which excited interest amongst archaeologists, because it contained traces of an ancient inscription. The name of Emerentiana was found entire, and the remaining letters were so interpreted as to suggest the following: "*Hic sedit prius S. Petrus, hic requiescit S. Emerentiana, Damasus Antistes ornavit cultu meliori.*" The crypt is that which has now received

the name of the Chapel of the Chair, from a stone chair discovered here, and presumably placed to perpetuate the memory of St. Peter.

In the first days of the peace of the Church the relics of St. Emerentiana were transferred to a little basilica above the catacombs. It was probably under Paul I.—when many relics were removed from the cemeteries to the churches for fear of the barbarians—that those of our Saint were placed with the remains of St. Agnes. Beneath the high altar of the charming little basilica bearing the name of the latter, the remains of those two glorious virgins rest in the catacombs, side by side—the noble and the slave. The faith had broken down the barrier which would have separated them in life; love of their faith united them in death; the palm of victory and the virgin's crown unite them in heaven.

The Economy which is Wealth.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

DO you remember the old copy-book maxim, "Economy is wealth"?—how the little hand that was aching to toss a ball or roll a hoop would toil down the remorseless page reiterating that sage injunction?—how the eyes that craved a sight of sky and trees and meadow were glued to the waiting lines?—how the heart that longed for loving words and good cheer and sweet counsel was forced, for a dreary hour each day, to dwell upon that tiresome platitude? Outside, the bees hummed, the birds called, and the river whispered. In the school-room little victims plied their pens, not knowing or caring for the meaning of the words their cramped and weary fingers traced. Are we, who were, perchance, among those sufferers, in any degree wiser now?

Economy is thus defined by a clever writer of the day: "Economy is doing without something you want, for fear that sometime you will want something that you won't want." It is, in other words, denying one's self innocent pleasures and charitable impulses and needed comforts in order that you may have them—when? When the capacity to enjoy them is gone; when those you might have benefited are dead; when you desire no comfort save a seat by the fireside or the peace of the churchyard.

Wisdom, or unwisdom, in spending takes on as many hues as a chameleon. There was that of the cat in the nursery rhyme, "whose one extravagance was clothes." She would have been amazed at Grotius, who said, "Books are an absolute necessity; but I am no niggard, and if any money is left after they are bought I will cheerfully spend it for food and drink." And Grotius would not have understood Mahomet, who, when he had two loaves of bread, exchanged one for a spray of hyacinths that he might feed his soul. Mahomet would frown upon those who waste their substance upon an automobile or a diamond; they, in turn, would despise the eccentricities of the ultra-refined who prefer luxuries to necessities.

It is all in the point of view. Economy to one means simply hoarding; to another, it is hoarding in one place in order to squander in another; a third would define economy as practising the petty sacrifices which rob existence of all charm and color. It is none of these: it is making the best use of what one possesses, and is as far removed from the methods of the woman who makes a bit of bread into a pudding by adding a dollar's worth of other ingredients as it is from that of the miser who lives in squalor and hides his wealth in a stocking.

Economy in its narrow sense was with

the forbears of many of us almost an article of religion. Even the tales which enlivened the tedium of the long winter evenings of our childhood had their thrifty moral. In the stories of one dear grandmother a tin-peddler was fairly sure to figure. He was always in search of a wife, invariably choosing the maiden who cut her cheese-rind thin, or the one who had not dough enough left in her bread-pan for the poultice for his horse's leg.

The tin-peddler, the hero of the smart red wagon, is no more, but his distorted judgment lives after him. In order that the bank account may be augmented, all the loveliness is crushed out of life. The finer tastes are smothered, the poor are cheated, the needs of the Church are ignored, because of our striving for the "seat of the scornful."

Nature, whose beneficent laws God Himself set in motion, is always a wise guide; and Nature knows no calculating cheese-paring. In her floods of sunlight, her meadows filled with bloom, her gifts of air and wave, there is never the spirit which stints or scrimps. Do not spend your life in getting ready to live; but live now, while your eyes are not so dim that they can not see the hands stretched out for help; your ears not so deaf that they can not hear the call of the miserable.

To do without superfluities in order that others may have necessities, to walk in the austere path that you may afford the fine old violin, the rare print, the jaunt in the lands across the sea,—this is individual economy; to take the surplus grain of the prairies to the city's poor, to transport the homeless to dwellings where their presence will both carry and gather joy, to utilize the people's money for the development of the best that is in them,—this is public economy, and it is the only economy which can be called wealth.

Notes and Remarks.

There are many indications that our next presidential election will be anything but peaceful. The American people are now beginning to examine the question of expansion for themselves. The newspapers have had their say, but the influence of which they boast seems not to have produced any appreciable result. The anti-expansionists are not silenced, and those who hold that the Filipino "rebellion" should be crushed are less thoroughly convinced about this being the general sentiment of the nation. A document emanating from the headquarters of the Filipino Liberation Society, Los Angeles, Cal., proves that not all the "disloyal citizens" of the United States reside in New England. The document is entitled "Emancipation Proclamation to the Filipinos by the American People," and reads as follows:

We, the signers of this Proclamation, sovereign citizens of the United States of America, declare that the Philippine Islands are free from United States rule, wrongly and forcibly asserted by an American Administration, without authority or consent of the American people.

This document affirms that the Filipino war was inaugurated unconstitutionally. It declares the principle that individuals are not bound by the immoral acts of the official authorities of the nation. Each citizen is so responsible for the wrongs committed by his nation that he is bound personally to annul, and refuse to obey, them. Otherwise all principles of right may be overthrown and all justice trampled on in the name of "nation." Government shall not constrain individual conscience, nor shall it constrain actions in conformity with that conscience.

When this paper is filled with signatures, return to... By combined assertion of individual right, the will of the people will be made operative and the greatest crime in our history wiped out.

Since ministers of the gospel in particular are expected to "stir up the people" on this subject, we may address a word of warning to them. Recent events have again shown the folly of trying to mix religion and politics. They are like warm oil and cold water: they don't mix. Let

preachers vote as they will, but not discuss political issues; let them pray for the triumph of justice and the establishment of peace, but not commit themselves in print, much less in the pulpit. In war times a wise preacher bridles his tongue, remembering the fable. The lion called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt: she said, "Aye"; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him: he said, "No"; he tore him to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him: truly he had got a cold and could not smell. We hope the ministers will try to be foxy when the presidential campaign opens, and do all they can to preserve what influence for good remains to them.

The number of competent laymen who are able and willing to devote themselves almost exclusively to the furtherance of religion is none too large in any country; but we believe that if the zealous activities of such noble men as Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, who died in London last month, were more widely known among our American laymen, a goodly number would be inspired to imitate his example. Beginning life as a barrister, Mr. Costelloe speedily built up a large and lucrative practice in his profession. He made little effort to extend or retain it, however, but devoted most of his time and energies to social work among the poor and the defence and propagation of the faith. His was a restless, eager intellect, with seemingly limitless capacity for labor. As a school-boy, he had been a favorite pupil of the Master of Balliol (he was described by Jowett as "the most distinguished student of his year at Balliol"); and before his death, at the early age of forty-five, he had earned the right to speak with authority on art, philosophy, politics, and social problems. "Life was

not easy to him," writes a Protestant journalist; "but it was brightened and glorified by one radiant vision of hope and of mental and spiritual satisfaction—his religion. His Church—he was a Roman Catholic—was to him an object not of reverence simply, but of the most arduous effort of his intelligence, the deepest affection of his heart." Voice and pen were incessantly employed in behalf of Catholic truth, and the number of religious projects in which he maintained a laborious interest is astonishingly large. They were carried on to the neglect of his worldly interests, and, unfortunately, of his health also; but he knew who was to be his Rewarder. May he now find rest and peace!

Shockingly heretical and blasphemous as is Dr. Mivart's article in the January number of *The Nineteenth Century*, the pain and regret one feels in reading it are immeasurably lessened by the reflection that it must be the production of a diseased mind. No sane man could suppose that the expression of such views as are set forth in that article could possibly be otherwise than scandalous. And yet the writer thinks they may do good! No man whose sense of responsibility was not obscured would think of publishing to the world opinions so mischievous, calculated to do more evil than a hundred pens could repair. Dr. Mivart does this; though, as he declares, he is face to face with death. That he possesses a disordered imagination there can be no doubt. In no other way can we account for a monstrous charge which he brings against Catholics of his acquaintance, said to be "pious and scrupulous." There is not a member of the Church worthy of the name in all England that would not repel such an accusation with the most intense abhorrence. Dr. Mivart's attitude toward the Curia and the Roman Congregations is that

of a man half crazed over a grievance. We have all met with persons whose minds were so entirely occupied with the thought of some real or fancied injury that they could think or talk of nothing else. For the time being no one would hold them wholly responsible. We sincerely hope that Dr. Mivart's eyes may be opened to see the evil of his course, that he may come to a right mind, and die professing the faith, which, if one were to judge by his latest writings, he has lost utterly.

It is odd that while a distinctively Catholic political party succeeds so admirably in Germany, it seems to fail as completely in certain other countries. An Austrian priest sums up the results of a Catholic party in his country in this way: (1) All other political parties are driven into hostility to the Church; (2) the Church is held responsible for the misdeeds or mistakes of the politicians that have assumed her name; and (3) Catholics that do not belong to the "Clerical" party are denounced as bad Catholics by those who do, and are sometimes almost driven out of the Church. The ostentatious apostasy of more than 3,000 Catholics in Austria for politico-religious reasons goes to show that, in Newman's phrase, politics and religion "do not mix."

The Boers have their faults, of course, and religious bigotry is one of them; for their environment is narrow and education is not rife in the Republic. However, if Oom Paul is spared to rule his people long, they are sure to emerge from their twilight state. As the Transvaal law stands at present, neither Jews nor Catholics can be admitted to burgher rights. President Kruger has for some years been laboring, in a spirit of true statesmanship, to have these disabilities removed. Last August he

appealed to First Volksraad on behalf of the Jews, hoping to dispose them more kindly toward the Christian faith by granting them the privileges of full citizenship. And he pleaded for Catholics in these words: "If we were to exclude all Roman Catholics and admit all Protestants, we should lose sight of the fact that there are to-day Protestants who are deniers of God and who call themselves Protestants merely as being in opposition to Roman Catholics." Expressed with Dutch ruggedness, this view of Protestantism is very shocking; but Oom Paul's judgment is as keen as it is hard. There is an enormous superfluity of that sort of "religion" in the world, and it is not confined to the Transvaal nor to those parts of Kentucky where the inhabitants still vote for Andrew Jackson.

commission?" And the oracle of the *Outlook* replies in this remarkable way:

This authority, whatever it is, is bestowed, not upon a hierarchy or class, but upon all those upon whom Christ breathes, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit,"—that is, upon all who are inspired by a divinely imparted spirit of holiness. Christians remit—that is, get rid of or deliver from—sin when, by their influence, example or teaching, they induce sinners to repent of sin and abandon it; they retain sin when, by their negligence, acquiescence or approval, they help, directly or indirectly, to fasten sins on the individual or the community.

Lo! here is an illustration of the workings of private judgment among the more educated classes of sectarianism; and we can not conscientiously say that it seems to us much better than that school of exegesis that makes the Church out to be the Scarlet Woman. By this method of interpretation we hold ourselves ready to prove that Shakespeare's plays are base plagiarisms from the Mother Goose melodies. We sincerely hope that the correspondent will not consider the editor's answer satisfactory.

The Congregation of Rites has catalogued the beatifications and canonizations proclaimed by the Popes of the nineteenth century. Of the beatified there have been 310, nearly all of them missionaries martyred in pagan lands. The number of saints canonized during the past hundred years is 78, of whom 47 were martyrs, 24 confessors, and 7 virgins. The great Pontiff whose glorious reign is now drawing to its close has proclaimed 31 *beati* and 10 saints.

A correspondent who confesses that he is "a Methodist having no sympathy with Romanism" is disturbed by reading in his Bible the words, "Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." He writes to the *Outlook* inquiring "why Protestantism has discarded or discredited that authority as given by our Saviour when commissioning His disciples, as even He was commissioned? Why do we accept His ambassadors and repudiate part of their

A pious practice, which ought to be adopted by all Catholic families in places where the Angelus bell is not regularly heard, has been proposed by an English priest. He suggests that in each household a little bell be rung thrice, as in the Angelus, the fourth ringing to serve both for the prayer and for the call to meals. The practice requires only a modicum of good-will; and if conscientiously carried out, will help to cultivate the Catholic family life.

Clients of the Venerable Curé of Ars will be sorry to learn that the prosecution of his Cause has been delayed by the lamented death of Mgr. Caprara, the zealous Promoter of the Faith. It is confidently expected, however, that the Twentieth Century will still be young when the venerable servant of God is enrolled among the Beatified.

Notable New Books.

The Light of Life. By the Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B. Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros.

For many years it has been our practice to read every sermon and pastoral emanating from Bishop Hedley and published in our foreign exchanges; and we have always been bountifully rewarded for our pains. His Lordship of Newport is invariably thoughtful, eloquent and incisive; he speaks the language of the age; he has a wide, strong grasp of subject; and he answers modern questionings about religion with very unusual expository power. His sermons are finished productions, excellent models for young priests, instructive and edifying for all Catholics, and persuasive and illuminating for educated non-Catholics.

The present volume is made up of nineteen discourses delivered in different churches on various occasions. The subject-matter, therefore, has not the unity of a prearranged treatise; the topics are chiefly faith, piety, prayer, the various offices and ministrations of Our Lord, and the spirit of the apostles and the saints. Besides being unctuous, these discourses are informational and severely reasoned out; a marked characteristic of them being the frankness and strength with which difficulties are stated before their solution is entered upon.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. By Joseph Rickaby, S. J. Burns & Oates.

Having reviewed these Conferences on their first appearance in separate volumes, we have only to express our gratification at seeing them republished together in handsome book form. As a rule, sermons that are not written should not be printed, and such sermons are little read. Father Rickaby's Conferences were evidently prepared with great care: he had a distinct lesson to convey in each one of them, and thought it worth while to weigh his words. No doubt they were listened to with interest and profit, and it is a pleasure to read them.

Those who are called upon to address young persons, especially to impart religious instruction to them, would do well to study these Conferences. There is more to be learned from them than need be explained here. If the Catholic undergraduates of State universities were to receive regular courses of solid religious instruction, practise prayer faithfully, and approach the Sacraments regularly, the danger of falling away from their

faith would be remote. In Catholic schools it often happens that too much is taken for granted,—that because a young person attends chapel exercises he is being taught his religion and grounded in the practice of it. The discipline of a school for soldiers must needs be strict and everything done to promote the military spirit; otherwise there would be danger that many, even among those most proficient in the use of arms, might throw them away when the time for fighting came.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published by the Author: Chicago.

This precious little volume, published in a style worthy of the contents, is a reprint of articles published in this magazine last year. So universal and spontaneous was the praise they elicited, and so fresh are they in the minds of our readers, that extended reference to them is uncalled for here. The value of a review is not to be measured by its length, and it would be sufficient to say that every Catholic who buys books ought to possess himself of this one. In it will be found nearly all that poetry, painting, and meditation have to tell of those glorious spirits that have acted great and singular parts in the drama of Redemption and in the sanctification of souls. Best of all, these beautiful essays are the flowerage of a mind at once supremely devout and supremely artistic; they are another title to the gratitude which Catholics already owe to Miss Starr. The reproductions of the great masters, which illustrate the text, greatly enhance the value of the volume.

The Blue Lady's Knight. By Mary F. Nixon. B. Herder.

This charming little story, already known to young readers of this magazine, though designed for children, makes interesting reading for the old as well. This is one test of good juvenile literature. In tracing the events of a few months in the lives of Rob, the Blue Lady's Knight, and his impulsive and lovable little sister, Molly, one reads much between the lines.

Father Farrer is an ideal priest; and as one learns to know him in the story, there is a thrill of pride at the thought that he is only one of many just like him. Mrs. Parker, too, is a type—and, sad to say, a very common type. Married to an unbeliever, she had not the courage to practise her religion; and though the story in her case ends promisingly, the moral remains. A Christian marriage should mean unity in faith

as in love; and when a Catholic woman stands at the altar, he who is to protect her through life should be able to say from his heart, in the words of Ruth: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The Blood of the Lamb. By the Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory. Burns & Oates.

In this appropriately published volume we have a collection of eleven sermons preached to the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, an association founded by the saintly Faber, and now numbering 50,000 members. It will be remembered that his beautiful and well-known book, "The Precious Blood," was written for this Confraternity. Father Best's discourses breathe the same spirit, and will be read with special interest by the members of this vast Brotherhood of Prayer. The Oratorians, like their great founder and father, St. Philip Neri, have always been distinguished for devotion to the Precious Blood, the beautiful and appropriate symbol of our Redeemer's everlasting covenant with mankind.

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. Benziger Bros.

This third volume of the Round Table series suffers disadvantages that were absent from the first two; for, of course, the selections are translations, and it is commonplace of criticism that few writers of fiction will bear translation into strange tongues. We can not say that the authors here represented are exceptions to the rule; for we have not found it easy to read them in English. There is, however, a current of interest running through the collection. In any case, the book will introduce to English-speaking Catholics a few of their French co-religionists who have been too little known hitherto. It has also a certain value on account of the portraits, biographical sketches, and bibliographies which it affords.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. By Charles Warren Stoddard. B. Herder.

The well-known Scotch critic, Robert Buchanan, once wrote that America has produced only two first-rate writers of prose, and that Charles Warren Stoddard is one of them. This is high eulogy, yet we question whether any discerning reader ever finished one of Mr. Stoddard's books without feeling that it is almost literally deserved. The charm of his work eludes analysis, as the charm of the most perfect art always does. Every line that he writes is literature. There are no purple patches separated by wastes of dryness; the lovable personality of the author runs like threads

of gold through the whole texture of his work. Happy is the reader who is privileged to see new sights in far countries with so delightful a guide; it is a pleasure to remember and to be grateful for.

Mr. Stoddard's newest book is a collection of travel sketches that appeared in this magazine some years ago. All who read them then will want them in book form; though we could wish that this particular book form were less crude in certain ways. The publisher's point of view is not always the book-lover's; yet we can not refrain from wishing that in this case the casket were more worthy of the gem.

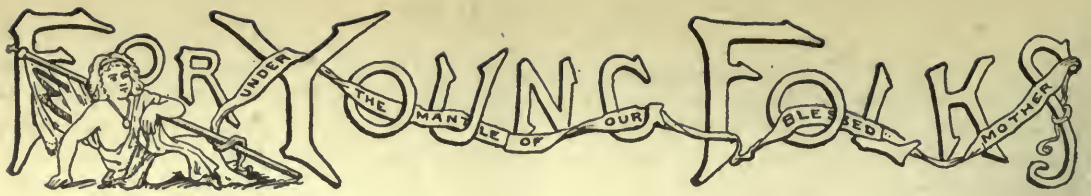
The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros.

This is a collection of five stories, some of which are short and others long; but all of them are in Father Finn's best manner. This alone is high praise. The popularity of his writings has steadily increased, and we rejoice to observe it. No reward can be too great for one who labors unceasingly for the amusement, instruction, and edification of the young; and this Father Finn has done with a zeal equalled only by his success.

The story which gives its title to this volume has a valuable moral, which seems more applicable to teachers than to pupils; however, it is genuinely good reading, and may help the young folk to understand their teachers, as well as *vice versa*. The other four stories also glow with adventure and frolic of a kind to delight the young. The boys who figure in them are the types to which the author has accustomed his readers: sterling young fellows, with live consciences in spite of their exuberant vivacity.

The Sifting of the Wheat. By C. M. Home. Art & Book Co.; B. Herder.

"The Sifting of the Wheat" is a story of the sixteenth century, and shows how alluring were the temptations held forth to give at least outward assent to the teachings of the Established Church. Those days were indeed bitter; and members of the same families were sometimes at variance, going so far as to betray those that should be nearest and dearest to them. The hero of the story, Francis Herondale of Sedgely, is an inspiration to weak-hearted followers of the Cross; and the boy-martyr, Henry Holcombe, Earl of Radbourne, is as real in the story as is the boy Celsus whom the Church venerates; while the sweet, pure love-story is as a silken thread on which are strung the gems of heroic deeds done for Christ's sake.



"Aunt Bridget's" Henry.

HE was a little mulatto boy about ten years old. There had been a general turning-up of noses, and murmurings deep if not loud, when Sister Mary Benedict (as an experiment) had led him into the school-room one winter's morning just as the bell rang for nine. But when the children saw that he was placed at a desk by himself, not very close to the others; and, later, became accustomed to his brown face and sweet, melancholy eyes; and, still later, grew to admire his unfailing patience, submissiveness, and amiability, all went well and happily.

His grandmother — "Aunt Bridget" as she was called — had washed at the convent for several years; but this winter rheumatism had laid her low, and times went hard with the lonely pair. She was a Maryland Negress, a splendid Catholic, whom no amount of bribe or persuasion could ever swerve from her faith; though the temptations had been many and seducing.

Henry soon became at home with the other children, — joining in their sports and being identified with them in every way; though he always preserved that humility which warned him never to cross, through familiarity, the dividing line between "black and white."

The days grew colder and colder, the times harder and harder for Aunt Bridget and Henry. He was a pious little boy, of an abiding faith; and many were the prayers sent up from his trustful heart that his grandmother might not be obliged to go to the poorhouse.

One morning, while dusting the school-

room, he came upon a miniature "Lives of the Saints," in which, turning the pages here and there, his eye caught a short account of the life of St. Bridget. After reading it carefully, he resolved upon a plan; and his heart felt lighter all that day for the anticipation of what he had decided to do.

For several mornings after this Henry could be seen assisting most devoutly at seven o'clock Mass; after which he would kneel in front of one of the smaller altars, where, on either side of Our Lady's statue, images of St. Patrick and St. Bridget were enthroned.

One bitter cold morning as the little fellow passed into the vestibule, he was suddenly accosted by an old gentleman with long white hair framing a most benevolent countenance. He was well dressed, and carried a gold-headed cane, with which he gently touched the boy on the shoulder.

"It's a cold day, youngster," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Henry. "It's pretty cold these mornings."

"I've noticed you every morning for some days past," said the old gentleman, as they proceeded together down the steps. "You haven't been long in this neighborhood; eh?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't often go to daily Mass. I'm making a novena. That's why I go every morning now. But it's finished to-day."

"Oh, that's it! To whom are you making the novena?"

"To St. Bridget. My grandmother is called after her, and I thought maybe she'd help us because of that."

"Your grandmother is named for St. Bridget, an Irish saint! Isn't she — a colored person?"

"Yes, sir, she's colored for sure. But her name is Bridget. 'Aunt Bridget' everyone calls her."

"What's her other name?"

"O'Brien, sir. It's mine too."

"O'Brien! Why, that's my name, lad! How in the world did you come to get such a cognomen?"

"Grandmother's folks were natives of Maryland. She belonged, to an Irish family, who were good and kind to her. And when she was baptized she wanted to be called after St. Bridget. And that was the name of her mistress, whom she loved very much."

"Oh, I see,—I see! Was once a slave, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

They were on the sidewalk now, the boy bravely trudging along in his rusty, threadbare clothes, his toes almost peeping from the worn shoes which covered his feet. The old gentleman glanced down at him, unobserved, from the depth of a fur-lined overcoat.

"Would you mind telling me what the novena is for?" he inquired.

"No, sir," answered Henry, promptly. "Grandmother used to wash for the Sisters and some other folks, and we got on well. But she took rheumatism, and she can't do much any more. So we're pretty bad off, and I thought I'd pray to St. Bridget and ask her to do something for us."

"Ah! That was well thought of, my boy. What did you want her to do?"

"Just to keep grandmother from the poorhouse. She hates awfully to think of going there."

Thump, thump, went the old gentleman's cane on the sidewalk; twinkle, twinkle, went the old gentleman's eyes.

"My own dear mother's name was Bridget," he observed at length. "God rest her soul! She was a charitable woman. Many's the time she took the shawl from her back to give it to a

poor woman. Go home and tell your grandmother I'll look after her case—as we're namesakes."

Then he laughed loud and heartily, and Henry found his mirth infectious.

"Where do you live, boy?" he asked, after his merriment had subsided.

Henry gave him the address. They parted at the corner, and the boy went home joyfully to his grandmother.

Mr. O'Brien kept his word. Aunt Bridget was assisted through the winter to entire convalescence. He also took Henry into his warehouse at two dollars a week. That was ten years ago. Henry is twenty years old, and is still in the employ of "O'Brien Brothers"; though the old gentleman has gone to reap the reward of his many charities. He is earning fifteen dollars a week now, and takes care of his grandmother in one of the happiest little homes in the world.

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

IV.—THE IRISH GYPSIES.

Sister Augusta and Stella took the child in to Mother Ignatius, and stood her on the floor. The little tot was not at all abashed, but laughed up in their faces and began to tug at the strings of her tiny red hood. Stella loosened it, then the cloak; and the child stretched forth one little foot, saying:

"See new sooes,—baby sooes!"

"Isn't she cute!" cried Stella. "But, Mother, doesn't she look ever so much like our little Tommy?"

"I noticed the resemblance at once," answered Mother Ignatius. "And that convinces me she is the child the woman came to see about to-day; for she said her little granddaughter looked like our baby. And now we have two."

The child began to run up and down the room, as though feeling perfectly at home. At a sign from the superior, Stella withdrew,—nothing loath, for she was very anxious to tell her companions of the new arrival.

“But, Mother,” said Sister Augusta, “do you think the woman was really the child’s grandmother?”

“I have no reason to doubt it, dear,” was the reply.

“How could she have the heart to leave the little thing at the threshold at so late an hour!”

“Perhaps she did not want to be seen parting with her; or perhaps—and more likely, I think—she sent her in charge of some other person, who, either through ignorance or indifference or timidity, went away without waiting for the door to be opened.”

“That may be,” answered the Sister; “but it looks very strange.”

The little one now came forward and held out her arms.

“Take baby!” she pleaded.

“Now, isn’t that exactly like Tommy?” said Mother.

“Yes; but she speaks more plainly than he does. I never saw such a tiny thing who could talk so well.”

“It is remarkable,” rejoined Mother Ignatius, thoughtfully.

“May I take her to the children?” asked Sister Augusta.

“Yes: there are still a few moments before bedtime.”

The Sister turned away, the baby clinging to her neck. When she opened the door of the recreation room, she was greeted by loud exclamations. Monica came forward with Tommy in her arms,—a little jealous, to tell the truth, that a rival prodigy had made its appearance where Tommy had hitherto reigned supreme. But when she saw the two little ones, so like each other, extending their arms as if in joy at

meeting, her heart melted to the new-comer, and she felt that it was large enough to hold them both. There was but one opinion as to their resemblance. They were about the same size,—the boy a little stouter, perhaps; their faces were shaped alike and their hair of the same color; but the little girl’s eyes were a beautiful brown, while Tommy’s were blue.

“If they were asleep you could never tell them apart,” said Monica. “They look like twins.”

The children were both seated on the floor now, chattering to each other. It was somewhat difficult to understand Tommy, while the girl spoke distinctly. It was thought wisest and best to give both children in charge to Monica. Another cot was prepared in Sister Immaculate’s room for the new baby, and the children trooped away to bed in an unusual state of excitement.

The next day Mother Ignatius hoped she would receive some explanation of the strange manner in which the child had been left at the asylum; but she did not. Father Andrew baptized the little one, giving her the name of Mary Monica, as she had arrived on the feast of that great saint. This was also a tie between her and her gentle nurse, who no longer feared any rivalry between the latest comer and her former charge.

After a few days the superior sent to the hospital where the old woman had told her she was to be for a few weeks; but no one answering the description had applied for admission there. She never again made her appearance at the asylum; and the Sisters finally came to the conclusion that she had deliberately deserted the child, who soon became as dear to them all as Tommy.

One day in June they had a picnic in Workman’s Woods, about a mile from the asylum. The larger girls and boys walked all the way, but the little ones

were taken in the wagon which carried the luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, sandwiches, gingerbread, and peanut candy, kindly furnished by a generous patron of the asylum. When the time for the afternoon nap of the babies came, some of the boys gathered piles of the high grass which grew in a clearing near the woods, and spread it thickly in the wagon for them to lie on.

The wagon had been left at the edge of the woods; and while the others went deeper and deeper into the grove to search for mosses and late violets, Monica took a book from her pocket and sat down on a mossy log near the children to watch them when they went asleep, which they did very soon. The book was an old and torn copy of "The Swiss Family Robinson," which she had read over and over again, but of which she never tired. The day was sultry, and before she was aware of it her eyes closed. She was suddenly awakened from a light slumber by the sound of voices whispering close behind her. They were those of a man and woman.

"It's the same identical child," said the man to his companion.

"The same, only now there are two of them," replied the woman. "Which is which? Can you tell them apart?"

Monica started up, her soul full of fears, to confront the strangest-looking couple she had ever seen. The woman wore long shining earrings, reaching nearly to her shoulders, which were covered by a crimson shawl worn in the fashion of a scarf. She had a bright green waist and a short dark blue skirt, with morocco shoes and blue worsted stockings. A red handkerchief was tied under her chin, making a picturesque setting for her swarthy though pretty face, out of which looked a pair of dark eyes, penetrating but most kindly. Two heavy braids of jet-black hair hung down her back, reaching below her waist.

The man wore a blue blouse over corduroy knickerbockers; red stockings covered his shapely limbs, and he wore heavy calfskin shoes. On his black curls a flat blue cap was jauntily set. His skin and eyes were like those of the woman, whom he greatly resembled.

Monica at once concluded that they were brother and sister, and gypsies, a wandering tribe of whom had now and then passed through the town, and had been eagerly watched until out of sight by such of the children as happened to be in the yard at the time. All her fears were soon set at rest by their honest, smiling faces. They came a step closer, leaving the wagon over which they had been bending.

"We were looking at those two little tots a-sleeping there," began the young man. "One of them is exactly like a baby we saw last fall up country. Who do they belong to, may I ask?"

"They are orphans," replied Monica. "We belong to the asylum, and came out here on a picnic to-day. I take care of the babies, and I was staying here while they had a nap. The other girls and the Sisters have gone to the farther side of the woods."

"Oh!" said the woman. "How long have they had those two babies at the asylum?"

"One of them since it was a month old," said Monica. "The other came about five weeks ago?"

"Aren't they twins?" inquired the woman, in surprise. "They look exactly like each other."

"No," replied Monica. "They are no relation that we know of. One was left at the asylum door—we can't tell by whom; and the other was brought by its grandmother—the last one. They do look almost exactly alike, though; especially when they are asleep."

"Boys or girls?" asked the man.

"A boy and a girl," answered Monica.

"The little boy has blue eyes and the little girl brown eyes; that's about the only difference."

"Which came first—girl or boy?"

"The boy," replied Monica.

"That's curious," said the woman.

"The babe we saw had brown eyes, and was such a sweet, winsome little thing that we have never forgotten her. The grandmother said she was a twin, but that the other one died when it was a very little thing. And *it* had blue eyes, she told us."

The children began to stir, and in a moment were wide awake. They sat up on their fragrant grassy couch, laughing and rubbing their sleepy eyes.

"Monica's coming," said their smiling nurse; and in a moment she had one on either arm. They were not in the least disturbed by the presence of the strangers.

"Which of them do you think you saw before?" asked Monica.

"Why, this one!" replied the woman, pointing to the little girl.

"She is the one that came last month," said Monica. "I shouldn't wonder if it is the same baby."

"Know it's the same baby," said the man. "My sister and I were interested in it very particularly, because the old woman told us it was a twin. We're twins ourselves."

"Oh! are you?" answered Monica. "You're—you're gypsies, aren't you?"

"Yes, we're gypsies. Our camp's over there about a mile. We've been in to town to get the priest to come to see an old man that's dying."

"You do not mean that you are Catholics!" exclaimed Monica.

"Oh, yes, we are! We're a branch of the Irish gypsies—the Gormans,—and we're good, practical Catholics. Have you never heard of the Gormans?"

Monica was obliged to admit that she never had, and that she knew very

little of gypsies save what she had read in books.

"Mostly lies," said the young man,—
"mostly lies. Shouldn't wonder if you aren't half afraid we're aiming to steal those children from you."

"Oh, no, I'm not!" answered Monica, with a smile. "You look too kind and honest for that."

"Thank you, Miss!" said the man, removing his cap, with a low bow.

"I wish Sister Immaculate or Sister Beatrice were here," said Monica. "They would be so glad to hear anything you have to tell about little Mary."

"Is that her name? The sweetest and most beautiful you could have given her," said the young woman. "We have not much to tell about the child, except that she was, as I have said, so cute, and we all loved her. And we were tempted to think the woman wasn't the child's grandmother, because we found out—or thought we found out—she was trying to slip away and leave her with us."

"That's so,—that's so!" said her brother. "I'd forgotten that. How was it? She pretended that she was just taking a walk, didn't she, Eileen?"

"Yes," was the response. "One day she came wandering slowly along near the camp, with the baby on her arm. We didn't mind that, because people come in droves wherever we are. She said she wanted to have her fortune told. That *did* seem a little strange for such an old woman; and we do not pretend to tell fortunes. Well, she seemed to forget that, after she began to talk and we were all playing with the baby. Pretty soon the child grew sleepy, and she asked if she couldn't lay it down. Of course we consented; and she put her in one of the tents—grandmother's. But our grandmother is very wise, and she told us not to let the woman out of sight: that she might

leave the child; and if it wasn't hers—or even if it was—we might be accused of stealing it. So Shamus and I walked about carelessly; and when we were coming back we saw that old woman hiding behind some bushes facing our way. When she saw us, she said: 'I was just looking to see if I could find some blackberries. I'm very fond of them.'—'Rather late for those berries,' replied Shamus. And she said it was, and she thought she'd better go back to her baby. So after awhile we all returned together, and she took the child away."

"What did she look like?" inquired Monica.

They described her as well as they remembered, and the description tallied with that of the woman who had left the little girl at the convent.

While they were talking the babies rolled and frolicked on the grass, Monica wishing all the time that the Sisters would come; but there was no sign of their approach. Suddenly the gypsies began to talk to each other in a strange tongue, after which Eileen turned to Monica, saying:

"My brother says the others will be wondering why we're not back. We must go. We couldn't tell the Sisters anything but what we've told you. They'll want us all to be there when the priest comes, you see; and maybe he's there already."

"I'm sorry," said Monica; "but I suppose you're right. I'll tell Mother everything you've said about the baby. It does seem as if the children were twins, doesn't it?"

"No doubt of it," answered the man. "Pity you can't find out something about them. But maybe you can after awhile; I hope you may. There's one thing pretty sure: they weren't stolen from rich people, or it would have been in the papers, and they'd have been

searching the asylums. So I don't know but what they're better off than with parents that didn't want them."

"That's true," said Eileen. "Well, now good-bye, Miss!"

"Would you mind my asking you a question?" asked Monica.

"Certainly not. What is it?" said the girl.

"How do you and your brother come to be called Eileen and Shamus?"

"We were baptized so," was the reply. "There have always been an Eileen and Shamus in the Gypsy Gormans, and there always will be, I think."

"I thought gypsies always had such odd names," said Monica,—"Zamora and Luluta and Melchior, and such like."

"Maybe they do among foreigners," said Eileen; "but not with us."

"And—and I never knew they were Catholics."

"Oh, yes! Some of them are very good Catholics, thank God! And what may your name be, please?"

"Monica Miles."

"Pretty name. Well, good-bye! May I kiss the children?"

The permission granted, Eileen gave each of the little ones a fervent hug. Shamus waved his hand toward them, and then the picturesque couple set off across the fields to a large common in the distance, where Monica could see the outline of many wagons and a group of tents, and whence came a sound as of wailing voices.

(To be continued.)

The Storing Place.

WHERE in the world do the old years go,
And where do the new years stay?
There must be a great big storing place
Where Time can be packed away.

There is a big place—the Heart of God,
Where the past and future rest,—
The tired-out years and the bright new years;
And where old and new are blest.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A prize, to be awarded every three years, has been established by M. Osiris, of Paris, through the French Institute, for the most notable work published, or discovery announced, which shall be of benefit to humanity. Special reference is made to medical discoveries.

—The Rev. J. H. McMahon, of New York, has prepared a useful list of books by Catholic authors published within the last four years. We think that publishers would be able to make numerous additions to it; however, the compiler may not have aimed at completeness.

—"Our Country in Poem and Prose" is a collection of patriotic readings arranged for supplementary work in United States History classes. The selection made by Eleanor A. Persons is marked by good taste, and the authors represented are among the best. American Book Co.

—The eminent French critic, M. Brunetière, is not alone in his desire to revive the cultus of Bossuet. There is in France a society, not unlike our Browning societies, whose sole object is to publish the fame of their favorite author and to collect books and documents referring to him.

—"Lindolf" is the title of an historical drama, in five acts, for colleges, young men's sodalities, etc. The author is the Rev. A. Guggenberger, S. J., who has brought to this little work a clear idea of scenic effects which abound in this drama of German history. The scene belongs to the time of Otto the Great and includes over thirty characters. Published by B. Herder.

—An American edition, from the fourth English edition, of Monsig. John Vaughan's "Thoughts for all Times" has just appeared. Our readers will recall the strong commendation which we gave to this work on its first appearance in England, and which the large sale of the volume has amply justified. We need only add that Cardinal Gibbons has written an appreciative introduction for this edition, and that Mr. P. O'Shea has published it in worthy style.

—It is not easy to understand why the Rev. Francis Dent calls his little book "St. Anthony and the Twentieth Century." The short introduction, in which the spirit of the Saint of Padua is rightly affirmed to be the great need of the coming age, is the only portion of the work to which the title seems appropriate. In reality this attractive

little book is a popular biography of St. Anthony, in which the main outlines of his life are set forth in a neat and graphic style that renders it pleasing even to those acquainted with the other biographies. P. J. Kenedy, publisher.

—Again it has become necessary to revise and reduce our exchange list, it being impossible to read, even to glance over, all the papers that come to us. To the editors of some of them *THE AVE MARIA* is apparently of no service. These we shall drop from our list. There are a few papers issued under Catholic auspices for whose spirit we have only abhorrence, and whose publication we will not encourage to the extent of an exchange.

—"The Story of the Divine Child," a new book by the Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings, is very attractive in every way: subject matter, illustrations, typography, and binding commend it to all. It is intended for children, though the text seems rather too philosophical, in the applications of the various lessons of Christ's life, for young minds. The illustrations tell the beautiful story clearly; and in looking at the portrayals of the earthly trinity the reader is moved to love and prayer.

—Those who are familiar with "Cuba's Dream," by the eminent musician, Father Joseph Tonello, will welcome the announcement that the struggle of the Boers has inspired him to write another composition which is well worthy the admiration of all who wish to see noble words wedded to appropriate music. "The Boers" is a march and song with trombone or cello obligato, and is dedicated to "The Spartans of the 19th Century." The vocal parts are dignified and the martial element inspiring. The piece is for sale at the author's residence, Galesburg, Illinois; and those who seek a stirring composition of this character will do well to secure it.

—Some of the lightest and brightest of humorous verse is to be found in "The V-a-s-e, and other Bric-a-brac," by James Jeffrey Roche. As in all the work of this clever writer, the note of distinction is first struck in the title, and—with the exception of a few pages in which inspiration seems to have failed utterly—is well kept up till the end. The new edition, just published by Richard G. Badger & Co., has been brought up to date by the addition of some pieces provoked by the Boer-English discussion, the yacht-race, and the Scotch-Irish myth. "The V-a-s-e," however, will no doubt

continue to be the most popular of these pieces, as it well deserves to be; it is the most perfect thing of its kind in the language. It is a pity that one who writes so well as Mr. Roche should write so little.

—Mr. Frank Moore Colby, M. A., is the professor of economics in New York University, and he has written "Outlines of General History," published by the American Book Co. The volume is designed for students who have not yet reached the point at which special historical studies should properly begin. If Prof. Colby were professor of history instead of economics, perhaps he would know that when students come to that point it would be necessary for them to change many opinions expressed in this book. He tries hard to be impartial, and in the main he succeeds; but his bias is revealed in numerous places. We are greatly pleased with this book because it is so very much more fair than most other works of the kind, but we do not recommend it for use in Catholic schools by any means.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cutbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, *net.*

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, *net.*

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1.10, *net.*

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., *net.*

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, *net.*

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., *net.*

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, *net.*

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, *net.*

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25.

The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.* 70 cts., *net.*

Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D.* \$1.60, *net.*

External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1, *net.*

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. With Illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. \$1.60, *net.*

Library of St. Francis de Sales. III.—The Catholic Controversy. \$1.60, *net.*

The Sacraments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.50.

Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P. *Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C. P.* 50 cts., *net.*

Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.* 2 Vols. \$6.

Fra Girolamo Savonarola. *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.* \$2, *net.*

In the Brave Days of Old. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* 70 cts., *net.*

The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.

Birds and Books. *Walter Lecky.* 70 cts.

Has the Reformation Reformed Anything? *Rev. F. Malachy, C. P.* 50 cts.

Characteristics of the Early Church. *Rev. J. J. Burke.* 50 cts.

The Saints. St. Louis. *Marius Sepet.* \$1.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

(A Hymn for the Twentieth Century.)

Words by FATHER FABER.

Music by REV. H. G. GANSS.

With much feeling.

1. Faith of our Fa - thers! liv - ing still— In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
 2. Our Fathers chain'd in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
 3. Faith of our Fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers Shall 'win our coun - try all to thee;
 4. Faith of our Fa - thers! we will love— Both friend and foe in all our strife:

Oh how our hearts beat high with joy— When-e'er we hear that glorious word:
 How sweet would be their children's fate— If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And through the Truth that comes from God— Our land shall then in - deed be free.
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,— By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

CHORUS.

Faith of our Fa - thers! Ho - ly Faith!— We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our Fa - thers! Ho - ly Faith! We will be true to thee till death!

Used by arrangement with J. Fischer & Bro., owners of the copyright.

rit.



QUEEN OF THE WORLD.
Deger, Düsseldorf.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—CT. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

NO. 5.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

One Golden Day.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

OH, how it flies, the short-lived day!
Now it is here and now away.
And yet, on Fate's dark ocean tost,
Sometimes 'tis gained and sometimes lost.

Gained! How? If it has been well spent
In useful tasks, in sweet content;
If, selfish thoughts put far away,
Others have shared our golden day.


Lost! How? If murmur, pout or frown
Has torn some heart and weighed it down,—
A mother's heart, perhaps, who gives
To God and you each hour she lives.

So short, so fleet, then let it be
From sinful thoughts and actions free.
It is so precious, while we may,
Oh, let us prize that golden day!

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

III.—THE PURIFICATION OF OUR LADY.

 OUR Blessed Lady's Purification terminates the glad season of Christmastide. Should priority of institution be considered a reason for pre-eminence, then the Feast of the Purification will hold the first place even among those four well-known festivals of the Mother of God venerable for their great antiquity.

The event celebrated by the Church on the 2d of February is the fulfilment of

an enactment of the Mosaic Law, which ordained that on the fortieth day the Mother should be purified by the oblation of legal sacrifices, and the first-born son on the same occasion presented to God in the Temple.

Three important events which took place on the day of Our Lady's Purification have given rise to three distinct names for this festival in the liturgy. (1) As the presentation of the Child was so intimately connected with the purification of the Mother, so that they practically formed one ceremony, the Latin Church has always preferred to include this day among the festivals of Our Lady, and in all our calendars it is styled the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (2) The Greek Church, however, and some local liturgies of the West (notably the Ambrosian) place this feast among the solemnities of Our Lord, under the title of the Presentation in the Temple. (3) The Orientals also call it *Hypapante* (*Obviatio*, or the "Meeting"),—an evident allusion to the meeting which took place between the Holy Child, as He was carried into the Temple in the arms of His Blessed Mother, and the aged Simeon and Anna the prophetess.*

The English word *Candlemas*, by its suffix *mas*, indicates the importance which was attached to the custom of bearing in the hand a lighted taper while assisting at the Holy Sacrifice.

* St. Luke, ii, 27.

The celebration of the Feast of the Purification and the blessing and procession of candles are apparently distinct in their origin. According to the recent and most learned authorities, the Purification is one of the most primitive festivals in honor of our Blessed Lady. Like so many other feasts, it took its rise in the East, and we find it fully established as early as the fifth century. Local observances, however, are noted at a still earlier date; indeed, it does not seem improbable, according to the works of Benedict XIV. and the Bollandists, that the first celebration of this festival in Jerusalem dates from apostolic times. A most valuable testimony in proof of this is to be found in the recently discovered manuscript ascribed to St. Silvia, in which she relates the events of her pilgrimage to the Holy Places, about the year 385. Of the feast of which we are treating she says:

"The Feast of the Purification is celebrated here [i. e., Jerusalem] with the greatest honor. On this day there is a procession to the Anastasis; all go in procession, and all things are done in order and with very great joy, just as at Easter. All the priests preach, and also the bishop, always treating of that passage of the Gospel where, on the fortieth day, Joseph and Mary brought the Lord into the Temple; and Simeon and Anna the prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, saw Him; and of the words they said when they saw the Lord, and of the offerings which the parents presented. And when all things have been gone through in order as is customary, Mass is celebrated, and then the people are dismissed." *

It is said that the Emperor Justinian, in the year 541, caused the feast to be celebrated throughout his dominions; even now it is remarkable that the

Oriental place it among their feasts of the first rank.

It is not easy to ascertain the origin of the blessing of the candles and the procession, which now form so important a part in the celebration of the festival. The most weighty authorities, among whom is Pope Benedict XIV., are of opinion that this ceremonial observance was instituted in Rome at an early date, in order to deter the faithful from taking part in certain pagan rites connected with the Amburbalia or else with the Lupercalia. These vain ceremonies, including processions and sacrifices, were enacted at the beginning of the month of February, and were intended to be a means of lustration, or purification. Be this as it may, there can be but little doubt that those unholy orgies have been superseded by our Christian ceremonies. The Candlemas procession is not an imitation of pagan rites, but it was introduced to turn the minds of the newly converted to joys more real and true than those associated with heathen festivals.

A more suitable day than the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady could not have been chosen for the blessing of the candles and the procession; since on that occasion, as we read in the pages of the holy Gospel, Simeon saw the dawn of a divine Light, which was to illuminate the whole world.*

The solemn blessing of the candles—a form hallowed by Catholic usage for over one thousand three hundred years—takes place immediately before the celebration of Mass. In places where the Divine Office is recited, Tierce precedes the blessing. Should the Purification have to be transferred on account of its coincidence with Septuagesima Sunday, the blessing of the candles remains fixed

* See Duchesne, "Orig. du Culte Chrétien," pages 462, 260, 480.

* The pious ceremony called "churching," in which the mother carries a lighted taper, was instituted in memory of Our Lady's Purification.

on the 2d of February. In some ancient Missals a blessing is prescribed to be imparted to the light as well as to the candles. The color used on this occasion is purple; thus the rite is made uniform with those for the blessing of ashes and palms. The form now in use consists of five prayers, in which reference is made to the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple, and in which it is asked that the candles may serve for the temporal and spiritual profit of the faithful, both on land and on sea. These beautiful prayers, to be found in the translated Missal, are deserving of careful perusal, as they manifest clearly the intention of the Church regarding the use to be made of these sacred objects.

When the candles have been blessed, and finally sprinkled with holy water and incensed, they are distributed. In receiving them the people kiss the candle and the priest's hand, as a token of respect and reverence; while the choir sing the *Nunc dimittis*, or the Canticle of Simeon, with an antiphon interpolated between the verses, according to a very ancient manner of rendering the psalmody.

The procession, headed by thurifer, cross-bearer, and acolytes, then takes place, in memory of that first procession when the divine Light of the world Himself was carried into the courts of the Temple by His most holy Mother, accompanied by St. Joseph and Simeon and Anna. During the procession various antiphons and responsories are directed to be sung; the one beginning *Adorna thalamum* is used also in the Greek service of this festival.

From the works of Lanfranc, a monk of the Abbey of Bec, we are able to get some idea of the order of the ceremonial for Candlemas Day in the ancient abbeys of England during the Middle Ages:—"At Tierce all are vested in albs; after Tierce a carpet is spread before the altar

and the candles laid upon the carpet. The priest, in alb and stole, blesses them, sprinkling them with holy water and incensing them; then they are distributed by the *custos*. When they are being lighted the cantor sings the antiphon *Lumen ad revelationem*, and then the hymn *Nunc dimittis*. Afterward, as they go forth in procession, the cantor begins the antiphon *Ave gratia*, and others if necessary. They pass through the great gates of the monastery and make a station before the crucifix; then, singing the antiphon *Cum inducerent*, they again enter the choir; the bells are rung, and the Mass is celebrated."*

From the foregoing passage we learn that the ceremonial of Candlemas during the Middle Ages differed but slightly from what we observe at the present day. At a still earlier date, the Venerable Bede (seventh century) says that on St. Mary's day (in February) all the people, with priests and ministers, go forth with hymns through the churches and the chosen places of the city; and all carry in their hands the lighted tapers they have received from the bishop.†

But to return to our present rite. Unless it be Septuagesima Sunday, the solemn Mass of the Purification follows immediately after the procession. The vestments, as on all feasts of Our Lady, are white. The opening sentence of the Introit is as follows, and its application to the mystery of the day is obvious: "We have received Thy mercy, O God! in the midst of Thy Temple." The Collect supplicates for purity of heart, in order that, being thus rendered worthy, we, like Jesus Christ, may be presented to the Eternal Father. The Epistle is a beautiful passage from the Prophet Malachy, in which he speaks of the angel of preparation (St. John the Precursor)

* Op. Lanfranci, tom. i.

† See Beda, De Temp. Ratlone, cap. xii.

coming before Our Lord, and of the visit Our Lord Himself was to pay to the Temple. The Gradual, like the Introit, refers to the mercy which appeared to-day in the Temple. St. Luke, the Evangelist of Mary, gives us in the Gospel a detailed account of the actual scene of the mystery. In the Offertorium the Church proclaims the praises of our Blessed Lady. Unlike other feasts of the Blessed Virgin, on this day the Preface of Our Lord's Nativity is assigned; thus we see that even the Roman Church considers the 2d of February as partially a feast of Our Lord. The Communion antiphon reminds us that when we receive the Eucharist, we, like Simeon, though after a different manner, see Christ, the consolation of Israel. Finally, the Post Communion prays that, by the intercession of the Mother of God, the new life we have received by the Incarnation may fructify unto life eternal. When the Mass is not of Septuagesima, the lighted tapers are held during the Gospel, and also from the Elevation until the Communion, as being symbolical of Christ the Illuminator.

St. Anselm thus explains the mystical signification of the waxen taper: The wax produced by the virginal bee represents the spotless humanity of Christ; the wick enclosed within the wax and forming one thing with it represents His soul; and the flame crowning and completing the union of wax and wick typifies the divine nature subsisting in the one Divine Person. It seems needless to say that the Church is so careful to preserve this sacred symbolism that permission is rarely, if ever, given to make use during Mass of candles made of any other material than wax.

The practice of our Catholic forefathers of bringing to the church a supply of wax-candles to be blessed for themselves on this day is much to be commended. These candles, which have received the

Church's benediction on Candlemas, should be reverently kept at home, to be lighted in times of danger from the elements, on occasions of the administration of the Sacraments, and also at the hour of death; for then, more than at any other time, that material light is significant of faith,—an invisible light which is to guide the soul on its journey to eternity.

With regard to the Divine Office of this festival, it may be noted that at the first Vespers those venerable antiphons which belong to the Circumcision are used; but at second Vespers special antiphons, referring to the mystery of the day, are chanted. After Compline of the feast, the *Ave Regina Cœlorum* replaces the *Alma Redemptoris*. In this antiphon, sung daily until Wednesday in Holy Week, the Church salutes Our Lady as the Gate of Heaven, through which light has been shed upon the world.

At Rome the Sovereign Pontiff usually blesses the candles, and the Mass which follows is sung by a cardinal priest. The *Te Deum* is chanted at the conclusion of the service, as an act of thanksgiving for the preservation of the city during an earthquake in 1703. For the same reason the vigil is kept in Rome as a strict fast, a vow having been made to that effect in 1703, which was renewed in perpetuity a hundred years later.

HUMAN happiness has no perfect security but freedom, freedom none but virtue, and virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor and immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith and in the sanction of the Christian religion.—*Josiah Quincey*.

IN our religious life we should be simple, unconstrained and cheerful; not dignified, grave and calculating.

—*Joubert*.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

VII.

JUST as the young girl disappeared through the door leading into the pantry, Lewin senior stood on the threshold, greeting the Councillor with a ceremonious bow.

Raz advanced to meet him, affecting a glad surprise; although a glance at his caller might have made him understand that he had everything to fear from his visit.

"Why, my dear sir," exclaimed Raz, "a moment later and we should have passed each other on the road! I was just about to start for town."

The banker preserved a circumspect demeanor, and did not even take the hand stretched out toward him.

"Really," Lewin began, slowly, "the business that brings me here is important enough to occupy both of us."

The Councillor tried to keep up the appearance of courage.

"How serious you are!" he replied, carelessly. "I really hope that you have not put a bad interpretation on my little joke."

As he spoke he pointed to a chair beside the table.

"So you call it a joke," rejoined the Jew. "My compliments."

Then, as Raz was so embarrassed that he did not know what to reply, Samuel pointed to the door and said, lowering his voice:

"The conversation we are about to have should not be overheard; at least it would not be to your interest to have it overheard."

At the mere sound of Lewin's cold, confident tone, the Councillor felt as if the ground were slipping from under his feet.

"What is the use of being so serious about a trifle? I confess that I acted thoughtlessly. But, since you wish it, I will bolt the door. There is no one about excepting my daughter."

"She will probably have the last word to say in this matter—but, to begin with, I want you to listen to the few plain facts I have to tell you," answered the banker.

Raz's pride was aroused by the tone of his visitor.

"Permit me, sir. In point of fact—"

"Permit me also," interrupted Lewin. "I must stop you. Are you going to talk again about jests? At your age one does not play tricks; one does not commit forgery under pretext of a joke."

"Forgery! forgery!" stammered Raz, as if he had but just comprehended the terrible significance of the word. Then he went on, his face scarlet: "You do not understand me, I see. Would I have put myself into your hands so willingly and sent you the note, if I had really intended to forge your signature? I see now that I have committed a grave error. But did you not urge me to do it? You said, 'Sign the note yourself,' did you not? That was a jest. Then why not consider my foolish act in the same light?"

The Jew shook his head.

"One can say anything. You astonish me, and yet I have seen many strange things in my long life."

The unfortunate nobleman hung his head. The blood rushed to his face; his temples throbbed. His pride suffered, and yet he saw himself powerless, vanquished, even before the beginning of the struggle. He made a show of resistance, however.

"I had faith in you and I am deceived," he said. "It pleased you to refuse me a service that would have cost you little and would have saved me. Do not now abuse the situation in which a moment

of forgetfulness has placed me. Give me the note. I demand it."

A silent sneer curled the banker's lips.

"Do you ask me to return your note to you?"

"I do."

"And do you acknowledge that you have committed a forgery?"

"No,—a hundred times, no!" cried Raz, rising.

The banker imitated him, and the two men stood for a moment facing each other.

"Then," said Lewin, going toward the door, "it only remains for me to prove it to you and to others by the means I consider most suitable."

Raz, half-fainting, made no effort to detain him—at first. A forgery,—a real forgery! And so he was guilty; and this man had it in his power to ruin him and his children, to dishonor forever their proud name! The fury of despair seized him. With a bound he sprang upon the banker, clutching him in his nervous grasp.

"I want the note! Give it to me! Do you hear?" he hissed.

The banker did not offer the least resistance. Resigned, like all those of his race, he merely closed his eyes, seeking to escape in this manner from the danger that threatened him.

"Before you have time to strangle me, I can call for help," he answered, calmly.

Raz relaxed his grasp, as if ashamed of his violence. Then Samuel quickly recovered himself, and assumed his former arrogance.

"You must know that in coming here I had no intention of giving up the weapon you have forged against yourself. The note is in my safe. Supposing you commit another crime, in what way will that help your cause?"

"What do you want of me, then?" asked Raz, bending his head.

"That is more reasonable. If I have come to your house in person, it is because I see a possible means of settlement. You would do better to let me talk."

"Go on: I am listening," replied the Councillor.

"Very well; let us sit down again—opposite each other. And now, my dear sir," continued Lewin, fixing his piercing eyes on his host, "hear my preliminary discourse. You and your class are in the habit of despising Jews. You need them, it is true; but there are no iniquities of which you do not believe them capable. Perhaps you are right. But take note of this: never would I, the usurer, the devourer of widows and orphans—the Jew, in short,—do what you, my very honored sir, have dared to do."

These words were pronounced slowly, with a smile full of pride. Lewin relished his vengeance; he knew that he held his victim entirely at his mercy. Raz sat motionless, feeling neither anger nor rebellion, but rather a pity and disgust for himself. He divined Lewin's secret thoughts, and knew at what price he could save, not his honor, but his name. He knew that his daughter would be the price of the sacrifice; and, although he had thought of this before, at this moment he would have preferred death. The sweet image of Wanda rose before him like that of a martyr; and, without hoping to move Samuel to mercy, he felt that he must make one more effort for the sake of his loved daughter.

"After what I have just heard," he replied, "I see that it would be quite useless to appeal to your mercy. But, though you have no pity on my old age, on my hairs whitened by sorrow, think of my children. Spare them this last suffering, this last shame—of despising their father. You are a father, too. This

appeal should find an echo in your being: you should know the feelings of a father—"

"Permit me to interrupt you," said Lewin, raising his fat, puffy hand. "You have touched a sensitive spot. Yes, it is on account of our children solely that we shall be able to come to an understanding. But let me clearly define the situation. If you refuse my conditions, I will pursue you without mercy; I will drag you before the courts; I will have no regard whatever for your white hairs nor for your name nor for that of your children."

"God will avenge me," answered Raz, resignedly.

"That is possible, but neither you nor I know anything about that. Even if He interferes in human affairs, I should be willing to expose myself to His anger in this case, as I consider that justice is on my side. Now, this is what I wish to do: to arrange matters so that you can honorably extricate yourself from the complication in which you are involved, and at the same time secure the happiness of one who is dearer to me than anything in the world—even my money, and that is saying much. You will doubtless understand that I refer to one of my sons."

Raz nodded in assent.

"You are also doubtless aware of the nature of the proposition I am about to make to you."

This time Raz remained mute, but the flush that mounted to his cheeks indicated that he understood.

"Sir," said Lewin abruptly, rising at the same time, "I have come to ask the hand of your daughter for my son Leopold."

He sat down again immediately; showing that, although he consented to observe certain formalities, he intended to hold his position as master and to be obeyed. Then, as the silence was

prolonged beyond the point he considered necessary, he continued:

"Either your daughter, or prosecution for forgery."

Raz made a feeble protest.

"That concerns Wanda and not myself."

"On the contrary," replied Lewin, "it depends solely upon yourself. Do not let us resort to vain subterfuges. On the day when you say to your daughter, 'I want you to marry Leopold Lewin; our peace and happiness—our honor,' you may add, if you think it necessary—'depend upon it,' I feel sure she will consent to the sacrifice. I do not deceive myself when I use the word 'sacrifice'; I have too good an opinion of her not to think it will be a sacrifice."

As Raz sat motionless, absorbed in his reflections, Lewin went on:

"I am modest; I consider that your daughter will confer a great honor upon us by consenting to change her name for ours. I have tried my best to dissuade Leopold from this idea. But what can one do? Love belongs to all races and to all countries. It is neither Jewish nor Christian. The boy is literally devoured by it. I set great store by him: he is to be my successor, the perpetuator of my work; and there is not, on my part, any sacrifice of which I am not capable to secure his happiness.

"Allow me to point out the advantages, both moral and physical, that you will secure by this union. First of all, there is your honor; no forger in the Raz family—pardon me for touching your wound. Secondly, no further embarrassment in financial matters. I will take upon myself the management of your estate; you can live here quietly with your son, or without him if his duties call him elsewhere. He is a young man of merit. What will he be able to do if you refuse my proposition? Nothing. What can he accomplish aided

by us? Everything. Accept it then, sir. If there is a loser in the bargain we are about to make, it will surely not be you. I could be even more severe, and ask you to acquaint your daughter with my offer at once. I wish to spare her pride, however, and a humiliating confession on your part. I will go now, feeling sure that in eight days you will bring me your consent. Your note is in my safe. It shall remain there until the day when my son calls Wanda Raz his wife. As to the five thousand roubles that you need, I shall hold them at your disposition as soon as you bring me your daughter's plighted word. I will now conclude by bidding you good-day, certain that you will reflect, and that the result of your reflections will be such as to make us agree in every particular. Good-day, sir! Do not disturb yourself."

Lewin then took his leave, with a last glance at Raz. A moment later his sleigh disappeared behind the massive, snow-laden trees.

(To be continued.)

Wrought by Prayer.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

HE fell, on the brink of a precipice
High towering o'er a dread abyss;
Nor knew, when freed from terror's thrall,
What power unseen had checked his fall.

He scaped the touch of a poisoned dart
An enemy lanced full at his heart;
Nor dreamt, as the baffled shaft flew wide,
Whose hand had swerved the dart aside.

By miracle saved from a wreck at sea,
Of hundreds the sole survivor, he.
He thanked his God; but at whose behest
He still lived on, he never guessed.

He knew not then: he knows to-day—
Now earth-born mists are swept away,—
All thrice God bade His angel spare,
Because of a lowly Sister's prayer.

A Morning Paradise.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

V.

NOW "the breaking of bread" takes place. As the frequent prayer of Our Lord was, "Peace be to you!" and as peace is the spiritual effect of Holy Communion, the priest says: "The peace of the Lord be always with you." The people reply: "And with thy spirit."

The priest now drops a portion of the adorable Host into the chalice, and says, in secret, this prayer: "May this mixture and consecration of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ be to us who receive it a help to eternal life." Then aloud, because of its petition: "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"

Oh, can you imagine how those holy saints that shed such abundant tears at the altar, like St. Philip Neri or St. Ignatius Loyola, with their bodily eyes fixed on the curtain that concealed the Lamb of God, uttered that cry: "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"

And the priest strikes his breast at each repetition, to make his appeal more pitiful before God—"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace!"

He is again silent, as if ashamed of having broken in on the awful stillness; and he continues in secret: "O Lord Jesus Christ! who didst say to Thy Apostles, 'My peace I leave you, My peace I give to you,' look not upon my sins, but on the faith of Thy Church. Grant her that peace and unity which is agreeable to Thy will; who livest and reignest forever and ever. Amen."

The priest is now approaching that most holy and venerable act, the reception of the adorable body and blood

of Our Lord; and so the Church makes him say: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who, according to the will of Thy Father, hast by Thy death, through the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, given life to the world, deliver me by this Thy most sacred body and blood from all my iniquities and from all evils; make me always adhere to Thy commandments, and never suffer me to be separated from Thee; who livest and reignest with God the Father. Amen."

Nearer still he approaches, and prays: "Let not the participation of Thy body, O Lord Jesus Christ! which I, though unworthy, presume to receive, turn to my judgment and condemnation; but, through Thy mercy, may it be a safeguard and remedy both to soul and body; who with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen."

And now, as he holds the Most Holy Sacrament in his hand, he strikes his breast and calls softly: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. Say but the word and my soul shall be healed!"

The Communion is past. "There was darkness over the whole earth from the sixth hour till the ninth." It is, in part, because of this that there is silence in the Holy Mass from the Preface to the Communion. And it is while the Divine Victim is being offered that men's souls, following the example of nature, are awed into silence.

We read also that the earth trembled and the rocks were rent. What does this mean but that, in the moral order, the great power to move the world is the sacrifice of Holy Mass; that the hardest hearts are torn from their evil habits, and that the dead of the spiritual life arise up and enter the holy city? And, then, on Easter Sunday morning the glory of the sun burst forth again; and the Evangelists call that day "the

first day of the week." The day on which the divine body of the Lord arose from the tomb ought indeed have the honor of beginning a new week. "It was the first day of the week." And on that first day there was haste in the body of Our Lord to go and appear to all who had followed Him to Calvary.

With what glory did His sacred body appear to His Mother! With what glory to Magdalen as she sought for Him, and to the holy women! With what glory to Peter and John, emblems of faith and love,—the two that had prepared the supper-table! With what glory to the two disciples going to Emmaus! Like Isaac when he meditated by the "well of the living and the seeing," "did not our hearts burn within us as He spoke to us by the way?" Oh, how beautiful these five wounds! On Friday they were shame, on Sunday they were glory. How beautiful on that Easter morning, to the Holy Mother and the followers, those sacred wounds of the Divine Victim!

Every morning the time after Holy Communion is an Easter morning,—a time of Alleluias; a time when our poor hearts may well 'burn within us as He speaks to us by the way'; a time when these five sacred wounds, that have set the world on fire, are near us; and, if we let them, will, with God's grace, set us on fire also.

"What are these wounds in the midst of thy hands?" inquires the prophet Zachary. He answers: "With these have I been wounded in the house of those that loved me."* And again the prophet Isaias, of the royal line, asks in wonder: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in his robe?... Why, then, is thy apparel red and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press?"† St. Jerome says that the angels in heaven

* Zach., xiii, 6.

† Isa., lxiii, 1, 2.

utter the same cry—"Who is this that cometh out of Edom?"

If He be a victim, and if He were bruised for our iniquities, then He has borne the marks; and if He have the marks, what can be so blessed and so delightful as to contemplate them! This is what the disciples did on that Friday evening. "Joseph of Arimathea besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus. And Nicodemus also came, bringing with him a mixture of aloes and myrrh, about one hundred pounds [weight]. They took, therefore, the body of Jesus and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewed in stone, wherein never yet had any man been laid."*

Suarez says: "In the glorious body of Christ the marks of the five wounds remained." And it is worthy of reverent attention that it is to His five wounds Our Lord Himself appeals on Easter Day when His disciples hesitated to believe, for very joy, that it was He. "And He said to them: Why are you troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See My hands and feet, that it is I myself; feel and see."

Now, we know it is not by a man's hands and feet, but rather by his face and appearance, that ordinarily he is recognized. Still, it is not to His face or appearance or voice that Our Lord appeals, but: "See My hands and feet, that it is I myself." And St. Luke adds again: "When He said this, He showed them His hands and feet." And this is further emphasized by what St. John narrates of the Resurrection:

"Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said to him: We have seen the Lord. But he said to them: Unless I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my

finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe. And after eight days, again His disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Jesus cometh, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst and said: Peace be to you! Then He saith to Thomas: Put in thy finger hither, and see My hands; and bring hither thy hand and put it into My side; and be not faithless, but believing. Thomas answered and said to Him: My Lord and my God!"*

The learned Suarez, with his usual satisfaction in realizing details, asks: "Were these real or merely apparent—these wounds of Our Lord?" And he himself gives the answer:

"Because of the text of St. John, it is *de fide* certain that Our Lord retained the marks of His five wounds. John does not mention the 'feet,' because Thomas, in saying 'Unless I see the print of the nails in His hands, and put my finger into His side,' did not make special mention of the 'feet'; and Our Lord employed the words of Thomas, to show that He knew the exact words made use of by him. In any case, the wounds of the feet are included in those of the hands. Besides, St. Luke has it that they were mentioned already.

"The marks of the five wounds in the body of Christ are real and not merely apparent. It is certain that these wounds were not fictitious or assumed by Our Lord for the length of time He was appearing to His disciples; but that they continued on His sacred body from the instant of resurrection and will last on it forever."

After quoting a number of the Fathers holding this doctrine, Suarez goes on to give the reasons:

"Because when they were shown by Christ as testimony of the truth, they ought to have been real, not pretended. Furthermore, when the body of Christ

* St. John and St. Luke.

* St. John, xx, 24-28.

had arisen immortal and impassible, it ought not to suffer afterward any mutation or alteration in its proper substance or quality; and, therefore, as He showed true stigmas of His wounds, so He must have had them since His resurrection from the dead, and must bear them forever. And the great Cyril of Alexandria says that He carried these wounds with Him into heaven.

"Some find a difficulty in explaining how or in what fashion these wounds are in His flesh. It may happen in two ways: (1) The holes of the wounds may remain really dug in the hands and feet of Our Lord and in His sacred side. (2) The lips of the wounds may have knit together and the flesh become united; but certain signs and vestiges of the wounds may have remained [as, for instance, in a painting]. Now, the common belief of the faithful is that the wells of these wounds really remained; such was the belief of Cyril of Alexandria and Gregory of Nazianzen."

But why did He wish them to remain?

"They remained in Christ," Suarez answers, "not out of necessity, but of good-will and pure mercy. The Fathers give many reasons. One is: The wounds remain in His adorable flesh for His accidental glory, that they may be a lasting memorial of His divine struggle and triumph. For as He raised His body at the time and in the manner pleasing to Him, so also could He raise it with whatsoever qualities it pleased Him."

St. Peter Chrysologus, in his sermon on "See My hands and My feet," speaking in the name of our Blessed Lord, says:

"Because your eyes are heavy, you can not as yet look on the head; but see the wounds of My flesh. Your eye does not see: let your touch see. Let your fingers search the internal traces of the nails, and your hands the depths of the wounds. Open out the wells of

My hands, furrow My side, reopen My wounds; for I can not deny to My disciples for sake of their faith that which I did not deny to My enemies raging for My death. Feel! feel! and, as zealous searchers, examine into the very bone; so that even the bones of My flesh may build up your faith, and the wounds I have retained testify that it is I Myself.* 'Search ye diligently in the book of the Lord, and read.... How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth peace!'"†

"How," asks Porphyrius the heretic, "could the wounds of Our Lord be an assistance to faith, and not rather an overthrow of faith, when they, and especially the torn aperture in the side, appeared in a risen body?" "Because," replies Suarez, "not only were they stigmas and signs of a true resurrection, but they showed beyond all doubt that the body which the disciples now saw was the very same that hung on the Cross." And St. Leo says: "It was for this purpose that He showed the wound in His side, the prints of the nails, and all the recent marks of His Passion, that the individual property of His divine and human nature would be manifested as still continuing."

* I do not know when that beautiful prayer, recommended to lay-people as well as to priests, to be recited after Holy Communion, "Behold, O kind and most sweet Jesus!" and enriched with a plenary indulgence, was introduced into the Church; but it was very closely foreshadowed in this address of St. Peter Chrysologus: "That Thou wouldst impress upon my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity." To my mind, no prayer is so beautiful as the one that asks for these heavenly flowers—faith, hope, and charity. I believe that the Tree of Life, in some manner that I can not explain, grew these divine virtues among its fruits. "Whilst with deep affection and grief of soul I ponder within myself and mentally contemplate Thy five most precious wounds; having before my eyes that which David spake concerning Thee: 'They have dug My hands and My feet, they have numbered all My bones.'"

† Isa., xxxiv, 16; lii, 17.

Marcelline's House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

THERE was a bustle that November afternoon about the vacant lot situated just above the junction of the main road and that which leads over to the village of St. Jean Baptiste. Piles of wood had been brought up thither from the saw-mill; other materials had been collected, and a crowd of men had assembled. They were all in working attire. Otherwise, it might have seemed to be a holiday; for everyone was in exuberant spirits, and merry jokes were flung about, to the accompaniment of guttural laughter.

"Now, my lads, to the work!" cried M. Prefontaine. Though he was wealthy and had paid a man as his substitute, he wanted to give a hand himself. Thus it was that, speaking with authority, he set the work in motion.

Few of those present were trained mechanics; but all were sturdily accustomed to work, and they had all come thither for a common end—namely, that of erecting a little dwelling for the Widow Marcelline. The whole village knew her story: how often and how cruelly Death had visited her; how other misfortunes had followed, until now she was left alone to sustain herself in her declining years by hard labor. She had saved enough to buy this plot of ground, which had been partially paid for in more prosperous times; and she had even purchased certain materials toward the building of a house. The remainder of these materials, with their own labor, were the free gifts of the men of the mountain village.

Each day they hurried more with their task; for Marcelline must have her home before the heavy frosts and snows. And it was desirable, moreover, to finish it

while she was absent; for she had been given two or three weeks' work at the manor-house down in the river village. This had been purposely arranged for that particular time; the seigneur and his wife being deep in the plot, and having lent substantial aid toward its accomplishment. Even the barber was amongst the workers. He was not very handy, being quite unused to manual labor; but he was active in fetching and carrying, besides being a target for rustic wit; so that he contributed not a little to the general good-humor.

"*Tiens!*" cried Hormidas Lachance, the bricklayer; "it is M. Auclair who comes from the post-office."

There was a shouting of "Good-day!" to that functionary, and an inquiry as to whether he had, by chance, brought some letters.

M. Auclair looked mysterious.

"One must be discreet," he observed; "above all when one holds a position under government."

"Government! Who cares for governments? They are all rotten!" cried René Deschamps, who, it was well known, had brought back revolutionary ideas from the United States.

A few advanced spirits laughed; but the mountain village was conservative, and a government was still a sacred thing in its eyes.

"My good young friend," said M. Prefontaine—and his tone implied that the person addressed was neither good nor any friend of his,—"all who are wise care for governments. M. Auclair is right. He must be discreet."

M. Auclair coughed and struck an attitude.

"If but the notary were here," he remarked presently, "I might refer the matter to his judgment."

"Since he is not here, and since the curé is in retreat," said M. Prefontaine, seriously, "it may, perhaps, be necessary

that you take some one else into your confidence. Who that one should be I leave to your judgment."

Then M. Prefontaine threw back his shoulders, putting his thumbs in his vest and standing with uplifted eyes. The bystanders, rightly interpreting his attitude, and recalling the fact that he owned a considerable portion of the mountain itself, cried out with one voice that M. Prefontaine was the man.

He was certainly the man who, exclusive of the barber, was blessed with the largest share of curiosity. He gave his decision, however, with the deliberate dignity of an oracle.

"You have a good heart, M. Auclair. Do as your heart prompts."

M. Auclair had a vague feeling that a heart was not the very safest guide for a government official. Nevertheless, he spoke.

"Since you believe," he said, "that a private consultation is unnecessary, I will speak."

There was an impressive silence. The postmaster broke it:

"I have here, my friends, a letter for the Widow Marcelline."

"*Tiens!*" cried the villagers, crowding near for one glimpse of the precious document. Even the more industrious, who during the discussion had continued their labors upon the house, warned by the threatening gray of the sky that the snow of Ste. Catherine—which is sure to last—was impending, stopped their busy hammering to gaze, open-mouthed, at the missive from afar. Only old Joe, the silent man of the village, continued to work impassively. A letter was in itself something of a curiosity, so few wrote or were written to. Some could not write at all, having too early left the village school in the interest of harvesting and other rural occupations.

"Who is it that writes?" asked one.

M. Auclair shook his head. He had to

confess that it would exceed his powers to determine what was on the inside of envelopes.

"Can it, then, be from the son?" asked another, in a hushed tone.

The suggestion was a magnetic one: a sympathetic thrill ran through the assemblage.

"But the son is a good-for-nothing!" exclaimed Maxime Robert, voicing the general sentiment.

"Bah!" cried René Deschamps, with a high note of scorn. "He is a big man. He has got himself printed down there."

René thus described the feat of getting himself into the newspapers as a contributor, in that undefined "down there," which in this case stood for a New England manufacturing town, whither Marcelline's son had drifted.

"It is I, who have been in the States, that tell you this," repeated René, emphatically. His manner was bold and confident now, having lost that half-sheepish, half-chivalrous air which the mountain lends to its sons.

"But he is a *sans cœur*, who has forgotten his own mother!" cried M. Prefontaine, sternly.

René was silenced by this accusation. Mathurin from the saw-mill furtively wiped his eyes. He, too, had a son who had gone into those unexplored depths away from the mountain, and had been swallowed up.

"He has never written as much as a line!" said the barber, almost choked by his eagerness to say something.

"Never—never!" exclaimed M. Auclair, solemnly, as if this official declaration were necessary to establish the culprit's guilt. "He is an unnatural."

M. Auclair pushed his spectacles so far up while making this assertion that he had to call upon the barber to extricate them from the wig with which in the cold weather he covered his bald pate.

"Well, he may have written now,"

said René, with a desire to uphold the credit of the expatriated. "Is it not so, M. Prefontaine?"

"He may have written now," echoed M. Prefontaine, in his deep bass.

"He may have written now," piped the barber's shrill treble.

"Yes, he may have written at last!" cried Mathurin, hoarse from suppressed emotion, and with the light of a new hope illumining the wrinkles of his face, as the sunshine glints through a plowed field. If he had written at last, so might another wanderer.

"It is true, he may have written," said M. Auclair, feeling the letter over and over, and holding it close to his spectacled eyes with his right hand, whilst he placed his left arm akimbo, which was most convenient for the barber, as it gave him an opportunity to peep through and scan the writing.

"It is the hand of a man," remarked the barber from his post of observation.

"I believe you," said Maxime Robert, who stood six feet and could look over the postmaster's shoulder. "The letters are as big as the teeth of a saw."

"My friends," replied M. Auclair, "we have not yet made up our minds."

The assemblage was stupefied. What did he mean? How could they make up their minds who had written the letter until it was opened?

"If the news be bad, it will spoil for the poor Marcelline her new house; if good, it will brighten it better than the coat of paint which Hercules Martin is to put on the walls," said M. Auclair.

"True, true!" cried many voices.

"If we could only know!" groaned the barber.

"It would be a felony," M. Auclair quickly retorted.

"Yes, my friends, a felony," assented M. Prefontaine.

"Since, then, being honest men, we can not know," said Mathurin, "it is

best to give the letter to Marcelline."

This was far from being a popular suggestion. She might read it in secret.

"Marcelline is not here," said several.

"True; but we can send it to her by the first who is going down to the river," answered the miller.

Mathurin had known the tortures of suspense. He was in favor of putting Marcelline out of pain one way or the other; for he suspected that her little room in the garret of a neighbor's house might have seen, as the saw-mill had done, many a tearless, prayerful vigil under the stars.

M. Prefontaine cleared his throat.

"My friends, since Marcelline has waited so long, she can wait longer."

A great tear stole down amongst Mathurin's wrinkles. He blinked toward the mountain and fumbled with his red neckerchief. The entire assemblage drew a common breath of relief.

"There is not so much work to be done," continued the worthy magnate; "we are many. Let us, then, hasten, finish the house; and when Marcelline is placed there, give her the letter."

There was an approving murmur of "Good! good!" which did not interrupt M. Prefontaine's stream of eloquence.

"For if the news be good, it will be, as M. Auclair has said, the crown to Marcelline's joy; if the news be bad, her own hearth will be—is it not?—the best place to bear it."

Here was philosophy. Here was true wisdom, which even Mathurin could not withstand.

"To work, then, brave boys!" He gave a poke in the ribs to the man nearest him, to emphasize his words; crying at the same time: "Lose no more time in talking, my brave!"

"It is you who lose time in talking!" cried old Joe, giving him back the poke with an energy which very nearly upset the wealthy Prefontaine and much

disconcerted him. He had not at all perceived that it was old Joe whom he had addressed,—old Joe, who, besides being the most taciturn of mortals, was undeniably the best worker in the village, and had on the present occasion never for an instant slackened work nor uttered a single word. He had, in fact, accomplished a great deal, as silent people often do; so that the rest were encouraged to set to work with a will.

Some whistled as they worked, some exchanged jests. Maxime Robert, who, besides being the best-looking young man at the mountain and the favorite of all the girls, had a voice, began to sing. His voice was a high tenor, often utilized in the parish church below for solos at the Offertory; and he had that natural taste for music inherent in French Canadians. He began at a very high pitch:

Behind there at my aunt's
There lived a black-eyed maid;
Behind there at my aunt's

There lived, there lived a black-eyed maid.

But he had to come down a note or two to accommodate the chorus, which was a very lusty one. It rattled up to the solemn old mountain, with its prim rows of pines, keeping up an appearance of greenness when the reality of summer was gone, and catching upon their dark tops the pale sun of November. The mountain, with its old trick of taking part in what was going on in its own little sheltered nook of a village, promptly sent down an echo. And the songs and the work went on, till the sunset came, half fearful, shimmering gray, half ruby red. The last echo came forth from a glorified hilltop.

II.

When the cottage was completed it had but three rooms—a kitchen, a bedroom, and a parlor,—with cupboards cunningly devised here and there, some having doors and some being mere

shelves in the wall. Ma'am* Bourgeois came over early on the morning of the momentous day. She had undertaken the task, dear to every French-Canadian housewife, of house-cleaning. Her dark hair was carefully protected from the dust by a cloth arranged turban-wise about her head; her sleeves were rolled up, and she wore her oldest print dress, which could defy injury. She kept the barber constantly at work—running errands, drawing water from the pump, or polishing windows. The little man had a wholesome fear of Ma'am's tongue, which was quite as vigorous as her arms. Indeed, he had often been heard to say that he pitied "Handsome Joe" in having her for a wife; and once he was guilty of a good saying in her regard, which kept him for some time uneasy lest it be repeated. "A wife," he had said, "is sometimes a blessing; and Ma'am Bourgeois would be a treasure if she were but dumb."

All day the neighbors streamed in and out with some little offering. One brought a delf cup and saucer, another brought a jug, another a religious print for the wall, or still another a little sugar or groceries of some sort. Ma'am Prefontaine ostentatiously appeared, preceded by a farm hand carrying a roll of rag-carpet. Mathurin's wife sent down from the saw-mill a bedstead, which, alas! was no longer needed there, so many had gone.

By evening everything was ready, and the whole village was in attendance. Of course they could not all fit in, and the house was reserved for the most notable guests, among whom were to be, 'twas rumored, the seigneur and "his lady." The bit of ground without was filled, so that the guests had to invade neighboring properties or sit upon adjoining fences. Enterprising boys secured places in trees overlooking the windows. This

* The local term for Madam or Mrs.

led in one instance to a catastrophe, when the hired boy from the grist-mill came down, through the breaking of a branch, on M. Prefontaine's Sunday hat, crushing it over his eyes, and grazing that gentleman's shoulder in a farther descent to the ground.

"A-ha! the scapegrace! the rascally good-for-nothing!" cried M. Prefontaine, feeling round for his assailant, and at the same time striving to free his eyes from the ruins of his hat. He succeeded in time to administer but a single cuff to the now doubly afflicted climber.

Just as all the village notables had taken their places, save those who were to come with Marcelline, a tall woman, pale and delicate, glided into the room with a pot of flowers in full bloom. She had guarded it carefully for the occasion. It was the gift of her poverty to the widow's house.

"That poor Flavie!" whispered Mère Dubue. "She has a good heart."

"There is none better," assented the Dells Picard, in a breath.

All the village knew Flavie's sad story and what a tragic mistake had been her life. She had come back heart-broken and deserted from a big city to die at the mountain. She had lived, instead, a shadow amongst the living.

The air of suppressed excitement grew; at last there was the shuffling of feet outside and heads were thrust in at the door with the announcement, "They are coming!" This was simultaneous with the sound of carriage wheels, and presently the door was briskly thrown open by the new curé, who had replaced the old one, recently dead. He was followed by the seigneur and his wife, M. Antoine the notary, and Doctor Décary. The whole company rose to receive these honored guests. The best chairs were brought hastily forward, and one was planted inadvertently on Doctor Décary's gouty toe.

When order was restored, Marcelline was led in,—a small, shrunken figure, wiry from toil, with a face browned by sun and wind. She was laughing almost hysterically and looking from side to side. She hardly realized yet what it all meant, or why the grand lady at the manor had caused her to drive up with her and her husband in the sleigh, with another sleigh in full pursuit containing the curé and the doctor and the notary. Everyone had been very mysterious; but M. Prefontaine and the barber had detained her at the door to whisper mysterious hints, which all but sent her into a prostration. She saw the large crowds gathered, and what seemed to be a house with lighted windows standing upon her poor little piece of ground. "*Ah, ça!* It must be a dream!" she thought. "It can not be true." But there was the mountain, with the great pines—ghosts of departed forests,—illuminated by a crescent moon. The fiddlers began to play within and the barber gently pushed her in the door. The lady of the manor smiled and pointed to a seat beside her. Marcelline was bewildered.

"Ah, it is the gift of the good God, Marcelline!" said the curé. He was more brisk and business-like than the aged priest whom Marcelline's youth had known. "And of your kind neighbors," he added, nodding at the same time to the seigneur's wife, who said:

"Won't you bid us welcome to your house, Marcelline?"

The widow looked at her piteously, as if she feared it might be a jest.

"Is this *my* house?" she inquired, tremulously; in a low voice, lest the neighbors should hear the question and laugh at her.

"Yes, it is your house, Marcelline," answered the lady; "all your own, to do what you like with."

Marcelline began to cry in earnest,

and the seigneur to joke, which was his way of hiding emotion; and the curé to blow his nose with a large red cotton handkerchief. There were few dry eyes in the room. Marcelline, being one of those to whom good fortune is always more of a surprise than evil, found it hard to believe in the reality of what she saw and heard. At supper she accepted all that was offered with her customary deprecating gratitude, and could not be persuaded to play the hostess. During the dances and rounds which followed, Marcelline, disengaging herself from the guests, was observed to feel the walls, to peep into the cupboards, and to pass in and out counting the three rooms, as if they had been a score.

Just at the hour of departure the grand secret of the letter was to be disclosed. The curé was of opinion that Marcelline had had enough excitement for one day; and that the letter, having been thus long withheld, should be left for next day. He suffered himself, however, to be overruled by the majority; for the people could not assemble again, and they felt that it was their right to know what the letter contained.

"If it should be bad news," thought Flavie, pressing her hand to her heart, "how will she bear it in this crowd!"

Mathurin and his wife, too, exchanged glances. There was a breathless silence. Heads were thrust in at the windows and doors. M. Auclair, growing nervous, handed the letter to the curé. He passed it to Marcelline, who turned pale when she saw it and heard the curé say:

"The stamp is of the United States."

But Marcelline was a brave woman, acquainted with grief; and, though her hand trembled, the letter was speedily opened. A bill fell to the floor, and was picked up by the barber, to be presented at the proper moment. He observed that it was a ten-dollar greenback. He was standing near Marcelline; but even

he dared not look over her shoulder; the more so that he was restrained by M. Prefontaine's stony stare.

Marcelline uttered a little cry and handed the letter to the curé. He did not read it aloud, but communicated its substance to the assemblage. It was a cry of remorse, an appeal for forgiveness, a confession of past failure and an assurance of present success. Best of all, it contained the intelligence that business of importance would bring the wanderer to Montreal, and that he would go out to the mountain to spend a week with his mother. By a reference to the date, it was clearly established that he would arrive that very night by the late train.

The curé, the seigneur and his wife now exerted all their influence to get the people away before the coming of the repentant, long-absent son. They turned the energies of the most curious into a delegation which should meet the son at the station, bring him to his mother's house and leave him there. And that delegation was a very large one. Ma'am Bourgeois stayed to prepare a sofa in the sitting-room for the prodigal, and to see that there was something for him to eat out of the remnants of the feast.

But Marcelline sat dazed: staring out of the window, looking at but not seeing the familiar old mountain, which had attracted another wanderer back to its shadow. Over it now the stars shot forth a strange fire from a darkly blue sky. The crescent moon was gone. Only once Marcelline aroused herself with a glad cry, when Ma'am Bourgeois reminded her that she had now her own home in which to welcome her son, and that his sleeping-place and supper were both ready. Then Ma'am Bourgeois went out, softly closing the door; and Marcelline's little shrunken figure sat still and waited till it should be opened again to admit her son.

The Story of Count Stolberg.

V.

THE death of the Princess Gallitzin but served to cement still closer the ties already existing between the circle of friends who had also been friends of hers. Overberg and Fürstenberg were particularly dear to the Stolbergs. But one by one old friends were dropping off, and the same week which chronicled the birth of a daughter to the Count and Countess also marked the passing away of Fürstenberg.

On the 7th of December of the same year Death claimed another friend of the family—the Count of Landsberg. He was a nobleman in all that the word implies, as well as a man of profound and versatile learning, who had won rare distinction among savants by his comprehensive knowledge of the higher mathematics. He was a father to his dependants, a landlord who understood every detail of the immense estates committed to his care by a Providence whom he sought to repay by giving a strict account of the talents which had been entrusted to him.

In 1814 Stolberg writes thus of the political situation:

“The evidence of the visible hand of God should fill us all with joy. That it is evident the outcome will prove. And how will He execute His designs? Some of them in a manner we can readily see; others in a way we can not understand. The good God permits us to follow our own leading to a great extent, and then leads us back again with merciful firmness. If our humility were deeper, the fruits thereof would be greater. That His ways are incomprehensible to us has been proven by the attitude of the public in the all-engrossing occurrences of the day. In His own time He who endowed them with such

generous principles and made them so united will also give them wisdom.

“One can not but recall here the pregnant words of Shakspeare: ‘Too much goodness dieth of its own weight.’ That after twenty-five years of such experience they still believe the French are ready for a liberal government is not so incomprehensible as that the reprobates installed by the fallen tyrant, of whom Talleyrand is the leader, seemingly representing the nation, would make him a hereditary ruler. This could not be done legitimately without the sanction of the lawful king, nor could the king stand alone without them. Louis XVIII., it seems to me, has made a deplorable mistake in identifying himself with the Senate.... As to the rest of Europe, may God give and preserve in our hearts the sentiments which the Redeemer came on earth to teach! France has been in His hand a chastising scourge; but I have no doubt it will become, in time, as green as the rod of Aarón. I am very greatly mistaken if in the interim all Europe does not become involved in the *mêlée*. In the end France hated Bonaparte, because he crushed and ground her under his cruel heel; but, with him, she joyed in precipitating a general war, intoxicating herself in blood and tears. No: these people are not ready for a free republic.”

Stolberg's son was in the army, but returned to his home in the summer of 1814. All rejoiced in this reunion, of which Stolberg writes: “Once more we are together, young and old; our household is full of joy and peace, without a cloud to mar its perfection.”

At this time his son Christian was betrothed to the Countess Philippine von Brabeck, whom the elder Stolbergs loved as a daughter. This joy was of short duration. Christian was again recalled to his regiment, and a little later was killed at the battle of Ligny.

The young soldier was as good as he was brave, and his parents resigned him to his fate with all the heroism of true Christians. With the first breath of reason he gave his heart to God; and in the flower of his youth, with all the temptations of a warlike life, he still clung to that unfailing Helper. With all the abandonment of a true patriot he gave his life for the Fatherland.

At this time Andreas Stolberg was also in the army, and letters from him were very irregular. Caius was in a volunteer cavalry regiment; all he owned was his horse and his knapsack; but his heart was brave and hopeful, and the fire of youth was in his veins. Once, in writing to his parents, he begged them to send him nothing but the New Testament and Thomas à Kempis. Of the whereabouts of Ernest, his elder son, Stolberg at this time knew nothing. He was with Prince Hohenzollern in the army of the Rhine. His son-in-law, Kerssenbrock, was at the head of a battalion.

In the midst of the anxiety and uncertainty ensuing upon the absence and danger of his nearest and dearest, Stolberg never wavers in his faith, his hopefulness, and his resignation. He writes as follows to his son Caius:

"In deepest sorrow over our great loss, at the same time we are seriously concerned about you, and hope that God may preserve you to us; though if it should be His holy will to call you as he did our beloved Christian, it will be only what has been the fate of so many brave youths who have died for the Fatherland. . . . You, too, have been very near death, when your horse was shot under you. God has preserved you. Praised be His holy name! And do you also praise Him. An early death is a blessing from God's hand, and long life is also a blessing; wherefore we can readily understand the words of the Apostle: 'If we live, let us live in the

Lord; if we die, let us die in the Lord; whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.'"

At this time Stolberg was working upon his "Life of Alfred the Great." He had always been an ardent admirer of this King, whose heart and soul were bound up in the welfare of his people,—so different, he thought, from the cold-hearted monarchs of our day. Alfred belonged to the Ages of Faith, when a prince was the father as well as the ruler of his people. This book was well received and favorably criticised.

In the year 1813 Stolberg paid a visit to the renowned Catharine Emmerich. On the 22d of July he went to her house in company with Overberg, and was deeply impressed by what he saw and heard there. His wife was also a member of the party. Of this visit he says:

"We repaired to the house of Catharine Emmerich in the morning. Her little room has but one door and stands directly on the street; so that one can look in from the sidewalk, and nothing that occurs inside can escape observation from the street. It was exquisitely clean: in that little room one could not find even the smallest speck of dirt. It is a mortification to her to be an object of public interest and observation, though she received us with the greatest friendliness. Overberg begged her to let us see the hands which she held under the coverlet. It was Friday. The wounds in the forehead were bleeding profusely. She removed cap and kerchief. Her head and forehead seemed as though pierced by great thorns, every portion of them covered with wounds; and the whole top of the head was bloody. No painter could simulate these thorn-wounds. The wounds on the back of the hands were deeper and wider than those on the palms; the wounds on the feet larger than those of the hands. All bled freely. The physician discussed the matter with

the greatest freedom, much more so than the object of them. He said it would be impossible to produce such wounds by any known art. And he remarked also that it would be difficult to explain what purpose could be served by any imposition.

"Anna Catharine, who in childhood herded cattle and performed various kinds of hard labor, spoke in a gentle, refined voice, and discoursed beautifully of religion, which she could not have learned even in the cloister, it was so unusual, so spiritual. Her look full of spirituality, her charming friendliness, her extraordinary wisdom and kindness, deeply impressed all who heard her. She spoke in a low voice, but in clear, distinct tones. Words and actions were full of the spirit of God and of love and charity to all mankind. 'How happy,' she said to Sophie,—'how happy are we to know and love Jesus Christ! How much more favored are we than the heathens in knowing Almighty God!'"

In the year 1816 Stolberg began the "Life of St. Vincent de Paul." Apropos of this he writes:

"The German clerics would do well, instead of following their own devices, to imitate the life of St. Vincent de Paul, called by the Protestant Nicolovius the apostle of charity, who was the first to establish the Order of the Sisters of Charity, together with others of the same kind. Vincent was a man of the strictest life, and of an ardent charity, which one seldom sees, but with which Our Lord now and then illuminates His Church, and will continue to do so until the end of time. It is astonishing what Almighty God accomplished through him in France, at a time when in high places, with but few exceptions, Christianity was at its lowest ebb. I have come to the conclusion to write the life of this philosopher and apostle."

As the work went on, Stolberg's great

heart warmed to it more and more; he became entranced with the beauties of the soul of St. Vincent, as well as the practical means he took in order to alleviate the woes of his fellowmen. He lived at a time when among the rich luxury had reached an extraordinary height; and among the poor, misery was supreme. There is not, indeed, a philanthropic work of more modern times that was not originated by St. Vincent, who had a heart burning with charity and a mind which could overcome the greatest obstacles. Hospitals, soup-kitchens, foundling asylums, refuges for homeless women, night refuges for the shelterless, were all established and successfully conducted by him, at a period and in a country when the selfishness of the rich was carried to an excess never before known. And yet there was a vast deal of generosity latent there, which found its outlet when the humble but great apostle appealed to the hearts of his countrymen. Money poured in upon him; he had only to ask in order to receive. He was a man of most ascetic life, but so cheerful and adaptable that he commanded the love and respect of all classes of men. His faith was uncompromising, yet at the same time he knew how to temporize when he could do so without wounding his conscience. Such a character appealed most strongly to a man like Stolberg, whose Christianity was of the most practical kind. The biography appeared in the year 1818, and was warmly received by the public.

(To be continued.)

To rise daily out of one's self toward truth and beauty and goodness is the secret of becoming day by day more like unto God.—*Bishop Spalding.*

Look at it how we will, our own heart is the mirror in which we see God.

—*Rev. G. Tyrrell.*

Cameos.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VII.—CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

YOU do not know how the sap gets into every twig of the tree in the spring,—nobody knows; and let us be thankful that nobody pretends to know. Similarly, the most minutely analytical of critics will find it impossible to tell why the prose of Charles Warren Stoddard is of all modern prose the most plastic, the most spontaneous, the most poetical, the most personal. Stevenson's is exquisite in form, but the marks of the chisel are on his marble; Pater's is more exquisite, but every now and then a drop of oil falls on his page from the midnight lamp above. In both Stevenson and Pater are traces of keen, hard, strenuous effort; in Stoddard's prose the effects come, and, apparently, by right of birth. He speaks in untrammelled prose, with lyrical cadences,—not studied, not self-conscious, and yet, musically lying in wait in sentences that ripple with the waves, mourn with the winds, or smile with a humor which is neither in the waves nor winds but only in human beings.

Mr. Stoddard has not written much, but what he has written in prose is perfect of its kind. I regret that I do not know his verse, except "The Cocoa Tree," prefixed to "South Sea Idyls"; and its metred music is made small by contrast with the limpid prose music that follows. What it would be without that contrast, you may judge:

Cast on the water by a careless hand,
 Day after day the winds persuaded me:
 Onward I drifted till a coral-tree
 Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
 Gathered about me; and I slowly grew,
 Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
 'And eye my slender body's horny case.
 Widowed within this solitary place,

Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit.
 Joyless I thrive; for no man may partake
 Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn:
 The harsh wind robs me of the life they gave;
 I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
 And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn;
 While all my fibres stiffen and grow dumb,
 Beck'ning the tardy ships,—the ships that never
 come!

There is none of the spirit of "undying youth" here, yet in the prose it is everywhere. The poem has the sigh of the shell for the tropic sea in it; and it is like the man, longing for the South:

No more I heed the kisses of the morn:
 The harsh wind robs me of the life they gave,

The newspaper sketch becomes something more than "ephemeral" in his hand: it is a bit of unconscious art; it glows and lives. I recall, as if I had seen somewhere in the dark long ago a great ruby, the impression of certain sketches of Mr. Stoddard's copied from a Californian paper. There was one of Cardinal Manning, with a picture of a big dog in it; and one of a number of celebrities at a garden party in Kensington. The texture of the tapestry has worn away from my memory, but the color and the glow remain. Long before this there appeared in *The Galaxy*—a forgotten magazine—a set of pictures of eminent men by Justin McCarthy; and these two delineations seem to me to be the only real portraits of men, with the atmosphere, background and all, I have ever seen in print.

Mr. Stoddard's unique place is fixed by the "South Sea Idyls." There you find the spirit of Ariel and the swiftness of Puck; and the longing of Ariel and the laughter of Puck, softened and sweet. A brute of a Caliban deformed the English edition of this classic with woodcuts that must have pained the author beyond all expression. But Caliban's work has vanished, and the "South Sea Idyls" are ready, undefaced, for the eyes that love beauty.

And the eyes that love beauty will always find it; and the purer the hearts that speak through such eyes, the more of it they will find here. The beauty, too, is fixed forever,—

Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.

It is easy to say that a man is master of expression, but that is not the phrase for Mr. Stoddard. It seems clumsy applied to him; for he transmutes light, darkness, color, evanescent shades of sadness and humor, of joy, into the very spirit of words, until the printed symbol is forgotten, and the margin is only a frame for the picture. Read in any of the pages of "South Sea Idyls," but notably "In the Cradle of the Deep," and say whether any other living writer has the power of so entrancing the mind,—of so entrancing the heart and mind that in the space of a few hundred words every emotion is aroused. Death threatens in the cabin of the *Petrel*, and yet humor still holds its place,—not the afterthought of conscious humor, which is irreverent; but humor natural and spontaneous. Lashed to a centre table in the cabin, he remembers some sealed letters from friends, to be read from time to time. Now was the time for this consolation.

"I opened one letter and read these prophetic lines: 'Dear child' (she was twice my age, and privileged to make a pet of me), 'I have a presentiment that we shall never meet again in the flesh.' That dear girl's intuition came near to being the death of me. I shuddered where I sat, overcome by remorse."

The days darken. "One by one the minds of these miserable men gave way. They became peevish or delirious, and then died horribly. . . . Somehow, these famishing sailors seemed to feel assured that their captain would be saved; they were as confident of their own doom, and to him they intrusted a thousand

messages of love. They would lie around him—for few of them had strength to assume a sitting posture—and reveal to him the story of their lives. It was most pitiful to hear the confessions of these dying men,"—and yet why attempt to tear this passage from its context? If anything can show the all-sympathy of the Church, which provides for the hours of life and death, this passage, with the picture of the men yearning for confession and an absolution they do not know, shows it; and solely because of its truth and simplicity.

And when the *Petrel* reaches port—"Down went the swarthy sun into his tent of clouds; the waves were of amber. The fervid sky was flushed: it looked as though something splendid were about to happen up there, and it could hardly keep the secret much longer. Then came the purplest twilight; and then the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest, goldenest stars,—such stars as hang like fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over mountains and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them. I conjured up my spells of savage enchantment—my blessed islands, my reefs baptized with silver spray; I saw the broad fan-leaves of the banana droop in the motionless air; and through the tropical night the palms aspired heavenward, while I lay dreaming my sea-dream in the cradle of the deep."

The sea gleams or threatens from every vista; it is felt, if not seen, through all this book, as the symbol of the Great Presence. The passage which ends "In a Canoe-Cruise in the Coral Sea," which closes with, "There, in one of God's reef-walled and cliff-sheltered *aquaria*, we drifted; while the sea and sky were glowing with the final, triumphant gush of sunset radiance," is an example of what Mr. Stoddard can do in a few

words. He is not a man of one book, but this is *his* one book; for there is not in any man more than one truly beautiful book. He is the cantor of the sea—the tropic sea; and seaward he holds out his arms, as Ariel held his out to Freedom. He has found the essence of the sea—ruby, dark, or emerald;—and his fancies

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back.

The Passing of John Ruskin.

IT was with a thrill of genuine sorrow that the world heard of the death of John Ruskin. Those who loved him had not thought of his death. Even after his retirement from the places where men congregate, he became so inseparably connected with the retreat in which petty annoyances could not find him, that one hoped for him a long continuance of that gracious second childhood that seemed to bring him peace. He was like a soldier who had fought long and well, forgetting his wounds amid scenes that held no strife or bitterness.

It is not too much to say of him that he was one of the few great men of the nineteenth century. As an art critic, he was alone and unsurpassed; as a writer of English, he had, aside from Cardinal Newman, no equal; as a great teacher, he filled a high niche,—so immeasurably high that the world is a sad place because of that grave in quiet Conistan. For many years he gave his time, his energy, his income, and the enthusiasm of an intensely earnest man, to the amelioration of the condition of the English people. He pitied the throng of little children stifled by factory smoke or toiling underground; he heard the tread of the iron horses that desecrated hallowed places; he saw lovely streams turned into sewers; he saw art made a thing of traffic, and simplicity hidden

beneath a weight of meretricious and odious ornamentation; he saw machines doing the work which belonged to the hands of men unwillingly idle, and he witnessed the withholding of everything beautiful from all save those who had reaped a golden harvest.

For his devotion to things high and beautiful and unselfish, commonplace men affected to despise Ruskin. He knew how to rebuke them, and once did so in these withering words:

Because I have passed my life in almsgiving, not in fortune-hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form and exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a wood walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a sea-gull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother; because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil; therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks about the "effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin."

Among the many touching incidents of Ruskin's life over which Catholics love to linger is his meeting with the beggar in Rome. He had dreamed the night before that he himself was a Franciscan friar; and, the spirit of his dream still possessing him, he kissed the beggar's cheek as he gave his customary alms. Moved by that sudden impulse, the poor man afterward sought his kind patron, and, with tears in his eyes, begged him to accept the most precious thing which he could give—a bit of the brown robe of St. Francis,—a relic which no misery or need had ever before drawn from him. From that meeting came the great art critic's visit to Assisi and its influence upon his after-life.

If at one time Ruskin was blind to the truths of the Church, he made ample

amends. His retraction and regret were as sincere and thorough as his strictures had been bitter and unwarranted.

His friends have for him declined a place in Westminster Abbey. That Mecca of the tourists could give him no added honor. "He loved all sweet and simple things." Fitting it is that he should lie far away from the "growl of the city's streets," near the inanimate things of nature, which, because they were God's handiwork, were to him so dear.

We will forget his shortcomings—they were, indeed, but the outgrowth of a righteous discontent,—and ask for him the peace which passeth understanding.

Notes and Remarks.

It is matter for rejoicing that an official representative of the Holy See has been permanently established at the Court of St. Petersburg. Politically, it means that the Czar has come to appreciate the influence of the Pope in the government of the world, and is anxious to be in communication with him. But its best meaning is that the Catholics living under the iron rule of the Czar—the Poles and others—will henceforth have a defender and official mouthpiece. Mgr. Tarnassi has been chosen by the Holy See for this difficult and delicate mission to Russia, which is the only country in Europe in which Catholics have suffered serious persecution for conscience' sake within recent years.

In showing cause why he should be admitted to a seat in the House of Representatives, Mr. Roberts, the polygamous member from Utah, last week introduced an argument which we hope will not be lost on the preachers and other inconsistent people who think that polygamy under any other name smells not so

rank. It will suffice to quote Mr. Roberts' words and to bear in mind that they were spoken in the Congress of the United States:

Last week, when taking a walk in the resident portion of your city, I passed a magnificent heroic statue of Martin Luther, than whom the nations of Western Europe and America owe no man more than they do to him for the religious and civil liberty that they now possess—the founder of Protestant Christendom. And that man, upon this subject that is here so much denounced, declared in the early days of Protestant Christendom, when he was informed that his disciple Carlstadt was teaching polygamy: "I indeed must confess that I can not protest when one takes many wives, for it does not contradict the Scriptures." And again, in his letter to Philip of Hesse, remarking upon the fact that Philip had taken a second wife, his first wife being still living, he said: "In matters of matrimony the laws of Moses are not revoked or contradicted by the gospels." Yet we build monuments to Luther, notwithstanding his toleration and defence of that form of marriage.

It may be well to repeat that we should be very sorry if the gentleman from Utah had been seated on the floor of our House of Representatives. Law-makers should not be law-breakers. We merely wish to enforce the fact that "legalization" by process of divorce of the crime of which Mr. Roberts is guilty does not change its nature or lessen its enormity. Furthermore, it may be remarked that the only liberty which the nations of Western Europe owe to the Rev. Martin Luther is freedom from certain moral restraints. His cited teaching is immoral and so was his example.

There are at present seven Protestant denominations operating in Puerto Rico, six in Cuba, and five in the Philippines. The sectarian journals recognize that no impression can be made on the natives of those countries so long as the missionaries continue the war of sect with sect; but the inevitable tendency of heresy to division makes harmonious action impossible. The reports of friendly

travellers regarding the comfortable lives of Protestant missionaries in foreign lands have produced a shrinkage in the mission funds; yet it is amazing that the effect has been so slight, considering the thoroughness of the exposure. A "medical missionary" last week entered suit against a P. E. bishop from the Orient whose public criticism of her, she maintains, enforced her retirement from a field of apostolic labor in which she was earning \$1000 a month. No wonder she is displeased.

How many shocks are in store for those who live in the next century! For instance, to learn that in the early years of the present one, an age of boasted enlightenment, deaf persons in the United States were regarded by law as maniacs; that they were kept in confinement, and had no legal responsibilities! This state of things existed until 1815, when Dr. Gallaudet founded in Hartford, Conn., the first American school for the instruction of the deaf. In the previous century the Abbé de l'Épée, in France, devoted his life and fortune to the gratuitous instruction of that class. He was the inventor of the deaf-mute sign language which is the basis of the present universal sign language. After his death his work was continued by another priest, the Abbé Sicard.

The news dispatches announce that a corporation has been formed in Wisconsin for the purpose of building "a refuge for priests, monks, and nuns who have been converted from the Roman Catholic Church." As Catholics, we appreciate the efforts of our Protestant friends to care for these brands snatched for the burning; and we hope the best and most modern methods will be adopted in the management of the refuge. It need not be a spacious building. So

far as we know, the Keely Cure is still the most effective method of treatment when a real desire for improvement exists in the patient. Where this last factor exists, the Cure will reconstruct the general health of the average convert, "brace him with tonics, quiet his nerves, regulate his diet, and tell him how to keep well." But no remedy has been discovered that will cure a drunkard against his will.

Two solid reasons ought to influence Protestant missionaries to stop at home: there is an enormous amount of work to be done right here, and in foreign fields sectarianism is only confusion worse confounded. A week or two ago we cited some instances of amazing ignorance of the Christian religion on the part of Harvard students. "I can match them," writes a correspondent in Massachusetts. "A young lady, a graduate of the high school in the second largest city of the State, only last Lent inquired one morning of a Catholic friend why there were so many people on the street. She was told that they were going to church, that it was Good Friday. The answer was not informing. 'Good Friday!' she said; 'what is that? I never heard of it.'" If this could happen in Massachusetts, what shall surprise us in other States?

The death of Father Bonaventure Brown, C. P., is mourned throughout the United States. He was known to thousands of American Catholics as a hard-working missionary, who never spared himself in prosecuting the great work to which his life was devoted. He had no superior as a catechist, and his instructions from the pulpit and his admonitions in the confessional were notable features of every mission in which he was engaged. He was a con-

vert to the faith which he did so much to promote,—a descendant of Ezekiah Brown, of *Mayflower* celebrity. For his change of religion he was disinherited by his family and ostracised by the Protestant society of his native city. Among the poor Irish Catholics of Providence, Rhode Island, however, he found warm friends and sympathizers, and received the grace of his vocation to the priesthood and the religious life. His faith was admirable; and, though a genuine Yankee, so little of the Protestant leaven remained in him that Catholics from "the old country" among whom he labored could not be persuaded that he was not "one of ourselves." The death of Father Bonaventure was proof that the warnings he so often addressed to others were taken to heart by himself. May he rest in peace!

The "open door policy" is now an assured fact; and it must be gratifying for Americans to reflect that a measure of international justice which the older nations were unable to accomplish by many years of effort, has been brought about in a few weeks by our own government. The new pact guarantees to all countries equal commercial rights in China, and sets up an insuperable bar to the dismemberment of that ancient empire. It is an unselfish policy which we need not blush to see associated with the name of America, and it will stand in history as one of the notable successes of modern diplomacy.

We share the hope of *The Weekly Register* that the form of pietism represented by a favor recorded in the *Propagateur de la Dévotion à Saint Joseph et à Saint Antoine de Padue* may not cross the English Channel. But we think the *Register* takes the

matter a little too seriously. Could anything be more French or more feminine or more funny than this?

A poor nun, molested and persecuted by her curé, addressed herself to St. Joseph, and prayed him to procure for the holy man an advantageous change of post, so that she might be freed from a tyranny which had become unbearable. It was a difficult matter; for the curé was not quite the sort of pastor that rival parishes quarrel with one another in order to secure. But good St. Joseph went to work in another way. A beautiful bronchitis (*une belle bronchite*) came on, the curé made a nice little confession, was graciously forgiven, and went off devoutly to the other world. Now the poor little Sister Claire, as she tells her beads for him, never fails to add after each *Gloria Patri*, "Thank you, my good St. Joseph!"

It seems to us that the charity, disinterestedness, and gratitude of "the poor little nun" ought to appeal to any one. The curé's penitence and prompt withdrawal are also very touching. The story would be perfect in all its details if there were some assurance that Saint Antoine de Padue had really found him a place in paradise.

The annual address of the chaplain of the Young Men's Institute inspires fresh hope for the future of the Catholic press in this country. Father Cotter urges the members to do all in their power to promote the circulation of deserving publications as an important factor in the popularization of Catholic principles and the advancement of the Church. The presidents of the councils of the Ohio jurisdiction of the Y. M. I., comprising four States, are directed to report on the efforts that may be made to carry out the excellent and practical suggestion of the Grand Chaplain.

It is estimated that there are 150,000 opium-eaters in the United States; which means that, for some cause or other, the pernicious habit is spreading at alarming rate. Sociologists would do well to probe this question thoroughly and immediately.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A Javanese Legend.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

ONCE on a time, in a distant clime,
 Dwelt an humble hewer of stone;
 Weary of toil in poverty's coil,
 He prayed for one hour of wealth and power.
 Said his Guardian Angel: "Cease to pine;
 Wealth and power thou askest—both are thine!"

See the complainer, Joy's retainer,
 When a king to the city came,
 In triumph borne through its streets one morn.
 The rich man, dazed, on the pageant gazed;
 "Now if I were only a king!" he cried.
 Said his Guardian Angel: "Be satisfied!"
 On a throne he sate, in pomp of state.
 But a ray of the royal sun
 Found access bold to his couch of gold,
 Waking the king from his slumbering.

"Now, if I were only the sun!" he sighed.
 "Be thou the sun!" his Good Angel replied.
 Scarce since he shone, one short watch had flown,
 Ere his face was veiled by passing cloud.

"O Cloud, thou'rt happier far than I,
 Who move in a circle,—*thou* canst fly!"
 And his Guardian Angel answered again:
 "Be thou changed to a cloud, and so remain!"
 A cloud he was; but it came to pass
 They prayed for rain in the vale below,
 And flower on flower was crushed in the shower
 Which harmless fell on a rock's gray crest:

"Now, were I a rock all trials were o'er!"
 The weeping cloud's wish was fulfilled once more.
 Grandly he raised a front unscathed
 By might of Time or wrath of storm,
 Till, sad to tell, 'neath a blow he fell—
 Rent in twain by a stonecutter's hand.

"Woe, woe!" he cried, in his shattered pride;
 "Would I were he who hath conquered me!"
 "So," smiled the Angel, "thou prayest at last
 For the lot God chose for thee first unasked!"

And behold once again o'er his labor of pain
 Bendeth the stonecutter, wrinkled and gray!
 O most weary his lot! But he murmureth not,
 For the lamp of Contentment lights his way.

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

V.—MONICA'S IDEA.



UCH to Monica's disappointment, the Sisters were inclined to disbelieve the tale of the gypsies. They thought it would have been easy for them to invent it; and they were altogether incredulous of the story that they were Catholics and Irish. Sister Immaculate, in particular, a very simple soul, was quite indignant at their assertions; and Monica fell somewhat under her displeasure for not having dismissed them at once.

"If you had been here and seen them and talked to them, Sister," said Monica, "you would not think so badly of them. They were so fine-looking and so amiable; and they could have had no reason for telling me they were Catholics or inventing that story about having gone for the priest for a dying gypsy."

"Indeed they could have had a reason and a motive, child," answered Sister Immaculate. "They were frightened by your timely awaking. They might have snatched both children if you had not opened your eyes just then. They wanted to concoct some plausible story for your benefit, so that you would not suspect them. And what names to call themselves—Shamus and Eileen Gorman! Of all things, Irish gypsies indeed!"

When it was time to return to the asylum, Sister Immaculate made room for Monica beside her, and gave her Tommy to hold, while she cuddled

Mary close to her own kindly bosom.

"The darlings!" she said, pleasantly. "Monica, we shall have to be very, very watchful of them after this. Those people may have designs upon them. Irish gypsies! O'Gormans!"

"They said 'Gorman,' not 'O'Gorman,' Sister," rejoined Monica.

"Well, it is all the same. O'Gorman is the original name and the right one."

"But are there no gypsies in Ireland, Sister?" asked the girl.

"Well, yes—of a kind," replied Sister Immaculate. "They are an inferior class called tinkers, because they mend tins and kitchen utensils. They have never been proven to be real Irish, Monica. And there is no talk of their going to church or chapel: they make no pretence of it. So they are not *hypocrites* at least, my child. I wish I had been there with you; they would not have dared to tell me their fictitious story. But, dear, you knew no better. I oughtn't to blame you, and I won't. Lift little Teddy Griffin up there beside you. He seems uncomfortable and crowded."

It was a comfort to Monica to find that Mother Ignatius did not doubt the assertions of the gypsies. She was a woman of large and varied experience; and when Sister Immaculate called upon her to deny that there were either Irish or Catholic gypsies, she frankly said that she had seen and known both.

"The 'Gypsy Gormans' are well known in Ohio," she said. "Every winter they camp about two miles from the P—Asylum, and they seem to be very good people. While in that place they generally solemnize several marriages and have some children baptized. I have never heard any complaints of them."

"From what part of Ireland do they come, Mother?" inquired the Sister, with shining eyes and quivering lips.

"That I do not know, Sister. But it may be from the County Mayo."

Mother said this with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, not lost upon Monica. Sister Immaculate blushed and laughed. Then her face resumed all its usual good-humor as she observed:

"Well, Mother, if you say so, it must surely be true; and we'll have to make the best of it. But, all the same, I'll be uneasy in my mind while these cousins are about."

"*Cousins*, Sister!" exclaimed Monica. "Oh, you don't think they are cousins of the babies!"

"That is a little joke you can not understand, my dear," answered Sister Immaculate, merrily. "It is something only Mother and myself know about. I don't think we need fear them on the score of relationship to the *babies*."

One morning, some months after this, Mother Ignatius opened the door to a tall, handsome Irishman, who said:

"I have been looking through the convents in this place for a religious called Sister Immaculate, who was formerly Miss Ellen O'Gorman. I have found several Sisters of that name, but they were not O'Gormans."

Monica was dusting the hall, and had heard enough of the conversation which ensued to learn that the stranger was a brother who had been absent in the Far West for many years. Presently she was sent to call Sister Immaculate, who was the one he sought. And it was then she realized how and why the good Sister had been so indignant at the pretensions of the Gypsy Gormans.

It came to be understood, not only at the asylum but also among its friends, that the children were really brother and sister. They grew more alike each day, had many of the same traits and sweet little ways; each, as it developed, becoming more attractive and more charming. "The twins" were shown to everyone who came and were admired by all. But, strange to say, they were

not in the least spoiled. They were unusually bright also, learning to read early, almost without being taught. They were both very fond of pictures, and their childish attempts at drawing were considered prodigies of art by their kind protectors and companions.

The little tots were so pretty and so lovely that they could have been well provided for many times if the Sisters had been willing to let them go singly; but this they would never consent to do. The superior prayed that some day it might be their happy lot to attract the attention of a person who would like to have two children—a boy and a girl—as is not unusual. And yet when one or the other of them had the opportunity of being taken into a desirable home, and it was allowed to pass, serious doubts disturbed Mother Ignatius' mind as to the wisdom of her course regarding them. Then again, when she saw them so fond of each other, so united, she considered her decision wise.

At the age of seven the boys and girls at the asylum were separated. Tommy and Mary were now fast approaching that age. Although Monica was no longer there, having been for some time employed by a delicate old lady as maid and companion, she often visited her old home. Her loyal heart still clung to the children, who were also very fond of her. On the occasion of one of her visits she said to Mother Ignatius:

"Mother, doesn't it seem too bad to separate those children? Wouldn't it be fine if some one would come and take them soon, before Tommy has to go with the boys?"

"Yes, it would be a blessed thing if the right person came, Monica dear."

"I have an idea, but I dare not speak of it to Mrs. Woodson," said Monica.

"What is it, my child?"

"She has been telling me about her brother's grandchildren,—twins, a boy

and a girl. They died about six months ago, of scarlet fever, and their mother has never held up her head since. I have so often thought that if she could only see our sweet little ones, she might want to adopt them."

"Where does she live, Monica?"

"Somewhere in the country—I don't know just where," was the reply.

"Does she ever come to the city?"

"I do not know, Mother. But the old gentleman—her father-in-law—does. He is here now."

"It does not seem likely that anything would result from it," observed Mother Ignatius; "but it would not be amiss to invite the old gentleman to visit the asylum and show him our babies. How to bring it about is the next question? Do you think you might venture to speak to Mrs. Woodson of the idea? She is very kind, is she not?"

"Oh, very!" answered Monica. "She feels so bad about her niece's trouble, and has spoken of it to me often."

"Muster all your courage, then, my dear, and see what will come of it," said Mother Ignatius.

The next morning, while Monica was darning stockings in Mrs. Woodson's room, she said:

"Mrs. Woodson, you know our little twins at the asylum?"

"I have heard of them often enough from you, Monica; and sometimes I've thought I would ask you to have them brought to see me. But, dear, I am so uncertain in my health! I hope there is nothing the matter with them."

"Oh, no, ma'am! They are well as can be, and prettier than ever. They had their picture taken the other day. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes: show it to me, please," replied Mrs. Woodson.

Monica ran for the photograph, which was a very good likeness of the twins, though it did not flatter them at all.

"They are very pretty," said Mrs. Woodson, with a sigh. "How strange it seems that my brother's grandchildren should have to go and those poor little waifs, without parents or a permanent home, are left! God's dispensations are wonderful indeed."

At this moment her brother, Mr. Winstanley, appeared at the door. His glance fell upon the picture, which Monica had stood on the mantelpiece.

"Whose children are those?" he asked.

"Two poor little foundlings who have been at the orphan asylum since they were babies," said his sister.

"They are not unlike our Annie and Albert. I see a striking resemblance."

"That is strange!" said Mrs. Woodson. "These are twins also."

"Well, we do not know," said Monica; "we think they are. One of them—the boy—was left at the door when he was about a month old. The girl was left a year and some months later. But they are so very much alike that the Sisters and all others who have seen them have thought they must be twins."

"And was there no clue to their parentage?" inquired Mr. Winstanley.

"No, sir," answered Monica.

"Do you not think they are like our children?" he said to his sister, taking the photograph from the mantel.

"I can not tell. You know I never saw your babies," she replied.

"Ah! that is true. I would like to see those little ones," he continued, turning to Monica. "I suppose I might?"

"Oh, yes, sir! At any time," she said.

"I am curious to learn whether they look as much like ours in reality as they do in the picture," he said. "Will you take me there, Monica?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the girl,—"whenever you please, if Mrs. Woodson will give me leave."

"Let it be to-day, then," the old lady observed. "To-morrow you will be

busy, George; and the day after you are going to the Millards."

"Very well; after luncheon," said her brother.

As soon as she could, Monica ran to her own room and threw herself on her knees beside her bed. So far everything had fallen out just as she had hoped. And, oh, what joy it would be if the old gentleman should find Tommy and Mary so very like the children who had died that he would desire to put them in their vacant places!

"Dear Lord, make it turn out that way!" she pleaded; and rose from her knees with a happy and hopeful heart.

After luncheon Monica set out with Mr. Winstanley for the asylum.

(To be continued.)

Learned from the Ancients.

Let us not value a lesson the less because it comes to us from the ancients, to whom the one true God had not been revealed. Those old worthies who wandered in the darkness of ignorance must have seen some glimmer of the light. Julius Cæsar was accustomed to repeat the Roman alphabet whenever he was angry, in order that he might not speak till his resentment had cooled. "I will forget all wrongs, and remember all benefits," he was in the habit of saying.

"Love those who offend you," was the advice of the Emperor Antoninus.

"When a man injures me," remarked Epictetus, "he hurts no one so much as himself. And shall I hurt myself by harboring feelings of revenge?"

"In doing good," wrote Seneca, "it is a disgrace to be outdone. In harming others, a disgrace to let others do less than you."

One heathen when provoked only exclaimed: "I would beat thee, but I must not: I am angry."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The *Outlook*, a leading Protestant church paper, says that Dom Gasquet's "Eve of the Reformation" "brings out much that Protestants need to be better informed about."

—McClurg & Co. announce a new book from the ever-delightful pen of Bishop Spalding. Its title is "Opportunity and Other Essays and Addresses." It deals principally with patriotic and educational topics, and will therefore be of interest to even a greater number of persons than the Bishop's other books.

—The *Catholic Directory* published by Messrs. Burns & Oates is the most complete and best arranged year-book that we have. The editor spares no pains to secure accuracy, and nothing is wanting that one would expect to find in a reference book of its class. The records are brought down to date, showing steady progress of the Church in Great Britain.

—Mrs. W. H. Leathley, author of almost a hundred books, has passed away in London. Though little known in America, she was once one of the most popular writers of "juveniles" in England. One of her books, "Chickseed without Chickweed," reached the then almost unprecedented sale of a half a million copies. She was a convert and outspoken; and she came to know the meaning of "persecution for conscience' sake."

—The versatile Mr. Kipling has a good method of dealing with the autograph-hunter. The gushing admirer who implores his signature now receives a printed slip stating that he will be pleased to comply provided the petitioner contributes \$2.50 to any work of charity. When the receipt for the alms is sent, the autograph is forwarded by return mail. The idea is a good one; however, it did not originate with Mr. Kipling.

—Prof. Goldwin Smith, Regius Professor of History at Oxford forty years ago, is rebuked in a dignified way by the judicial *Athenæum*. The occasion is the publication of a new book by the venerable author, in which, following his old habit, he exhibits some antipathy to the Church. "The Middle Ages and the Reformation had better remain unstudied altogether," says the *Athenæum*, "than simply suggest lessons of anti-clericalism, anti-Semitism, anti-'feminism,' anti-Celticism, and the like." The same review contains another interesting declaration: "Most modern scholars

have abandoned belief in the genuineness of the Papal 'missive' granting Henry II. the dominion of Ireland."

—Mr. R. H. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," died last week. "Lorna Doone" is deservedly ranked high among the very best fiction of the century.

—There is a Hebrew Testament in the Vatican Library which money could not buy, as was proved in 1512 when the Jews offered Pope Julius II. its weight in gold—about \$100,000—in exchange for it. It is a very large volume, and so heavy that the combined strength of two men is required to lift it.

—An earnest sermon on "The Future Life," by a priest who desires to remain unknown, has been printed in a four-page leaflet for general distribution by Mr. John Bennett, of Sunman, Ind. Mr. Bennett is persuaded that laymen ought to be zealous for the conversion of their non-Catholic friends and acquaintances, and he is of opinion that the circulation of this sermon would do a world of good. We think so too.

—A New York librarian, a Protestant, writes: "The children here like nothing so well as American history and biography, and we have a constant call for the works of Barnes, Coffin, and other writers along those lines." "The Works of Barnes" are not wholly free from prejudice; and Coffin, we thought, was long ago buried under an avalanche of outraged public opinion. It is simply appalling to think of the indifference of Catholic tax-payers, while public libraries ignore impartial histories and stuff the rising generation with the falsehoods of such men as Coffin. There are sins of omission as well as commission.

—In modern books of travel one frequently comes on bits like this paragraph from Mrs. Archibald Little's "Intimate China":

Not to be forgotten is that French priest at Peking who, just returned from a long sojourn up-country, at the one word *France* broke down and could not recover himself. And once more I felt a tightening at the heart, thinking of that large house building at Ichang, to receive Italian Sisters—simple, loving women—who for the sins of others, not their own, will live and die so far away from their beloved Italy. They all get sick; they can not love the people; they long for Italy; and till now they have been compelled to bind the feet of the little girls confided to them, yet unable to bear the pain for them. I recollect one French priest in a remote French village showing me—half excusing himself, half proudly—his one great luxury: a little window with glass

panes he had put in near his writing-desk, so as to be able to read and write till later in the evening. There was barely a chair to sit on in his large, barrack-like room.

Who knows but that, in the design of Providence, it may be the mission of the professional traveller and the globe-trotter to make known to Christians the world over the heroic sacrifices made by Catholic missionaries and to arouse interest in foreign missions? If Catholic missionaries everywhere were aided as generously as those of the sects, the heathen world might soon be won to the Church.

—The last words uttered by Benjamin Franklin were until now believed to have been: "A dying man can do nothing easily," in reply to one who advised him to change his position so as to breathe freely. But Monseigneur D. Conway has found among the State Archives in Paris a letter written from Philadelphia by the French Chargé d'Affaires, May 10, 1790, in which Franklin's last words are reported to be these: "A man is not entirely born until after his death." Our readers will remember a letter of the great American, reproduced in these pages, in which he reproached Tom Paine for his anti-Christian writings. Franklin was much more religious than has commonly been supposed.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, *net.*

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, *net.*

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1 10, *net.*

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., *net.*

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, *net.*

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., *net.*

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, *net.*

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, *net.*

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25.

The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.* 70 cts., *net.*

Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D.* \$1.60, *net.*

External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1, *net.*

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. With Illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. \$1.60, *net.*

Library of St. Francis de Sales. III.—The Catholic Controversy. \$1.60, *net.*

The Sacraments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.50.

Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P. *Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C. P.* 50 cts., *net.*

Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.* 2 Vols. \$6.

Fra Girolamo Savonarola. *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.* \$2, *net.*

In the Brave Days of Old. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* 70 cts., *net.*

The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.

Birds and Books. *Walter Lecky.* 70 cts.

Has the Reformation Reformed Anything? *Rev. F. Malachy, C. P.* 50 cts.

The Saints. St. Louis. *Marius Sepet.* \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 10, 1900.

NO. 6.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Earth and Heaven.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

THE silver lake is sleeping,
Its rippling waves at rest;
The stars, their watches keeping,
Are mirrored on its breast,
The harvest-moon upcreeping
Behind the mountain's crest.

The convent bell is ringing,
Its chapel windows glare,
While soft, unearthly singing
Floats on the drowsy air;
Toward heaven the angels winging,
Those earthly songs upbear.

Years pass—the lake is sleeping;
Years pass—come out the stars;
Those souls that watched are keeping
Rest within heaven's bars;
Fled now their pain and weeping,
Healed now their wounds and scars.

Yon rugged mountain hoary,
The harvest-moon that glowed,
How tell they still the story,
And point they out the road!
Hills sunned with golden glory,
And hearts without a load.

True; but the end is nearing,
Pale frame and closed eye,
Though winter skies are clearing,
And spring once more is nigh;
Yet each one death is fearing,
And all must one day die.

At last heaven's sea is gleaming,
The seven lamps are hung,
The light of God is streaming
O'er race and kind and tongue;
The sapphire throne is beaming,
And the endless chorus sung.

The Noble Ladies of Prague.

BY CHARLOTTE O'CONOR-ECCLES.



OF the large number who visit Carlsbad, comparatively few break their journey at the quaint old city on the Moldau that, crowned by the Hradschin, rules the river like a queen. Yet Prague is one of the most beautiful towns in Europe, whether as regards situation or architecture. The Karlsbrücke alone is well worth seeing,—that wonderful bridge with its thirty groups of statuary. At one point is inserted in the parapet a slab of marble, having in the centre a small double-armed cross of brass. This the wayfarer touches with reverent finger as he passes, and uncovers; for it marks the spot whence John Nepomucen was hurled because he refused to betray the confession of Johanna of Bavaria. The whole place teems with religious and historic interest. The city has known sieges and tumults, plague and famine, and the wars of contending parties; and yet it looks as peaceful in the sunlight as if the call to arms had never resounded through its narrow streets, nor the clash of swords disturbed its tranquillity.

Prague is proud. On the lofty Altstadt Tower by which we gain the bridge from the Kreuzherrn Platz—a tower built in 1451,—are blazoned in scarlet and gold the armorial bearings of the lands once subject to Bohemia. If these glories

are departed, it still has much to show that testifies to its splendor in the days when forty thousand students attended its University, founded by its great benefactor Charles IV., Emperor and King, author of the famous "Golden Bull." When the son and successor of Charles proposed to limit the privileges of foreigners, these left in a body, and established the University of Leipzig in 1409. In the Teyn Kirche, with its high-pitched roof and pointed towers, stands the pulpit from which St. John Nepomucen exhorted his future murderer, the wicked Wenceslas IV., known in history as "The Drunkard" and "The Sluggard." From this pulpit John Huss preached some thirty years later, advocating Communion under both kinds. In the Teyn Kirche, George Podibrad was crowned; there Tyche Brahe sleeps, and Wallenstein lies with his fathers.

On all these turrets and roofs the noble Canonesses of Prague look down; for their dwelling is on the height above the left bank—the Hradschin itself,—where a stronghold was built in the eighth century by the warlike Libussa, who took Premysl of Stodic from the plough to be her mate, and created him Duke of Bohemia.

The religious orders of women, so numerous abroad, are for the most part bound by strict vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. There are, however, certain communities on the Continent whose members, while mainly devoted to exercises of piety and good works, enjoy most of the privileges of the secular state. In the Middle Ages especially were such societies common. Ladies of high degree not unfrequently joined them if they became widows, or if they had made up their minds to live unmarried and employ their time in devotion and the care of the poor, without cutting themselves off from the world and from their families to the

same degree as would be inevitable if they became nuns. To this class belong the Béguines of Belgium and the Stifts Damen, or Secular Canonesses, of Prague.

Passing across the Karlsbrücke to the Kleinseite, we see the burg and the cathedral towers dominating the city. Moving ever onward and upward, through quaint streets and market-places crowded with operative peasants in green and crimson and bright blue, who have come from Pilsen or Gratz or Taus to sell their produce, we reach at last the broad flight of steps on one hand, and the graduated carriage drive on the other, that lead direct to the Hofburg. On the summit of the Hradschin is a great open square with a statue of the Blessed Virgin standing in the centre. It is enclosed on the left by the palace of Prince Schwarzenberg and a convent of Carmelites. Straight opposite is the palace of the Archbishop of Prague. The palace of the Emperor Franz Josef forms the third side; and the fourth is the ancient Hofburg, the Hampton Court of the Empire, where the apartments assigned to the Canonesses are situated. Here for five years of their early married life the unfortunate Crown Prince Rodolph and the Archduchess Stephanie resided. It consists of three courts, and encloses within its precincts the cathedral and the ancient Church of St. George.

Could the walls but speak they might tell strange stories of scenes enacted within and without them. For instance, two small obelisks below the great Council Chamber mark the spot where the Imperial Councillors Sawara and Martinez were thrown from the window by Count Thun in 1618; this outrage being the immediate cause of the Thirty Years' War. In an angle of the Hofburg stands the ominously named "Hunger Tower," in which prisoners died of slow starvation. There Ritter Galibert languished for twenty years.

If crimes are associated with the castle on the Hradschin, so, too, is piety. Here in the fourteenth century was a convent of nuns, whose chaplain was John Nepomucen. The Stifts Damen of to-day have taken their place, and pray in the same cathedral. They owe their origin to the Empress Maria Teresa, who established the order for the unmarried daughters of the nobility. It is not easy to gain admission to the ranks of these Canonesses; for claims are strictly investigated, and any lady unable to prove the requisite sixteen quarterings is rejected.

In England, where the ranks of the titled are constantly being recruited by those whose talent, energy or wealth has brought them into prominence, or whose political services have been deemed worthy of reward, and where, in turn, offshoots of the nobility revert in time to the middle class, and in democratic America, a totally different condition of society prevails from that known in Austria. There ancestry alone counts; and those without a pedigree, whatever their riches or acquirements, must evermore stand like the Peri at the Gate. Each son of a nobleman inherits his father's title, and also the obligations of his rank, though not invariably the means to support it fittingly. But, all the same, he is received by the most exclusive, and his poverty debars him from material comforts only. He can not hope, like an Englishman of equal birth, to restore his fallen fortunes by marriage with a wealthy commoner. If he does, he only imposes mortification on his wife; for she will not be received by the people who welcome him. His children, too, will not be *Hof-fähig*. To be qualified for reception at court, which is the only passport to society, his bride must be able to prove her sixteen quarterings as well as he, and no convenient fiction elevates her to her

husband's rank by the mere fact of marriage.

Of course the rule is not applied to those men and women who go to court in an official or representative capacity. An ambassador's wife, for example, has the right of entry everywhere, even if she be heiress to millions made in trade. Only on marriage with an Austrian subject will her pedigree be investigated, when so stringent are the requirements of a society as yet unleavened with the democratic leaven that it is said an Englishwoman, daughter of one earl and sister of another, found her claim to reception questioned on her marriage with a Hungarian magnate, because of the connection of her family with a famous London banking house.

In Austria peers, like poets, are born, not made. People are what they are; and, whatever its drawbacks, from this results a simplicity, a good-breeding, an absence of pretentiousness and of snobbery that is delightful. There is, moreover, a familiarity of intercourse within the charmed circle to which our vaster and less exclusive society offers no parallel.

While some families of great territorial wealth keep up the custom of primogeniture, in others of equal rank the division and subdivision of property amongst several children has gradually brought about impoverishment. As art and journalism or contributing to magazines are vocations scarcely open to Austrians of rank, while literature does not much attract them, and trade of any kind or alliance with trade is out of the question, they have none of the resources whereby well-born but impecunious English men and women endeavor to add to their incomes. In such a state of society the unmarried girl of good position, when her means are small, is often at a disadvantage as compared with her plebeian sister.

Then, in Austria unmarried women of all classes are fenced round by so severe a code of etiquette, there is so much they may not do and so little that they may, independence of action is so discouraged, that their lot is not a happy one. The "penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree" is in every country to be pitied. Mainly to provide for such did the Empress Maria Teresa found the Secular Canonesses—the Theresianische Adlig Fräulein's Stift, or "Theresian Foundation for Noble Ladies." The members enjoy many of the privileges accorded to married women in the matter of liberty of action; taking, as it were, brevet rank in right of their religious calling. To this body none is admitted who is not twenty-four years of age, a spinster or a widow, and, as already remarked, duly qualified in the matter of birth. The order is invariably governed by an imperial archduchess, who takes the title and duties of abbess, but who is required to resign on her marriage. The archduchess may be, and often is, under the age of twenty-four. The post has been held by many women as distinguished for virtue and ability as for rank; amongst others by the present Queen Regent of Spain, who governed the order until 1885.

The present abbess is the youthful Archduchess Maria Annunciata; or, to give her names in full, Maria Annunciata Adelaide Teresa Michaela Caroline Louise Pia Ignatia. She is the daughter of the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Karl Ludwig, by his third wife, the Princess Maria Teresa of Braganza; and was born at Reichenau on the 31st of July, 1876. On her investiture in 1895 she was, consequently, only nineteen years of age; but she bore herself with the dignity of a mature woman. Her predecessor in title was the Archduchess Maria Immaculata, who was born in 1869 at Alt Munster; and resigned

office when, on the 30th of May, 1894, she married Prince August Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The ceremony of investiture is very solemn. The abbess receives at the hands of the archbishop an ermine mantle and the insignia of her office—a gold cross, and a crosier resembling that held by bishops and mitred abbots. A royal crown is at the same time placed on her head by the reigning empress, as a reminder that she is of royal blood and exercises royal jurisdiction. In England, it will be remembered, abbesses formerly sat in Parliament, and in Anglo-Saxon times numbered among them more than one remarkable woman. The Canonesses of Prague are obliged to don their distinctive garb only eight times a year; that is to say, on the principal festivals of the Catholic Church. Like the abbess, they wear on such occasions a black gown and an ermine-trimmed mantle, but the fur is narrower. Across the chest a blue ribbon is displayed, and on the head is worn a Marie Stuart cap, with a long pendant tulle veil.

The privileges and advantages enjoyed by members of the Order of Noble Ladies are many, especially when compared with those of stricter religious institutions in the Catholic Church. They are, as we have indicated, bound by no rigid vows, though required to obey their winsome superioress; and are, therefore, not debarred from marrying, with her permission, should an eligible suitor present himself. For the most part, however, they prefer a single life. Free apartments are assigned to them in the Hofburg; and, though they are required to spend a certain number of months annually in residence, they are allowed to visit when they like and to seek change of air in summer.

With regard to the choice of furniture, servants, and so forth, the Canonesses have the fullest personal liberty. Nor

must it be assumed that, while the foundation affords a retreat for many girls of high rank but limited means, all the members are impecunious. To belong to it is esteemed an honor. A sister of the present Count Taaffe (one of the many Austrian nobles of Irish descent), the Countess Walburga Clementine, was a Canoness; while another sister lived close by as maid of honor to the Dowager Empress Maria Anna. At the present day one of Count Taaffe's own daughters is numbered amongst the members of the community.

Besides the private apartments for each lady, two fine reception rooms, with parquet flooring and lofty windows, are placed at their disposal for large gatherings. These contain portraits of former abbesses, painted on their resignation. In the first are hung counterfeit presentments of the last abbess, her immediate predecessor, and the Queen Regent of Spain. In this salon stands a curious fire-screen embroidered by poor Marie Antoinette with flowers in delicate shades of silk, even now but little faded. In the adjoining apartment the place of honor is assigned to the full-length portrait of Maria Teresa, in grey, her head draped with a fichu of black lace. Two other portraits hang one at each end of the apartment, and represent the Archduchess Rainer, and the late Queen of Naples. A small portrait of Marie Antoinette hangs near that of her mother. From the balcony of these rooms one may obtain the best view of the city, with its slopes, its innumerable towers, the winding river, and the height of Weissberg beyond. We endeavored to take adequate photographs of this picturesque scene; but during our entire stay the weather was cloudy, so the result was not satisfactory.

One of the obligations imposed by their rule on the Canonesses is to pray for the soul of their founder; and as two

churches are within a stone's-throw, this should present no difficulties. The cathedral is just opposite their apartments; it communicates with the burg by a covered bridge communicating with the Imperial Tribune used by the Kaiser when in residence. This oratory projects above the choir like a huge oriel-window, and is supported by beautiful stone vaulting. The Canonesses, too, have their appointed seats. The cathedral is as interesting as everything else in Prague. Though it was begun as far back as 1344, the spacious Gothic choir alone is complete; but the nave is in progress, and very soon the old and the new will be thrown into one, presenting a splendid *coup d'œil*. The structure is dedicated to the Heiligen Veit, so much honored in the Middle Ages; and, under his English appellation of St. Vitus, he is associated with the nervous disorder for the cure of which his intercession is invoked. His shrine stands behind the high altar.

The main feature, however, of the Dom is the massive tomb of St. John Nepomucen, whose name is so intimately associated with the history of the city. This is a huge erection of solid silver, weighing at least a ton and a half, but devoid of artistic merit. At each end is an altar, and on it is a bas-relief representing the martyrdom of the Saint. Overhead is a baldachin of crimson velvet—the gift of Maria Teresa,—supported at each corner by the figure of an angel, in solid silver like the tomb. One can not walk beneath without uneasy wonder as to one's fate if an angel fell.

Within the tomb is a silver coffin, enclosing a second in crystal containing the remains. Every fifty years the tomb is opened and the crystal coffin is carried in procession. The last occasion when this ceremony took place was in 1867. Near by is a curious old painting representing John Nepomucen and Queen

Johanna of Bavaria, whose chaplain he was. The King's jealousy of his wife made her life a misery; and his curiosity led to the death of St. John, who refused to answer questions as to what she had confessed. That Wenceslas IV. was not a man to be trifled with may be inferred from the fact that on one occasion he ordered a cook to be broiled alive because he had failed to roast a fowl to the royal taste. An extremely simple confessional stands in front of the picture. It is said to have been that actually used by St. John.

The Cathedral of St. Vitus was much injured during the Hussite wars and during the Seven Years' War, when the balustrade of the Sternberg Chapel was broken, and some monuments defaced by a cannon-ball that now hangs above, suspended by a chain. At the end of the choir is the hereditary burial-place of the kings of Bohemia. Beneath a mausoleum of marble and alabaster lie as many as twelve monarchs with their queens. The last to be buried there was Rodolph II. in 1612.

The Chapel of St. Wenceslas divides the stranger's interest with the tomb of John Nepomucen. Its walls are encrusted with rough slabs of precious stones native to Bohemia—jasper, porphyry, agate, garnet, and amethyst,—all uncut. The massive doorway is adorned with a huge ring of wrought brass suspended from a lion's mouth. To this, says tradition, the holy King Wenceslas clung when struck down at Altbunzlau, in the year 936, by the dagger of his pagan brother, Bolislas, at the instigation of their mother.

Amongst the other curiosities of this fine edifice are the bronze candelabrum that the guides declare once stood in the Temple of Solomon, though it really dates from the twelfth century only; and two wood-carvings, remarkable as having been the work of a blind man.

One shows Prague as it appeared before the year 1620, with deer grazing in the meadows below the Hrádšchin. The second wood-carving shows the flight of King Frederick of the Palatinate, son-in-law to James I., after his defeat by the imperial forces at Weissburg, near Prague.

By the way, it may be noted that the group of the Crucifixion on the bridge was erected in 1606 from a fine exacted from a Jew for reviling the cross. Prague has ever been a hotbed of religious dissension, while its political troubles in the everlasting combat between Czech and Teuton are not yet over. In many of the back streets, the stranger inquiring the way in German is not likely to get a civil answer.

Before concluding, we must mention one other feature of interest in the burg; namely, the famous Wladislaw Saal, adjoining the apartments assigned to the Secular Canonesses. There the coronation feasts of the kings of Bohemia were held, and homage paid to them. The coronation ceremony is one the ultra-patriotic party in Bohemia is very anxious to see revived. In the Church of St. George, behind the Dom, with its dog-tooth mouldings, the crown of St. Wenceslas is carefully preserved. It has been worn only by the Emperor Ferdinand II. (the Good) since Bohemia became an appanage of Austria; and that it should be once more placed upon the head of his ruler is the desire of every true-born Czech.

FOR a translation of the Bible you want largeness of phrase; constructions where the joints are not too close nor the surface too polished; and in the words and expressions a touch of the archaic.—*Joubert*.

THE obedient soul's journey through life is like the gondola's flight o'er the waters—peaceful and gentle.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

VIII.

AFTER Lewin's departure, Raz breathed freely again. He had eight days of respite, and he belonged to that class with whom the postponement of a danger means almost a deliverance. Then, too, he had been shown a way of escape,—the very one he had foreseen during his night of feverish wakefulness.

In the hope of quieting the scruples and remorse that were awakening in his conscience, he said to himself that everything would probably come out right; that love before marriage was not essential to happiness; that Wanda's pride and aversion once conquered, she would find in wealth, in the grateful affection of her husband, and, above all, in the consciousness of having done her duty and saved her family from ruin, an ample recompense for the sacrifice of her tastes and fancies.

It was very easy to deduce these specious conclusions from false premises; it did not occur to him that, with certain natures, this pride and aversion he thought it so easy to overcome, were in a measure the very sap of the plant; and that in losing it, all its beauty, brilliancy, even life itself would disappear.

What troubled him most now was the dread of telling his daughter what she would soon have to know. He was divided between a feverish haste to have it all over and a shame which was not unmixed with fear. To what degree of renunciation would her docility lead her? Would the "yes" that she must speak have to be forced from her by a confession of his offence? Would she not then despise him, and so be urged to oppose him? These questions, and many more,

filled the mind of the unhappy man.

He had watched Wanda attentively, and he could not understand why she had not made the slightest allusion to Lewin's visit. Was it because domestic duties and the joyous anticipation of her brother's home-coming absorbed her? Usually so thoughtful and observant, she did not seem to notice his preoccupation and his lack of appetite; although he tried to make her do so in the hope of provoking a question that should lead to a decisive explanation. Meanwhile time pressed. The respite granted him having expired, he knew the banker would show himself pitiless; then he would be irretrievably ruined. For this reason a feverish impatience seized him; a desire to settle his fate, even if he had to cry out to his daughter: "Save me! I am a forger!"

The day after the inauspicious visit he sent for Wanda to come to his room. He then shut himself up and began pacing up and down, as was his wont, his hands icy cold and his temples burning. Every minute seemed an age. Why was the girl, who usually ran at his bidding, so slow in coming? Could she have divined that her destiny was at stake? He had already opened the door to call a second time, when he heard light footsteps approaching.

"Did you want to speak to me, father?" asked Wanda, in her clear tones.

Raz was sitting in his chair before his desk, carelessly turning over the leaves of an open ledger. Without looking up he replied:

"As I had not seen you this morning, I asked Felix what had become of you."

She had come close to him and was trying to get one of his hands to carry to her lips. Then, as he avoided this caress, she kissed his face, resting her cheek against his white hair.

"I was putting the house in order," she went on, excusing her delay. "Jean

must find things pleasant when he comes."

"Everything for Jean and nothing for your old father," answered Raz, trying to smile.

"How can you say that?" exclaimed Wanda, looking straight at her father, her eyes expressing a mild reproach. Then, filled with anxiety at his changed appearance, she continued, with still greater tenderness: "You are our joy and our life, dear father. All that Jean and I ask is to see you happy. Why are you so sad now? Are you ill or have you had a fresh annoyance? Am I not always here, ready to bear the heaviest of your burdens?"

Raz listened in silence.

"Sit down here," he said at length, rising; "I have much to say to you."

He then resumed his pacing, constant movement calming his mental anguish. Wanda felt that the decisive moment of her destiny was approaching. Lewin's visit, the association between certain attentions on the part of Leopold and her father's words, his anxiety during the past week, all combined to inspire her with a vague terror. An uncontrollable fear now took possession of her; still she could not admit to herself that her father was capable of demanding a sacrifice beyond her strength. Even such a thought seemed unjust to him. He might ask for her life, but he could not require her to desecrate her heart.

She was brave under her amiable exterior; and, although her heart now fluttered like the wing of a dove, her face wore its usual calm, mild expression. She pressed her cold palms together convulsively and waited. At last her father said:

"It is true, I have not been quite well for the last few days. When one has passed through what I have, one would have to be made of iron to withstand it."

Wanda looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"Let me send for a physician, father. What would become of us if we were to lose you?"

"It would be of no use. We might as well throw money out of the window." Then, still walking about, he continued: "There is but one remedy for my disease—just one,—and that is death. I shall be at rest then; but before leaving you and Jean, I should like to make provisions for your future."

The young girl trembled; she tried to smile, but, in spite of her courage, tears rolled down her cheeks.

"If you talk of such mournful things, I shall have to cry,—in fact, I am crying already."

The unhappy man looked at his daughter with an anxious, supplicating expression.

"Listen to me, Wandaziutka," he said. "If you are willing, you can save me, give me peace, health, and fortune—everything! everything!"

She bent her head and half closed her eyes, as if a blow were coming, while in her heart she invoked divine assistance.

Emboldened by this beginning, Raz stopped directly in front of her.

"Yes, my dear child, you could give me all. Would you make your old father happy if you could,—if it depended only upon yourself?"

"If I could," she answered, smiling through her tears. "If I only could!"

"You can; it all depends upon you: you have only to speak the word. Do you understand?—just one word."

"What is that word?" asked Wanda in a gentle tone.

The Councillor's courage now failed him. It seemed to him as if he were to deal a mortal blow to his child. She looked inquiringly at him with her clear, honest eyes. He turned away, murmuring broken phrases:

"Ah, how can I tell her! How can I ask her to sacrifice her youth and her heart!"

"My youth and my heart belong to you!" exclaimed the girl, who heard his last words. "I shall be happy to live in this house always. I will stay with you, father, and be the light of your old age."

He shook his head sadly.

"That is precisely what you can not do, Wanda."

"Why?"

"Why! Do you not know? Have I not often told you that our happiness and Jean's future depend upon your marriage?"

"Well, and who is the Prince Charming at whose head I, the poor Cinderella, shall cast myself?"

"You are not a Cinderella," said Raz, raising his head proudly. "There are persons who would solicit an alliance with us as an honor."

"Yes, perhaps, when that alliance would be a dishonor to us."

"A dishonor!" exclaimed Raz. "Did you overhear us? What do you know?"

His face betrayed such fear and suspicion that Wanda instinctively covered her face with her hands, as if to escape the sight of something more terrible still than she had imagined.

"Answer me!" continued Raz, in an imperious tone, going close to her. "What did you hear?"

"Nothing at all," replied Wanda, in a firm tone. "I only know who visited you, and those people are like birds of prey: blood and death follow in their train."

Raz paused to collect himself. He well knew that his daughter's passive resistance would gradually draw him away from his purpose. He must end it and at once. A cold perspiration broke out on his brow. He lowered his eyelids and slowly uttered these words.

"Yes, it is on account of Lewin's visit that I desired to speak to you."

Wanda sat motionless and mute.

"You were the subject under discussion," he went on, after a pause.

At this the girl spoke:

"I? Does *that Jew* concern himself with me?"

It would be impossible to express the contempt and disgust with which she spoke the words, "*That Jew*."

Raz dared not cast the truth in her face yet and say, "*That Jew* came to ask for your hand for his son." He decided to have recourse to persuasion first.

"I beg of you, my daughter, be reasonable. I can well understand your aversion; but I know, too, that your heart is capable of every sacrifice. I have often told you that in marriage one should, above all, prize those solid qualities which always bring respect and affection in the end. Leopold Lewin is already a Christian; it would only depend upon you to lead him to the Catholic faith. Would not that be a noble work? I implore you, be reasonable. Do what I ask for me—for us all. It alone will save us."

It was spoken at last, and Raz felt delivered of a great weight.

Wanda sprang to her feet and stood before him, white and erect, like a marble statue. Instinctively, she grasped his hands, while in her face and attitude was an expression of doubt, of wounded pride, of despair. In truth, the poor girl was asking herself if she was not dreaming, if she had heard aright, if it was really her father who was proposing this horrible thing to her.

"It is true, then," she murmured slowly, as if talking to herself. "You want me to marry a Lewin. And it is you, my father, who tells me this! You! O Holy Mother, is it true? Can it be true?"

Faith.

BY MARION MUIR.

WHEN passion dies, and with it pain,
 Ashes of roses drenched in vain
 With the heart's salt and silent rain,
 Out of the sorrow and the shade,
 Out of the tomb whereby we prayed,
 Rises the strong and stainless maid
 Faith, with the upward hand and eyes,—
 Faith, with the power and the price
 Of wisdom and self-sacrifice.

A Morning Paradise.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

VI.

IF we think of the disciples as in a state almost of stupefaction from the suddenness and the overwhelming effect of the stupendous events of the divine tragedy of Calvary, we, who are far away from it and have time to reflect, and from our childhood have (thank God!) grown familiar with it, will bear with these poor fishermen from the rural hamlet in a remote country, who knew no sudden events of such far-reaching and limitless consequences, and were accustomed only to the quiet ripple on the wave of Genesareth, or the playful fish sporting on its glassy surface. If we consider Noah looking at the awful devastation of the flood, or Lot flying from the heaven-burned cities in the plain, or the Israelites when the waters of the Red Sea stood mountain-high on either hand, and try to picture their astonishment, great as theirs may have been, it was as nothing compared to the death of a God,—a death under such circumstances; and, all but stranger still, the reawaking of the sleeping body from the tomb.

St. Cyril of Alexandria says: "Beyond that which the condition of things

requires [i. e., that a risen body be physically the same as that which had died], Christ retained, for our good, the marks of His Passion; that we might rightly understand the mystery of the Resurrection, believing that it was no other body arose from the dead than that which had been done to death on the Cross."

With the risen Christ, we are exhorted by St. Paul to arise from the death of sin. Holy Mass, according to the Council of Trent, takes away sin. Oh, how dear, even in thought, to bring one's lips reverently near the lips of those blessed wounds! But in Holy Communion we are permitted, by God's great mercy, to receive as truly as the disciples saw the sacred wounds of the Lord. "Feel! feel!" in the words of St. Peter Chrysologus; "and, as zealous searchers, examine into the very bone; for His wounds are not fictitious or assumed, but real and true." And if real and true, what says Divine Truth? "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath life everlasting, and I will raise him up on the last day." These blessed wounds within us are a pledge that He, "who is faithful to His word," will raise us up on the last day. And if our bodies are raised up on the last day, these eyes of ours shall behold His five wounds in the highest place in heaven, next to God in power and glory.

That is an elementary truth, you may remark; and you might have spared us the trouble of mentioning it. Pardon me, my brother! I wanted merely to remind you of the happiness that is before you, and, as I humbly hope, before myself. Here on earth, when these were nigh, "the hearts of the disciples burned within them." And within us they ask, ever so softly: "Simon, lovest thou Me more than these?" But, oh! the happiness of seeing those five wounds in heaven! When we shall look for the Lord of that happy mansion, the answer

will come: "See My hands and My feet. It is I Myself. Feel and see!" And when we shall ask for our Redeemer, the same answer will be given us: "See My hands and My feet: It is I Myself. Feel and see!" And when we shall ask for our Rewarder, it is still the same: "See My hands and My feet. It is I Myself. Feel and see!"

In heaven the light and beauty issuing from those five wounds will be to each one of us—especially if we have been in the habit of meditating on them—ineffable gladness and delight for all eternity. Their very light is the sunlight of heaven, and will be forever. There is no need of sun or moon there, "for the Lamb is the lamp thereof." What lamb? "The Lamb that was slain." In no other way but "as slain" is the Lamb seen in heaven. And how slain? How but by His sacred wounds? It is right that these open wounds should be the beauty of heaven, because it was they allowed the Precious Blood, which is the ransom of the world, to be shed; and to allow it to be shed, the hands and feet willingly consented to be opened with nails, and by nails to be fixed to the Cross. If they had refused, the Precious Blood (if we may speak in a human way) could not have been shed, and heaven would have been without its myriads of the saved.

There are two questions that tempt us: First, what is meant by that mysterious saying of Our Lord, twice repeated in the same chapter of St. Luke (xxiv, 26, 46): "Then He said to them: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so enter into His glory?" "And He said to them: Thus it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise again from the dead." Secondly, why did Christ will that His sacred wounds should accompany Him to heaven?

Another day we may return to these. For the present, let us imagine ourselves

to be looking at those five wounds in heaven, the most beautiful there of all created things. "And I saw, and behold in the midst of the throne, and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the ancients, a Lamb standing as it were slain." Let us imagine ourselves to be looking at those wounds of "the Lamb that was slain," that are the created beauty of heaven. "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the ancients; and the number of them was thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice: The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and benediction."* Let us imagine ourselves privileged to be kneeling at the foot of the great White Throne, looking at those five wounds, and to be listening to the priest as he opens in heaven the mystical book and reads the anthem after Communion on the Sunday within the Octave of Epiphany.

"Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing!" (Oh, behold to what Holy Mary has been raised! See how she speaks to Him whom thousands of thousands adore!) "And how is it that ye sought Me. Did ye not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

St. Ambrose observes: "There were in Christ two generations: one the paternal, the other the maternal. The paternal was divine; the maternal, that which descended to labor for us and for our advantage... It was not without purpose that, forgetful of His parents according to the flesh, He is found after three days in the temple; for it was a sign that after the triduum of His Passion, He who was believed to be among the dead should show Himself, as a prop to our faith, in His heavenly

* Apoc., v, 11-13.

vesture, dignity and power.... At other times the Mother urges Him to the attendance of a child; but here, when He has reached twelve years of age—exactly the number of His disciples,—you see that the Mother learns from Him not to expect any longer, now that He has increased in age and grace and strength, that attendance which in wonder she beheld Him miraculously offer when He was younger.”

“Let us pray,” continues the priest. “Humbly we beg of Thee, O Almighty God! that those whom Thou dost feed with Thy sacraments, Thou wouldst mercifully help to serve and please Thee in their actions; through Christ our Lord.”—“Amen,” say the people.—“The Lord be with you.”—“And with thy spirit.”—“Depart: Mass is finished.”—“Thanks be to God!”

In the early ages Mass ended here; but, succeeding years bringing their own devotions or their own necessities, other prayers came to form, in course of time, part of Holy Mass. The sacrifice of the Mass is included between the Offertory and the Holy Communion; the other prayers are either for a preparation or a thanksgiving.

Bowing down very humbly, the priest goes on to pray:

“May the worship of my service be pleasing to Thee, O Holy Trinity! And grant that this sacrifice which I, though unworthy, have offered in the sight of Thy divine majesty, may be pleasing to Thee; and, through Thy mercy, be of blessings to me and to all for whom I have offered it.”

Then the priest raises his hands on high to receive blessings from God; and, turning, blesses the people with the Sign of the Cross.

“May Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless you!”—“Amen.” “The Lord be with you.”—“And with thy spirit.”

Oh, well may priest and people pray that God be with them! For now the great charter declaration of the heavens is about to be read: “I looked, and behold a door was opened in heaven;... and I saw One like to the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the feet. His head and His hairs were white as snow; and His eyes were as a flame of fire; and His feet like unto fine brass when in a flaming furnace....”

The Beloved Disciple, St. John, to whom the greatest secrets were confided, is coming forth in the heavens to speak of Him. He looks up in the face of the Lamb. “And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying: Fear not! I am the First and the Last; and alive, and was dead; and am living forever, and have the keys of death and of hell.”*

John arises; and, behold, his face is “as the face of an eagle flying”; and his eyes, as the eagle’s eyes, pierce “the light inaccessible” that surrounds the throne. And immediately “the four living creatures, with six wings each, and that all round about are eyes, and within; and that cease not day or night crying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! and the seven spirits before the throne, and the four and twenty ancients, and the souls of them in white robes under the altar that were slain for the word of God, and the one hundred and forty-four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel that were signed with the sign of our God,”—all listen to the great charter hymn of the heavens:

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word †

* Apoc., i, 17, 18.

† Why the Second Person of the Holy Trinity has been called “the Word” we do not know. Neither God the Father nor God the Holy Ghost has any such definite name. It is by the inspiration of God, we know, that St. John calls the Eternal Son by the singular title of “the Word.” The Fathers of the Church find the name most

was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it."

St. John is going to speak of the holy Baptist; and all look toward the emaciated form, around whose neck is a halo of golden light:

"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. This man came for a witness to give testimony of the light, that all men might believe through Him. He was not the Light, but was to give testimony of the Light."

All turn again to the throne. "And He that was sitting upon it was like to the jasper; and a rainbow was round the throne, like to an emerald. And round about the throne four and twenty seats; and four and twenty ancients sitting thereon, clothed in white garments and golden crowns upon their heads...."

The Beloved Disciple, piercing with eagle eyes the blinding brightness of "that sea of glass like to crystal," and gazing undeterred on the throne from between the lightnings issued, cries aloud:

"That was the true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." (Oh, sadness!) "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them He gave power to be made the sons of God; to them [namely] that believe in His name; who are born not

appropriate; for, as a word proceeds from the mind of man without process in the mind, or without labor or loss to it, so did God the Son from all eternity proceed from God the Father. It is the opinion, however, of the Fathers themselves, and of Christians generally, that there is a great deal more meaning in this divinely mystical "Word" than we know, and that it is only the next life that will fully reveal it to us.

of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us; and we saw His glory, the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

And they all cry out: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, our God! to receive glory and honor and power; for Thou hast created all things."*—"Thanks be to God!"

The priest and his people withdraw. The morning Paradise is at an end, but it lasts in memory all the day.

O brother, let us say: "Blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb!"†

(The End.)

A Warning in Arabic.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

FOR twenty years Miss Walton had kept summer boarders, and various articles about the house testified to their gratitude upon many trying occasions and through a miscellaneous list of ordeals. The old gentleman whom she nursed through rheumatic fever had sent her a gown that had belonged to his deceased wife. It would easily contain two maiden ladies of Miss Walton's size, and she laid it away in her cedar chest. The blind young man to whom she read for six weeks bestowed upon her a fine French clock that would not go. The boy who was laid up at her hospitable home with a broken leg gave her a parrot. It was decorous for a week, and then broke out into such awful profanity that she exiled it to the barn. As to books and booklets, fancy work more or less soiled or out-of-date, bric-a-brac of all ages and descriptions, I will not speak. Miss Walton was fully

* Apoc., iv, 11.

† Apoc., xix, 9.

alive to the fact that a great deal of the merchandise which followed close upon the departure of her guests was discarded rubbish which had served its time in the city dwellings.

Now, however, a gift had come, about which no suspicions of that sort could lurk. It was a small Turkish prayer rug, with a sheen like that on the cheek of a peach, with colors such as dwell on the inside of a shell, and of a texture which even the unpractised eye of its new possessor knew to be fine almost beyond belief. There are born artists, and Miss Walton was one. Why she found the crocheted monstrosities so hideous she could not have told, any more than she could have explained why this rug, very much frayed at one end and darned in several places, was to her poetry, music, and incarnate joy. Miss Worthington had sent it—good Miss Worthington, who was dying now,—and this little note had come with it:

"I hope this rug may be a comfort to you,—it has been that to me. And if sometimes you should kneel upon it when you say your gentle prayers, do not forget a friend who may, perchance, be far away, but needing help."

Miss Walton read the note several times, hardly understanding it. "Far away!" How could Miss Worthington travel when so hopelessly ill? Could she mean—oh, yes! there could be no other interpretation: she meant that she was going to die. But "needing help!" How could the dead need help? "As a tree falleth, so it shall lie,"—that was the Scripture doctrine. "The righteous enter at once into glory," she said, quoting from something, she couldn't remember what. Perhaps Miss Worthington had her own way of thinking about such matters. She was a Roman Catholic,—that Miss Walton knew; but what a Roman Catholic believed, Miss Walton knew not. "Well, she is a good woman,

anyway!" she concluded, with decision.

She showed the rug to Mrs. Saunders, who called in the afternoon.

"It's very pretty," said that lady; "but some faded. Seems as though she might have sent a new one, considerin' the times you've taken her hot water for her neuraligy."

"I've heard," observed Miss Walton, blushing with suppressed indignation, "that old rugs are the most valuable."

"So've I," answered Mrs. Saunders, not wishing to be thought deficient in worldly information; "but I never could see a mite of sense in it. And, Patience Walton, this rug has been darned! And to think how you waited on her and did for her!"

"She was welcome to everything I did!" said Miss Walton with dignity; "and—and I'd rather you wouldn't criticise her. She's my friend."

Mrs. Saunders flounced out.

"She insulted me right in her own house," she said to her daughter, "just because I didn't admire that oid rag. Why couldn't Miss Worthington have sent a nice Brussels carpet with flower pots on it, or a rug with a dog's head and a wreath of roses round it?"

The other neighbors fully shared this opinion. The rug became their laughing-stock. However, Miss Walton, although suspecting this, did not care. She spread her friend's gift by the side of her bed, and knelt on it at night and in the morning when she said her prayers. Those prayers had been—although she would have been horrified at a prayer-book—cast in a certain form. At night she had asked pardon for the sins of the day, had begged that her mother and sister might be restored to health, and that the Presbyterian Church might prosper; in the morning she had given thanks for all mercies, asked for strength for the day, for a blessing on the work of the minister, and for comfort to the

sorrowing. Now she added these words: "Help one who is far away!" She said the sentence at first with many misgivings, looking about furtively lest some one might be near; but in time it became easy.

Her life had been a sad one, if any good life can be sad. Hers had surely been good in its own stern way. If that way was to us a mistaken one as well, we must realize that circumstances to which she was born were to blame for it. Poverty, a paralyzed mother, a feeble-minded sister—add these to Puritan blood and training, and you will not wonder at the lack of a sweet graciousness which is the heritage of the more fortunate. She had had a lover—a selfish youth who would take her but not her burdens; and so she kept the burdens and bade him go. She had heard of him once in awhile: he was making money in mining stocks; his wife was dead, his daughters married; he was spoken of for Congress. These things she would hear, then turn, with a little patient sigh, to the weary round of duty.

One day the news came that Miss Worthington was dead. Miss Walton had a struggle with herself that night. Her friend was, she believed, beyond all human help; it was hard to say the words which, while she thought that friend might still be living, had come to seem so natural. Now there was no doubt: if she said them she was praying for the dead. A great wave of love and sorrow filled her heart. She had lost the one being whose kindness had had in it no taint of self.

"I will pray for her!" she thought, stoutly; then, in the words she had learned to use, "Dear God, help one who is far away!" Her friend seemed nearer to her now. "It can't do her any harm," she said; "and it does me good." She herself sorely needed help that evening. Hannah, the sister, had one of her wild

paroxysms; and the mother, hours of querulous sleeplessness.

"I'm glad summer boarders do not come in winter," Miss Walton said all to herself. "I don't know what I should do if they did."

At last Hannah was quiet and her mother asleep, and the patient watcher could rest. She sat down in the little old rocking-chair by the window, too tired to think. She had brought the prayer rug out into the sitting-room. She loved to have it near her. In one corner the hand that wrought it had woven some strange device in Arabic. The words meant nothing to her—she did not even know that they were words,—but they fascinated her. She laid the rug upon her lap and stroked the silken threads. Outside there was snow and the wind was bending the bare branches of the trees; within the house, this ancient relic of an Eastern loom seemed to give warmth and peace. She thought of the giver. "Help one who is far away!" she whispered.

As she spoke sounds from the old brass knocker resounded through the house. They were impatient sounds, as if the one who made them would not be kept waiting,—such as she used to hear before she told Robert Grant that she must keep her burdens and let him go. A stout man was at the door as she opened it. He lifted his hat and she saw that he was bald.

"Is Miss Walton in?" he asked.

"I am Miss Walton," she answered. "Come in, Robert!"

"Patience!" he exclaimed. "And you are Patience!"

"Who should I be?"

"And you knew me!"

"I have heard that women do not forget easily."

They went into the sitting-room.

"I thought you might be glad to see me, Patience."

"I *am* glad. Don't think I am not. But I was surprised. Twenty years is a long time."

"Yes, a long time. What have you been doing these twenty years, Patience?"

"It is too dull a story to tell. I hear that you are a great man, Robert."

"Oh, not great!" he responded. "Just moderately successful, no more. But I am a lonely man."

Miss Walton knew instinctively what was coming. Once more he pleaded with her to share his life; once more he told of the quiet hospital where her mother should receive tender care; of the state institution where money could procure comforts for Hannah.

"I will come to-night for my answer," he said.

She watched him go down the path to the gate, the personification of success. To marry him would mean ease, and even a large share in the pleasure of the world which was to her so vague and bewildering a thing. To refuse him would be—what it had been for twenty years. She went and looked at her mother and Hannah. Both were peacefully asleep. It might be best for them; she would think so. Then the knocker sounded again.

It was no prosperous face that greeted her this time, but a dark visage on which was written failure, want, and homesickness. Yet it had a certain courage and the peace which comes of endurance. Its owner was an Armenian, a dealer in Oriental goods. He had, he said, been directed to her. She shook her head in smiling negation, but she asked him to come in and get warm. He held out his benumbed fingers toward the gray soapstone stove, and his eyes wandered about the room.

"Madam," he said, "that little rug by the window—I will give you a finer, a larger for it."

"I do not wish to part with it."

In vain he offered Oriental treasures in exchange.

"I would not take its weight in gold, sir," she said; "but I do wish you would tell me what those letters mean in the corner."

The man walked to the window and deciphered the Arabic characters.

"I will give you what you call a translation that is free. The words say, 'Do not try to buy happiness by doing wrong.'"

"Thank you!" replied Miss Walton. "You have done me a great service. I can't buy any of your goods, sir; for I haven't any money. But won't you have a cup of tea?"

He gladly drank her tea and ate her thin ginger cookies, then departed.

"I don't know whether he has any religion or not," mused Miss Walton, going in to look after her mother; "but I believe the Lord sent him."

Robert Grant came for his answer as he had promised, and again Patience informed him that she must keep her burdens and let him go.

"It is a temptation," she said; "but I can not go. I must not try to buy happiness by doing wrong."

Robert Grant found himself really fond of her, and at length offered to take her, burdens and all; but she replied:

"No! You would be sorry."

"I thought you said something about women remembering," he said, sadly. "You don't seem to remember."

Even at that she did not swerve.

"Ad-bye!" she answered, holding out her hand. "It has been harder than you know. I don't want you to think I don't care."

"If you care, you have a very queer way of showing it," he said, drawing on his overcoat with impatient jerks; and then in a moment more he was gone, and this time he was not coming back. Again—and for the last time, that

she knew—she watched him go down the path. He swung his cane high in the air as he walked away. She could see him very plainly, for the moon was up; and she could hear him lift the latch of the gate, which he closed with a defiant bang.

"God bless him!" said Miss Walton, turning away from the window. "I hope he may be happy, though I can not."

And was this the end of her romance? Yes, so far as Robert Grant was concerned. He married a young woman with no burdens, and went to Congress; and Miss Walton in time learned to think of his last visit as a most unreal and far-off episode. But the very next week held another surprise. She had been left an annuity by Miss Worthington, so the lawyer's letter said. It was not a large one, but she would not have to be the slave of summer boarders any more. Before the year ended the poor mother and Hannah had passed to where, "beyond these voices, there is peace"; and a new existence began for the patient one who would not buy happiness by deserting her duty.

She takes little journeys now, that give her glimpses of the beauty for which her starved nature longed; and she has learned many things. The prayer rug never leaves her; and when she kneels upon it and turns her gentle thoughts to heaven, she repeats, not the narrow petitions of her youth, but the words, hallowed by the devotion of ages, that have ever been upon the lips of those who love the old faith. One sentence, however, remains unchanged—"Dear God, help one who is far away!"

And this is how a prayer rug, woven centuries ago by Moslem fingers and worn by the knees of those who held an alien faith, carried to a daughter of the Puritans a lesson in the characters which ran thus: "Do not try to buy happiness by doing wrong."

Sunny Memories of Rome.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

II.—THE CAPITOL.

TODAY, as you stand and look up at the Capitol from the Piazza d'Ara Cœli, this is its aspect: a flight of broad steps, surmounted on either side by statues of Castor and Pollux, the "Great Twin Brethren"; farther back, above the Palace of the Senator, the Capitol tower, with its clock and bell, almost as famous as St. Peter's; to right and left Michael Angelo's twin buildings—the Museo and the Palazzo dei Conservatori; and, flanking either side of the staircase, foliage and masses of green. To your left is the steep Jacob's-ladder of steps ascending to the Church of Ara Cœli. To your left also, almost at the foot of the Capitol flight, the dramatic statue of Rienzi at the spot where he fell,—a wild face under the quattrocento cowl; fierce eyes, an active, writhing figure. You realize how the populace would listen—but the biographer makes him corpulent, and the sculptor has made him lean. Poor Rienzi!

A little higher, in the thick of a green arbor, the Capitol wolf paces up and down its den,—an ugly brute, little recking of its historical ancestress and the honor that has caged it. Indeed, to me it always seemed a strange way to recognize the service done a king; still one likes to have the wolf there for the keeping of tradition. The piazza, as you reach the top of the steps, is, perhaps, unique in its way. Every stone has its story, and you seem to be standing as much in the heart of a museum as under the open sky. Porticoes, columns, statues, memorials; in the centre the antique green-bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius. The emperor sits his horse bareheaded, his right arm extended as in speech,

and his face, large-eyed and benign, turned toward those he is addressing. The calm gaze recalls incessantly those words that so much honor the man: "From my mother I learned piety and beneficence, and abstinence not only from evil deeds but from evil thoughts."

The collections at the Capitol are divided into two parts. On your left, the sculpture gallery exclusively; on your right, the pictures, the Etruscan Museum, the frescoed halls, the corridor of great men and recent findings of statuary and curios. A few of the pictures are important, but the gallery does not compare well with many of its kind in Rome. The "St. Sebastian" (Guido Reni) is very delicate and beautiful, but effeminate; it is, however, a picture of world-wide fame. Some of the portraits are interesting; chiefly, though, you will remember Guercino's colossal "S. Petronilla." We are familiar with the mosaic copy in St. Peter's; but here, towering at the end of the great hall, unsurrounded by the splendor which dwarfs it in the basilica, it seems to assume greater force and majesty. The figures in the foreground engaged upon the burial of the saint are painted with immense power and vigor. Hers, only half seen, is rendered with vividness, particularly the neck and the falling head, which is still crowned with flowers.

The chapel on the first floor of the palace ("so-called chapel" since the change of government) has some handsome panels, and on the chief space of wall may be seen a very beautiful fresco of the Madonna and Child. The coloring is exquisite, and the harmony of whites and yellows in the painting of the angels as delicate as the best of Pinturicchio's work. Each of the halls is frescoed by some painter of note, and contains various objects of interest, too numerous to catalogue. The chief one, long and very spacious, has statues of popes and

famous captains of the Middle Ages; also cushioned seats running round the walls where the weary sight-seer often pauses to rest, and where much idle chatting is done. The conversation of tourists is generally highly edifying, and almost always to the point. I remember a semi-circle of admirers once round the statue of Agrippina the Elder, engaged in an animated debate about the mosquitoes in their respective hotels, and the best remedies for the sting. And Agrippina sat there, with her hands loose in her lap, and that pleasantness upon her face which now seemed almost a smile.

It is close upon noon; and, as you cross the piazza under the snout of good Marcus Aurelius' horse, the city lies stretched away before you in that slight bluish haze of Rome in the early summer. The sky is intensely blue,—that deep, soul-stirring blue of midday, when the heavens have no limit to the depths of them and the sun glistens upon the foliage with little white lances of light. Marcus Aurelius is in a white splendor; the pavement dazzles you, and you are glad to get into the cool portico and shady staircase. The little court is full of sunlight and dancing water and fragments; but you have no time for musing. The first thing to see is on the ground-floor—the Roman sarcophagi, open and glass-covered. The skeletons lie straight and lightly knitted in the dust; and there are splendid antique gold lockets about what was once a neck, and the thin bones of the fingers are circled with heavy rings. You feel a sort of shame at the indignity of those ornaments, which make death ludicrous; and you would gladly hide the poor bones away, without their trappings, in some soft earth that would absorb them soon.

In a room on the ground-floor also is the Mosaic of the Doves; upstairs, the statues only. The Venus, the Leda of

the Swan, and the Cupid and Psyche have a small room to themselves off the passage; the first hall on the front is the Hall of Portraits. Here Agrippina sits,—a small woman with dainty feet outstretched; her face is aquiline in feature, refined and pleasing. All around her on shelves and columns are busts of her own house, and others—the men and women of imperial Rome. Nothing could be more interesting than a catalogue of the hall of portraits with illustrations and comments; but, merely passing through, you have only time to notice one and another: Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Lucius Verus, Caligula, Nero, Britannicus,—a host of them. And among the women, handsome Flavia and baby-faced Poppea. History grows living around you: all this, so long since, might have been yesterday; it is so graphic you wonder at the modernity of the Gospel placed between that yesterday (the beginning of it) and the yet more recent to-day.

Through the great hall, with its rows of admirable marbles, and the lesser rooms, we hasten to the last, knowing we have not seen a hundredth part of the Museo Capitolino, yet willing to pass over many for the sake of these. It is the sanctuary of the Capitol, the Hall of the Dying Gladiator. The walls are painted deep red and it is full of sunlight. Round about stand the Faun, the Antinous, and other six or eight gems. The Gladiator has the centre to himself. Around him the world is dim and swimming; all sorrow and pain and the last undefinable agony are upon him, bowing him earthward. He is conscious of nothing but the heavy stupor creeping over him; the wound even, through which his life flows, is unheeded. You do not see his eyes, the head is bent so low; but if you have ever seen a man felled by one brutal stroke, you know how they would look.

This time, almost regretfully, we come out into the open air and pause, looking over the piazza, along the porticoes, from palace to palace, and down the flight of crazy steps leading to the Forum. Away, through the space they leave open, the distant view is beautiful. Translucent sky, blue hills, a sweep of green, and some far tower hazily jotted in. The crazy flight teems with history; it winds down between the foundations of the Capitol on its right and reaches the Mamertine Prison on its left.

In the early days it was fought over, struggled for, and ran with blood. You read with pleasure, because the thing seems so very natural and likely, even if they are not the same steps that three hundred and forty years B. C., Annius, the Latin envoy, fell down as he left the temple and was nearly killed. The temple then was Jupiter's—"Jupiter very good, very great"; now it is Christ's, by Mary. From the piazza it is only a step to the side door; and as we enter a monk passes us, brown-robed and patched. You are glad of the patches because they are picturesque and call up pleasant thoughts of the Middle Ages, and the "Fioretti," and St. Francis, and that Lady Poverty to whom he was espoused.

The church is full of sunlight,—even more full than the Capitol halls; for it is noon. There are exquisite bits of color here and there, and exquisite bits of picturesqueness between frieze and column, pavement and tomb. Indeed, there is, perhaps, no church in Rome so thoroughly picturesque as S. Maria in Ara Cœli. The hush and stillness are broken only by the muttered observations of wandering, red-book tourists, and the sound of their footsteps over the graves. A few prayers are praying at the altars; and in quiet corners you come upon artists painting away for dear life in that absorption and removal

from earthly preoccupations which make them blessed among men. The shrine of St. Helen, an isolated chapel, roofed on columns and enclosed by balustrades, is supposed to occupy the site of the altar erected by Augustus to the "First-Born of God"—*Ara Primogeniti Dei*. Others insist that the altar stood where the high altar stands now.

There are many interesting paintings and tombs, but perhaps *Ara Coeli* is best known in connection with its Bambino, its Presepio, and the children's *sermoni* at Yuletide. By applying to the sacristan, you can see the Bambino—a rosy little image, with curly hair under its crown. It is swathed in rich white silk, much embroidered and much bejewelled, with a *raggiera* upon the breast.

As to the Presepio, it is one of the oldest and most famous in Rome. The figures are life-size; and, though far from perfect, there is the old charm of seeing the painted angels flying among the clouds, the shepherds of the Campagna, the women in genuine peasant costumes, and rough brown boys, so thoroughly Italian, bringing their ewe lambs and baskets of real apples and oranges to the Holy Family—just as they do to their *padroni* or to anybody they may want to make a present to. Ruskin attributes Giotto's fame to the popular manner of his pictures. He painted, as Ruskin rather crudely yet with no meaning of irreverence puts it, "not Joseph and Mary and Jesus, but papa and mamma and the baby." It is this same love of the domestic and familiar, the utterly natural and realistic, that the Italians bring into their religion, and which makes their faith so quaintly charming and often so unfairly shocking to strangers.

The Presepio is open from Christmas until Epiphany; and during this season, opposite the Presepio, but in the other aisle, the children's *sermoni* are going

on. Usually they are verses, more or less happy, bearing on Christmas and learned at nuns' schools, that little girls get up on the platform to recite. Sometimes there is a stray boy, but rarely. The children of all ages, from three upward, simply go up the steps, make their bob-courtesy and declaim their lines. Some of the poems are grave, some humorous; in most cases they take the form of prayer. Some of the children are ugly and some pretty, some clean and some dirty, some shy and some brazen; but they all belong to the humbler classes. They come alone or their mothers bring them; there is no formality and nobody to look after the proceedings. When one little speaker has finished she runs down and another comes up. There is always a small crowd listening,—a strangely mixed one too; and the faces are curious to study, being so different in expression: thoughtful, supercilious, intent, gravely reverent, keenly amused. It is an old, old institution, and it has that character of broad, good-natured forbearance and easy familiarity that stamps such like with the true seal of old Rome.

Then in the mild evening—mild though it is early January—you come down the steep gray flight of steps. Haply, it has been raining: the stairs are wet and dripping, and the sky spreads overhead, dull, like one big pearl. The tree, that on the other side backs Rienzi's statue, reaches up here. Religious pictures, statuettes, penny toys, and sweetmeats are spread out on the steps; while the venders cry out: "One soldo the Santo Bambino!" "One soldo the picture and medal!" "One soldo the Holy Child in the Crib!" "All for one soldo!" Perhaps the shouting will annoy you; perhaps, instead, you will pass their wares with trailing glances and some recrudescence of the old desire that has been in you, ungratified in childhood, for a white clay penny horse.

The Story of Count Stolberg.

VI.

IN 1814, a year after the death of Stolberg's son Christian on the field of battle, his thirteen-year-old boy, Franz, the youngest and the darling of the family, became incurably lame.

"Our days," writes Stolberg on the 7th of March to his niece, "go quickly on like the thread of the weaver. But each day is full; and all that is, is for the best. Each day sows its seed, which we tend and care for; and each day brings us nearer the harvest. That which is sowed in weakness will be gathered in strength, and that which is planted in abasement will be harvested in glory. These reflections lie very near my heart because of the long and wearisome illness of my thirteen-year-old Franz, whom God in His wisdom has been pleased to afflict with lameness.... He is happy and contented, although suffering much and confined to the house. But the burden becomes lighter when borne, as he bears it, with sweet patience and a cheerful spirit. It is the love of Jesus Christ which sustains him. It is this incomparable peace which also upholds his mother from sinking under the sorrows which have lately afflicted her, as well as under her manifold cares by night and by day. Often she is compelled to rise twelve and twenty times during the night, when the pain in his limb becomes so very intense that it can be alleviated only by moving it about. The presence of our Julia is a great help and consolation. We have great joy in all our children, including the dearly loved betrothed of our dead Christian."

"Our Franz," he writes a week later, "is growing weaker, and the end is now very near. He seems really pleased at the anticipation. He has already received the Holy Viaticum; but not

with anxiety or uneasiness, only in the most complete resignation to the will of God. 'When I am with God,' he says, 'with our sainted ones, I shall be nearer to you than I now am.' I dare not let the boy see what a privilege I feel it to learn the lesson which he teaches us from his dying bed. God be praised! His brothers and sisters receive wonderful edification from his illness."

On the 30th of March, 1815, Stolberg advised his brother of the death of his son as follows:

"Yesterday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, our dear Franz, who had been dying for three days, and who through all his sufferings had been an example of patience, holiness, and love, departed after an agony of two hours. All is well with him,—well also with us; for the saintly boy was our own, and will still be our own through all eternity. His brothers and sisters have seen in him what the religion of Jesus Christ can do, and he has left them in this a grand inheritance. During his wearisome and painful illness not a single word of impatience escaped him. The sharp thorns of suffering have prepared for him many roses; but for us our flower has been taken away."

On the 31st he writes:

"This morning the remains of our dear, good boy were laid by his brothers and sisters in the churchyard of Stock Kämpen, which you well remember. He rests beneath an image of the Crucified, who was his faith, his hope, his love.... What a beautiful spring! Our Franz always brought us the first news of spring, and the first flower was always gathered by him. Ah, he was a fine boy! So sprightly and quick, so tender, kind and loving. Yes, all is well with him."

Can anything be more touching or edifying than this picture of fatherly love and sorrow mingled with Christian hope and resignation? Only in one school

can such heroic virtue be acquired—the school of the Cross, to which Stolberg and his wife clung with uplifted eyes, without a murmur, almost without a sigh. The Countess writes in a similar strain to her brother-in-law:

“In the loss of Franz and Christian God has sorely bereaved me during this year. That I may still hold fast to Him is my fervent prayer. He will, I trust, strengthen me with His grace, that I may not falter or faint by the way. When I long for the dear ones now gone, when I yearn for a sight of their beloved faces, when I recall the sweet and tender memories and hopes which were centred in them, I can only cry with more and more fervor, ‘Thy will be done!’ And that I may be able to do so I beg that you will not neglect to pray. And for my dear children I can rejoice,—fully rejoice. They are born again: God has taken them to Himself; for Christian was wise and conscientious beyond his years, and his experience had developed in him a strength of soul and a courage which he applied to the best uses at his command. When my days upon earth are numbered, if God will deem me worthy, I shall go to Him and to my beloved children, of whom I so often think with tears and longing, but also with trust and resignation. May the grace of God be with us always, and lead us to Him through whatever means He shall appoint! To attain the perfect love of God, we must serve Him in His own way; and believe that whatever He sends is for the best,—the bitterest pain as well as the tenderest love. Pray for our children, I beg of you!”

In the autumn of 1816 Stolberg's son Caius went to the University of Göttingen. While Stolberg lamented his absence, he had no fears for the results. His year in the army had strengthened and ripened his character; besides, his Christian principles and practice were

so firmly grounded that they were proof against adverse outside influence.

In June, 1818, the Count's eldest daughter came, with her husband and eight children, to visit her parents; and presently these were joined by his son Ernest, from Vienna. Stolberg writes:

“God be thanked for this reunion after six years' separation! Already eleven days have swiftly passed. How deeply are joy and sorrow mingled! How often sorrow is such bitter, bitter pain! But when joy, sorrow and pain are accompanied by love, and the lamp of life is lighted by the soothing oil of hope, then all things may be borne.”

Later he writes to his sister Catharine:

“The day before yesterday Maria Agnes, Ferdinand and their little household left us. I do not know when any parting affected me like this. Ah, if they did not live so far away! It gave me such unspeakable joy to see them. My Maria Agnes, always lovely, has so improved during these six years of absence that I can not thank God enough for her. That makes the parting so much more bitter—no, not bitter; but how shall I say it? You understand me. Ferdinand also can not be excelled in goodness, truth, and nobility of soul. It has been such a comfort to see the elder children again, and to know the little ones. They are all lovable children.”

In November, 1818, Stolberg's son Ernest was united in marriage with the widowed Countess Josephine von Plettenberg. Stolberg says of her: “She shines like a new and beautiful star in the life of our firmament.” The year previous his son Andreas had married Christian's formerly affianced bride, the Countess Philippine von Brabeck; and this bond was another much appreciated by the entire family.

One of the principal incidents of the wedding festival was the dinner given by the Count to one hundred and thirty

poor persons. They were all gathered around a great table; and prominent among them was a woman of one hundred and one years, accompanied by her daughter, aged seventy.

In the year 1819 Caius, Leopold and Alfred Stolberg made a journey into Switzerland. This recalled to Stolberg the happy incidents of his own journey in the days of his youth. He writes of Leopold as follows:

"In Leopold I have the greatest joy; he is so Godfearing and virtuous, so kindly, and with such a true, affectionate heart. The strong brotherly friendship which binds him and Caius together is the greatest comfort to me. Both are earnest followers of our Lord Jesus Christ; from the days of their student life, and before, they have been faithful and unwavering. Leopold and Alfred are also warmly attached to each other."

The Countess writes thus to a friend, a priest, of the journey to Switzerland:

"My three dear sons will deliver this letter to you. The eldest of these three has served a year in the army, and later spent three years at the University. God has kept him in His grace; his faith has remained undisturbed, his innocence uncorrupted. Leopold has also studied a year in Heidelberg, and I can say the same of him as of his brother. The third, Alfred, just nineteen years old, is leaving his father's house for the first time, and is greatly overjoyed at being allowed to make this journey with his brothers. After his return he will begin his academical studies at Heidelberg. The hearts of the father and mother cling tenderly to them. I beseech you be a friend to them. If you can put them in the way of making acquaintance with some other priests among your friends, I beg that you will do so. Pray for them and for us, and write soon to let me know how they have impressed you."

(Conclusion next week.)

Also Very Shocking.

HARDLY less shocking than Dr. Mivart's recent articles in two leading reviews is the disposition on the part of certain Catholic writers to make light of what even outsiders regard as an attack on Christianity. To some of these writers Dr. Mivart's words are only unintelligible or startling, and consequently they have only half-hearted rebuke for conduct that is scandalous as well as temerarious. In such a case the usual cant about charity becomes positively loathsome. It is anything but kindness to the offender to excuse away his fault and conceal its deplorable consequences. He should be made to see his offence in all its enormity, and be called upon to repair it while this may yet be done. If he refuses, evidently his place is outside the pale of the Church. It need not be said that Dr. Mivart is entitled to fair and courteous treatment, or that in criticising his present fault there should be recollection of his past great service. "Not the severity of truth but the severity of passion" is to be avoided in dealing with him. His age, his wounded susceptibilities, his eminent position, his distinguished services to religion and science, are all to be considered. At the same time the cause of truth must not be betrayed. Fortunately, Dr. Mivart is a man in the highest sense; one, too, who is given to plain speech himself.

We do not think that Dr. Mivart realizes the gravity of his offence. For some time he has been in a bad mood,—exasperated by the knowledge of what he would call iniquity and incompetency in high places; offended at the august Head of the Church for not taking action as he would have him in the Dreyfus affair. He denounces with bitterness the condemnation of Galileo by the Holy

Office, on the ground that its members acted outside of their province. That blunder is not indeed to be defended; but everyone knows, or ought to know, that the infallibility of the Pope was not involved in it. No one supposes that the opinion of any theologian, or any number of theologians, even if all of them were saints, constitutes infallible truth. The Holy Father may have had—doubtless did have—strong reasons for not pronouncing on the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus. In any case, to dictate to the Head of the Church is not only grossly audacious but outrageously irreverent. What is a ruler to do when he hears—as all rulers must sometimes hear—evidence most contradictory from sources equally reputable? Silence on the subject of Dreyfus was wise policy on the part of Leo XIII., and every sensible man will now acknowledge this. Had he expressed a conviction not in agreement with Dr. Mivart's, this worthy would have been the first, we fear, to accuse him of acting outside of his province.

The eminent English scientist has evidently been under the influence of Catholics whose faith is as unsettled and unenlightened as his own, seemingly; and in communication with ecclesiastics who have lost the spirit of their vocation, or, perhaps, even ceased to believe in Christian dogmas. These traitors we blame more—very much more—than we do Dr. Mivart. There are many so-called Catholics, it must be remembered, who never learned to know or to love their religion; and there are ecclesiastics whose training, whatever it may have done for their heads, has been of a kind to dry up their hearts. No one need be so simple as to suppose that if the independent movement in the Church were to culminate in secession from the Vicar of Christ, only laymen would go away and walk no more with him.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the necessity of making preparatory and collegiate education more religious, and of the need of higher education for the clergy. The widespread decay of faith, and indifference to the claims of religion, are unquestionably due to the inadequacy of religious instruction. Education that is high ought also to be solid; and when its aim is to equip men for the work of the sacred ministry, the cultivation of the heart—the acquisition of all Christian virtues—should go with it. It has been well said that religious guides in our day should all be scholars, and that this class of scholars should all be saints—men of exemplary piety, deep humility, and entire devotedness. We all know that criminals who are educated are the more dangerous on that account, and the same is true of apostates. False guides whose minds have been developed at the expense of their moral training are capable of doing all the more evil for that very reason.

It is quite true, as Dr. Mivart says, that "charity is the highest, greatest and sweetest outcome of religion"; but it is the very opposite of charity to him, or to those who have been scandalized by his recent writings, to overlook or minimize his offence. It was the plain duty of every Catholic apologist who felt called upon to notice Dr. Mivart's articles to denounce them as heretical, which they unquestionably are; and to let him know—since, as we believe, he was unconscious of this—that they are calculated to do great harm to the cause which hitherto he has so nobly served. Catholic writers occupy toward the Catholic public a position of trust. That certain editors did not promptly and emphatically repudiate the "Catholicity" for which Dr. Mivart claims a continuity, was an evident dereliction of duty. It is no excuse for him to protest that he has not adopted all the

novel views which he has put forward. The whole trend of his article in *The Nineteenth Century* shows unmistakable sympathy with them. He does not refute what is manifestly erroneous, or reprobate what every true Christian must hold in abhorrence; nor does he condemn opinions which the Church has solemnly anathematized.

We like to think that Dr. Mivart will be sincerely sorry when he learns of the deplorable effect of his latest essays; that he will affirm his adherence to Catholicity, and retract the astounding views to which he has given expression. Until he does this, however, it will be only natural to think that he shares such opinions. It is true that he protests against being supposed to have adopted all the notions to which he refers, but the essay (in *The Nineteenth Century*) is to be considered in its entirety; and the tone and character of it are nothing if not uncatholic.

Dr. Mivart has kindled a destructive fire. It is for him to put it out, and to repair as far as possible the damage it has caused. That he will hasten to do this is our firm hope and our earnest prayer.

SOME of the best wine is harsh and unpalatable till it goes a long sea-voyage. After it has been tossed on the high seas and gone round the Cape, it becomes mellow and soft. There are strong natures which were once intolerable—so self-confident, so masterful, so inhuman. But Death visited their house, and they came forth from his school other men; and now the strength is touched with sympathy and humility.—*Maclaren*.

ONE must be very unobservant of life and very unintelligent about its meaning if he can not see some spiritual ends and some kindly alleviations even in those sudden and crushing blows that shatter happy homes.—*Id.*

Notes and Remarks.

We are loath to admit that the habit of drinking intoxicants, often to excess, is spreading among the gentler sex so rapidly as the students of sociology would have us believe. True, the new employments adopted by women drain their energies more exhaustively than in former years, and it would not be surprising if they came to believe they needed the same sort of stimulants their fathers and brothers are so fond of. It would, however, be inexpressibly saddening. As the *Chicago Journal* says, "the alcoholic taint inherited from one parent has wrecked enough lives"; the bare possibility of doubling the evil is shocking to contemplate. Yet so long as women are forced or even permitted to do men's labor, it is to be feared that they will come more and more to adopt men's vices. The fineness of woman's moral fibre is chiefly due to centuries of Christian inheritance, and to careful protection from the unwholesome influences that beset the paths of men. It is foolish to dream that the presence of the fair sex in the marts and on the thoroughfares will change those influences. It is easier to degenerate than to regenerate. A drop of ink will blacken a jar of water; a drop of water will have no perceptible effect on a jar of ink.

One dominant note runs through all the tributes paid to the late Mr. Moody by the press, the pulpit, and the pew—namely, that "what the churches need is more of Moody's genuine Christian spirit." One quality of the popular evangelist is especially worthy of the imitation of his clerical brethren: his noble superiority to petty prejudices and sectarian hatreds. One of his friends records that "the evangelist in later years grew mellow and threw off many

of his early prejudices. He told me that he was ashamed of his prejudice against the Catholic Church, remarking that there was no other church in the country where Christ is preached so simply." We remember with pleasure that he not only contributed to the erection of a Catholic chapel in a struggling mission, but supplied it with an organ. In breadth, Brother Moody was as unlike most of his fellows as a prairie is unlike a bridle-path.

A painful instance of the ingratitude of the savage is afforded by the case of Malietoa Tanus, the callow and characterless young man whom the London Missionary Board established on the throne of Samoa in place of the wise and virtuous Mataafa. Malietoa Tanus suited the missionaries, because he consented to live in their house, under their tutelage, and to let them govern the country for missionary purposes; the missionaries suited Malietoa Tanus, because without their plottings and wire-pulling Mataafa, the rightful sovereign and the choice of the Samoan people, would have been example restored to the throne. As an instance of how "good" the missionaries were to their protégé, we may recall the declaration of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson, formerly American Consul in Samoa. Mr. Osbourne states that one of the missionaries came to him with a proposal that he lure his friend Mataafa into the mission house on a promise of safe-conduct, and that the missionaries should then seize and bind the old chief, and so end the civil war. But after the partition of Samoa and the abrogation of the kingship, the missionaries ceased to be useful to Mr. Malietoa Tanus, and, lo! that pious young man not only lapses from conversion, but turns and rends his old defenders. The Methodist missionaries, he charges, sold

the natives Bibles sent to them for free distribution; also they raised \$100,000 one night at Tonga—it deserves to be called "the night of the big wind,"—by telling the natives that "the largest givers would be the most acceptable to God, thus reversing the spirit of the widow's mite." This is very shocking in Malietoa Tanus, but it is only poetic justice to the missionaries.

Profane and unclean speech is such a common and public offence where men do congregate that public reparation alone can offset the scandal and inspire young and old with a loathing for the vice. Hence it is cheering to read of such superb manifestations of the Catholic spirit as that which assembled 2500 men in a public hall in Albany the other day to protest against this twin evil. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Holy Name Society of St. John's Church. Stirring addresses were made by distinguished priests and laymen; and at the close of the demonstration that immense body of men—large enough to cleanse a bigger city than Albany—publicly pledged themselves to do all in their power to put down unchristian speech.

According to "A Cyclopedia of Fraternities," a work condensing from the most trustworthy sources all available information regarding the secret fraternities of the United States, there are some 600 secret societies (including college fraternities) in this country. The author of the "Cyclopedia" is Mr. Albert C. Stevens, an associate editor of the Standard Dictionary; and his information is probably accurate. He also shows that more than 200,000 candidates for membership are initiated each year; in fact, that one out of every three male adults in the United States is a member of some secret society. The organization

having the largest membership is the Freemasons (817,227); next come the Odd-Fellows (788,968); then the Knights of Pythias (452,022). The most astonishing figures presented by Mr. Stevens, however, are those which represent the growth of the lodges from year to year. If the annual increase in membership be anything like a fifth of a million, there will soon be nobody left to keep the secrets from.

If the habit of reading is not more widespread to-day than ever before, it is not for lack of ingenious devices to promote it. The travelling library, for the accommodation of people living in small towns or in the country, is one of them. In 1892 the legislature of the State of New York made an appropriation, which it still maintains, for sending out forty-six travelling libraries of one hundred volumes each; other States have since followed up the movement, and the total number of libraries is five thousand. The effect of the movement is said to be distinctly uplifting. "The abandonment of old habits of lounging and dissipation at the country saloon," says a writer on this subject, "has marked the advent of the travelling library. The young men have deserted their old quarters, and prefer to remain at home with some book which has suddenly opened to them a new source of pleasure."

A recent issue of the *Baltimore Sun* contained the following communication, on the subject of Army and Navy chaplains, from a newspaper man in another city,—a zealous convert, who is not unknown to readers of this magazine:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The *Sun* has noticed from time to time the discussions as to the number and denomination of the chaplains of the Army and Navy of the United States. Would it not be well for the authorities to remember that the

chaplains are not for the churches, but for the soldiers and seamen of our country, and allow them to have a voice in determining whose ministrations they shall receive? Say, for instance, there are now about 50,000 seamen, and about \$50,000—or \$1 each—is appropriated for the "sky pilots." Why not allow each seaman, when he comes for his pay, to say to what denomination his dollar shall be applied, and use the appropriation in accordance with the sailor's desires as to his spiritual rations? Is not this the American and the democratic way?

We consider this a good suggestion; it is eminently practical. Soldiers and sailors certainly have the right to choose their chaplains, and no one would attempt to influence them in this matter. Should it turn out that more than half of the chaplains were priests, the equity of the plan would still be admitted by all except unreasonable bigots.

A committee composed of bishops and priests have undertaken to collect funds for the furnishing and decoration of a chapel in the new Basilica of the Rosary at Lourdes. The reverend clergy alone are called upon to contribute the money necessary for carrying out this pious project, and the response is sure to be prompt and generous; but we fear that many of the laity, who have been pilgrims to Lourdes, and many of whom have been recipients of spiritual and temporal favors at the famous shrine, would have been grateful for the privilege of contributing their mite. The chapel which is to represent our country on the wonder-spot of the world is that dedicated to the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin.

The Immaculate Conception, patronal feast of the United States, is a legal holiday in Manila, where it is called La Purisima Concepcion. In the *Times* of that city, dated Dec. 7, we find this notice:

To-morrow being a legal holiday (La Purisima Concepcion), observed by the local banks and business houses generally, there will be no issue of this paper.



The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

VI.—MR. WINSTANLEY'S VISIT.

THE children were brought to Mr. Winstanley in the parlor, and he immediately declared the resemblance to his dead grandchildren to be greater even than that of the photograph. Always friendly with strangers, they seemed particularly so with him,—leaning against his knees, looking affectionately up into his face; and Tommy even went so far as to play with his watch-chain, for which Mother Ignatius gently reproved him.

"Do not chide him, I beg!" observed the old gentleman. "The touch of those childish fingers are very pleasant to me."

Finally, when the little ones were dismissed, Mr. Winstanley said:

"No one at home had ever thought of trying to fill the places of those who are gone, and especially from an asylum. My daughter-in-law is very fastidious; she is also exceedingly delicate, and has grieved beyond measure for the loss of her children. We have even feared for her reason, so melancholy has she become. It never occurred to us that there could be anywhere in the world two little ones so like our own. I am most anxious to do something to restore some of the old wonted sunshine to her heart and our home. When I return I shall tell her of the wonderful discovery I have made; and, if her consent and that of my son can be obtained, the children will be taken on trial,—that is, if you are willing to let them come to us in that way."

"That is the way we always do," said Mother Ignatius. "The asylum is a home to which its children can always return until they have reached a certain age. As it appears, nothing can be better for 'the twins,' as we call them, than this chance, Mr. Winstanley. I never dared to hope that they would both be taken into one family; though I longed for it to come to pass. They are indeed remarkable children. So far they have never given us a moment's apprehension; and they are so alike, in temperament, habits, and tastes, as well as form and feature, that I am sometimes inclined to think they are really the children of one father and mother."

"God knows what tale of sorrow lies behind the history of the poor little things!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "One, at least, of their parents must have been of gentle station,—perhaps the mother."

"I can not think that such a mother would willingly have parted from her little ones. But you forget they are not brother and sister."

"I am not sure of that," was the reply. "I am inclined to think they are. The story of the old woman would indicate that she was familiar with the origin of both."

"Well, it is possible the truth may be established one day," answered Mother Ignatius. "Much as we dislike to part with them, Mr. Winstanley, we shall all pray most fervently that they may find a home with you."

And next the old gentleman rose to take his leave.

"I shall return home the day after to-morrow," he said. "You will hear from me in a short time. Would you be

willing, Mother, to lend them to us for three months, should the others decide to make the experiment I mean to suggest?"

"Certainly, sir. In that length of time you will become thoroughly acquainted with them."

"There is another matter also," he added. "A nurse would be required,—a responsible person, to whom they could safely be entrusted at all times. Do you know of such a woman?"

"Monica would be the very person for that position," said Mother Ignatius. "She has cared for them always until the past few months. She is deeply attached to them and they to her. But Mrs. Woodson is so well pleased with the girl that perhaps she would not be willing to let her go."

"Have you no one who could fill her place equally well with my sister?"

"There is another a little older than Monica, and one who has had more experience. She is stronger also. I could recommend her to the place."

"Very well; I shall be able to settle all that, I feel sure. My sister does not become violently attached to persons. What she desires is that her creature comforts are well attended to. She will recognize the fact that Monica ought to be sent with the children."

Mrs. Woodson made no difficulty. The scheme met with her approval, and she was willing to do anything to promote it. Mr. Winstanley had not been gone many days when a letter came, saying that he had found his son and daughter-in-law willing to receive the children. Their interest and curiosity had both been aroused. He also named a day for their coming, and hoped nothing would interfere to prevent the accomplishment of that to which the whole family were now looking forward.

When Tommy and Mary learned that they were to leave the asylum they

both began to cry; but when told that Monica would accompany them, they were quite willing to go.

Grief is infectious: there were few dry eyes at the asylum that morning. But the tears of the little ones were soon dried. They were with their dear Monica, travelling in the cars for the first time in their lives; and, then, there was to be something very pleasant at the end of their journey. Mrs. Woodson had bought them new caps and cloaks; they were so well dressed that no one would ever have thought they had been taken from an asylum. A ride of several hours brought them to the suburban station of F—, where Mr. Winstanley was awaiting them with his carriage.

"Ah, there is the nice old gentleman, Monica!" said Tommy. "He is smiling. How kind he looks!"

Before Monica could answer, Mr. Winstanley was beside them. With him was a younger man, who exclaimed:

"The resemblance is truly wonderful, father,—truly wonderful! Emma will think so, I am confident."

There were tears in his eyes as he lifted them, one after the other, in his arms and placed them in the carriage. Presently they were talking to him as though they had always known him.

"Do you know where you are going?" he asked of Mary, whom he had taken on his knee.

"To visit for awhile at a nice house; and, if we are good, maybe to stay there always," said the child.

"And you were glad to come?"

"Oh, yes: with Monica! But not without her. Monica loves to be with us. She took care of us when we were poor, poor little babies."

"Monica is my godmother," observed Tommy, affectionately squeezing her hand. "She is the best of *all* the girls."

Monica only smiled. So far all had gone well with her darlings. But there

was another ordeal to be faced—the mother and grandmother of the dead children were to be met, and she knew that women are usually more difficult to please than men, where the adoption of strangers into heart and home is concerned. Already they had won their way into the hearts of their companions.

It seemed a very short time until the carriage turned into a private road, which led to a colossal house of goodly proportions, surrounded by a beautiful garden. An old lady stood at the door. The younger Mr. Winstanley took a child on either arm and set them down in front of her. She stooped and enfolded them both in her arms, while tears fell upon their wondering faces.

"You were right, father," she said. "I have never seen anything like it. Come, let us go to Emma."

She led them, one by each hand, through the broad hall to a pleasant room filled with flowers and singing birds. A lady came from a sofa near the window, and, stooping, looked long into their bright young faces; then, clasping them close in a long, fervent embrace, she arose, sank into a chair, and burst into loud, hysterical sobbing. They hurried the children away.

"Why did she cry?" inquired Mary. "She liked us; for she kissed us hard."

"You remind her of some other little ones whom she has lost," answered the grandmother.

"Can't they find the little ones any more?" asked Tommy.

"God has taken them: they are in heaven," replied the old lady, tearfully. "But now we are all going to love you in their stead."

"That will be nice," said Mary. "She is a pretty lady, and I love her too."

She fell back with Monica. The boy, however, clung to the old lady's hand, looking up into her kind face.

They went to the dining-room, where

bread and milk had been prepared for the children. The old lady sat opposite the boy, watching him intently. Her face grew thoughtful, then sad; her lip quivered. She went over to her husband, standing in front of the fireplace.

"George," she said, "does that boy make you think—of any other boy? In that high chair, with that blue jacket and that old silver porringer,—does he remind you of any other boy?"

Her husband laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Yes," he answered, and his voice was husky,—“yes; I have been remarking it, and wondering if you did. He is like—Tom.”

(To be continued.)

A Voice that Served a Purpose.

There is a story in the old histories that tells how, in disguise, Alfred the Great visited the camp of the Danes. Garbed as a wandering minstrel, Alfred, taking his harp, approached the Danish lines and began to sing some of those old songs for which the gleemen were so famous. The Danish sentinels were glad enough to have the beautiful voice of the singer and the exquisite tones of his harp break in upon the monotony of the camp. Alfred went from tent to tent, until finally a chief was so pleased with his skill that he insisted on leading him into the presence of Guthrum the King,—Guthrum, at whose name all England trembled.

Alfred used his eyes as well as his voice; so when he left the camp, loaded with presents, he went straight to his own camp, called a meeting of his chieftains, before whom he drew on the ground a plan of the Danish camp. Courage returned, and a new attack defeated the Danes. Guthrum was soon afterward converted to Christianity, Alfred being his sponsor in baptism.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A biography of Blessed Rymund of Capua, by Père Hyacinth Cormier, O. P., has been translated into English by J. Dillon Trant, and will soon be published by Messrs. Marlier, Callann & Co.

—The little books of devotion prepared, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., and published by M. H. Gill & Sons, are filled with an unction that inspires piety. This is true especially of the three that are devoted to the Blessed Sacrament. Father Russell has lately added to his series a prettily bound volume entitled "Altar Flowers," a collection of prayers in verse, suitable for the various duties of the day.

—Madame Belloc is finishing a work, to be called "The Flowing Tide," in which she portrays the revival of Catholic thought and custom in English life. Madame Belloc is one of the most interesting figures in English life, both on account of her own gifts and on account of the number of distinguished persons whom she knew intimately. She is a convert. She was influenced toward the Church—apart from grace—first by her intimacy with Adelaide Procter, then by abridging the life of a famous nun, and finally by a visit to Ireland.

—Augustin Birrell, an honest man and a writer of delightful essays, once paid this fine tribute to Dr. Maitland, the Protestant defender of the Middle Ages: "Let me name a historian who detested fine writing and who never said to himself, 'Go to; I will make a description,' and who yet was dominated by a love of facts, whose one desire always was to know what happened, to dispel illusion and to establish the true account—Dr. S. R. Maitland, of the Lambeth Library, whose volumes entitled 'The Dark Ages' and 'The Reformation' are to History what Milton's *Lycidas* is said to be to Poetry. If they do not interest you, your tastes are not historical."

—We fully agree with Prof. Seeley, professor of pedagogy in the New Jersey State Normal School, that the history of education is an important branch of knowledge; and we are of opinion that any one undertaking to write a volume on the history of education should be able to afford proof that he has studied the subject thoroughly and impartially. The American Book Co. has just published a "History of Education" by the professor referred to. He seems not to have heard of Janssen's great work and other works not so great but still very important. A refutation of his

statement that ignorance reigned at the beginning of the sixteenth century may be found in the works of Luther himself, who pays a high tribute to the enlightenment of the century immediately preceding his own.

—The *Pilot* reprints with words of deserved praise a poem contributed to the *Boston Transcript* by Minnie Gilmore. It is a remarkably strong poem, with lines that are Shakespearean. It would seem to have been written after reading Dr. Mivart's deplorable essay in *The Nineteenth Century* for January.

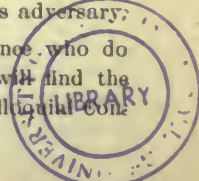
—We take special pleasure in announcing that the editors of the "Modern English Writers" series have engaged Mrs. Meynell, to write the monograph on Ruskin. Mrs. Meynell's Catholic faith, not less than her universally admired art, doubtless pointed her out as the most suitable living author to prepare the biography of the lamented art critic.

—From the Fischer Co. we are in receipt of a new Requiem Mass in D Minor, by the Rev. H. G. Ganss, and dedicated by the composer to the memory of the Rt. Rev. Arch-Abbot Wimmer, O. S. B. The full text needed by the choir precedes the score, which, while not difficult, is penetrated with the spirit of prayer and petition. This Mass is a worthy addition to the best church music.

—With the pious intention of making St. Anthony better known, hence better loved, the Brothers of Charity at the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, have published a "Manual of St. Anthony of Padua," containing a short life of the Saint, a description of some of the principal churches dedicated to him, and pious exercises in his honor, including prayers suitable for a novena and for the devotion known as "The Thirteen Tuesdays."

—The Review Publishing Co., of Boston, has reprinted in handsome pamphlet form a trenchant article from the pen of the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., refuting certain statements embodied in a paper contributed a few months ago to the *Atlantic Monthly* by President Eliot, of Harvard University. Father Brosnahan writes with some warmth, but shows commendable consideration for the position and personal worth of his adversary.

—English-speaking travellers in France, who do not know the language of courts will find the "Tourist's Vade-Mecum of French Colloquial Con-



versation" a help to them, possibly also a defence. It is compiled from *Pitman's French Weekly*, a serio-comic journal of the *Punch* variety, as would seem evident from certain specimens of the imitated pronunciation. Fortunately, the French people are excessively polite, and will pretend to understand when they do not comprehend a single word; but we think the editor of this manual should have supplied a variety of illustrated gestures. The vocabularies, tables, etc., are all that could be wished for.

—"It would be a matter of amazement to the average reader," remarks a Philadelphia publisher, "to know how many editors make up their pages week after week from the material that other brains have wrought out, and other men's money paid for, in apparent unconsciousness that ordinary fairness and moral integrity demand otherwise. Too often this unauthorized reprinting of copyrighted material is done without credit of any sort being given to its proper owners. Again, the meaningless term *Exchange*, or even *Ex.*, or *Selected*, is used. In other instances the name of the rightful owner, in part or in whole, is appended, but in a type and a position such as to furnish practically no recognition of the source from which the material has come."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, *n l.*

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, *net.*

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, *net.*

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1 10, *net.*

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., *net.*

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, *net.*

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., *net.*

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, *net.*

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, *net.*

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25.

The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.* 70 cts., *net.*

Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D.* \$1.60, *net.*

External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1, *net.*

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. With Illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. \$1.60, *net.*

Library of St. Francis de Sales. III.—The Catholic Controversy. \$1.60, *net.*

The Sacraments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.50.

Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P. *Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C. P.* 50 cts., *net.*

Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.* 2 Vols. \$6.

Fra Girolamo Savonarola. *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.* \$2, *net.*

In the Brave Days of Old. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* 70 cts., *net.*

The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.

Birds and Books. *Walter Lecky.* 70 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

NO. 7

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Life.

WRITTEN by the hand of Wisdom,
 And our hearts the lesson know,
 Is the truth that as a shadow
 Do man's years of warfare go;
 As a ship that cleaves the waters,
 Leaving on the waves no mark;
 As the song-pearled flight toward heaven
 Of the dawn-enamored lark;
 As an azure-piercing arrow
 From the hunter's strong-set bow,
 Leaving not a trace of passage,
 Do the years of mortals go.

But the shadow lies behind us,
 If we face the Source of light;
 And the harbor is before us,
 If we hold the helm aright;
 And the wings of weary spirits,
 Like the lark, shall soar above,
 If the heart is ever glowing
 With the holy warmth of love.
 And our prayers shall speed to heaven
 As the azure-piercing dart,
 If we aim with love untiring
 At the source of love—Christ's Heart.

Helen Lucretia Cornaro Piscopia.

BY ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTHROP.



HE little city of Padua is far older than her great sister Venice, the Queen of Commerce, the Mistress of the Sea, the Bride of the Adriatic. Venice reigned throughout the Middle Ages in undisturbed possession of her realm of islands; her heart throbbing with the keen, incoming rush of the wealth of the world,

thrilled by the meeting of the East and West as the tide pulsed through her lagoons and fretted her shores. But Venice belongs to the Christian era; while Padua was founded by old Antenor, brother of Priam, King of Troy—as a proof his tomb may be seen in Padua to-day,—and, under Augustus, was the wealthiest town of Northern Italy. She suffered much when the Huns and the Lombards swept, in successive centuries, through her panic-stricken territory on their way down to Rome. But she revived in that wonderful recuperative period, the early Middle Ages; and in the fourteenth century manifested the courage of her convictions by siding with the Guelfs, and appointing Jacopo da Carrara to the signoria. But the Scaglieri, the Lords of Verona, and the Republic of Venice—which at first had viewed the futile partisanship of Padua with the indulgence with which big dogs watch a little dog who challenges them to fight,—grew tired of this amusement; and in 1405 Padua was easily overcome, and was attached to the Republic of Venice.

Meanwhile, in the early days of Padua's independence, Bishop Giordano had founded her University. A quarter of a century later, in 1238, Frederick Barbarossa greatly extended and endowed it; and Padua became, and remained for centuries, one of the most famous seats of learning in Italy, and, therefore, in what was then the civilized world. The early artists—Giotto, Dona-

tello, F. Lippi, Uccelli—found abundant opportunities for displaying their genius in the churches and the various edifices which the University included. Its classic schools trained its own artists through the study of the antique; while the great works which Squavcione collected in the first half of the fifteenth century founded and formed a distinct school, and influenced and developed art throughout Northern Italy, but especially in Venice.

There was thus a close bond of union between the two cities; and even when the Lion of St. Mark usurped the sovereignty of the Lords of Carrara, Padua did not merge her identity in that of her conqueror. Her University still gave her intellectual pre-eminence. Padua was the home of "Il Santo," as the inhabitants still call St. Anthony of Padua. She gave birth to Mantegna and a refuge to Dante and Titian, among others. In the Prato della Valle are statues of eighty-two painters, sculptors, poets, and warriors, known to the world, who have been connected with her history.

Venice also could count her great men in decades on the rosary of her fame. To her, the Doge Orseoli was "Il Santo," commemorated in history, in painting, and in his sculptured shrine in the cathedral of Torcello. She could claim Carpaccio, the brothers Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto among her great painters. She sheltered Petrarch and Boccaccio in their exile. Her constant wars displayed the courage of her generals; and her admirals preserved her dominion over the Mediterranean, their deeds made ever-memorable by the work of her historians Sabellico, Saludo, and Andrea Navogero—"Lo Storico."

All her greatest men and their chroniclers, however, belong to the past at the period of which we write—the latter half of the seventeenth century. The great Doge Moceingo, who died in 1423, as

his last message to the Senate, advised them and his successors "to avoid war, which is certain to bring destruction to the Republic; to encourage trade, and to cultivate the arts of peace." This wise counsel was disregarded, and Venice engaged in wars which made it necessary for her to employ hired mercenaries to defend her territory. Though this was materially increased, it was at an enormous expenditure of life and treasure.

In the sixteenth century her warlike policy was continued; she was engaged also in repairing the disasters entailed by the League of Cambrai. In the seventeenth century she was involved in the contentions and politics brought about by her enmity to Austria. Through the employment of hired troops, her people had become enervated. Her commerce was neglected, and when the Cape of Good Hope was discovered (in 1489) and a new route was opened to the Indies, she relinquished a large portion of her revenue in the loss of her carrying trade. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century the Venetian Republic became an oligarchy. Her glory was the glory of the past. Yet the honor of her great names still gave distinction to those who bore them. In the *Libro d'Oro*, the record of the nobility of Venice, were still entered the scions of the families of Michieli and Loredano, of Morosini and Cornaro. Of the last of these the present sketch* treats.

Helen Lucretia Cornaro Piscopia was born on June 5, 1646, in the Palace of Loredano, well known to modern readers through Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." Under the roof of this palace kings had

* "A Life of Helen Lucretia Cornaro Piscopia" has just been issued from St. Benedict's, Rome. It is admirable for its interest, its learning, and its genuine enthusiasm. By its study of original documents, it has accumulated and digested material for the use of future historians; and its form is scholarly and attractive to the eye of the reader.

been welcomed; and Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, passed here the last years of her life, after offering her kingdom as a gift to the Venetian Republic.

In spite of his great ancestry, Helen's father, Giovanni Battista Cornaro, was unable to inscribe his daughter's name in the Golden Book; for her mother, Zanetta Boni, was not of noble lineage. Of the mother little is known; but her father seems to have been a devoted parent, cultivating the intelligence of his daughter, curbing her over-zeal, and showing pride in the great learning which she "wore as lightly as a flower." The manuscript biographies, from which this record is partly taken, are full of evidences of the precocious piety and painfully ingenious introspection which appeal to the sympathies of the Latin nations. Many of these are alien, if not repugnant, to Anglo-Saxon tastes and ideals; but there is one charming picture of the little maid, eager to go to Mass when the bells of Venice sounded across the waters of the Grand Canal. When still too young to go, unattended, down the great marble staircase of the palace, she would throw the long white veil worn by the Venetian girls and women over the ripples of her dark hair, and, taking her book of prayers and her rosary in her hands, would wait wistfully but patiently until some member of the family would accompany her to the church. She lisped the *Ave Maria* before she could speak plainly; if she cried as an infant, "a rosary was sufficient to pacify her, when sweets failed," and "toys had no attraction for her."

"When she was hardly five years old," says her biographer, "she noticed that her father was embellishing the palace with gilding and sculpture. Taking him coaxingly by the hand, she asked him how much it would all cost. He humored her and told her the sum. 'O father,' she exclaimed, 'would it not be better to

spend all this money on the poor, and thus by what you give to God build for yourself a palace in Paradise?'"

It is to be feared that this story will remind some converts of the Protestant Sunday-school books of their youth, devoted to the correction, by painfully good little girls, of their benighted but long-suffering parents. But it contains a statement of the problem with which earnest students and statesmen are struggling to-day—although, alas! the solution is by no means as simple to us as it was, apparently, to Helen Lucretia Cornaro Piscopia.

At the age of seven years, it is said, her intelligence was already mature. It was developed by the study of ancient and modern Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Spanish, French, and Arabic, in all of which languages she became proficient. She seems also to have been thoroughly grounded in mathematics. When scarcely more than a child, she maintained an extensive correspondence with men of learning, both lay and ecclesiastic. Out of deep humility, she afterward destroyed most of these letters,—the few that remain having been preserved by her father.

She divided her day with the utmost care, devoting much of it to the services of the Church, to meditation, and to reading the Lives of the Saints. Only her marvellous memory enabled her to pursue her studies in the short time that was left; and yet she found leisure for constant and heroic works of charity—visiting the poor and performing the humblest offices for them, and nursing the sick with the utmost devotion and tenderness.

In these works of mercy and piety, in meditation, in prayer and in study, Helen's youth was passed. It is remarkable that such a nature, with such surroundings as hers, should have sought the seclusion of a convent. Four of these were suggested to her by her

parents; and, in a manner characteristically Italian, their names were written on bits of paper, and she drew the one which she thereby pledged herself to enter. "However, she did not find the peace, charity or spirit of prayer which she sought," says her biographer; "and resolved to return home."

Her father wished her to marry, and she had many suitors; for she possessed personal beauty, as well as beauty of character and learning. Her biographies state that she was "of middle height and carried herself in a queenly manner. A broad forehead spoke of the intellect within; long eyelashes veiled the bright dark eyes, and a gracious expression toned down her natural gravity of expression." Helen's portraits show also regular features, a mouth denoting sweetness and firmness, and beautiful waving dark hair. With her low and musical voice, her fine bearing, and the manners—and there are none more exquisite—of an Italian lady of gentle birth and breeding, she must have combined everything which is attractive in womanhood.

But she would not consent to marry. Emulating St. Aloysius, she had taken a vow of chastity at the age of eleven years. Her father, naturally, maintained that a vow made at so tender an age, without his consent—and without, it may be added, the conditions required to make such a vow binding—was invalid; he appealed to Pope Alexander VII. to annul it, and the papal dispensation was granted.

Helen immediately renewed her vow and was secretly received as an Oblate at the monastery of San Giorgio Maggiore, and was thus affiliated with the Benedictine Order. It is stated that she then took the additional names of Lucretia and Scholastica. The point of view of her biographers may be seen in the following sentences: "The obedience

to which she wished to have dedicated herself in the cloister was practised with more than monastic perfection in the world, and with greater sacrifice of self; and frequently even the attractions God had given her were sacrificed; as, for instance, when she submitted to receive the doctor's cap in the University of Padua, her whole soul revolting from what wounded her humility so greatly. So strongly did she feel about it that she was heard to say she feared her father would suffer in purgatory for his vanity about her gifts and his desire to display them."

Helen had been induced by her father's urgent desire to study for the doctor's degree at the University. In order to do this she was obliged to reside for some years in Padua, where the family of Cornaro had a palace, built in 1524 by Luigi Cornaro, the author of the celebrated work on longevity. Her examinations included the seven languages already mentioned, besides mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, theology, and music. According to the custom of the time, she had to take part in public disputations, in which she was singularly successful, and through which her eloquence became renowned. But her fame did not diminish her humility; she remained constant in prayer, in devotion to the poor, and in fervent piety.

She received her degree on the 25th of June, 1678, "in the midst of thousands of persons of the greatest erudition perhaps in Europe"; taking for her thesis a passage from Aristotle, and speaking for an hour in classic Latin with the utmost learning and eloquence. When named doctor she "bore this honor with almost incredible modesty," says her biographer. "Her humility caused her to suffer intensely at the display and applause, and she could feel no pleasure in it." And yet she was very human. After the many honors bestowed on her when

she received her degree, her face, usually pale, became so red as to attract attention. On her mother remonstrating with her, she only said: "I can not help it,—since, after all, I am a maiden." How plainly we see the simple mother, ever intent on her daughter's looks; and the latter still a blushing girl, in spite of all the distractions and consolations of philosophy!

On receiving her degree, Helen Lucretia returned once more to the protection of her parents, dividing her time between their palace in Venice and their favorite villa in the country. Here her life was filled with constant, active, practical work,—teaching children in the village schools, devoting her time to the abandoned poor and the sick, serving the children in hospitals. She washed and clothed them, and even cooked for them. Through her father's consideration, she had an establishment of her own, which, it is interesting to note, consisted of four maids, besides men-servants; a physician, carriages and horses; and he enjoined her to spend as much money as she wished. But she refused to use the carriages, or even the silver except when her parents went to see her; and retrenched as far as possible in daily expenditure in order to give money to the poor and to have three Masses a week celebrated for her intentions.

Her life was not alone in her intellect, but in prayer, in penance, and in sympathy for the sorrows of others. "When Vienna was besieged she seemed to live only to pray that God might save it," observes her biographer. "By prayers, penance, and tears she implored Him not to let it be taken. She afflicted her body, which was already nearly a skeleton, by rigorous fasting and by severe mortification."

Is it any marvel that this woman in the acme of her intellectual power, in the midst of her career of usefulness,

was seized by a fatal illness? Twice already she had broken blood-vessels in her lungs; and now, in addition, she endured torment from a new and painful affliction. Suffering only developed and ennobled her. Even burning thirst and worn-out nerves and the physical anguish of the disease only brought out the heroism of this grand nature. "O Lord," she said, when the suffering was almost unbearable,—"O Lord, if it be Thy will, let the pain increase, but let me not sin by impatience!"

This brings out a striking thought on the spiritual life in the present memoir. "Perhaps nothing in the lives of the saints would be a greater help to us than the record of their weaknesses and imperfections; and yet how rarely are we allowed a glimpse of what makes them more in touch with us! They had their natural temperaments, their difficulties, their surroundings, which must often have brought out the more human side of their characters; and we can have no adequate grasp of the personality of individuals, be they saints or not, without some indication of these weaknesses. With regard to the saints, without it, we should be led to look on them in a false and untheological light: they would appear to us too impossible of imitation,—too far outside our ken to be the models they are intended to be. Then, too, we feel that they would not have borne so patiently with others had they not experienced their own weakness; and, lastly, far from glorying in their success, they found that partial failure was their best discipline, whether of mind or soul."

Helen bore also bravely and sweetly certain domestic anxieties which were most painful to her tender heart. As her death drew near her physical sufferings increased; but the evidences of God's grace in her soul became more and more apparent. Having confided her faithful

servants to the care of her parents, she asked to be clothed in the Benedictine habit, received the last Sacraments of the Church, and, recommending her soul to God through prayer, she fell asleep, to awake only in His presence.

"She was laid on her bier dressed in the habit she had loved so well and had so truly honored, and over all was placed the ermine mozzetta of a doctor. Upon the coffin were piled books in the various languages she had known, and upon the sciences she had studied. Two garlands bound the fair brow,—one of lilies, typifying the virgin who had given her life to an immortal Lover; the other of laurel, to honor the valiant woman who had used God's gifts to His glory alone."

We pass over the description of the solemn pomp with which Helen was interred—the processions of learned men, the crowds which attended her funeral, the eulogies which were pronounced, the formal words of praise which were recorded on her tomb when she was laid to rest, by her own wish, in the Basilica of St. Justina at Padua. And yet even more than by men of learning and science she was mourned by the poor and humble, whom she had loved and served all her life; by the pious souls whom her example and precept had sustained and comforted.

More than two centuries later, two religious—one the Lady Abbess of a Benedictine convent in Rome, with a priest, a domestic chaplain of the Holy Father and the head of the Scots College in Rome—made a pilgrimage to Padua to obtain original documents bearing on the life of Helen Lucretia Cornaro Piscopia. They found in the archives her diploma as doctor, the register of her death, and an account of her funeral. They sought in vain for further evidence in the Monastery of St. Justina, where "by a strange irony, the word *clausura* could still be seen above its ancient

door; while its once silent cloisters echo now with the laughter of soldiers and the clash of military arms." Finally, in the mortuary chapel of the church—now used by the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament—on the Epistle side of the altar, they found a tomb which "had little left of what had once been a black marble slab." On this only a few scattered words were left; but these were enough to identify it as the resting-place of Helen Lucretia.

The Lady Abbess proposed to restore the monument, and to take the fragments of the original inscription to Rome. For this, it was necessary to remove and to reinter the remains; and this was done on the 11th of September, 1895.

Beneath the first stone another was found. Then there was a coffin of cypress wood, made of a tree which had shaded the home of Helen's childhood, and which she had entreated her father not to cut down until after her death. It waned with her life, and her coffin was indeed made of it.

"We found," says her biographer, "one little curl of hair among the ashes of the head. Most of the wreath of laurel was still left; and we took several of the leaves, which were quite soft and almost fresh. Some roses had evidently been strewn on her; for we found a tiny stalk with several thorns still upon it. At the last moment, before closing the coffin, the superior of San Giorgio Maggiore, where Helen Lucretia had made her oblation, arrived accidentally, and gave the absolution just before the grave was finally closed."

Dust and ashes, the fate of our common mortality, are all that is left on earth of beautiful, humble, noble Helen Lucretia Cornaro Piscopia, Doctor of the University of Padua. But the laurels of her fame, the roses of her piety, have outlived all save the soul "which hath put on immortality."

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

IX.

WANDA'S anguish triumphed over her self-control, and she covered her face with her hands to hide her tears.

Her father had doubtless foreseen this crisis; and he knew, too, that a woman's tears are a sure presage of her defeat. He gently forced her back into her chair, his heart torn with sorrow. He stood leaning over her, passing his trembling hands over her beautiful golden hair, over her eyes and her cheeks, seeking to wipe away her tears. With the entreating tones of a child, he murmured in her ears:

"Forgive me, my daughter, for the pain I cause you. I am forced to do it. Never has a man or a father suffered more cruelly. Resign yourself to this sacrifice. It can not be that Providence will not lessen its bitterness. By making us happy, you yourself will find happiness, believe me."

While speaking he sank on his knees before her and carried her hands to his lips. He then waited for the sentence of life or death that she should pronounce.

"Anything, everything, but not that!" she exclaimed. "That would mean my death! You can not surely desire that, father."

He rose and looked down at her almost harshly.

"Your death! No, but it will be mine if you refuse."

Wanda made no reply. This persistence implied some mystery which she was unable to penetrate. She could not think that interest alone was concerned: that she could be so cruelly sacrificed for the mere comforts that fortune would bring. She rose again, and the two stood facing each other.

His face fairly purple, the Councillor, clasping his head as if it were about to burst, kept repeating:

"It will mean my death—my death!"

Then the girl became persuasive and gentle. She even tried to smile, to prove to him that he exaggerated the situation.

"Forgive me!" she said. "Let us no longer talk of dying. We shall live, strong in our love, as in the past. Only spare me! If we were forced to leave this home, we should doubtless shed bitter tears. Your heart would bleed, and we should suffer too; but we must trust in God. Are not situations which seem hopeless often relieved by unexpected intervention?"

Raz shook his head, saying sadly:

"No one can save us except you."

Then Wanda revolted against such selfishness.

"Do you want to sell me to a Jew to save Wola?"

As he made no reply, she passed to fresh arguments.

"If need be," she exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "we will go away from here. Poverty is preferable to shame. I will work, and we can certainly earn our daily bread. Besides, could we be poorer than we are now?"

Raz still shook his head with a nervous, trembling movement.

"You talk like a child. I tell you there is only one way—only one."

"No, I say,—a hundred times, no! If you think I have not the strength to earn my living, there is a man—an honorable one, too,—whom I respect, whose name I could bear without blushing, and who would be happy to offer me his hand to-morrow. Why are you not willing to have me marry Sigismond Prus?"

"He is almost as poor as we are."

Wanda looked closely at her father, almost beginning to doubt his sanity. She knew that madness often attacks minds that are overburdened with care.

Was it the mania of greatness and riches that held him in its grasp? It was heart-rending to struggle like this with the feeble man, but she was defending what was dearer to her than life—her maidenly modesty and dignity.

"I can not believe," she continued, after a pause, "that you will sacrifice your only daughter merely because her misfortune will bring you fortune. You speak of Jean: he would trample under his feet advantages bought at such a price. You say that our neighbor is poor. That is true, but he has his farm and he is young and strong. We will work with our hands, if need be, happy at having you under our roof. I implore you, father, consider this and do not torture me any longer. Do not ask what I can not grant you. I will never consent to this degradation. Everything, I repeat, but not that!"

Overcome by the violence of her emotions, and unable to repress her sobs, the girl sank down exhausted. Raz had listened with drawn features and trembling lips.

"If you had told me all this a week ago," he said slowly, "I should have listened. You are right: it would be better to marry Prus. But now it is too late: it is forever impossible."

Wanda sat up erect; since he was without pity for her, he ought at least to tell her the whole truth, no matter how terrible it was.

"Father, have you a secret reason for thinking as you do?" she inquired, in a steady tone.

"Yes," replied Raz, gloomily.

"Tell it to me. I am brave; I can bear anything except the knowledge that the father I venerate has allowed himself to forfeit his honor."

She looked searchingly at him as she spoke, a dreadful suspicion haunting her mind. But no, it could not be true. His next remark would doubtless remove

it and reassure her. Instead, these words, uttered in a low tone, destroyed her last hope:

"What if I have forfeited my honor? What if only you have the power to justify me in the eyes of my fellowmen?"

She listened with eyes fixed on the floor. The whole room whirled around her; a rushing sound filled her ears. She passed her hand slowly over her forehead, as if to drive away her thoughts. He dishonored! her father,—a Raz!

"Tell me everything!" stammered the now stricken girl.

He stood erect before her, like a criminal before a judge, and spoke these words deliberately, that she might feel the force of every one:

"I—have—committed—forgery!"

She made no outcry on hearing them. Pale as a corpse, she clasped her hands tightly together.

"Forgery! forgery!" she repeated, as if she had not quite comprehended. Then she exclaimed excitedly: "It is not true! It can not be true—"

"But it is true, I tell you," interrupted her father. "You see what remains for you to do. If you want me to kill myself, I will do so. But afterward what? You and your brother will be left, and your name will be infamous. Oh, save me, my daughter! Have mercy on your father."

He then petulantly told her all: his visit to the banker; the man's refusal to assist him and his insulting suggestion; the species of dementia that had seized him, urging him to counterfeit Lewin's signature; and the alternative given him by the banker—his daughter's misery or dishonor.

"Now it is for you to judge," he concluded, letting his arms drop helplessly at his sides.

Wanda rose at once and said, calmly:

"It shall be as you ask. I will marry Leopold Lewin."

She walked steadily to the door, while her father followed her with his eyes, afraid to take a step toward her or even to cry out his gratitude. As soon as the door was shut, he heard the dull sound of a body striking the floor. It was Wanda, who had fallen insensible on the threshold.

X.

The oldest inhabitant could not remember such a snowstorm as the one which buried the country just before this particular Christmas. The features of the landscape entirely disappeared under an immense winding-sheet. Forests blended with hills; the solitary wastes of the plains were trackless; the roofs of the dwellings reached the level of the snow; and a ribbon of smoke here and there, or a church-spire, was the only guide offered to the bewildered traveller.

A few days before Christmas, the express from Varsovia, due at the frontier station Alexandrov in the evening, was more than three hours late. It had been kept moving only by the exertions of a body of men armed with shovels, who went ahead to clear the track. About three o'clock in the afternoon the storm recommenced, and soon nothing could be distinguished. The blinded workmen found that their labors were useless. The train could scarcely move, and the passengers were in danger of having to pass the night without reaching their destination.

In a second-class compartment, a man of about twenty-five sat looking out of the window, seeking to discover an encouraging sign in the weather. He seemed familiar with the locality, and informed his travelling companions—two German lumber merchants on their way to Dantzic, and two women who screamed every time the engine whistled—that they were not more than fifteen wersts from the chief town of the district. The only stopping-place before

reaching the city was a telegraph station, which was close at hand now. If the train could not go on, he intended to finish his journey on foot, if need be.

"But is there any danger, sir?" groaned the elder of the two women. "We are going to Alexandrov, and I have often heard that wolves attack disabled railroad trains."

The two Germans, who were keeping up their spirits by frequent draughts from a bottle, laughed and assured their companions that they would protect them against wolves.

This was not very reassuring, as the appearance of the men did not inspire confidence. With the young man, however, it was different. He was strong and handsome; and his brown eyes, though flashing, were tender and honest.

"Do you live in this region, sir?" said one of the women, addressing him.

"Yes, madam; my father owns an estate between the telegraph station and the town."

As the young man did not seem inclined to talk, the woman continued:

"Pardon me, sir! but are you not the Count d'Osno? You resemble him strikingly."

"No, madam: my name is Jean Raz."

He took off his cap as he spoke, and the women had a better view of his features. His forehead was as smooth and white as ivory; his dark eyebrows were arched, his nose slightly aquiline, and a downy mustache shaded his full, shapely lips.

The conversation was kept up, in spite of the young man's reserve, until the engine's whistle signalled the approach to the station. Soon the train stopped with a jerk and the conductor entered the car.

"We can go no farther now," he said. "We will telegraph for another locomotive; and when it comes, we can perhaps go on."

A storm of confusion followed this announcement. The Germans inquired whether they could get supper at the station; the women talked of wolves, tea, and a fire. In the midst of it all, the young man took his valise and alighted from the train.

Jean Raz—for it was he—now looked about him. In the distance he could see the shapeless mass the hamlet had become under its snowy covering. He entered the station—merely a large room where a Jewish family ministered to the needs of hungry travellers. Jean remembered that the manager of the establishment had some horses and a briska that he placed at the disposition of such travellers as desired to stop over in this region. Upon inquiry, he found that these could be hired; the owner declining to assume any responsibility, however. Jean felt no fear of the perils of the journey, and promised to send the horses and driver back the next day. After taking some refreshments, they started off across the snow-covered country.

They travelled for more than an hour, the driver urging on the unwilling horses by blows and shouts. So long as there were trees to serve as landmarks, they knew where they were. Soon these disappeared, and the travellers found themselves on a solitary, snow-mantled plain. Jean looked around anxiously, in the effort to locate himself; but it was impossible to see more than a few feet away.

"Where are we?" he shouted to the driver.

"The Lord only knows!" was the answer. "We seem to be going right around in a circle."

There was nothing to do but to keep right on. Jean was so benumbed by the cold that he fell into a sort of stupor; from this he was finally roused by the hoarse voice of the driver.

"What is it?" inquired Jean, looking ahead. "A forest?"

"No: the city."

At these words, the young man's courage returned. He decided to stay there for the night and continue his journey the following day. Soon they could see the cathedral, then the houses, with a flickering light here and there. On the outskirts stood the old Jewish synagogue, a cemetery surrounding it, and the house of the Rabbi. They were just passing this, when there was a sharp crack, then a standstill. The driver leaped out into the snow and began to examine the sleigh.

"It's of no use, sir: a runner is broken and we must have some help. There's the Rabbi's house over there. He's a kind man, even though he is a Jew. Run up and rouse them."

As there was no time to hesitate, Jean alighted and hurried up to the house. Here was an adventure, truly! He knew nothing of the Rabbi except that he was the brother of Lewin the banker; he remembered having seen his bent form a few times in the doorway of the bank; his daughter was always with him, and she had promised to be very beautiful. He had never liked the Lewins, and even his university education had not freed him from his inborn prejudices against Jews. Who could have divined that his journey would have ended at this silent little house, where the old Rabbi passed his time over his books? And Rachel, who must be a young lady now, would surely be far from expecting a visit from Jean Raz, snow-bound on his way home from Riga, and left at their very door by a broken sleigh.

(To be continued.)

I WOULD rather be called the children's friend than the world's king.

—P. T. Barnum.

The Lost Diamond.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

"ONE of my diamonds gone!" she cried:
 "And half of the earring with it!"—a gem
 Fit for an empress' diadem,
 And gift of the husband had long since died,
 Snatch'd away by a wintry tide.

Ethel awoke at the widow's cry:
 Join'd the search, but in vain, in vain.
 Came the landlady by and by;
 Lifted the carpet and swept the floor.
 The jewel had vanish'd, 'twas wofully plain;
 And the sister earring was worn no more.

II.

Weeks roll'd by; and a wondrous light
 Slowly dawn'd on the widow's mind.
 God's sweet Mother removed the night
 Of unbelief from a soul long blind:
 Showing a pearl of greater price
 Than rarest jewel a queen may wear:
 A gem that was bought with Paradise;
 And all must own it who enter there.

So knelt the widow to Mother Church,
 And took this jewel one April day:
 Nor sigh'd again for the fruitless search
 Of diamond earring had pass'd away.

III.

But when she had gather'd the pearl of Faith,
 Alas, 'twas a treasure that cost her dear!
 For slander soon rose, with its poison'd breath,
 From spirits of hate and spirits of fear.
 What woes Heaven's favor doth oftentimes bring!
 She went, at Our Lady's own behest,
 To worship at Lourdes and to bathe in its spring;
 And knew a sudden and perfect rest
 From long, long years of a hopeless pain.
 But the father of lies had a double spite
 To wreak on her now: and not in vain
 He plann'd the revenge with deftest skill.
 "A fraud!" said some—of superior sight;
 While others threw mud that was fouler still.

IV.

In Rome had the diamond vanish'd: in Rome
 Was found the pearl of exceeding price.
 In Rome was plotted the fiend's device.
 And now for the calm of her Western home
 The favor'd one long'd with a tender tear:
 But first in old London's vast embrace
 She tarried awhile with a sister dear,—
 A "time of clouds," but a day of grace.

In her faithless years, those years of pain,
 She had prided herself upon virtues twain:
 Unsullied honor of truthfulness,
 And stainless chastity, white and rare.
 But now 'tis her lot, in the Faith's new day,
 To hear these precious gifts lied away!
 Ah, only the true and the pure can guess
 How heavy the burden she needs must bear!

V.

Alone in her chamber one summer night,
 She made her prayer to Our Lady sweet.
 "Am I impure, and in thy clear sight,
 Mother of God and Mother mine?
 May I not dare to kiss thy feet?
 Show what thou knowest me: give me a sign:
 Let it be pure as thyself art pure!"
 A voice said, "I will": and she slept secure.
 Grief that had troubled her many a night
 Hover'd no longer about her bed.
 And when she awoke to the morning's light,
 Lo, on the pillow beside her head
 Shone the lost diamond—pure as bright!

The Story of Count Stolberg.

VII.

STOLBERG and his pious wife never
 lost an opportunity of becoming
 known to the reverend clergy wherever
 they chanced to meet them; and counted
 a number of their most intimate friends
 among them. Both were strenuous as
 to the high degree of sanctity required
 for the life and works of those who had
 consecrated themselves as laborers in
 the vineyard of the Lord. Stolberg was
 wont to say that twelve truly zealous
 apostles among the priesthood ought
 to be able to convert the whole world.
 He once wrote to a friend:

"Sophie knows in Münster a woman
 of the common people—a simple work-
 woman—who every evening, with her
 children, recites the Rosary that God
 may give good priests to His Church.
 Occasionally this pious creature also
 has a Mass said, especially when the
 ordinations are taking place, that God
 might fill the souls of the newly ordained

with the true priestly spirit. What an admirable instance of devotion! How edifying is such piety! Overberg says: 'We have many such people in Münster.' Why should we not pray thus for the priesthood? Has not Jesus Christ himself said, 'The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest'? Will not Christ, the Son of God, pray thus to His Father? And in our days have we not even greater need of these spiritual laborers than in the days when Our Lord lived and taught?"

If Stolberg had been a priest, he would doubtless have strictly obeyed the Scriptural injunction and lived, like the sparrows, from day to day, taking no thought for the morrow, knowing that the Lord would provide. The simplicity, unworldliness, and spirituality which he carried into his daily life would have been intensified by that consecration which lifts the priest to the highest level of earthly renunciation, and places him only a little lower than the angels.

In his sixty-ninth year Stolberg had finished and printed the fifteenth volume of his "History of Religion," bringing it up to the fourteenth century. Having brought the work this far, and published his "Life of St. Vincent de Paul," he contemplated other labors; being a man, as he said to himself, who must work as long as he lived. But after this period his work was only desultory.

On November 7, 1819, Count Stolberg celebrated his last birthday. In a letter to Christian and Louise written on that day he laments their separation, makes several reflections on the long life God has granted him, reproaching himself for not having better appreciated His benefits and improved the time which had been given him.

Toward the end of November he was afflicted with something like gastritis,

which soon began to cause him intense suffering. Not a murmur escaped his lips. As in joy and peace and the fulness of health he had led a Christlike life, so in sorrow and pain and the chastisement of sickness he displayed the greatest courage and fortitude. He edified not only those who surrounded him, but also those at a distance to whom the account of his illness was communicated. His lips were constantly opened in the praise of God, who had afflicted him; he felt nothing but thankfulness at the near prospect of being united to Him and the loved ones who had preceded him to life everlasting.

"He was all love," wrote the Countess to her children; "all confidence in God; and although content to abide by His holy will in remaining with us a little longer, he was eager to be dissolved in Christ. You know, my beloved ones, that on Friday, the 3d of December, he received Holy Communion, and on Saturday at midday he was anointed. 'All is well with me, children,' said he; 'let it also be well with you. Let us praise and thank the Lord!' On Monday morning he said: 'I am much nearer the goal.' And when I remarked, 'God may still leave you to us,' he answered: 'Ah, rather let me say from the bottom of my heart, "Lord, do as Thou wilt!" To die—that will delight me, because death is my gain. Death will be the life of my soul. Be merciful unto me, O Lord!' He spoke these last words with folded hands and eyes raised to Heaven.

"Toward midday he failed rapidly. We were all summoned to receive his blessing; and you also, his unspeakably beloved, absent children. He called by name all his children, living and dead. He begged the Triune God to hold us firmly in the bonds of faith, hope, and charity, that not a single one of this household might be lost,—that all might appear before the throne of God. These

were his words. And now you must take to heart what he said at the very last; and I beseech you through the love of our Lord Jesus Christ never to let it pass from your minds. After he had prayed for all of us, and had besought us to pray for one another and for him, he added these solemn words:

“‘Should any of my beloved children or my dear relatives believe that any one may have offended or sinned against me, I beseech them to cherish no resentment toward him, but to pray for him that he may repent of his error.... Once more I enjoin my dear children not to forget that they must give their least thoughts to the Almighty, so that they may never stray far away from Him. We are all sinners, because we are all human; but if we do not turn to our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom shall we go and in whom shall we trust?’

“His breathing became more and more difficult; but the joy of his spirit shone upon his face, increasing till the light of heaven seemed to illumine his features at the very moment of his departure. His last words were, ‘Praised be Jesus Christ!’ which for so many years had been his first salutation to me in the morning and the last at night, but which, alas! I shall never more in this world hear from his lips.”

Thus died Stolberg, surrounded by his family; like a patriarch of old, exhorting them to continue in the faith and hope and love on whose golden way he had installed them, second only as an exemplar in their sorrowing hearts to the God whom he had proclaimed and faithfully adored.

“He went to rest,” writes the Countess again, “on the 5th of December, gently and peacefully; his earthly lineaments already bearing the impress of the eternal glory to which he was going. Far in the immortal meadows of Paradise his soul is enjoying the bliss

which his holy life so well merited. And now, my beloved children, I can say no more, save to draw you to my heart with inexpressible love. It is torn with sorrow, but it is also full of thanks and praise. Pray as your sainted father prayed daily with me: ‘Praise the Lord, O my soul; and my spirit rejoice in God, my Saviour. Because He has done great things to us; because He is mighty, and holy is His name.’ Yes, my Leopold, my Alfred, let us be steadfast, that we may not be unworthy of him.”

The Countess writes to her niece:

“The hand of the Lord has smitten us sorely; we are lonely and desolate since our darling, our pride and our example has been taken away from us. What we have lost can never be told. We can as yet hardly realize it. Still, we can not be thankful enough to God; and even when our bitter tears are falling we can not help praising God and saying that no one can be happier than we. You have already heard from Nicolovius that the last illness and death of my beloved husband have proved more than ever how lively was his faith in Jesus Christ, how deeply grounded his love for God. It was not death: it was but the passing to his long-desired home. My son Caius, my dear Julia and her husband were here at the last to receive his blessing, as well as their five younger children. My poor brother-in-law, whose wife has been so weak and ill for the last two years that he can not leave her for a single night, has now lost the greatest consolation of his life.”

The following extract from a letter written from Copenhagen by Stolberg's sister Catherine shows in what esteem she had held her brother from his youth:

“As I look back upon his early years, they seem to me like a string of pearls from the very beginning until the end of his pilgrimage. No one so true as he, so

gentle, so good; with such kindness of heart, such patience, forbearance, truth, conscientiousness, humility, rectitude; none so careful in his judgments, so guarded with his tongue. Nothing about him was eccentric, nothing of which to be ashamed. His anger was never either revengeful or unreasoning. He was gracious to all, generous to those in need, so prudent in his conduct that he always seemed to surround himself with an atmosphere of peace and rest."

"And so it was," writes the Countess Stolberg. "My sister-in-law's letter is a true description of him. Never did any one better fulfil the promise of youth. With each succeeding year he increased in all the virtues she enumerates,—each shining more brightly as he followed in the footsteps of that God to whom he had consecrated his whole life, with whom he is now enjoying eternal rest."

Stolberg's earthly remains rest near Tatenhausen, in the graveyard of Stock Kämpen, close to a little church which stands in the midst of a grove of firs and beeches. Here the Franciscans have long dwelt in the love and service of God. The place is still a pilgrimage for many who remember the virtues and appreciate the nobility of the great Christian patriot and statesman.

The following free translation of some verses by Stolberg's friend, Edward Mechalis, well describes his resting-place and the qualities of mind and heart that make his name still remembered among the German people, though nearly a hundred years have passed since he was laid in the quiet spot, where his bones have long since fallen to dust:

How thick the firs in this wild solitude!
How grand the beeches in this darksome wood,
Where, deep in the embowered loneliness,
A little church stands in the wilderness;
And close beside, amid the waving grass,
A simple gravestone may the traveller pass.
Ah! who sleeps here, alone, save for the charms
Of woodland Nature, in her restful arms?

As stands the oak in the fierce tempest hour,
As rests the corner-stone of some great tower,
Strong with the courage all true Germans know
Was he who slumbers in the grave below;
Yet, like the forest brook, so sweet and mild,
Or like the shade where loves to rest the child;
Gentle and pure as are the stars in heaven
His glance to whom this humble grave is given.

Was he a hero in some bitter strife?
A king, mayhap, who gave the world his life?
Sung by the bards, 'tis fitting he should lie
Here where, beneath the deep and solemn sky,
The endless harps of Nature's tender voice
Praise him in tones that evermore rejoice.
Here all is still, and close to Nature's breast
'Tis fitting such a hero should find rest.

His was the war that rendeth soul from soul;
Truth, and truth only, was his aim and goal.
He was a mighty warrior indeed;
Faith lent her flaming sabre to his need.
He was a poet, too, and Heaven-sent;
His songs, like stars, shone in the firmament
Of love and holiness. O gentle bard,
Thou didst not seek for honor or reward!
But thy dear Fatherland reveres thy name,
And crowns thee, Stolberg, with the wreath of fame.

We close with the words of one of his friends: "Stolberg, long remarkable for his conversion to the Catholic Church, was one of her truest, most faithful and loving children. He was a man of genuine worth, a true poet of nature, a sincere friend and ardent patriot; a man whom the Truth made free. In a period of unbelief he was a courageous believer; in an era of loose opinions, a strong character. His family life was the ideal of happiness and Christian unity here below."

(The End.)

THINGS are often miscalled in this world. Alexander the Great once asked a pirate whom he had captured: "By what right do you infest the sea?"—"By the same right," answered the pirate, "that you enslave the world. Because I have but one small vessel, I am styled a pirate and a robber; while you, simply because you have a great fleet and army at your command, are called a conqueror."

The Bartley Pride.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

WITHIN a stone's-throw of a certain picturesque old square of New York city, where the very rich and the very poor daily meet and pass each other, stands a comfortable house, whose window balconies and steep steps bordered by a wrought iron balustrade proclaim it to have been built during the earlier half of the century. The lapse of years has brought many changes to the adjacent residences; the original owners have either passed away or removed to other localities; the children who played upon the sidewalk when the street possessed here and there a shade-tree are scattered as were the leaves of those pleasant trees in the bright October afternoons of the long ago.

A few of these children of day before yesterday, upon whom the sun of fortune still shines, now preside over pretentious homes of their own, some three miles farther up town; others have sunk to poverty; a full quota have, like the older generation, gone the way of all mortality. But, despite the mutations of time—although at a once exclusive dwelling on the block the rooms are now rented *en suite*, and the next building has been turned into flats,—the house whose narrow door bears the antiquated nameplate “Bartley” maintains its accustomed dignity, and continues to grow old gracefully in the sunshine.

Sometimes the parted curtains of the windows that open upon the balconies reveal a passing glimpse of the old-fashioned drawing-room, with its white woodwork and upholstery of green and gold brocatel. But more homelike by far is the smaller parlor beyond; and here, one evening of the year 1890, just after the reading lamp had been lighted and

the blinds drawn, sat an elderly lady, in whose thin face, despite its refinement and delicacy, might be read signs of an unreasonably stern and imperious character. On the opposite side of the mahogany centre table stood a man, of middle age,—a visitor, whose call was evidently intended to be brief; for he had not removed his overcoat and still held his hat in his hand.

“You will, I hope, pardon me for troubling you personally, Madam,” he was saying; “but as the interest on this mortgage is already several days overdue, in order to avoid further delay I decided to bring the money directly to you. There was a slight misunderstanding in regard to the matter last year—”

“Yes, yes!” interrupted Mrs. Bartley. “My agent proved dishonest. I thank you for your consideration, Mr.—?”

“Hanmer,” said the caller, quietly.

“Ah—Mr. Hanmer, the gentleman who now has charge of my affairs is, I have reason to believe, entirely trustworthy.”

Mr. Hanmer bowed.

“Then, perhaps I have made a mistake in coming?” he began.

“Oh, it is of no consequence! Of course I can give you a receipt if you desire to conclude the business forthwith,” she replied carelessly, picking up a pen from the bronze antlers of a diminutive stag’s head that stood upon the table, and opening a portfolio that lay near by.

Mr. Hanmer took an envelope from the breast pocket of his coat and put it down beside the portfolio.

“Here is the amount, Madam,” he said: “five hundred dollars, *in cash*, as required by your former representative—I supposed through your preference. But now I comprehend that it may have been to facilitate his unfortunate speculations. Will you be so good as to count over the sum?”

For a moment Mrs. Bartley hesitated; but, being a practical woman, she quickly

perceived that the truest politeness lay in compliance with his request. As she turned over the bills with an air of well-bred indifference, the visitor could not but note the jewels which sparkled upon her slender fingers; for well he knew that the worth of more than one of these represented the equivalent of the year's interest upon this mortgage which hung, a haunting dread, over his little home.

What to the aristocratic lady before him was the value of this money which he and his devoted wife had saved through rigid economy and at the cost of many small sacrifices? he speculated, a trifle grimly. Would Mrs. Bartley buy with it, perchance, another gem to weigh down still further to the things of earth those once beautiful hands? Or would it suffice for the purchase of a brooch to replace the circlet of opals that pinned the lace which softened the lines of her withered throat and relieved the plainness of her black silk gown?

Unbidden, there arose in his mind a picture of his wife in her cheap dress and wearing no ornament; her toil-roughened hands, upon which gleamed only the marriage-ring he had placed there ten years before. The contrast aroused in him a sense of impatience. "Ah, well! Jewelled hands are seldom the most helpful ones," he reflected.

The bitterness of the feeling startled and brought him to himself. "God forgive me!" he thought. "Why should I harbor such unjust reflections anent this gentle lady! The money is honestly hers. What matter to me should she choose to throw it into the sea! To grumble at her wealth because I am poor is but to rail at Providence. Here indeed I see material ease and prosperity; but how do I know what grief may have bowed that stately head! How thin and worn by years is the wedding-ring that gleams among the flashing emeralds,

rubies and diamonds upon those nervous fingers! Does it compass a life story of happiness or sorrow?"

But while he thus idly cogitated, Mrs. Bartley had finished making out the receipt.

"Here, Mr. Hanmer, is my acknowledgment in due form that the money has been paid," she said, handing him the slip of paper.

He took it mechanically, thrust it into his wallet, and, replacing the latter in his coat pocket, remarked with an involuntary sigh, as of one who has gained a moment's freedom from the weight of a burden:

"Thank you! The matter is, then, disposed of satisfactorily for another year. I have the honor to wish you good-evening, Mrs. Bartley."

A touch of the little silver bell upon the writing-table summoned Henriette, the trim maid, to attend him to the door; and presently the mistress of the old house was again alone. Taking up the envelope that contained the money, she leaned back in her chair and counted over the notes again.

"Five hundred dollars! It is not a large sum, yet I wish it had not been paid to-night; for if Tom chances to discover that I have it in the house he will try to cajole me into yielding up to him the lion's share of this," she murmured to herself. "Poor, foolish mothers, how easily we are won over! But I will not be imposed upon longer. You have exhausted my patience, my idle son. Where shall I put this little packet away for the time?"

Rising, she crossed the room and slipped the envelope behind a row of volumes on the book-shelves. No, that would never do. Tom seldom took down a book, yet he might chance to do so to-night. There was the *faience* vase on top of the china cabinet; but once Tom after lighting a cigarette had

dropped the still burning match into its creamy depths. What was that letter on the table? Oh, yes! the note Tom had sent up from the club saying he would surely dine at home to-night, and that he had something to tell her. Humph! Tom's confidences were usually of a pecuniary nature, but she would be weak no longer. He must give up this easy life and settle down to earn his own living as his father had done. Passing through the folding-doors into the drawing-room, she again counted the money—five hundred dollars. Many a young man of his age was compelled to eke out a subsistence for half a year on no larger sum.

At this point, however, her reflections were cut short by the sound of some one coming up the front steps, followed by the click of a latch-key in the house door. There was Tom now. In haste Mrs. Bartley thrust the envelope Mr. Hanmer had handed to her, together with her son's careless missive, into the small satin work-bag she carried on her arm; and returned to the smaller parlor just in time to greet gay, handsome Tom, as he came breezily into the room, bringing with him something of the dash and fascination of the pleasanter side of life in the metropolis.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Tom!" exclaimed his stately mother, as she looked up at him from her easy-chair, her still fine eyes brightening with welcome.

"You see I have kept my promise," he replied, cheerily, as he bent down and lightly kissed her cheek. "In fact, I—"

He broke off abruptly; for Henriette appeared to announce, in her halting English:

"Madame ces served."

"Oh, bother the dinner! I want to tell you, mother—" cried the young man.

Had circumstances permitted, Mrs. Bartley would have made the rules of

her household as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This was certainly not the moment for the discussion of Tom's affairs nor those good resolutions that usually required so fair an amount of gilding. Raising a hand in gentle protest against his impetuosity, she said, with a smile:

"After we have dined, my dear."

Young Mr. Bartley impatiently kicked aside a hassock; but he quickly controlled his annoyance, and, offering his arm to his mother, led her into the dining-room. Throughout the meal he was nonchalantly good-humored as usual; but when they had once more repaired to the parlor, his boyish face grew graver, and, drawing his chair nearer to her own, he began:

"Mother, I must tell you now. I have resolved to turn over a new leaf in earnest this time. I intend really to set to work, and hope soon to be as staid as a judge upon the supreme bench."

The greyhaired lady nodded with approval, if a little incredulously. She had heard these protestations before.

"Yes, I am at last fully aroused to the necessity of making a serious beginning," he went on—"now I have the happiness of some one else to work for as well as my own—in short, mother, I am engaged to be married."

Poor Mrs. Bartley! As she listened the walls of the room seemed to sway to and fro, as if about to topple over and crush her beneath the ruins. That this announcement must come some day as a matter of course, she had often told herself. But now—ere Tom had ever earned a dollar for himself! The notion was preposterous.

"Engaged to be married!" she said, her voice betraying something of the tumult of pained surprise and displeasure which his words had awakened in her heart. "And what young woman has been so rash as to consent to share

your fortunes, my dear?" she continued, forcing a light laugh.

But Tom was too eager to go on with his story, and too much in earnest to resent the irony of her tone.

"Who else could it be but Sallie Semmes, the sister of my friend Ned, you know?" he rejoined, joyfully. "You have seen her—don't you remember—we met them driving in the Park? Pretty as a picture, is she not? And—"

"Tom, what have you done! Do you not know a score of charming and noble girls of your own social position, any one of whom would—"

"As to that, mother, is not New York society composed of as many circles as Dante's *Infer—Paradiso*?" exclaimed the young man, hotly. "The Semmes are an old Southern family, and Sallie was educated at Manhattanville; what more could you desire?"

But Mrs. Bartley chose to ignore the question.

"So you have asked this paragon to be your wife, although you have no means of support beyond whatever allowance I may elect to give you!" she said presently. "You are aware that, by the terms of your father's will, you do not come in for your share of his property until you have attained the age of twenty-seven—more than four years hence—"

"Oh, I know!" he interrupted. "And perhaps I should not have pleaded for a promise from Sallie; but she is going South to visit, and I was afraid I might lose her. You were young once yourself, mother. Can't you pardon young people for not being worldly wise? I thought you would be pleased, on the whole, since Sallie is a Catholic."

This was indeed by far the strongest point of his argument. But even in this respect Mrs. Bartley considered he might have made a much more judicious choice. There was a certain pious little heiress,

for instance, whom she herself had selected for him; and of course no young woman of sense would reject the suit of her handsome son. As he stumbled on, therefore, his words fell coldly upon her ears.

"So now I have told you all, mother dear. And—it is deuced awkward, but I am hard up, as usual, and—well, I must have money to buy the dear little girl a ring; so you will advance me a few hundred, won't you?"

He paused and looked into her eyes with smiling confidence. Many times had she deemed it expedient in the past to read him a lecture upon his open-handed way of spending money; many times had she urged him to take up seriously his profession of the law, for which he had qualified himself by a course at Columbia; but never, in the end, had she failed to comply with his request for funds. That she would do so now did not occur to him for a moment.

"It will have to be a diamond from Tiffany's, of a splendor in keeping with my social position, I suppose," he added, with an ill-chosen attempt at pleasantry.

"One who has not wherewith to purchase a betrothal ring would have done better to postpone his betrothal," replied Mrs. Bartley, icily. "You have already overdrawn a very liberal allowance. I decline to make you any further advance. I shall never consent to this folly, Tom; let me hear no more of it. Doubtless, however, when Miss Semmes learns the true state of your affairs she will be quite ready to withdraw from this absurd engagement. I wish you good-night, my son, and the wisdom to repent of your hasty self-entanglement."

Thereupon the stately old lady swept out of the little parlor with what her son had often teasingly called her "grand air," and slowly mounted the stairs. A few moments later, as, in her own room, she bent nearer to the mirror of

her dressing-table and unfastened with trembling fingers her jewelled brooch, she suddenly bethought herself of her work-bag.

'Twould be, indeed, somewhat of a sacrifice of dignity to return to the parlor after so dramatic an exit; but, on the other hand, how could she be guilty of such negligence as to leave five hundred dollars lying on the table downstairs over night? Should she ring for Henriette? Probably the servants had retired. Tom would bring her the bag. No, she would not ask him; she would go for it herself.

As Mrs. Bartley opened the door of the parlor, Tom, in some embarrassment, started up from her own especial chair into which he had evidently flung himself upon her departure. The writing-table was disordered; upon several sheets of paper had been scrawled a few words, as though he had begun to write a letter and after a number of fruitless attempts had abandoned his purpose. Her little satin bag was nowhere to be seen.

"I left my work-bag upon the table," said his mother, self-possessed at once upon noting his confusion.

"It is not here—I have not seen it," he protested, with apparent abstraction.

Mrs. Bartley waited, quietly insistent. Finding that she seemed determined to linger, he began, albeit rather testily, to search about.

"Oh, perhaps this is what you mean!" he said at last, catching up the bag from behind the table. "It must have fallen upon the floor."

He restored it to her with studied deference; but, as their eyes met, his smile was proud, and she felt a trifle inexplicable. Foolish boy! had her words of advice not yet recalled him to his senses? Of what new folly was he dreaming? Thus mused the disappointed mother, as she again turned away from the son to whom she had

hitherto been, perhaps, over-indulgent.

In silence, with the half-formal, half-affectionate courtesy he had been wont to pay her from his boyhood, he held the door open for her, and when she had passed out closed it softly; then, lighting a cigarette, sat down to begin anew his letter-writing. Scarcely had he done so, however, when, to his discomfiture, his mother once more appeared before him.

His mother! Was it really she or some Nemesis of retributive justice who stood over him, her tall frame wonderfully revived by the spirit of a terrible anger? Never before had he seen her so aroused, nor would he have thought it possible. Usually her displeasure was characterized by sternness and frigidity. Never before had he seen the color burn thus in her usually pallid cheeks, nor marked so strange a light in her eyes. Was it conscience that held him spellbound as she thus confronted him, exclaiming in excitement:

"Tom, how could you do it! Restore it to me at once!"

"Mother, I—"

"Do not parley with me, worthless fellow that you are!" she continued, with fierceness; "nor pretend innocence when guilt is written upon your face. Where are the five hundred dollars that you took from this bag?"

"Five hundred dollars in the bag!" he laughed ironically. "Since when have you carried money about with you thus, mother?"

"I tell you I am not to be deceived by trifling. See, here in this envelope were five hundred dollars—paid to me this evening by Mr. Hanmer,—the interest of the mortgage I hold upon his house. I counted it myself and put it in the bag, together with this note you sent to me this afternoon. I kept the bag by me until a few minutes ago. When I returned for it, you declared that you had not

seen it, yet presently found it upon the carpet. The packet, however, is missing. I denied you money: you were resolved to have it. Could any explanation of my loss be plainer?"

"Mother!"

"No more! Restore the money or leave my house!"

Tom folded his arms and bent down his head, as though utterly confounded.

Mrs. Bartley waited a moment and then reiterated her demand.

"I can not restore it to you," he said, doggedly.

"Then begone!" cried the exasperated woman. "I am tired of your graceless excuses,—idler, spendthrift, thief!"

As the last word fell from her lips he leaped to his feet, cruelly stung by the reproach. As quickly, however, came a revulsion of feeling; and, saying only, "Very well, I will go," he strode out of the room.

Should she call him back? Her pride and the sense of his unworthiness forbade. But would he not come of himself presently, softened and repentant? He had been easy-going and extravagant, but never before had she detected him in a dishonorable act; that he was capable of a dishonest one, she had not hitherto imagined possible. What was that noise? The opening of the house-door. Still she remained motionless, as though chained to the spot where he had left her. The door closed with a dull, hollow sound which re-echoed through the hall. He was indeed gone.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Cord of Saint Francis.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A CORD which binds but never galls;
Which, in the world, gives convent walls;
And still, while cares and griefs increase,
Gives inward peace.

FEB. 6, 1900.

Compliments to Kings.

IT is probable that Louis XIV. of France received more flattery than any sovereign who ever lived.

"What time is it?" he asked one of his courtiers.—"Whatever time your Majesty pleases," was the reply.

"I have no sound teeth," complained the King at dinner.—"Neither have we," protested his companions.

These were, however, but mere verbal flatteries; there were others which, though silent, were more marked. While making a royal progress, Louis remarked upon the unsightliness of an avenue of trees which he could see from the window of the castle where he slept. In the morning the trees were gone. "Where are they?" he asked, wondering. "Sire," replied his host, "do you suppose that trees which had had the misfortune to displease your Majesty could ever have the courage to appear before you again?"

Another time the King was at Fontainebleau and chanced to mention that part of a certain forest was odious to him. That night the Duke d'Autin had the trees nearly severed, and to them were attached ropes, which men in concealment—two hundred in all—stood ready to pull at a given signal. The next day Louis again walked out, and again complained that the forest obstructed his view. "Would your Majesty like to be rid of it?" asked the Duke.—"Most assuredly."—"Then kindly give the order."—"I order the trees to vanish," said the King, thinking the nobleman jesting. The Duke blew a blast on a little silver whistle: the men pulled the ropes, and down went the forest to the ground. The Duchess of Burgundy, who happened to be near, was so startled by the sight that she declared: "It is well his Majesty did not ask for our heads; for they would have fallen like the trees."

Once in awhile the King seemed to

weary of constant adulation, as was seen by the trap he set for the Marshal de Gramont. "Read this madrigal," he said, "and tell me if your opinion agrees with mine. For my part, I think it utter rubbish."—The Marshal read it and exclaimed: "The judgment of your Majesty is correct. It is certainly one of the most absurd attempts at writing poetry that I ever met with."—The King laughed. "And you think the author very foolish?"—"An imbecile, no less."—"My thanks are yours for your honesty," answered the King. "I wrote the madrigal."—"O sire!" exclaimed the startled Marshal. "My words were treason. I beg you to forgive them. I must have looked at the madrigal hastily. Let me glance at it again."—"My dear Marshal, I have a theory that first thoughts are best." And again Louis laughed, taking it all as a joke, so tired was he of incessant homage.

In marked contrast to this was the attitude of a wise and austere priest who was once invited to preach in the royal chapel of Louis XIII. There was an unwritten law that he who spoke there should say some words in praise of his sovereign, but Father Séraphin confined himself to the Gospel for the day and mentioned no earthly potentate. "You deviated from the usual custom," said the King. "It is not considered out of place to bestow a compliment upon your sovereign."—"Sire," rejoined the priest, "I was informed of the custom, but I hope you will pardon me for not conforming to it. I shall never speak other than well of you; but as to public praises, I must be excused. I have searched through Holy Scriptures and have been unable to find a compliment in them."

HE who has none of the weaknesses of friendship has none of its powers.

—Joubert.

Notes and Remarks.

An altogether novel plea was entered before a Chicago justice last week. A woman arrested for larceny protested that she deliberately committed theft in full view of the owners of a large store in order to avoid going to an asylum for the insane. One of her friends, who professed to be a palmist, assured her that the lines of her hand plainly indicated that she should one day occupy a cell either in a prison or an asylum. She seems to have been a woman of good character, but nervous; and the fear of madness preyed upon her mind so that she determined to steal so as to be sent to jail. There ought to be a very strict law to protect ignorant people against palmists and kindred humbugs; but perhaps the remedy would be simpler if people who surely know better would set a good example. We never could understand why educated young ladies—some of them convent-bred—are so anxious to consult fortune-tellers, in whose prognostications they profess to have no faith.

A sympathetic account of the inner life of Anglican sisterhoods, by a convert who was formerly an inmate of one of them, appears in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. The sisterhoods, which have become an important adjunct to Anglicanism, are occupied with the same religious and charitable works that our noble nuns the world over have been doing for so many centuries; and the women who enter them do so with an earnest purpose of sanctifying themselves. Some of them, this convert assures us, remain in good faith until death; others enter the Church sooner or later; others again have moments of illumination which, in obedience to their "confessor," they

regard as temptation. In one case a whole community, which the writer knew intimately, "had come far beyond doubts, and had actually reached the certitude of faith," but foolishly felt obliged to yield to the authority of their spiritual director,—a statement not easily understood. Nearly all the spiritual books read in Anglican convents are standard Catholic works, and the tendency of conduct and discipline is distinctly toward austerity. "Confession," we regret to learn, "is conducted in so rigid and inquisitorial a manner as to become a perfect torture to conscientious souls,"—the lamentable result of counterfeiting a divine institution stripped of the safeguards with which the one true Church has surrounded it. Among other particulars, we note that the Rosary and the Stations were recommended by one "reverend Mother" in the hope of gaining "all the indulgences which our Holy Father has attached" to them. It is sad as well as interesting to read about these poor women chasing a shadow so industriously while the substance is so easily within reach; they are to be pitied and prayed for.

It is amazing that any American Catholic should be disturbed by charges of immorality against the friars in the Philippines. We know of numerous cases in which the same accusation has been made against the whole American priesthood, and not by professional anti-Catholic lecturers either. Among the enemies of the Church in the Philippines there is an immense number of industrious and accomplished liars, who supply about all the immorality there is in the islands. The Rev. Peter MacQueen, an American Protestant clergyman, who went to Manila as an army chaplain, continues with laudable generosity and honesty to expose the campaign of

vilification and slander. He wonders why he, who had such exceptional opportunities to see and to hear, never learned about the immorality of the friars, who, he says, "lifted and saved the savage men" of the islands. The criticism of the friars, he adds, is "groundless." Speaking of the Tagals, who would undoubtedly be degenerate if their priests were unworthy men, Dr. MacQueen observes in a contribution to *Frank Leslie's*:

Their family life is wonderfully sweet and pure, and their women are phenomenally chaste. The teaching of the Catholic Church pervades every Tagalo home, and we all know how strict that denomination is upon the laws of marriage and divorce.

Another falsehood that has died slowly is that the friars rented their lands to the Filipinos at exorbitant rates. Here, too, we may quote Dr. MacQueen:

The Hon. Timothy W. Coakley, of Boston, who practised law in Manila last summer, told me that many of the Filipinos rented land from the friars within eight miles of Manila for three cents per acre a year. Father McKinnon, chaplain of the Californias, was in charge of the public lands last year, and he told me that the people "kicked" against paying a rental of a few cents an acre. Many people believe that the friars were much more humane with the Filipino folk than the godless land monopolies of the United States will be.

The following lines from the pen of Martin Luther are familiar enough to scholars who have studied the works of the father of Protestantism; but we quote them, with exact reference, for the benefit of those whose reading is only casual and desultory:

Any one reading the chronicles will find that since the birth of Christ there is nothing that can compare with what has happened in our world during the last hundred years. Never in any country have people seen so much building, so much cultivation of the soil. Never has such good drink, such abundant and delicate food been within the reach of so many. Dress has become so rich that it can not in this respect be improved. Who has ever heard of commerce such as we see it to-day? It circles the globe; it embraces the whole world. Painting, engraving—all the arts have progressed and are still improving. More

than all, we have men so capable and so learned that their wit penetrates everything in such a way that nowadays a youth of twenty knows more than twenty doctors did in days gone by.

—*Luther's Works. Frankfort Ed., vol. x, p. 56.*

The above is interesting as expressing Luther's own estimate of the century at the close of which he wrote. It will be noticed that his judgment is slightly at variance with that formulated by so many of his followers regarding pre-Reformation days.

The late Cardinal Jacobini, the Pope's Vicar-General, will long be missed in diplomatic circles, especially in Portugal, where he served for some years as Nuncio. His zeal for religion while attached to the Propaganda under Cardinal Simeoni marked him as a worthy candidate for the most important offices in the Church, and it was confidently predicted that he would some day be Pope. But probably of late years these silly prophecies have not been heard. Cardinal Jacobini's health had been steadily failing, and Leo XIII. continues to bury his "successors." The Cardinal Vicar had endeared himself to the poor, whose condition he did all in his power to ameliorate. *R. I. P.*

In concluding a very bright article on "Journalism as a Basis for Literature," in the current *Atlantic*, Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee thus characterizes the nineteenth century, which shall be known among the greater centuries that are yet to come as "the century dizzied with its own sunrises and its own sunsets,—and never more than one sunrise or sunset at a time":

Shut in out of all infinity between the high wall called yesterday and the high wall called to-morrow, this nineteenth century of ours is like some vast Roman circus under the wide heaven, the huge race-course of which is drawing strangely now, in hot, eager madness, to its eternal close. Round and round and round we go, droves of us, as fast as we are born; running breathless all our days; trying to catch up, if we only may, to the News that above our dreams flies onward beyond

our reach in the darkness of the night. It is a spectacle for gods. Every blessed man of us, on his paper charger mounted, while time flies under his feet, holding on to his last edition with both hands and for dear life,—and why? Lest we perish—Heaven help us!—lest we perish, perchance, for not knowing what was not worth happening while we slept, or be caught in the act of not being intelligent enough to-day to know what to-morrow we shall be intelligent enough to forget.

The appointment of Mgr. Sbarette as Bishop of Havana is everywhere regarded as a singularly happy choice. His experience as chancellor and auditor of the Papal Legation in this country, and the fact of his being identified with the people over whom he is to rule, marked him as an eligible candidate for an exceptionally difficult position. The opposition to him in Cuba at once disappeared when it was learned that the new bishop was of the Latin race, educated in Rome, and only a sojourner in the United States. The friends and former pupils of Mgr. Sbarette—he was formerly professor in the College of De Propaganda Fide in Rome—wish him a long and fruitful apostolate.

"The only orthodox man," observes the *Saturday Evening Post*, "is he who really believes what he professes." It might be added that the only sincere man is he who lives up to his profession.

Advocates of temperance have reason to felicitate themselves on the great work that has been accomplished during the last twenty years. Drinking to excess is by no means so general as formerly, and is no longer fashionable anywhere. What was once condoned in good society is no longer tolerated. There is indeed much to encourage those who combat the drink evil; but, according to the Rev. Dr. Farrar, a stupendous work remains to be done. If the evil is lessened in some of the large cities and among influential classes of people, it would

seem to be on the increase in other cities and in other ranks of society. In Birmingham last year it was found that the number of convictions for drunkenness had doubled since 1895. In Dublin charges of drunkenness increased more than 50 per cent over 1897. The London drink bill of 1898 amounted to \$100,000,000, and an average of about \$20 was spent on drink by each person in the United Kingdom. The returns of the Registrar General show that "the deaths from alcoholism and delirium tremens have increased for men 58 per cent in twenty years, and for women more than 100 per cent." In the light of such statistics as these, it is plain that temperance workers can not afford to rest.

Romances of Real Life.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." By Mary E. Mannix. THE AVE MARIA.

An appropriate subordinate title for this handsome and chastely bound 12mo would be that given by Leigh Hunt to his compilation of narratives from Guyot de Pitaval's "*Causes Célèbres*," and "*The Lounger's Commonplace Book*"—"Romances of Real Life." Romantic, in the sense of "partaking of the heroic, the marvelous," and occasionally of the supernatural, many of these stories assuredly are; and that they are also faithful transcripts of real experiences, not fanciful products of the story-teller's invention, one would instinctively guess, even without the author's assurance as to their origin.

"It was my custom at one time," writes Mrs. Mannix, "to pay a weekly visit to the Home for the Aged in charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor; and in this manner I became very well acquainted with many of the inmates, both male and female. As a rule, these children of poverty are garrulous in their old age, and not indisposed to reveal their histories to a sympathetic listener."

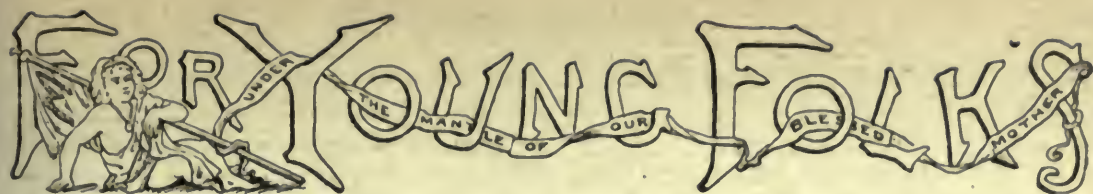
Such a listener they could not but recognize in the delightful author of "*The Tales that Tim Told Us*"; and the connoisseur in books will appreciate the tact with which old-age garrulity has been eliminated from these stories without impairing their effective realism. Many a charitable lady in

scores of our larger cities has doubtless enjoyed—or possibly *endured*—experiences similar to those of our author: has listened to the outpouring of hearts battered in the struggle with adversity, and of souls tried in the furnace of oppression and wrong. Many a kindly visitor to Homes for the Aged (how Catholic is that phrase as a substitute for the dissonant and debasing *poor house*!) has probably heard life-stories as pathetic and as wonderful as those recorded in these "*Chronicles*." But it needs the essentially poetic insight that is given to but few to discern the true heroism involved in the prosy narratives, and the facile touch of the accomplished literary artist to give the true romance its fit and appropriate setting.

That Mrs. Mannix is an artist thoroughly competent to the work, few who have perused her former collection of tales will hesitate to believe, and none who read the present series will for a moment feel inclined to question. All the qualities evident in "*The Tales that Tim Told Us*"—the true simplicity of style that is the direct opposite of the commonplaceness which the unskilled are sometimes apt to mistake for it; the ease in writing which "comes from art, not chance"; the quick sensibility to genuine traits of nobility of character; the kindly humor, over which always plays the sunlight of Christian charity; the delicate reticence; the vivid portraits depicted in single words and phrases,—all these are abundantly apparent in "*The Chronicles of 'The Little Sisters.'*"

The "*Chronicles*," however, are for the most part tragic rather than humorous; and in more than one of the narratives Mrs. Mannix gives evidence of a dramatic power superior to any that she has displayed in her previous work. "*The Story of a Curse*" and "*A Wronged Priest*" are admirable examples of the best method in short stories; the author's pen becomes a red-hot iron that burns the tale on the memory for all time. Of the comparatively few of these life-histories in which the humorous takes precedence over the sad and pathetic, the gem is "*The Smelling Committee*," as lifelike a bit of drawing as one will find in the best pages of Ian Maclaren, Barrie or Kipling.

Mrs. Mannix' new book is, in a word, a valuable addition to the not too lengthy list of good, healthy, and intensely interesting Catholic stories; and it is safe to assert that all its readers will echo the wish of the present writer, that the Home for the Aged is still an unexhausted mine whence the gifted author will extract yet other literary gems to be fittingly set in a second series of "*Chronicles of 'The Little Sisters.'*" A. B.



How Nip Secured Fair Play.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

NO one was ever heard calling Fred Morgan's dog Nip a beauty. While such complimentary epithets as bright, intelligent, clever, and the like were often enough bestowed on Fred's pet, and while that twelve-year-old youngster himself stoutly avowed that his pup was "just the bestest old dog that ever was," the world at large apparently coincided with the opinion of Fred's elder sister Clare, who maintained that Nip was "quite too exquisitely homely for anything."

Truth to tell, Nip was homely. His color was a nondescript faded brownish-yellow; his nose and eyes were ungainly in form and surrounded with an altogether superfluous quantity of long, white, fuzzy hair; while his tail was straight and slender, and seemingly as unpliable as a steel rod. Yet there was in Nip's expression some indefinable charm that at once won your interest and liking for him. There was a sharp, good-humored, quizzical glance in Nip's eye that almost made you believe he understood the conversation going on around him; and he unquestionably did understand Fred's orders and wants without ever making a mistake.

Fred's great affection for his dog was doubtless due, in a notable degree, to the circumstances under which Nip came into his possession. Returning from school one day at noon, Fred was passing the yard of the I. C. Railway when he heard a piteous whining and

then a boisterous laugh. Going behind a freight-shed, he saw a sight that roused all the chivalry of his youthful nature,—an ugly little dog, with a broken leg, cowering against the wheel of a flat-car; while two boys of about his own size were throwing stones at the poor puppy from a neighboring track, and laughing gleefully every time they hit their target.

"Here, you fellows!" shouted Fred. "Stop firing rocks at that pup, or I'll tell Policeman Haggerty on you!"

The hoodlums—for their attire and occupation announced them as such—glanced apprehensively at the station platform, a few hundred yards away. But as no policeman was in sight, they renewed their stone-throwing; and one of them returned Fred's greeting with:

"Say, you paper-collar dudelet, git a move on you!"

Fred in the meantime had gone up to the flat-car; and the pup, apparently about six months old, after one quick glance at the boy's honest, open face, crawled toward him and licked the hand that Fred reached down to pick him up.

Policeman Haggerty appearing on the platform, the two hoodlums vanished behind a shunting-engine; and Fred was unmolested as he carried the dog in his arms to his home. Having secured his mother's permission to keep the pup until its owner should appear, Master Fred hurried at once to the office of his uncle, Dr. Broderick, whom he urgently requested to "fix up this poor little fellow's leg."

These events were some seven or eight months old, and Nip had become a prime favorite with all the members of the Morgan household, when there hap-

pened the occurrence which triumphantly established his claim to the title of "the cutest dog in Rockland."

Fred had been sent on an errand away down Bleeker Street one afternoon about five o'clock, Nip as usual accompanying him. On his return he took a short cut through the railway yard, and suddenly found himself confronted with half a dozen of the worst boys in the city,—the "Young Terrors" gang, as they were commonly called. Among them were the two rascals who had stoned Nip some months before. And that sagacious animal evidently remembered the circumstance; for at sight of the group he uttered a gruff growl and kept very close to his master.

The hoodlums greeted Fred with sundry salutes that were the reverse of complimentary; and, putting themselves in his way, quite frankly informed him that he couldn't go any farther without having a fight.

"But I don't want to fight," replied the boy; "and, anyway, what would I fight about?"

"About sassin' me and my chum, Buck Davis, last spring," volunteered Si Perkins; and he at once began taking off his jacket as a preliminary to the forthcoming fistic encounter.

Just at this point Fred experienced a pang of grief at the conduct of Nip. The latter, with one ear cocked up, had been listening most attentively to the interchange of courtesies; but when Si began pulling off his jacket, Nip emitted one short howl, and, turning tail, fairly flew up the track toward Market Square.

"Here, then," said Perkins, advancing and squaring off, "just peel off that fancy coat of yours and put up your dukes. I don't want to take any 'vantage of you, kid; but now you kin just make up your mind that you're goin' to git the everlastin'est lambastin' that's been seen in this town for a month of

Sundays. Wake up! I'm just achin' to put a head on you."

"But I promised mamma and Father O'Flaherty both," protested poor Fred, "that I wouldn't fight; and I'm not going to either. You just get out of my way and let me alone."

"Ah, bah! Coward, sneak, cry-baby, mammy's little girl!" said the hoodlums in a chorus.

Fred's temper soon began to get the better of his prudence, and his naturally ruddy countenance grew very pale. His opponents mistook the change for fear, but it wasn't fear. It was rather pretty thoroughly developed anger. I regret to record it, but Master Fred felt a growing desire to hit this bragging Perkins one or two solid left-handed blows. He thought it quite likely that his big brother Dan had taught him with his boxing-gloves as much of the science of defending one's self as any of the "Young Terrors" had ever learned; and, provided the others didn't interfere, he hoped to be able to hold his own with the redoubtable Si.

In the meantime Perkins was dancing around Fred, challenging him to come on, thrusting his fist within an inch or two of Fred's nose, and giving every evidence of an ardent desire to begin the pugilistic proceedings forthwith. A glance around him showed Fred that there was no one at hand to whom he could appeal for at least fair play in the coming combat; so he said:

"See here! I told you I promised not to fight, but I didn't promise to keep still and let any boy pound me all to pieces; so if you hit me I'll hit back. But if you're not all cowards, you'll give me a fair show, and not come at me more than one at a time."

"That's all right, kid! Here's at you!" cried Perkins, as he made a vicious drive at Fred's jaw.

The latter's right hand shot up like

a flash and warded off the blow, while at the same time his left fist landed with a resounding thud upon the valiant Perkins' right eye. Two or three other blows or attempted blows were exchanged. Fred was so far untouched, while Si's nose was bleeding profusely, one eye was speedily becoming black and the other was surmounted by a lump as big as a robin's egg. Presently the rest of the gang were closing in on Fred to administer a sound thrashing, when the attention of all was attracted by some new arrivals on the scene.

Down the track at full gallop came Nip and a number of his canine friends. They halted as they came up to the group of boys; and Nip bounded to his master's side with two or three joyful barks, that said as plainly as could be: "It's all right, Fred! My friends are going to see that you get fair play."

Fred understood, and, stooping down, patted Nip on the head. It certainly looked as though the dogs had come for just that purpose; and it was quite clear that, if they had, the "Young Terrors" would do well to take no unfair advantage of their single adversary. For Nip's friends were a group not to be trifled with. There were Butcher Robinson's bull-dog, Snarler; big black Ponto, the mastiff of the Cable House; Dr. Kelly's great Dane, Royal; and old Mr. Harris' St. Bernard, Goldy, as big as a two-year-old calf.

This canine cohort quietly drew up in a circle around Fred and Si, regarding the fisticuffs with all the interest of professional sports. Si was getting exhausted; and as Fred countered an ugly upper-cut and retaliated with a stinging left-hander under his adversary's ear, the valiant Perkins shouted:

"Say, Buck, what yer waitin' for? Smash him a kick in the ribs."

Buck, nothing loath, drew back to give full force to the kick, when Nip bounded

from Fred's side, grabbed the calf of Buck's left leg in his teeth, and caused that young man to emit a yell that would have done credit to a Sioux brave on the war-path. Nip promptly retired to his former position, while Davis looked around for a stone with which to hit either the dog or his master—he didn't care much which. Lying close by the track was an iron bolt some six inches long and two inches in diameter,—a missile that could easily inflict a very serious wound. Buck stooped down to pick it up; but before he touched it, the bull-dog Snarler had his paw upon it, and intimated by a deep growl that iron bolts were debarred.

Meanwhile Skinny White had sneaked around back of Fred, and was just springing forward to clinch him around the neck and drag him to the ground, when Ponto, without either bark or growl, rose up, put both fore-paws on Skinny's shoulders and brought him down with a thud on one of the rails. When Master White attempted to rise, the mastiff growled out: "Don't you try it, young fellow!"—and Skinny didn't.

Pete Dennison and Jim Colyer now prepared to rush in on Fred and give him three or four "sockdologers" at least; but their project was nipped in the bud. Royal caught Pete by the waistband, lifted him clear off the ground, carried him about twenty-five yards, and tranquilly dropped him into a pool of muddy water; while Goldy interposed his great bulk between Colyer and Fred, and showed his teeth in a way that made Jim's rattle from sheer fright.

Further proceedings on Goldy's part were interrupted by a series of triumphant "bow-wows" from Nip. Pete Dennison, emerging from his muddy bath, saw Perkins dejectedly putting on his jacket and Fred wiping his flushed countenance with his handkerchief. Nip was alternately jumping up to lick

Fred's face and excitedly running about to congratulate Snarler, Ponto, Royal, and Goldy on the signal victory that had been won by their hero.

The "Young Terrors" sullenly left the yard, threatening dire vengeance on Fred some time when he didn't have a "dog-show turn-out" with him; and Fred hurried home to give a detailed account of his fight to his brother Dan and his mother. The latter wanted to know if he couldn't have followed Nip's example at first and run away; but Fred assured her that the gang could have caught him easily; and added that he wasn't half as good a sprinter as he was a boxer. Father O'Flaherty, who dropped in during the evening, had to listen to the whole story, of course; and his comment was that, whether or not Fred had been to blame, Nip was certainly to be applauded. Nip testified his hearty appreciation of that sentiment by giving a series of delighted bow-wow-wows; and it was agreed that while every dog may have his day, few enjoy so thoroughly satisfactory a day as Fred's friend Nip.

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

VII.—MORE GYPSIES.

The experiment had proved a success. Tommy and Mary had been established in the places of the Winstanley children, and were now the Winstanley children themselves. They had been legally adopted into the kind and hospitable home, where they soon reigned as little prince and princess, by right of their goodness and sweetness and loveliness. Their resemblance to the family was so remarkable as to attract the attention of everyone who saw them. Later, when

they had been some time members of the household, strangers who did not know the story of their adoption never questioned but what they were children of the younger and grandchildren of the older Winstanleys. Only to the mother they did not entirely replace her own dead children; but outwardly, to all appearances, they might have been her own, she was so deeply and tenderly attached to them. Her delicate health prevented her from attending to their wants or overseeing their studies, which the kind grandmother supervised. Her husband gave them all the love he had formerly lavished on his own, and the grandfather and grandmother idolized them. If the latter had a favorite, it was Tommy, because he reminded her of a wayward son who had died some twelve years before. She thought the resemblance increased from day to day, and her husband agreed with her.

One day they had said their morning lessons in her room. When they had finished, she went to a bureau drawer, took out a photograph, and, calling them to her, she said:

"Children, this was my little boy. He is dead now, but I think Tommy is like him,—more so every day."

They looked at the picture. It was that of a boy of ten, with eyes like Tommy's, and the same thick, curling hair, which grew in a peculiar pointed fashion in the middle of the forehead.

"Yes, he does look like me, grandma," said the boy. "I think he does."

Mary also studied the picture intently.

"Tommy is prettier," she said at last: "his lips are prettier."

"You have sharp eyes, Mary," said the grandmother. "Tommy has a very firm mouth," she continued, turning to Monica, who had left her sewing to look at the picture. "My poor boy had a weak mouth. Tommy has a much stronger face in every way."

"The eyebrows are like yours, ma'am," said Monica. "I have noticed that you have one a little higher than the other—the right one,—and so has Tommy. Did you ever remark it?"

"Never," was the answer. "But now that you call my attention to it, I see the resemblance."

"Many's the time I've seen Tommy compress his lips just like your husband does; and Mary has a way of opening and shutting her hands when she is excited which is exactly like young Mr. Winstanley," said the girl. "Couldn't there be some distant relationship way far back, ma'am?"

"We have discussed it over and over again," said the old lady. "Although we could not possibly love these dear children more than we do already, yet there would be a pleasure in knowing that they were really of our blood. My husband has no relatives, neither have I. They are all gone long ago."

"Where is your little boy, grandma?" asked Mary, who had been waiting for an opportunity to speak.

"I hope he is in heaven, darling," was the reply. "He died many years ago. Run out now to the garden, children."

When they had gone, she turned to Monica and said:

"I never speak of my poor boy. It makes me sad. He was our youngest, and always wayward. Very bright, he was not studious, and several times ran away from school. In those days his father was less patient than now. They had many disputes, and at last his father told him he would endure his unruly ways no longer. I could not blame him: the boy seemed to have lost all affection for us. One day—it was during the French war with Germany—he announced that he was going to fight for France. He had been partially educated there. His father and I tried to dissuade him, but he went. We never

saw him again. After some months we received a letter from Paris stating that he had been killed. That is all we ever knew. With our other son we never had any trouble: he has always been a comfort to us."

"Everyone must have some cross, ma'am," said the pious Monica. "Sister Immaculate used to tell us they helped us on the way to heaven."

"Yes, if we accept them properly," said the old lady, replacing the picture in her bureau drawer. "And heavy as my cross has been, it is not as bad as if my poor boy were wandering about the world, or as if I did not know whether he was living or dead."

The children came running in from the garden, breathless with excitement:

"Oh, come, grandmamma! And come, Monica!" they cried. "Such funny people are going by our house!"

The old lady and Monica followed them to the porch, where Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley the younger were already standing. A motley procession was just winding along the road.

"May we go to the gate again?" eagerly asked Tommy. "We were there, and Jim made us come up to the house. Oh, may we go to the gate and see them, with Monica?"

"Yes," said the father, after a pause. "I think I will go with you. They are probably a band of gypsies."

When they reached the gate, part of the strange procession had already passed. It consisted of a number of covered wagons and some open vehicles. From the backs of the wagons hung kitchen utensils of every description. Swarthy, dark-eyed men in velveteen trousers, and red vests worn over a black or checked shirt, drove the wagons, or rode on fine-looking horses behind them. Swarthy, black-eyed women and several children looked out from beneath the canvas. They also were gayly attired in short

blue, green or purple petticoats of heavy flannel or cloth, with tight-fitting jackets of scarlet or yellow opening over white chemisettes. On their heads they wore red handkerchiefs or jaunty little velvet caps, from which gilt tassels and various colored sequins dangled and tinkled. Nearly all of them had heavy silver bracelets on their wrists. Some pretty, coquettish-looking girls, accompanied by handsome boys, brought up the rear of the procession. The girls walked hand in hand; the men went in couples.

The little ones were fascinated by the novel sight. They had never seen anything so strange. Monica remembered her meeting with the gypsy couple several years before, and looked eagerly at the passing groups in order to see if she might be able to recognize any of the faces, but without success. These people were more foreign, more strange than those she had seen.

"Where do you suppose they are going?" she asked of Mr. Winstanley.

"Probably to camp on Heatherton Hill. They used to camp there when I was a boy, but for many years we have not had a visit from them."

"Will you take us to see them there, papa, please?" asked Tommy. "Oh, it would be fun!"

"If mamma permits I will," said Mr. Winstanley. "I enjoy going through a gypsy camp very much."

"I think I am afraid of them," said Mary. "They look so black, and their eyes snap like Tommy's toad's eyes did."

"That is a very good comparison," answered Mr. Winstanley. "Well, they are all gone now. Let us go back to the house. While these people are in the neighborhood, children, you must not go beyond the gate alone."

"Will they hurt us? Aren't they nice people?" inquired Mary.

"No, little ones, some of them are not very nice people," was the reply.

It was as Mr. Winstanley had thought: the gypsies encamped on Heatherton Hill. With some reluctance, the mother gave permission for the promised visit, for which the children were both eager. They found the gypsies busily engaged in putting up tents, building fires, and turning their horses out to pasture. They were not an English-speaking tribe, and seemed quite indifferent to their visitors, with the exception of one old woman, who squatted in front of a tent at a short distance from the others. As they passed her she extended her hand, in which Mr. Winstanley placed a piece of silver. As he did so, he thought he heard a moan inside the tent.

"Is some one ill in there?" he asked, drawing back.

The old woman nodded.

"Head bad, head bad," she said.

"Your husband?"

"Old woman—head bad, head bad," was all the information he could elicit.

As they went on their way, a skinny brown hand lifted the flap of the tent. It belonged to an old woman with a red kerchief around her head, who sat leaning against the tent post, evidently in great pain. Her hair was grey and crispy curling, her skin dark, but not so black as that of the other gypsies. The children had turned for a parting look, and she had a good view of them. With a smothered exclamation, she leaned eagerly forward, following them with her eyes until she could see them no more.

"Good luck for once!" she muttered. "If they are not the same, my name is not Lydia Lorington."

(To be continued.)

Why the Angels Love the Stars.

I THINK the angels love the stars,
 'Cause every flake of snow
 Is patterned after the sparks of light
 That in the heavens glow.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"The most threatening aspect of the daily paper of the average sort," remarks Gerald Stanley Lee, "is not merely that it is making it impossible for a man to write a masterpiece, but it is making it impossible to find anybody to read it, if he does."

—The Roxbury Publishing Co. has added to its "Wizard Series," "Fabiola," by Canon Onkeley, a sacred drama in five acts with twelve tableaux, for fourteen speaking characters; and "The Last Day of Our Ladye," a play in three acts arranged for ten female characters. It is adapted from the German of the Rev. W. Pailer, O. S. A.

—A New York literary journal reports that, apart from fiction, the most popular book in the Mercantile Library has been Mrs. Fraser's "Letters from Japan." We are not surprised, for there is a special charm in Mrs. Fraser's work. Her recent poem in THE AVE MARIA has been specially admired, and she has promised not to forget Our Lady's Magazine in future. Mr. Marion Crawford is Mrs. Fraser's brother.

—To relieve the tedium of the declining days of Sir Robert Walpole, his son offered to read works of history to him. "No, no—not history, Horace; that *can't* be true," remonstrated the statesman. History, however, would not be "a lie agreed upon" if its writers followed the canons laid down by the Catholic Lord Acton, professor of Modern History in Cambridge University, in his inaugural lecture. The only suitable comment on them is to say that the history of the past three centuries would read very differently if these canons had been followed out:

The critic is one who, when he lights on an interesting statement, begins by suspicion. He remains in suspense until he has subjected his authority to three operations. First, he asks whether he has read the passage as the author wrote it. For the transcriber and the editor and the official or officious censor on the top of the editor have played strange tricks and have much to answer for. And if they are not to blame, it may turn out that the author wrote his book twice over: that you can discover the first jet, the progressive variations, things added and things struck out. Next is the question where the writer got his information. If from a previous writer, it can be ascertained, and the inquiry has to be repeated. If from published papers, they must be traced; and when the fountain-head is reached, or the track disappears, the question of veracity arises. The responsible writer's character, his position, antecedents, and probable motives have to be examined into; and this is what, in a different and adapted sense of the word, may be called the higher criticism, in comparison with the servile and often mechanical work of pursuing statements to their root. For a historian has to be treated as a witness, and not believed until his sincerity is

ascertained. The maxim that a man must be assumed to be honest until the contrary is proved was not made for him. The main thing to learn is not the art of accumulating material, but the sublimer art of investigating it, of discerning truth from falsehood and certainty from doubt. It is by solidity of criticism, more than by plenitude of erudition, that the study of history strengthens and straightens and extends the mind. And the accession of the critic in the place of the indefatigable compiler amounts to a transfer of government in the historic realm.

—The new editor of *Harper's Bazar* is Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, whose "Tales of a City Room," soon to be followed by another volume of newspaper stories, have enjoyed wide popularity. Miss Jordan is a graduate of the convent of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, and is said to be remarkably well equipped for her new position. The *Critic* congratulates the manager of the *Bazar* on his selection.

—The Rev. Dr. Ganss, whose erudite pen has contributed many delightful pages to this magazine, has published in the *Catholic Quarterly* an article that fairly bristles with valuable quotations, all the more so for the detailed references to their sources. For instance, there are these words of Luther: "What harm would there be if to accomplish better things and for the sake of religion, one told a good thumping lie?" That Luther's hint was taken by his followers is intimated by these words of the Protestant Maitland: "There is something very frank (one is almost inclined to say honest) in the avowals, either direct or indirect, which various Puritans have left on record that it was considered not only allowable, but meritorious, to tell lies for the sake of the good cause in which they were engaged." And the Protestant Dr. Whitaker, Regius Professor of history at Oxford, writes: "Forgery—I blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write—seems to have been peculiar to the Reformed. I look in vain for one of those accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." Those writers who really aimed at historical truth received persecution for their pains, as Dr. Ganss illustrates in this interesting paragraph:

When Ranke's "History of the Popes" first appeared, a work which in spite of much painstaking research and documentary copiousness does but scant justice to some of the illustrious men it deals with, he was branded as a "crypto-Catholic" by one of the most conservative and influential journals. K. A. Menzel, in the first volume of his great history of Germany cut away from the traditional acceptance of the Reformation and brought the Reformers from the national Walhalla of German myth-history to the critical tribunal of

scientific investigation, with the result that he was fiercely attacked by the literary journals and condemned to a conspiracy of silence by the German savants. In language temperate but trenchant he vindicates himself in the preface to the second volume. After his death his editors boldly cut the preface out of the second edition. Novallis pays a most glowing and impassioned tribute to the Catholic Church in one of his most inspirational works. In the first three editions of the author's complete works it was omitted. Schlegel insisted upon its insertion in the fourth edition. In the fifth edition, Tieck, after Schlegel's conversion, had it again suppressed, and the mutilated edition is still in circulation. Janssen followed the advice of his Protestant master, when, standing before the statue of Charlemagne at Mayence: "That picture tells us what is wanting: a history of the German people from the pen of a Catholic historian; for what we call German history is a mere farce." He wrote a work that should make him a national classic and hero, but he was denounced by the champions of the tradition as an "historical juggler," "the assassin of historical science," "a traitor to his country"; his masterpiece of German scholarship was "the work of a scoundrel," "a devil's work." Even one of the most eminent professors of the Berlin University, Hans Delbrück, went so far as to put the question whether, "in view of this densely stupid forger, some one did not have the impulse of Hutten when he cut off the ears of the two Dominicans!"

It may be asked, Why charge the Protestant writers with lack of truthfulness in this era of good feeling? Well, Catholics read books of so-called history, and it is only right that they should know how to appraise them.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Man-
nix.* \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles
Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley,
O. S. B.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899.
Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in
Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.*
\$1.00, *net.*

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic
Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis
J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F.
Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II.
Comtesse R. de Courson. \$1, *net.*

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.*
\$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early
Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1 10, *net.*

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper
3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev.
J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., *net.*

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, *net.*

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan,
S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev.
John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.*
\$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60
cts., *net.*

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago.
Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, *net.*

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50,
net.

The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25,
net.

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25.

The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.*
70 cts., *net.*

Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D.*
\$1.60, *net.*

External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. *Rev. George
Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1, *net.*

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. With
Illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. \$1.60, *net.*

Library of St. Francis de Sales. III.—The Catholic
Controversy. \$1.60, *net.*

The Sacraments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine,
C. P.* \$1.50.

Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. *Marion Ames Tag-
gart.* 85 cts.

The Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P. *Rev. Hyacinth
Hage, C. P.* 50 cts., *net.*

Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.*
2 Vols. \$6.

Fra Girolamo Savonarola. *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.*
\$2, *net.*

The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.

Birds and Books. *Walter Lecky.* 70 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

NO. 8.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Return.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

ACROSS the desert waste we sped;
The cactus gloomed on either hand,—
Wild, weird, grotesque each frowning head
Uprearing from the sand.

Through dull, gray dawn and blazing noon,
Like furnace fire the quivering air,
Till darkness fell, and the young moon
Smiled forth serene and fair.

A single star adown the sky
Shonè like a jewel, clear and bright;
We heard the far coyote's cry
Pierce through the silent night.

Then morning,—bathed in purple sheen;
Beyond, the grand, eternal hills;
With sunny, emerald vales between,
Crossed by a thousand rills.

Sweet groves, green pastures; buzz of bee
And scent of flower; a dash of foam
On rugged cliffs; the blessed sea,
And then—the lights of home!

The Washington Myths.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.



GEORGE WASHINGTON seems to have determined that he should never be a myth; yet since his death a score or more of imaginative pens seem to have set to work to defeat Washington's intention. Although not in the least a "literary man," his writings fill over twenty large printed volumes; and most of this mass is an autobiography—or, rather,

a plain narrative of personal facts, from which any intelligent reader may, to all time, reconstruct his personality.

Beginning in his early youth, he wrote out his school lessons, and some of his moral essays are still extant in the manuscript books of his boyhood, now preserved in the State Department at Washington. As early as "Fryday, March 11, 1747-8," when he was just sixteen years old, he began his journal; and the last writing under his hand, on December 13, 1799—the night his last illness began,—was an entry in a journal which had been continued, with few intermissions, for all the fifty-two years of his active life. Besides these, letters numbering thousands from his pen have been collected and are in print. The eyes of the world were on him for nearly half a century, and many volumes of "Washingtoniana" can be gathered from the periodical literature of the past century and a half.

Surely the record of a human life has seldom been more extended and minute than this. It was, however, only a few years after his death that the Rev. Mason L. Weems, an itinerant Protestant Episcopal clergyman, began the building of the myth, and it has continued until now; for at Christ P. E. Church, in Alexandria, on the centennial of Washington's death, it is reported in the press that "the closing prayer was from a book of family prayers used at Mount Vernon and written in Washington's own handwriting,"—the suggestion

being that Washington was the author of that prayer.

There are many Washington myths, but the one with which it is proposed in this article to deal is that Washington was a Protestant Episcopalian. That he was a vestryman of Fairfax parish, one of the state-church divisions of the colony of Virginia, is beyond question; but a Virginia vestry was a semi-political organization. It bound-out apprentices, and fixed the boundaries of land, as well as appointed the parson and bought his surplice.

Washington was christened in infancy but never confirmed. Against the few hearsay statements that several times he partook of the Episcopal rite of the Lord's Supper, there is the undisputed fact that whenever the General and Mrs. Washington attended the Sunday services at Christ Church in Alexandria, he remained until the close of the service, except on Communion Sundays; and on those Sundays he left the carriage for his wife and walked to the mansion of Colonel Carlyle, where he dined when he came up to church in Alexandria. If he participated in the rite elsewhere, would he not have done so in Alexandria?

That he, as well as five-sixths of the gentlemen that made up the Virginia vestries, was opposed to the introduction of bishops appears from two incidents. In colonial days the American Anglican clergy were under the jurisdiction of the bishop of London; and all proposals for a colonial bishop of Virginia, who, under the canon law, would have been in charge of marriages, wills, decedents, estates, orphans, and so forth, had been quietly prevented by the civil authorities. The theory of "a state without a king and a church without a bishop" had not decreased in popularity when the King's church fell with the King's state.

The need of a bishop is abundantly evidenced by the history of the times,

as Bishop Meade observes in his "Old Churches." It is a melancholy fact that at the close of the last century many of the Episcopal ministers were "addicted to the race-field, the card-table, the ball-rooms, and the theatre,—nay, more, to the drunken revel. One of them about this period was the president of a jockey club. Another, after abandoning the ministry, fought a duel in sight of the very church at which he had performed the solemn offices of religion. Another preached four times a year against the sins of atheism, gambling, horse-racing, and swearing; receiving a legacy of \$100 for so doing—while he practised all these vices himself."

At the close of the Revolution, "the church in Virginia," says Bishop Meade, "resolved on an effort to obtain consecration from abroad for a bishop who might complete her imperfect organization. A very worthy man, the Rev. Dr. Griffith, was selected for the purpose; but so depressed was her condition, so little zeal was found in her members, that though for three successive years calls were made upon the parishes to defray his expenses to England, only twenty-eight pounds were raised—a sum altogether insufficient for the purpose,—so that the effort on his part was abandoned."

Washington evidently saw nothing in this condition of affairs to call for the coming of bishops. We know that he was the personal friend of Dr. Griffith, the pastor of Christ Church at Alexandria, to which the great chief was warmly attached. Washington was always more than liberal in advancing with his money any worthy object in which he had confidence. He had just given over \$3000 to support orphans and the children of indigent parents at a free school in Alexandria; yet he permitted his friend, the Rev. Dr. Griffith, who had been a chaplain in the Army of the Rev-

olution, to fail of being made a bishop because he lacked the few pounds needed to carry him to England. The inference is too glaring to be mistaken. Washington was a churchman of the colonial-vestry kind: he wanted no bishops.

Another evidence of the General's desire to avoid recognizing bishops is shown by this entry in his journal:

"October 10, 1785.—A Mr. John Love, on his way to Bishop Seabury for ordination, called and dined here. Could give him no more than a general certificate, having no acquaintance with him, nor any desire to open a correspondence with the new ordained bishop of Connecticut, ordained in Scotland."

While Washington performed the civic duties of an Anglican, he never professed in any degree whatever the "faith in Christ" which is now the keynote not only of Episcopalianism but of all Evangelicalism. The statement was made years ago that in all his voluminous writings the sacred name of our Divine Saviour Jesus Christ never appears. The omission is a characteristic of his writings. Could any one who believed that our Blessed Lord was the Son of God, that all salvation came from Him, never mention Him in writing for sixty years—a whole lifetime? It was said in a Catholic periodical twenty years ago that there is about as much evidence that Washington believed Our Lady to be the Mother of God as that he believed our Saviour to be the Son of God.

The latest contribution to the myth is contained in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, in which Mabry de Zapp, writing of Washington's death-bed, says:

"One may ask why Washington, who was a communicant of the Episcopal Church and distinguished for his trust in God, did not have with him at his last moments a Christian minister. His devoted wife, whose piety he had known for so many years, knelt at his bedside

with her face in her hands, resting upon the Bible which for fifty years she had made her counsellor; and she ceased not to pray for the good man whose joys and sorrows she had shared for forty memorable years. Who can doubt but that the dying man found more consolation in this ministration than he would have found in that of any other, man or angel?"

Now, the incidents of Washington's death have been recorded with minute fidelity by his private secretary, Tobias Lear, who was with him during all his last hours. He records that Mrs. Washington objected to the extent of the first blood-letting, but that Washington insisted upon it; that afterward the dying General asked Mrs. Washington to bring him two papers from a desk in the room, and told her to destroy one and preserve the other. Mr. Lear mentions no Bible nor prayer nor kneeling:—

"While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, *who was seated at the foot of the bed*, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'Tis well,' she said in the same voice. 'All is now over. I shall soon follow him.'"

The italics are my own. How different is fact from fiction!

A careful review of Washington's conduct and of all his writings constrains me to believe that Washington's religion was the Masonic religion—the determination "to meet upon the level and part upon the square,"—i. e., to do equal and exact justice to all men. Undoubtedly he regarded religion as a mainstay of the State. Occasionally the pressure of events made him pray to the Omnipotent; but the Supernatural is totally absent from his life. He did not invoke it at the hour of death, and died without asking or receiving from any one whatever the consolations of religion.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XI.

HIS mind filled with these reflections, Jean crossed the little court and rapped at the door. After a pause of a few moments, light footsteps were heard within.

"Who is there?" called out a girlish voice.

"A traveller in distress," was the ready rejoinder.

Then all was again silent, and the young man was about to turn away when footsteps—heavy ones this time—were heard inside. The bolt slid back, the door opened cautiously, and Jean found himself in the presence of a young man with red hair and beard, and a sickly though not unpleasant expression. He held a candle in his hand and peered out into the face of the unexpected visitor. A slight exclamation of surprise escaped his lips.

The stranger was about to speak when his attention was suddenly attracted toward another object—a charming young girl standing in the dimly-lighted vestibule. She was indeed the living incarnation of the virgin mentioned in the *Canticle of Canticles*: as white as alabaster, with hair of a bluish-black tinge, a small nose and magnificent eyes—Oriental eyes, velvety and passionate,—shaded by long silken fringes that veiled their brilliancy; a fascinating but innocent smile parted lips as scarlet as berries.

For a moment these three persons, whom fate had brought together on this stormy night, stood looking at one another in silence.

The girl was the first to speak:

"Welcome, sir! We are happy to receive you and to give you rest and

food. Consider our house as your own." Then, laying her dainty hand on her companion's shoulder, she said, with a note of impatience in her tone: "What are you waiting for, Jacob? Don't you think that the gentleman is cold enough and that there is quite enough snow on his clothing?"

Then, only, the person addressed as Jacob opened the door wider and stood back against the wall to allow the stranger to pass in:

"Call your father, Rachel," he said. Then turning to Jean: "Come in, sir! My uncle will wish to welcome you himself on the threshold of his home. Pardon me for my moment of hesitation; but, really, my surprise was so great that I am still asking myself whether you are Jean Raz or whether my eyes deceive me."

"You are not deceived," replied Jean. "I also recognize you as Jacob Lewin. I have not seen you for several years, but you are not much changed. We certainly never expected to meet under such circumstances as these."

Rachel now reappeared, followed by her father. He was an old man, whose white hair fell in straggling locks from under a black skull-cap, and whose white pointed beard gave him the appearance of a sage or of an alchemist of bygone ages. He wore gold-bowed spectacles, and his long levite was closely buttoned down to his knees.

"Whoever you may be," he said in a husky tone, "you are welcome. Our house shall be yours."

Jacob hurriedly whispered some words in Rachel's ears, the import of which must have astonished the girl; for she immediately looked again at the stranger with undisguised curiosity in her expression. Then, as if to prevent the explanation Jacob was about to make to her father, she hastened to say, in a clear tone:

"Father, this is Jean Raz, the son of Councillor Raz, of Wola."

Jean bowed; he fancied that when the name of Raz was spoken the Rabbi had trembled and that the three had exchanged a rapid glance. He now followed them into a low room, where there was nothing to indicate the particular customs of the inmates. Indeed, the first impression produced upon the young man was an infinite sense of physical comfort, as the warmth penetrated his benumbed limbs.

The table was spread for the evening meal, and Rachel arranged a place for the unexpected guest, who was surprised at the cordiality of his reception, and already fascinated by the melting black eyes that looked smilingly at him.

"I am only one of God's poor," said the Rabbi, when they were seated; "but what has been given to us we are happy to share with you."

During the progress of the meal Jean lost his reserve, in a degree; he related the incidents of his journey, and expressed his desire to reach Wola in time for the feast of Christmas Eve, the traditional *Wilia*. It was his intention to pass the night at the hotel opposite the cathedral and to start on his way at dawn. "But," he added, rising, when the meal was over, "I have allowed myself to forget my driver, who doubtless is angry enough."

"Do not worry about him," replied Rachel. "He is warming himself before a good fire in the kitchen, and his horses are taken care of."

"How can I express my gratitude!" stammered the young man, in apparent confusion.

Rachel now made a remark to Jacob in an undertone, and he at once left the room. She then resumed her seat; but the conversation languished, without any attempt on Jean's part to revive it. He felt no astonishment at the Rabbi's

silence nor at the severe expression on his face. He was under the enchantment of the girl's charm, but still he felt that he must go. He rose regretfully at last, and approached the Rabbi with outstretched hand. At the first words of thanks, however, the old man interrupted him:

"My daughter and myself beg of you to accept our hospitality for the night. My nephew has just gone out to order a conveyance for the morning, which shall take you safely to the end of your journey."

Jean felt disturbed and perplexed. He well knew that it was Rachel speaking with the mouth of her father, as it was she who had sent Jacob on his errand. Already between herself and him there was established a mysterious current of sympathetic understanding. Love is often thus born from the meeting of two hearts, as thunder from the shock of electric currents.

Rachel interposed in her turn, saying with a blush:

"We can not recall Jacob now, and your driver is sleeping comfortably. Stay, sir; it will be the wisest thing for you to do. We have a chamber to offer you, which, though modest enough, is still better than a public one. Do us the favor of accepting it; I ask it in the name of your sister." Then, after a pause, she added: "And perhaps I have a certain right to do so."

She offered him her hand as she spoke, and, although not immediately consenting, he felt that he would remain. But what could the girl's last words mean? He fancied that the Rabbi had looked severely at his daughter as she spoke; as if to check her.

Delighted with the music of the girlish voice, Jean soon forgot his anxiety and abandoned himself to the charm of the present. When at last he rose to retire, the Rabbi said, in a solemn tone: "May

the God of Israel bring you sound slumber and a happy awakening!"

Rachel then took up a candle, and, going before the guest, remarked:

"My father can not mount the stairs; let me, then, do the honors of our humble home."

Jean followed her, not at all surprised at this freedom, being familiar with the customs of the Slavs. On reaching the top of the staircase, Rachel opened a door; then, with her pretty head slightly bent in the docile attitude of a servant, sure of her power, however, she offered him the candle she held in her hand.

"This is the room. My father is poor, but if we had a palace, and in it a room panelled in cedar encrusted with gold, and if I were the daughter of King Solomon instead of that of a poor rabbi, I would have guided you to it even as I have guided you to this."

These remarks, colored with biblical poesy, made Jean smile. His hand was not quite steady when he took the candle from the girl, and she was at the bottom of the staircase before he could find words to reply; then he called down:

"Thanks! I shall surely sleep better than King Solomon, and I shall have pleasanter dreams than his."

When the young man was alone, the humble room seemed illuminated by the brilliancy of Rachel's beauty. He retired to bed, but not to sleep. Attempting to analyze the emotions that overcame him, he recalled the incidents of the evening. "How strange! How strange!" he kept repeating to himself.

As he lay looking at a ray of moonlight that fell across the covers of his bed, a sound of melody reached his ears. He listened; an instrument—a harp apparently—was accompanied by a full, sweet female voice. Was the beautiful Rachel lulling her visitor to sleep like the captives of Sidon in the palaces of

the Kings of Israel? The music lasted but a few moments, and a little later Jean was sleeping the sleep of youth,—dreamless, because at that time life is itself a dream.

He was awakened at daybreak by a tap on his door; a respectful voice, which he did not recognize, called out:

"The sleigh is ready, sir!"

He hastily arose, and, for a moment, hardly realized where he was. Then the remembrance of the last evening came into his mind, and the image of the Rabbi's charming daughter rose before his eyes. He hoped to see her once more before taking his departure. As if divining his thoughts, she met him at the foot of the staircase, and the glance they exchanged was almost tender. An odor of steaming coffee came through the door of the dining-room.

"You see we do not wish to detain you," said the girl; "and yet you must not go away hungry."

"How can I ever thank you for all your kindness!" answered Jean, in a low tone.

"There is nothing to thank us for; we have only done our duty."

She then brought the young man a cup of coffee, which he drank standing, looking intently at the face of Rachel, who was radiantly beautiful in the morning light.

When he had finished his coffee, he said:

"Thank your father in my name for his hospitality, and tell him how deeply grateful I am for it."

Rachel interrupted him by offering him a rose she had picked from a bush in the window.

"Accept this; it is the most valuable thing we have. Have pity on it and do not let it freeze."

Jean unbuttoned his coat and put the rose next to his heart, looking steadfastly at the girl as he did so.

"It shall remain there."

"Until to-night?"

"Forever!—the remembrance of it, at least."

Both lowered their eyes for a moment.

"Good-bye!" said Jean at last.

"I do not like that word. Say '*Au revoir*' instead; for we shall certainly meet again."

She then put a scarf over her head and accompanied him out, in spite of his remonstrances. They stood for a moment on the threshold; the snow-covered expanse, stretching away as far as they could see, seemed covered with diamonds, while the sun hung suspended on the horizon like a huge lamp veiled with silvery gauze.

At last Jean went down the steps, entered the sleigh, pulled his cap down over his ears and was about to give the word to start, when Rachel called out in German, as if unwilling to let him go without knowing the truth:

"I think I ought to tell you, sir, that my cousin Leopold, Jacob's brother, is going to marry your sister."

The words rang out clearly through the frosty air. A moment later the sleigh was driven off; but Jean, stupefied, still heard the words seemingly close to his ears:

"My cousin Leopold is going to marry your sister."

(To be continued.)

WHEN a man begins to take low views of himself and of his fellows, instead of comforting himself with the feeling that he is becoming emancipated from the weakness of lesser men, let him consult a wise physician, diet himself, and take more time for exercise. Such a man needs the open air and the sunlight.

—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Do not admit the greedy among your friends or your disciples; for they are capable of neither wisdom nor fidelity

—*Joubert.*

The Exhortation of Dominic the Carthusian.

THE "Dies Iræ," that grand old mortuary hymn, has been admired by all the world, and the greatest poets have spent their talent in translating it with more or less success. Not nearly so well known—indeed, scarcely known at all—is another fine hymn of the same cast, which also treats of the Last Day in a very noble and sonorous style. It was written by "Dominic the Carthusian." The reader will be pleased to see this powerful and earnest picture. Many strophes, where the same idea is reintroduced or repeated, are omitted:

Man, of God erewhile created,
And to die by nature fated,
Why so little agitated
For eternal glory's prize?

Hadst thou of its worth the notion,
Thou wouldst seek no other potion,
Nor pursue with such devotion
Earth's poor passing vanities.

And thy sins past calculation,
Word and deed and cogitation,
With thy soul in consternation,
Thou wouldst worthily bewail.

When to earth the body goeth,
Of the soul man nothing knoweth,
Little saith and little showeth,
Of its joy or misery.

Grief, indeed, is simulated,
But the wealth is dissipated,
Mid the kinsfolk generated
Strife and loss of charity.

Death on good and bad attending,
But to lot unequal sending,
Yet alike in never ending,
Be it bless or be it bale:

Be the Death-Mass celebrated,
Or the friends in banquet sated,
Nought is to the dead abated,
Save he be in mercy's pale.

There no time is for repenting,
There no season for relenting,
There no place escape presenting,
For the sinner will remain.

Up thou strainest, down they chase thee,
From the dark abyss they raise thee,
And before the Judge they place thee;
All will be, alas! in vain,

From Christ's love if thou hast swervéd,
 Nor His holy Mother servéd,
 Nor thy patron's aid deservéd,
 Thee to shield in trouble's hour.

Who shall pray for thy transgression?
 Who make for thee intercession?
 In the last and dreadful session
 Who shall be thy refuge-tow'r?

Peaceful angels round thee soaring,
 As 'tis written, though deploring,
 Yet acknowledge, all adoring,
 That the Judge's doom is just.

By the blessed reprobated,
 And to hopeless sorrow fated,
 Ruined, blighted, desolated,
 Down she sinks forever lost.

Who can give a full narration,
 Picture in imagination,
 Or can make enumeration
 Of the wrath and torments dire?

Fire and frosty tempest roaring,
 Dark and sulph'rous vapor soaring,
 Each lost soul its fate deploring,
 Such their poisoned cup of woe.

There so many gloomy places,
 There such torments and disgraces,
 That the world's remotest spaces,
 And whate'er is visible,

Are but little to be fearéd,
 Nor may be with them comparéd,—
 These, to wit, may be declaréd,
 Those are indescribable.

But the joy by saints possesséd,
 And the bliss of angels blesséd,
 And the praise to God addresséd
 Ne'er can earthly lips declare.

Never dreading separation,
 In unbounded exultation,
 Without fear or trepidation,
 Without suff'ring or alloy.

Let us pardon now entreating,
 Jesus slain our spirit greeting,
 Fit ourselves above for meeting
 Joys that holy souls desire.

Lo! the world is passing quickly;
 Fall its beauty's blossoms thickly,
 Viler daily and more sickly
 Its fallacious glories grow,

Down that sink to lakes infernal;
 Let the glory, then, supernal,
 And the bliss of life eternal,
 Ever through our mem'ry flow.

An Afternoon on the Aventine.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

ROME is a city of contrasts, where mediævalism and modernity are quaintly, sometimes aggressively, united. Gloomy palaces, impregnated with the atmosphere of centuries; garish black buildings raising their unsightly heads to the blue dome of the southern sky; dusky catacombs and electric tramways, ancient basilicas and bran-new Methodist chapels,—the peaceful and all-pervading spirit of the past still hovering over the feverish restlessness and gaudy civilization of the present. It is a city also of many phases. The paganism which once ruled it is a thing of the past, and the temples that echoed to the praises of Juno and Diana are dedicated to the Virgin Queen of Heaven. The effeminate luxury of the Renaissance has been replaced by the more Spartan mode of life adopted by the modern Roman. The Carbonari are no longer in existence, but the Freemasons flourish; the pavements once hallowed by the footsteps of the saints are now trodden by the senators and soldiers of those who have taken possession of the Pontiff's territory and usurped his title of sovereign.

Far from the noise and bustle of the streets there is a spot where the "old order changing" has entirely given "place to new." The Aventine, once, according to the legend of Remus, "the hill of evil omen," is now inseparably associated with memories of the martyred Sabina; of the great Savelli, Pope Honorius III.; of Alexis, dying beneath the doorstep of his father's house; of Dominic, the glorious founder of the Order of Friars Preachers; and, of many other saintly heroes. "*In Aventinum æternam sedem suam*," so prophesied

Livy concerning the Temple of Juno; and to-day all that remains of that once gorgeous edifice are two or three marble columns built into the Church of Santa Sabina. On the site now occupied by the Convent of St. Prisca stood a temple of Diana; the road by which we ascend the hill, the ancient Clivus Publicius, was paved by the brothers Publicii; and yonder, in what was originally a grove of laurels, was the grave of the Sabine King Tatius, the rival of Romulus.

As centuries passed, the Aventine became completely transformed. In the time of Romulus and Remus the higher portion of this irregular picturesque hill was held by the Sabines. Hither came Numa to visit the forest gods Faunus and Picus, at their sacred fountain; and here also he dedicated an altar to Jupiter Elicius. Later on Ancus Martius surrounded the Aventine with a wall, and established there thousands of the inhabitants of Latin towns which he had conquered. This was the origin of the "Plebs"; and in 416 B. C. the tribune Icilius proposed and carried a law by which the spot was officially conferred upon them, and included for the first time within the *pomœrium*, or religious boundary of the city.

About the sixth century the prosperity of the Aventine began to decline; in the eleventh it was occupied by the camp of Henry IV., of Germany, in his war against Gregory VII. In the thirteenth century an effort was made by Pope Honorius III. to re-establish its waning popularity; but the malaria banished by degrees its numerous inhabitants, and now fragments of colored marbles strewn about the fields and vineyards are the only remaining traces of the vast number of houses, baths, granaries, and fountains which once occupied this site.

It is not, however, upon the more remote past that our minds are most

inclined to dwell when wandering on the slopes of the historic Aventine. All-absorbing as its ancient Roman remains may prove to antiquarians, to us its interest is of another order, and centres principally in the story of St. Dominic. It was while the Savelli Pontiff was endeavoring to render the hill as favorite a place of residence as it was of old, and had begun various works for that purpose, that the white-robed friar made his first appearance in the Eternal City, and was shortly afterward appointed Master of the Papal Household and Abbot of the Convent of Santa Sabina. His saintly presence and the wisdom of his ministrations added a new attraction to the Aventine; and Honorius, becoming aware of this fact, abandoned his design of founding a new city and bestowed upon him and his brethren the church and convent and adjoining lands.

There is, perhaps, no spot in the world more closely connected with the annals of the Dominican Order. It was here that the devotion of the Rosary was first instituted, and the Third Order, the "Militia of Jesus Christ," established. It was here also, in the year 1218, that the Polish cousins, Hyacinthus and Celsus Odronaz, offered themselves as missionaries, and became the apostles of Hungary and Bohemia; and hither St. Thomas Aquinas, pursued to the very door of the cloister by the tears and lamentations of his mother, fled to the monastic life. St. Norbert, founder of the Premonstratensians, and St. Raymond of Pennafort, were welcomed as honored guests; and later on Lacordaire of the "silver tongue" made a brief sojourn within these ancient walls.

One evening at sunset a pilgrim, weary and travel-stained and riding on a mule, knocked for admittance at the massive door of the convent. "What is it you want?" inquired the prior, in a tone of friendly mockery. "Have you come to

see if the College of Cardinals is disposed to elect you as Pope?"—"I come to Rome," responded the stranger, whose name was Michael Ghisleri, "because the interests of the Church require it; and I shall leave as soon as my task is accomplished. Meanwhile I implore you to give me a brief hospitality, and a little hay for my mule." Sixteen years passed by, and the pilgrim mounted the papal throne under the title of Pius V.

Some of the most marvellous events in St. Dominic's life took place within these hallowed precincts; and "here," says his biographer, Mother Drane, "lying on the stone pavement, he passed the long hours of the night, offering penances to God." In the corridors of the convent he was visited by heavenly visions, and in the dormitory and in the choir he wrestled with and overcame the enemy of souls.

Santa Sabina, which stands on the site of the house in which the virgin-saint of that name suffered martyrdom, was built by Peter, a priest of Illyria. *Pauperibus locuples, sibi pauper*—"Rich for the poor, poor for himself,"—so he is described in the Mosaic inscription inside the principal entrance. It presents a somewhat different aspect from that which it bore in the time of St. Dominic, but several portions of the building are unchanged. His place in the refectory has never been occupied; a part of the dormitory remains as he arranged it for the reception of his brethren, and the cloisters surrounding the quadrangle have suffered no alteration. The Saint's cell is converted into a chapel; and in the small antechamber an inscription on the walls tells us that here St. Dominic, Blessed Angelus, and the Seraphic Friar of Assisi once spent an entire night in holy converse. St. Dominic's portrait, a face of ethereal beauty, painted by Bazzani, hangs over the altar in his cell.

The west door of the church, with

its exquisite oak carving, is a dream of beauty. It dates from the twelfth century, and its panels are covered with designs from both the Old and the New Testament. Santa Sabina was restored in the pontificate of Sixtus V.; during the process many of its ancient features were effaced. The magnificent, many-colored mosaic which once adorned the inner wall is almost entirely destroyed; but the chapel in the left aisle, built by Elia of Tuscany, is still rich in precious marbles. Beneath the high altar lie the relics of Sabina and Seraphia, of Pope Alexander, Crecentius and Theodulus,—all early Christian martyrs.

At the end of the right aisle we come to the spot where St. Dominic received the Rosary from the hands of our Blessed Lady. This vision is commemorated by Sassoferrato's well-known masterpiece, "La Madonna del Rosario," which hangs above the altar in all the beauty of its exquisite coloring and delicacy of design.

Outside, in the convent garden, where the rush and tumult of the world seem far away, and where the soft spring air is fragrant with the subtle perfume of violets, we stand beside the famous orange-tree planted by St. Dominic, and which he brought from Spain as a token of gratitude to his patron, Pope Honorius. A grave-faced friar, one of the few left by a grasping government, points out to us the beauty of its glossy foliage and its future promise of golden fruit, and presents us with one or two emerald-tinted leaves as a souvenir of our visit.

Times are changed since the days when the spacious corridors of Santa Sabina echoed to the voices of innumerable white-robed novices. With the entrance of the Italians into Rome the sons of St. Dominic were evicted from the tranquillity of their monastic home; and now only three or four remain to carry out the rule and follow, at a distance,

in the footsteps of their saintly founder. The Dominicans on the Aventine have vanished like a dream of the past.

It is time to tear ourselves away from the manifold fascinations of Santa Sabina and pass on to the adjoining Church of Sant' Alessio. Built on the site of St. Alexis' paternal mansion, it was reconsecrated in A. D. 401 by Pope Innocent I., in honor of the dear Saint who spent seventeen years unrecognized beneath the staircase of his father's house. It is a touching story.

St. Alexis was young, and possessed of great beauty of form and feature; and his parents, according to the custom of the times, had, without his consent, arranged for him an eminently eligible marriage. The youth, however, who had solemnly vowed his virginity to God, left his home on the eve of his wedding-day; and, no traces of him having been discovered, he was mourned for as dead. Many years elapsed, when suddenly a mysterious voice echoed through the Roman churches: "Seek ye out the man of God, that he may pray for Rome! Seek him in the house of Euphemiam." With one accord the inhabitants of the Eternal City rushed to the Aventine, and there they found the despised beggar dying beneath the doorstep, a sealed paper in one hand, a crucifix in the other, and his emaciated countenance radiant with the light of heaven. The astonished bystanders tried in vain to draw the paper from his wasted fingers, until Pope Innocent commanded him in the name of God to relinquish his grasp, when the Pontiff read to the bewildered multitude the secret of Alexis. And the poet adds:

Then, lest some secular use might mar the place
Made sacred by his pain, upon the ground
Where stood that stately house they reared the
Church

Of St. Alexis; and the marble stairs
Which sheltered him they left as when he died.
And there a sculptor carved him, in mean garb
Reclining, by his side his pilgrim's staff,

And in his hand the story of his life
Of virgin pureness and humility.

The chief feature of the church is its exquisite *opus alexandrinum* pavement, and the west door still retains a rich border of gorgeously-tinted mosaics; but the remainder of the building, with one or two exceptions, has been hopelessly modernized out of all appearance of antiquity. The shrine of St. Alexis, his figure in a reclining position, with a portion of the actual wooden stairs enclosed in a glass case above his head, is at the left side of the entrance.

Tradition asserts that the early conclaves of the Church in times of persecution were held in the crypt below, where the principal objects of interest are a marble episcopal chair, green with age, and the pillar to which St. Sebastian was bound when shot with arrows. The adjoining convent, with its picturesque cloisters, where long ago the monks of St. Jerome quietly passed their days in prayer and penance, is now used as an asylum for the blind.

It is growing late, and we must not linger more than a few moments in the garden of the Knights of Malta—"a haunt of ancient peace." The sunlight glitters on the avenue of bay-trees, and from the little terrace overhanging the yellow Tiber we can gaze upon that mighty dome which rises over the tomb of the Fisherman of Galilee. It is a quaint old garden, with its palm and pepper-trees and ancient well; a spot where one might dwell—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Let us retrace our steps as far as the summit of the hill toward the Palatina, and, turning to the right, pause before the very unpretentious Church of Santa Prisca. "Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Jesus Christ, who have for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles. Likewise

greet the church that is in their house." So writes St. Paul in the sixteenth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. And it is close by the site of the house of Aquila and Priscilla, who followed the trade of tent-makers on the Aventine, and with whom St. Peter lodged, that the Church of Santa Prisca was built in A. D. 280.

The place is thronged with memories. We read in the Acts and in the Epistles that, in consequence of the decree of banishment issued by the Emperor Claudius against the Jews, these two pious women were compelled to leave Rome; but that on their return they were enabled to open a small oratory (*ecclesiam domesticam*) in their house. The walls of this oratory, "which," says Lanciani, "have, in all probability, echoed with the sound of St. Peter's voice," were discovered in 1776, close to the modern Church of St. Prisca, and were decorated with paintings of the fourth century representing the Apostles.

It was in the ancient crypt beneath the now modernized edifice that the Roman virgin Prisca, who at the age of thirteen was exposed in the amphitheatre to be devoured by lions, was baptized by St. Peter; on which occasion an inverted Corinthian capital, a relic of the Temple of Diana which formerly occupied this site, did duty as a font.

The interest of the Aventine is by no means exhausted; but the shadows are lengthening, and the purple crests of the distant Alban mountains are flushing rosy-red under the kisses of the setting sun. As we descend by the road planted with almond-trees, and trodden so often by the feet of the great St. Dominic, the bells of the *Ave Maria* ring out from Rome's countless belfries; and to the lips of young and old, rich and poor, saint and sinner, rise the words of the salutation uttered by Gabriel so many centuries ago.

The Bartley Pride.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

MRS. BARTLEY glanced at the tall old clock that for nearly forty years had kept watch, a sentinel of Time, beside the entrance to her little parlor. Its hands pointed to a quarter of twelve, and an oppressive stillness reigned in the house. The flame of her anger had died down at the closing of the hall door. She had driven her only son from her. When would she look upon his face again? Although she strove to kindle anew the smouldering embers of her indignation against him, the heart of the proud and imperious woman was oppressed with a weight of desolation.

"My boy, my boy!" she moaned, wringing her hands. "What are five hundred dollars to me! A paltry sum compared with the sorrow of this break between us: the grief to have discovered that you thus sought to deceive me, Tom! Surely whatever I have had I have always regarded as yours too, my son. But that you should thus meanly defraud me and then disavow your fault! I had meant, at the expiration of the period set by your father's will, to place the management of all my affairs in your hands. But if you would thus cozen me out of a small sum, how could I entrust to you the greater? How often is a too fond and confiding woman reduced to penury by the unscrupulousness or mania for speculation of the husband, son or brother to whom she has given the charge of her fortune! No, I must be firm. To-morrow Tom will bring back to me that unlucky packet of money, and when he does I will place twice the amount to his credit at the bank. The quarrel was a foolish one at best. But for that silly slip of a girl all

this would not have happened. Alas, how soon must a poor mother yield up her place in the heart of her son to another!"

The next morning Henriette found her mistress sitting bolt-upright upon the sofa in the drawing-room. Thus had she fallen asleep, wearied at last with watching and listening for the returning step of her boy upon the pavement without.

"Henriette, where is Master Tom?" she asked, as she opened her eyes.

"If Madame pleases, ze young master must have slept at ze club," answered the maid, with a sharp glance.

"Ah, yes! I remember. Henriette, Master Tom may be absent for a few days; but see that his room is kept in order. Be particular to have everything as best suits him; he may return at any time."

"Master Tom he say he find nowhere ze service like zat he 'ave at home," said Henriette, with a toss of the head.

But neither in a few days nor after many days did Tom return. Where had he gone? What was he doing? These were the questions that stern old Mrs. Bartley asked herself over and over, in her proud isolation. Yet at least he had money, she grimly assured herself; for not a trace of the missing five hundred dollars was to be discovered, although she quietly searched again and again in every place where she might by any possible chance have bestowed it upon that hapless evening when, with such bitter words, she had bidden her son to leave her.

True, she made no inquiries of the servants. But they knew nothing of the missing money, and she must at least shield her scapegrace son before the world; for even in her most tender moments, of his guilt she was convinced. Could evidence be more conclusive? But five hundred dollars would melt

away betimes, even though 'husbanded more carefully than was Tom's wont. Although the mother did not forgive, she could not forget her boy. Was he in want? How could she learn his whereabouts or need? Ah! she might write to his friend Mr. Semmes. Through Sallie, he might know something of Tom,—unless indeed the girl had been prompt to ignore her foolish lover, now that he was poor and a—well, Mrs. Bartley hoped the boy had not confessed his fault to that frivolous young person. She did not wish him to be humiliated before these people. All she desired was that he would penitently acknowledge his error to her, his mother, and ask her forgiveness; then would she be verily ready to lavish every penny of her wealth upon him. But until then—

She wrote a formal letter, as devoid of feeling as might be, to young Semmes, and received as brief an answer. He regretted that he had not heard from his friend Bartley for some time. He understood that he had gone West, but did not know his address. No, Tom had never borrowed any money of him; Tom always seemed to have plenty of money.

Humph! this was but another proof that Tom was well supplied with funds when he went away. Months passed; Mrs. Bartley would not acknowledge even to herself that she was worried, yet there was a burden of anxiety upon her heart.

One Sunday morning, coming out of church, her glance was caught by the strangely familiar face of a young girl, whose eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of wistfulness. Where had she seen the face before? Ah, yes! this was the girl with whom Tom had fancied he was in love,—the girl by whom he had been undone, since but for her he would be at home, happy and respected, instead of a wanderer, disgraced in his mother's eyes, as he

would be in those of all the world did they but know.

Two years went by. Still occasionally Mrs. Bartley and Miss Semmes met by chance. The latter was a trifle paler and thinner now and had lost something of her girlish beauty. Once or twice she had actually appeared on the point of accosting the elder lady, who, however, swept by with so haughty an air that the young woman drew back abashed. Had she intended to inquire about her quondam suitor?

Mrs. Bartley would acknowledge to no one the complete breach between her son and herself. But a sense of self-righteousness is very sustaining; the more she felt her loneliness, the more she hardened her heart against him. Long before, she had replied to the note of Ned Semmes, apologizing for having troubled him with her inquiries, and intimating that her anxiety concerning Tom was at rest; this would, she grimly reflected, lead these people to infer that she was in possession of his address.

Another year quietly slipped away. One day there was an alarm of fire in the neighborhood of the old East Side Square. It came from the Bartley house. For an hour the venerable mansion was a scene of dire confusion. The slight blaze was soon quenched by the alert fire laddies, but the cozy parlor and the white and green drawing-room were ruined by the smoke and the deluge of water that had been poured into them. Within a few days came an army of artisans: the walls must be redecorated, the furniture renewed, order restored from chaos.

In the midst of the havoc and confusion Mrs. Bartley stood one morning, stoically watching a workman whose task was, one might fancy, to complete the work of despoliation.

"Sure, ma'am, that chimneypiece was a pretty bit o' a shelf in its day," said

the loquacious laborer as he prepared to tear down the old mantel of the drawing-room, erstwhile so admired for its antique carving.

The next moment, with mallet and chisel, he had separated it from the plaster, and the great frame fell with a crash, bringing with it a shower of lime and making a cloud of dust.

"Yes, a pretty bit o' a shelf," repeated the man, turning over a section of the scroll work and noting how the smoke had crept along its white surface, and how the flames, like fevered hands, had plucked away the sculptured fruit and flowers of the graceful design. "'Tis indeed a pity"; and, half absently, he pushed aside with his foot a portion of the litter upon the hearth. As he did so his quick eye espied something besides the fragments of plaster and charred wood among the débris.

"Here's a letter, ma'am! Belike you dropped it 'while ago?" he said, interrogatively, at the same time picking up a sorry-looking envelope and drawing it across the sleeve of his blouse to remove the dust that had settled upon it.

"No, I had no letter," disclaimed the lady indifferently, turning away. "It can be nothing more than a scrap of paper that some one may have cast into the grate."

"Faith I dunno!" answered the good-natured Irishman. The simplest letter was to him an affair of importance, not to be thus lightly disregarded, but rather a something surrounded by an air of mystery. "I dunno," he reiterated meditatively, peering into the yellowed envelope.

A second glance, as though to make sure that his eyes were not playing some tricky joke upon him, and forthwith Mrs. Bartley, who had just passed into the other parlor, was startled by a vigorous exclamation.

"By the powers, it is money!" said

the astonished workman. "Now, isn't that a fine piece of luck for the owner of the same!"

"What is it you say?" asked the lady sharply, wheeling around and taking one or two steps toward him, while her manner grew strangely agitated.

"Sure it is nothing to be frightened at, ma'am!" he replied, observing her sudden pallor and the nervousness she vainly sought to control. "Nothing to be frightened at, but rather a rare good fortune to rejoice over; at least 'twould be so to a poor man like myself. See!" he said, crossing the room and placing it in her clasp, with a gentle consideration for her perturbation that would have done credit to the chivalry of a Sir Walter Raleigh. "'Tis nothing more nor less than an envelope stuffed fat with greenbacks. Maybe there was a small crack between the chimneypiece an' the wall this long time, an' this rich letter fell into it somehow—I dunno."

Paying no heed to his words, Mrs. Bartley looked down, through spectacles that had grown suddenly misty, at the time-stained paper in her trembling hands. It was an envelope addressed to herself in the writing of her only son,—the envelope of the careless note she had received from Tom on the very day, three long years ago, when she had driven him from her with a cruel accusation.

With shaking fingers she drew forth the contents—a sum of money. Yes, the five hundred dollars paid to her by Mr. Hanmer as interest upon the mortgage she held on his property,—the five hundred dollars that by mistake she had placed in this envelope instead of returning it to the one in which it had been handed to her by Mr. Hanmer,—the five hundred dollars which had never been in her work-bag at all; for on that eventful evening, at the sound of a footfall upon the doorstep, she had

hastily and mechanically thrust the little packet behind the marble statuette upon the chimneypiece, whence it had fallen through the crevice between the mantel and the wall.

This was the money she had unjustly accused Tom of having appropriated, refusing to hear his protest, insisting only upon his guilt; and, while locking within her mother's heart what she was pleased to consider the ignominious secret, she had justified herself by the conviction that her sternness was fully merited.

Poor Tom! how hardly had she dealt with him! And, after all, he had been only a little indolent and pleasure-loving; never really wild, much less vicious. Of late she had longed for his presence so much; had even begun to doubt of the wisdom of her course, and felt she would forgive him without reservation could she but find and induce him to return. If his need of money had been a temptation to him, still she was his mother; she should have had patience with him and striven to strengthen his weak will. There had never been a question of mine and thine between them, and no doubt he had not regarded the possessing himself of the money in the light of a theft. Thus had she meditated more than once. And now the finding of the packet showed that it was *she* who had wronged *him*, utterly and—could it be, alas!—irretrievably?

She started; to what might not her harshness have driven him? Rendered desperate by her injustice, had he lost courage at the beginning of the battle of life, flung away his good name, and become, in very deed, the unscrupulous ne'er-do-well she had called him? All her mother's fears and anxieties were aroused by the thought as she stared blankly at the bank-bills.

The workman stood by, speechless with astonishment. Presently, however,

the old lady recovered herself with an effort, and turned to him abruptly.

"What is your name, my good man?" she inquired.

"Michael Flaherty, at your service, ma'am," was the ready answer.

"You have a family?"

"Troth an' I have, as fine a half dozen of boys and girls—"

"Well, take this!" she interrupted. "You have—unwittingly it is true, but none the less really, I hope,—restored to me much more than the money-value of this packet." And, pressing a twenty dollar bill into his hand, with a faltering step she passed out of the room.

The man remained standing in the same spot, as though dazed, looking stupidly down at the money.

"By St. Patrick, is it dreamin' I am!" he ejaculated at length. "Sure did any one ever see the like! Here have I come by a good two weeks' wages in the winking of an eye, an' without doing a hand's turn, one may say! My, but that was a power o' money, though! Not a bill among them less than this twenty dollar, an' most of them more; for it is meself saw the hundred mark on more nor one of them. An' still the old lady—well, now, but she's a quare one! But sure the Lord only could tell whether she is happy to find that bit of a fortune; since, although it's glad she said she was; sorry she looked about something, for a fact. Heaven bless her for remembering the children, anyhow! I'll bid them pray God may give it back to her many times over."

The thought never once occurred to honest Michael that, having espied the packet lying in the dust, he might have adroitly covered and later examined it at leisure; in which case he might now have been in possession of all the money, and no one the wiser. Plain, rough Michael was one of those sterling characters who might be safely entrusted

with untold wealth. And now, without ever dreaming that he had just been made a special agent for the carrying out of the designs of Providence, he resumed his work, cheerily humming to himself a quaint ballad he had learned as a boy among the green fields and hawthorn hedges of his native land.

But Mrs. Bartley? Henriette, finding her mistress in a nervous tremor of excitement, was seized with a great fear.

"Ees it zat Madame feel ill?" asked the devoted maid, aghast.

"No, no! I am not ill, nor losing my mind, as one might perhaps suppose," faltered the old lady, conscious of the startled impression produced upon the Frenchwoman by the sudden breaking down of her own usual reticence and reserve. "I am not ill, but—Henriette, is Master Tom's room in order?"

"Eet has ever been prepare for him, Madame."

"That is well. He will probably be home very soon now; there are business matters which require his attention. Telephone for a carriage, Henriette,—I am going out."

An hour later Mr. Edward Semmes was surprised at his law office by a call from the mother of his chum at the law school, Tom Bartley. Small wonder that he did not at first recognize, however, in this gentle lady, almost pitifully hesitating in manner, the erstwhile arrogant Mrs. Bartley who had written to him so coldly of her absent son.

"Mr. Semmes, do not say you can not tell me," she began, inconsequently; "for I have been to his other friends without success. If you can give me no news of my son Tom, I—but you do know where he is, I feel assured. Tom was not a good correspondent even in his college days; and when a man goes out into the world, in the press of affairs he has little time for writing. Now, however, a matter of business—"

Thus she attempted to ignore, at least outwardly, the breach of more than three years between herself and her boy.

For a moment the eyes of the young lawyer flashed. Should he tell this proud, relentless woman what he had learned of Tom's life during these years: of its struggles, privations and disappointments? As he faced her, however, there was something beseeching in her glance, and the little subterfuge with which she had sought to hedge around her dignity had in it an element of pathos which disarmed him.

"I supposed you were well aware of Tom's whereabouts, Mrs. Bartley," he answered, instead. "I am happy to be able to inform you that he has been for over a year now in the office of a law firm of Chicago. But by one of those coincidences which make real life stranger than fiction, he is coming to New York next week to see—my sister."

Mrs. Bartley's proud face flushed. Tom was coming, but not to her! Yet how could she expect him to forget what had passed between them?

"I can not tell you more. When he wrote he merely remarked that *he was coming home.*"

Ned found himself adding that Tom's meaning upon this point had been vague, but Mrs. Bartley might extract as much comfort from the phrase as she chose for that she was in need of comfort he felt certain.

"Of course," she responded, struggling for composure. "At what hour is his train due? I will drive to the station to meet him—you do not know when he will arrive? Then, Mr. Semmes, will you be so good as to telegraph to my son that *his mother begs* him to come to her as soon as possible?"

"Madame, I will gladly do so at once," answered the young man, softened in spite of himself. "Permit me to attend you to your carriage."

Two days later Tom came home. In his old-time, boyishly affectionate manner, he embraced his stately mother; and so overcome by emotion was she that she would have fallen but for the support of his strong young arms.

"God is very good to send you back to me, Tom," she murmured,—*"to give me a chance to undo the wrong I did you. If you had died and I could never ask you to forgive—"*

"Hush, mother!" he said, checking her with a kiss. "I am come to entreat *your* forgiveness for the many anxieties I have caused you during the past years. I would have come without your message; although to receive it was, I own, a great happiness. As for our estrangement and its cause—of course you were right to blame me for entering into an engagement to marry with no financial prospects ahead."

"But—"

Again he interposed hurriedly.

"As for the rest, I knew it would be found to be all a mistake. I reproach myself for having permitted the breach between us to endure so long," he continued, as he ensconced her in her accustomed chair and seated himself upon an ottoman beside her. "At first I was sullenly aggrieved and indignant, I will admit. Then, as my anger cooled, I resolved that I would not return to you like a bad penny, but would work and wait until I could come to you and say: 'Mother I am no longer the worthless idler who merited your scorn because of his shiftlessness. I am now a wage-earner, struggling to make a place for myself in the world.' And after I had made a little headway I *did* write; but it seems you could not have received the letter."

"I sent you a message by Sallie, too. You remember Sallie, mother? She has always told me when she happened to see you. But when she attempted to

give you my message, she fancied that you repelled her and—well, Sallie has a spirit of her own, too, you see; and she is so foolish as to be very proud and sensitive where I am concerned. It was hardly fair to keep her bound by an engagement so long; but she has been staunchly loyal to your graceless son. And now that I have secured a salary, albeit a modest one, I have come home to make her my wife. You will give us your blessing, won't you, mother dear, and let bygones be bygones?"

For a brief moment Mrs. Bartley was silent; then, wiping the tears from her eyes, she said, with a smile of tenderness, as, leaning forward, she laid her hand caressingly upon Tom's shoulder:

"May God bless and give you happiness, my son! But you will not go away again? If you do I shall be as one alone in the world."

"How can I remain, mother, when my position is in Chicago?"

"Soon, according to your father's will, you will be in possession of an independent income."

"Not for nearly a year yet," he reminded her, cheerfully.

"Stay, Tom; and I will advance you the money necessary to secure any professional opening in New York you may wish and that it is in my power to obtain for you."

"In that case, of course I shall be only too glad to stay, mother," Tom said, kissing her cheek.

Thus it came about that, although the aristocratic elderly lady still dwells alone in her spacious home, her son and his wife Sallie live in a sunshiny house on the old Square near by; and Ned Semmes has for his partner in the law his former chum, Tom Bartley.

A Trick of Politicians and a Hint to Confiding Constituents.

CARRYING water on both shoulders is something which few people consider it worth while to attempt; but politicians have to resort to all kinds of manœuvres in order to win their way and hold their own, and they are always ready to try anything that promises to be of advantage to them. Their policy is to make themselves all things to all men so as to secure the votes of all men,—meeting everyone on his own ground, whether it be high or low. We once heard a locally prominent politician condemn with great show of indignation the corrupt practice—resorted to by leaders of the opposing party—of coercing voters and buying votes. Within a week this man of lofty ideals was apprehended by the United States Marshal of his district for the very offence he had so vigorously denounced.

One trick of the nimble politician is to assure any class of constituents whom he may have offended by a public utterance that he was misunderstood or incorrectly reported. He has even been known to repudiate opinions to which he gave expression—when there was no likelihood of this becoming known beyond the circle of those who remonstrated with him. The man who runs for office is apt to be wiser in his generation than the man who votes. But the voter need not be too much of a dove—or of a goose. Every citizen would do well to watch the course of those whom he puts in office, and impress upon aspiring candidates that consistency and straightforwardness are expected of them, even though they are engaged in politics. These worthies will bear watching. We have known politicians who spent money lavishly

SUCCESS shows off our good qualities;
LACK OF SUCCESS shows off our defects.

—Abbé Roux.

at Catholic fairs just before election, to take sides with bigots on subsequent occasions and roar themselves hoarse in denunciation of "the encroachments of Rome." Our representatives are not all men of enlightenment, though the narrowest of them make loud profession of liberal views; nor do they always cast their vote as they have conversed with their confiding constituents.

These remarks are not intended to apply to the youthful Senator from Indiana; nevertheless, his recent speech in favor of expansion is the occasion of them. We ventured to criticise that "great speech," which was so loudly applauded from the galleries of the Senate, saying that it savored of bigotry and "buncombe." Now comes a letter from one of Mr. Beveridge's admirers—a young Catholic just entering upon a political career. He informs us that he has had a talk with the honorable gentleman, and would persuade us that we misconstrued his words. "He did not mean to assert that the Catholic religion has made the Filipinos superstitious." Perhaps not. But whatever Mr. Beveridge may have meant, this is what he said (we do not quote from a newspaper report, but from the *Congressional Record*):

The Filipino is the South Sea Malay, put through a process of three hundred years of superstition in religion, dishonesty in dealing, disorder in habits of industry, and cruelty, caprice and corruption in government.

These are Mr. Beveridge's words as officially recorded. To our mind they savor of bigotry, and that is not all they savor of. "Dishonesty in dealing" is precisely what the Filipino leaders are now alleging against our government. Those who have had better opportunities for studying these islanders than the Senator from Indiana declare that they are both intelligent and industrious. General Charles King asserts this over his signature; and holds, with numerous

others well qualified to judge, that "the capability of the Filipinos for self-government is unquestionable. Nineteenths of them can read and write, all are skilled artisans in one way or another." As regards "cruelty," Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, in his able reply to Senator Beveridge, quoted this declaration of one of our soldiers in the Philippines: "The American army has been a greater scourge to their country than the Spanish army in a hundred years." The Filipinos have good reason to complain of caprice on the part of Americans; and if they are subdued, they will probably learn more about corrupt government within six months after they have laid down their arms than has ever yet been taught them,—that is, if they are treated like the Indians or subjected to the tender mercy of "carpet-baggers."

But enough. We had no intention of reviewing any portion of Senator Beveridge's speech, only to show that we did him no injustice, and to teach our young correspondent a lesson which it might be well for him, and Catholic citizens generally, to bear in mind. If the gentleman from Indiana did not mean what he said, it is for him to say what he means, and to say it publicly, and to put his words on record. We will gladly set him right as soon as he sets himself right. But this must be done with the same publicity with which he misrepresented himself. If he does not consider it worth while to make the correction in print, we are at a loss to understand why his Catholic friends should expect us to make it on private representation.

A CERTAIN philosopher used to thank God when he had the gout that it was not the toothache; and when he had the toothache he gave thanks because he had not both complaints at once.

Notes and Remarks.

The first National Gallery of England collected by Charles I. contained nine Raphaels, eleven Correggios, and twenty-eight Titians. All the pictures representing the Blessed Virgin were afterward burned by order of Parliament. (Our authority for this statement is Matthew Arnold.) What a change has come over the Puritan world since then! Madonna calendars have been almost a fad among Protestants for several years past; the sweet, pure face of the Mother of fair love and of holy hope now adorns the walls of countless art galleries and parlors and reception rooms; it graces innumerable private apartments, and looks down on thousands of innocent children gathered in the rooms of public schools. Like most of their elders, though they know not why, they love to have that face so near. Thank God there are few to object to all this! Honor and devotion to Mary Immaculate are closely allied. Some day these strayed sheep and lambs of Christ's flock will call her blessed, and she will acknowledge them as her very own.

..

What a change has taken place in the religious world when a non-Catholic writer is found to pen words like these in explanation of the Blessed Virgin's place in Christian worship and the reasonableness of our devotion to her! The passage may be found in a recent book by Hamilton Wright Mabie entitled "The Life of the Spirit." Our best thanks are due to the kind friend who called our attention to this precious little volume, which we have quoted once or twice before:

Man must needs have the love of man and the sympathy of man; and so it came to pass that, as Christ slowly climbed the steps of the white throne and took on the ineffable majesty of the Godhead, the tender, sorrowful face of the Virgin Mother grew more and more distinct and beautiful

in the thoughts of men. There must be some one nearer God than themselves, and yet like themselves in need and memory and hope, to whom they could speak,—some one who understood their experiences and spoke their language. And so it came to pass, out of the deep necessities of the human soul and the human life, that Mary became the intercessor between her own Son and His human brothers.

If any honest man wants to realize why Catholics are so adamant in their determination to support parochial schools in this country, he might begin by noticing how strenuously Catholic schools are opposed by the enemies of the Church. Sometimes this opposition energizes itself in excessive laudation of the public school system; sometimes in such outcries against sectarian schools as induced Congress to make the appropriation for the Indian Schools this year without providing a penny of the nation's money for the Sisters that are educating the nation's wards. In France, just now, it has broken out in a new form. The anti-Catholic element in the Chamber of Deputies is pushing an education bill which would exclude from any public appointment all young men who have not spent at least three years in the State Training Schools. Observe, it is not a question of how much the young men know, but of their spending a certain number of years in an atmosphere hostile to their faith. The *Scolarité* Bill, as it is called, has been rejected by the Educational Commission appointed to consider it; but the Chamber has yet to vote upon it.

The late James Martineau was one of the three greatest leaders of Protestantism which this century has produced. He was commonly regarded as a Unitarian, though he resented any kind of sectarian label that should commit him to any definite dogma. He believed and preached the existence of God, the reality of the future life, the binding

force of conscience; but beyond that he refused to go. He is the father of latitudinarianism, and—alas that it should be so!—he has a numerous following. The teachings which shocked the world half a century ago are now the commonplaces of Protestant Sunday-schools. Dr. Martineau did not believe in a divinely-established church, but he did declare that “if we admit a single divine institution set up on earth, then Rome has an easy task against Lambeth and Geneva.”

The Rev. Henry Wilson—of 'what denomination we can not say,—preaching on “Salvation” in Berkeley Temple, Boston, was moved to remark:

I'd rather see a minister to-night in this church acknowledging his sins than I'd see fifty Roman Catholics being converted to Protestantism. The latter would be but a change of religion; and if they were untrue to their own faith, they'd be untrue to ours; but the change in the minister would be a change of character, and therefore more desirable.

“It is not often,” observes *The Pilot*, “that the walls of Berkeley Temple echo to such sound sense as this.” Or any other walls. Brother Wilson is eminently sane, and refreshingly practical, earnest, enthusiastic and outspoken. We hope he will keep on saying things like this to the brethren. Long life to him, and may the power of his lungs suffer no decrease!

Ruskin wrote some very characteristic sentences to certain English Protestants who appealed to him for help to build a new iron conventicle in a country town. We quote them, premising that Ruskin loved the beautiful churches of Catholic countries, and that no one has written more gloriously of them than he:

Of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind hedges or in a sand-pit or in a coal-hole, first? And of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. Of

all the sects of believers in a Ruling Spirit, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me. All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would—before bothering me to write it to them.

Yet Ruskin not only gave most of his inherited property—nearly \$1,000,000—in charity, but devoted most of the earnings of his books to the same purpose. He sometimes used to express regret that he was not strong-minded enough to sell all his goods to feed the poor and then retire into a garret for the rest of his days. That would have been almost the Franciscan poverty which he admired so much, and which impelled him to send to the Franciscan convent at Assisi a sum of money sufficient to support one friar in perpetuity.

Two recent deaths suggest a most opportune reflection on the debt which Catholics owe to the religious who train the children in our schools. Sister Stanislaus, aged twenty-four, died a martyr's death in St. Louis while vainly attempting to rescue a child from a burning school-building. A few days earlier Sister M. Gertrude Power died at Sinsinawa, Wis., after a long life of arduous labor. A common consecration seems the only point of contact in these two lives, yet there are others. The noble death of Sister Stanislaus flashes before the mind and reveals her as a heroine; but heroines, too, are the religious who, like Sister Gertrude, spend their days in what would be endless drudgery did their vocation not sanctify it. Nuns live always on the plain of heroism,—heroic impulse is their habitual state of mind. With the young Sister of St. Joseph who perished at the post of duty, and the Dominican nun who bore in sweet patience the labor of a long day, are to be named the Sisters of the Holy Cross who left their school-rooms to nurse the small-pox patients of Salt

Lake City because secular nurses were not to be had. These things, thank God! are not uncommon. Catholics will not soon forget the name of Sister Stanislaus; let us add the hope they will as gratefully appreciate the Sister Gertrudes and the hospital heroines whom Mother Church provides so plenteously.

**

Of priestly heroism a fine example is Father Brabant, a German priest, stationed, according to the *Times-Standard*, among the Indians on the west coast of Vancouver Island, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest white settlement. He seldom sees a white man except the shipwrecked mariners whom he receives into his humble hospitality, or, if so be, buries with Christian rites. Once, when an epidemic of small-pox broke out, he had to nurse the living and bury all the dead without assistance from his savage flock; for the Indians dread nothing so much as small-pox. Once again he was shot in the hand by a chief who seemed to be friendly; and when the priest, thinking it to have happened by accident, stooped to wash the wound in a creek, the Indian emptied the other barrel of the shot-gun. Father Brabant still carries some of the lead in his back; but—and therein appears the mark of the true missionary—he will not admit that the Indian was malicious: "it was only a wanton freak." The twenty-six years that this devoted priest has spent among his dusky parishioners have wrought, it is said, a marvellous transformation in their habits.

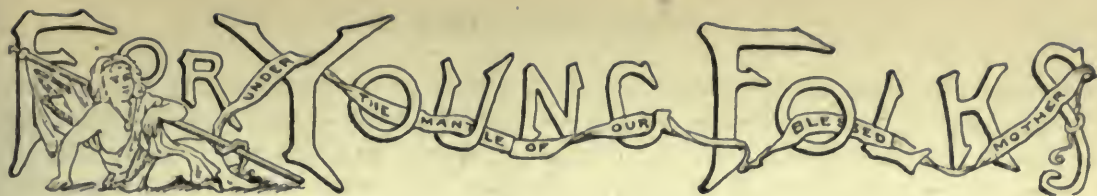
If England had listened to the warnings of Sir William Butler, her fortunes in the present war would certainly have been happier. Sir William, who was stationed officially in South Africa, repeatedly assured his government that the English were slumbering on a volcano. He was only called home for his pains. He is a

Major-General in the army, but he has marked literary tastes as well. Of his best-known work, "Far and Out," Ruskin said: "The man who wrote that book could have written any of my books on landscape." Lady Butler has also accomplished notable work in art. She is the painter of one of the most famous of modern paintings, the "Roll-Call." The Butlers are excellent Catholics.

In a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly*, in the department headed "This Busy World," which is conducted by E. S. Martin, we find this notable paragraph. The life of Bishop de Goesbriand was an exemplification of Christian virtue; his death, an edification to the whole country. This comment on his career illustrates anew the truth that the good that men do lives after them as well as the evil:

Writers of stories of New England life who are looking for novel characters with which to diversify their tales are invited to inform themselves about the late Bishop Louis de Goesbriand (Roman Catholic), of Burlington, Vermont. He seems to have been an unusual person, and the spiritual son, perhaps, of some of those great French missionaries whose names are still on the map along our northern boundaries. It is told of him that he was born in 1816, the son of a French marquis; was educated in France, and came to this country in 1840. He had been Bishop of Burlington since 1853. In that diocese, we are told, he spent his private fortune; and, after forty-seven years of self-forgetful labor, died in an orphan asylum; leaving as his chief assets a ring, a cross, a purple robe, a clock, and \$2.92 in money.

The reverend editor of *Paradieses-fruechte*, a pious periodical published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Ind., requests us to state that the indulgence attached to the End of the Century Prayer, widely copied from its columns by Catholic newspapers, is for one hundred *days*, not one hundred *years*. The prayer is commendable for its appropriateness rather than for the indulgence, which is by no means an extraordinary one.



The Quarrel.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

TWO little sparrows, hopping by,
With sidelong motion, quick and spry,
Began, anent the right of way,
To argue one cold winter's day.

"Let me pass first!"—"No, sir: not I!"—
"Your rude assumption I defy."—
"I am the elder."—"I lived here,
On yonder fir-tree, all last year."

And so they came to blows—meanwhile
A hungry cat, perched on a tile,
Upon the pair adroitly sprung:
They made sweet morsels on her tongue.

The wind-swept branches, bleak and bare,
Moaned a shrill requiem in the air;
The gardener, on his morning round,
Brushed a few feathers from the ground.

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE
EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

VIII.—A TERRIBLE PLOT.

BETWEEN nine and ten o'clock at night, several gypsies, men and women, were seated by a dying fire. Among them was an old woman of rather light complexion; thin grey hair fell about her wrinkled face; her hands were withered and trembling with weakness, for she had been very ill; but the eyes that looked out from under lowering brows, still black as jet, were dark, sinister and piercing. Evidently there had been a discussion of some kind; for a tall, dark, broad-shouldered man began to walk up and down, gesticulating now and then, and muttering to himself in a

strange tongue. At length he paused in front of the old woman, and, bending toward her, began:

"Well, what do you say? It can be done—yes, it can be done; but not now. If now, all would be found out at once; but wait a little—say three or four weeks, when we are all gone,—and then it can be done."

"That is best done which is done quickly, Gaspar," said the old woman. "To-morrow or the day after I can manage it. Then I can go across the country in one direction, and the rest of the camp in another. They would follow you, not me."

"And in that way, of what good to us would it be?" inquired another of the men.

"Just this. I would join you in two weeks or three. They would be off the scent by that time, and then—"

"And then what?"

"In another month or so I could make my appearance again, and tell my tale. I would get the reward, and we could go halves. It will be a big one. What do you say?"

"I say that you are a fool," replied the man who had first spoken. "Do you think you can carry a big boy and girl, like those, away from their home and not be found out? You could not do it: you are too weak and old and silly."

"I know a better way," said one of the women. "We could—if once we get them—put them lying in the double wagon till we are far away. Then she could write and say, 'I have found your children'; and they will be so glad to have them again that they will not ask many questions. That will be the safe way."

After this speech there were various arguments for and against every proposition which was made. Several of the group did not understand English; the majority were altogether opposed to a project in which the chance of discovery and punishment far outweighed that of success and reward. While they were still talking, a man came riding into the camp. He saluted Gaspar, who fell apart from the rest, and they conversed together for two or three minutes before rejoining the others.

"What of the fair?" inquired one of the men.

"All right. The day after to-morrow," was the reply. "But on the other side of the hill, about five miles from here, there is another camp."

"Of Romanys?"

"Yes: the Gorman tribe."

At these words the old woman leaned forward eagerly and asked:

"The Gormans, did you say?"

"Yes. Know you them?"

"A little. They are Irish. They are church gypsies."

The others seemed greatly amused, and laughed long and loud.

"It is true," said the old woman, when their scornful merriment had subsided. "They go to church."

"But not the real thing," said Gaspar. "I have heard of them."

"They claim to be real," persisted the woman. "They are as dark as most of you. They are well liked. They can camp anywhere and no one is afraid of them."

"Ha, granny! We know well what you would say," interposed one of the women. "With those gypsies in the neighborhood horses and chickens are safe."

"And children," said the old woman, rather curtly.

"And children!" exclaimed the leader, Gaspar. "That is good. They are wise to keep out of trouble. But for that

we are crazy to get away from America and go back to our own dear Portugal. I would say 'No, no!' to it all. But you think they will give \$500 maybe to have them back?"

"More, more!" said the old woman.

"It is a temptation," said Gaspar. "If it turns out well, it will be fine; but if not, then there is a scattering, and for some of us—the jail. Tell it again, granny,—that story," continued Gaspar. "How did you come to have those children?"

"The mother came to the town where I lived," began the old woman. "It was by the sea. I went about taking care of the sick. She stopped at my house; she had some money—not much. Soon after they were born she died. When she came first she said her name was Walters. Before she died she said, 'My name is not Walters: it is—' I couldn't make out the rest, but it sounded like Wilson. Then she got out of her mind and soon died. I liked them babies, but what was I to do? I was a poor old woman, earning my bread, and earning it hard, from day to day. First I thought of giving them both up; but something struck me that maybe they were not common children, and that perhaps I'd better hold on to one of them. So I chose the girl. I took the boy to the orphan asylum; and it was a cold night, I can tell you. I lingered round till I saw the baby safely in, because I was fond of the poor little thing,—indeed I was. But there wasn't more than enough to pay me and to bury the mother, so what could I do? I worried on with the little girl for more than a year, and then I found there wasn't any one looking for her, so I concluded I'd better give her up too. I went to the asylum, saying I had a grandchild I wanted to leave there till I'd get strong from a sickness I'd had; and they said they'd take her in.

They took me through the whole house, and I saw the boy; I saw, too, he was in good hands. So I left the girl, and I never went back."

"Sure they're the same little ones?" asked Gaspar.

"Sure," was the reply. "Am I sure my head is on my shoulders? They haven't changed at all. But if I wasn't, I'd have got proof enough of it to-day."

"What proof?"

"This afternoon I was down to the village with Amanda, to the grocery. I sat down on a bench, waiting for her to get through. There was an old man sitting alongside of me. Who should come along and go into the store but that little boy and girl, with a nice-looking young woman? 'Who's them?' I asked him.—'Them's the Winstanley twins,' he says.—'Fine children,' says I.—'Yes,' says he; 'and lucky too.'—'Why so?' says I. 'Rich?'—'Rich! I should think so,' says he. 'But that ain't all. Them two little ones was taken out of the orphan asylum some time ago by the Winstanleys—the richest people in the city,—and they've legally adopted them for their own.' I'd have asked him some more questions, I guess, but then some one called him. Oh, yes, they are the same children, Gaspar! And by the way they looked when they came through the camp the other day, and yesterday when I seen them again, there would be a good fist full of money for any one that would fetch them back if they were—stolen!"

As the old woman uttered the last word she looked furtively round her. It was an ugly word—a very ugly one,—and sometimes even bushes have ears.

Then followed a discussion of ways and means.

"It will be the easiest thing in the world," said the prime mover in the dastardly plot, in reply to a question of one of her companions. "They came

up the hill yesterday, and they came to-day at the same time. I imagine they have certain hours for going out and taking a run, like all the rest of them people that's brought up according to rule,—an hour for this, a half hour for that, and a quarter for something else. To-morrow they'll be likely to come again, and then—"

Here she lowered her voice once more. The others came closer to her; and, after a few moments' further conversation, the gypsies separated for the night.

The next afternoon, about three o'clock, the Winstanley children were released from their afternoon tasks. They usually passed the hours before their five o'clock dinner in the garden, or, in cold weather, in walking. Since the arrival of the gypsies they had been forbidden to go beyond a certain distance,—not from any fear on the part of their elders that harm might come to them, but because they thought it possible an encounter with the roving vagabonds might result in their hearing or seeing something better left unheard and unseen. But they had not been cautioned against going to the top of the hill overlooking the encampment; and thither, led by the fascination which such an encampment seems to possess alike for old and young, the two children hastened every day as fast as their little legs could carry them. There they would remain standing, hand in hand, gazing down into the valley, from which they could be seen by the gypsies, until Monica's voice would be heard calling to them from the garden, or they were joined by her on the breezy height, from which she, too, liked to survey the strange gathering below.

But to-day they were to enjoy the supreme felicity of another visit to the camp. Their grandfather had promised to accompany them, and they were impatiently awaiting his arrival in the garden.

"Let's go up to the top of the hill, Tommy," said Mary at last, when the old gentleman failed to appear as soon as they had expected him.

"We'll miss grandpa if we do," replied Tommy. "He won't know where we are. We're going round by the road. Mamma said it would be a nicer walk."

"He will call us when he comes into the garden," pleaded Mary. "It won't take two minutes to run down the hill again. I just want to see if the tents are there still. Wouldn't it be dreadful if they were gone!"

The woman prevailed, as she usually does in a friendly argument.

"Well, let's go," replied Tommy. "It's fun anyway to run up and down hill."

Leaving the garden, they crossed the wood, passed through a clump of trees, and were soon on the brow of the slight elevation commanding a view of the valley beneath. Not a soul was in sight anywhere as they reached it, panting and laughing, holding each other's hand. It was an unfrequented place: no road led to it; but a narrow path betrayed that, in order to save time, it was now and then crossed by human feet.

Only for an instant they stood there: something black seemed suddenly to rise up from behind the bushes, to envelop them—almost to smother them; and, too terrified to utter a sound, the helpless children were borne by two pairs of strong arms behind the thicket, down the hill, still under cover, still cold with terror, still gasping for breath. And as they were carried farther and farther away, the voice of the grandfather could be heard calling them from the garden, as he walked slowly up and down the pebbled paths along which their little feet had so lately flown.

To their poor frightened little hearts it seemed a lifetime, though in reality it was but a very few moments until they were deposited in an under compartment

of a large wagon, in which they lay about as one would in the berth of a sleeping-car, with not quite so much space overhead. A mattress and coverlet had been thrown on the floor; on this they were placed, and the sides and ends closed up, so that a casual observer could not easily suspect that the wagon had a double bottom. There were some ventilators for the admission of light and air. On the outside these looked like ornaments. Their cruel captors left them without a word,—left them trembling and sobbing in the darkness.

(To be continued.)

Elijah Carpenter's Adventure.

BY FRANCESCA.

Elijah felt, vaguely, that he was much abused. He had never known it until the tin-peddler, who got around to the vicinity of Upper Barton about once in three months, began to leave beautifully colored fashion-books with the tin-ware. And such books!—books where silk-gowned ladies posed and simpered; where gallant-looking gentlemen drove prancing and impossible steeds; and where—crowning glory!—lovely little boys were decked in ruffled shirts and smart ties, and led majestic mastiffs over well-trimmed lawns.

And he, Elijah Carpenter, almost twelve and a half years old, was condemned to checked aprons! Sometimes they were blue and white, occasionally brown and white; at long intervals green and white; but always gingham; always with a narrow ruffle around the neck; always detestable and unendurable. Once in awhile the peddler would stay all night; and then, book in hand, Elijah would question him.

"Did you ever see boys that looked like these?" he asked one night.

"Yes, thousands of 'em. Boston's just chock-full of 'em."

"Don't any little boys in Boston wear aprons?"

The man was footing up his accounts and did not see the drift of the remark.

"Aprons! Oh, bless you, no!"

He hardly realized what he said, but Elijah knew.

"Don't you think I'm too old now to wear aprons?"

"Why, of course! Let me see—three and five are eight." And so he went on, being slow with figures.

"I think so, too," said Elijah; "and, what's more, I *won't* wear one!"

"What did you say?" inquired the peddler, having added up his column.

Elijah looked toward the fireplace, to make sure that his Aunt Sarah was fast asleep; then whispered:

"I'm going to run away."

"You don't say so! Who with?"

"With you."

"*Me!* Land of love! Where be you going to run to?"

"Anywhere you go."

"But what on earth could I do with a boy?" asked the man, dim forebodings of trouble beginning to possess him.

"I could hold the horses."

"A hitching-strap can do that."

"And you won't take me?"

"Why, you see, sonny, I dassent."

Elijah had not inherited his Grandfather Carpenter's firm chin for nothing. He had likewise fallen heir to some of the diplomatic skill of his maternal grandsire; so he shut his teeth together and held his peace for the time being; while the peddler, Silas Brown by name, began another column.

The children of to-day have many pleasures—too many, some very good folk say,—but they do not know the delight of the New England country lad of fifty years ago when the great van and well-fed horses of the vendor of

tin-ware appeared in the distance. Was there ever vermilion so red as the paint on his huge wagon? Were there ever, outside a story-book, steeds as gallant as those he drove in such a masterful way? Was there, since time began, so magnificent a being as the one who cracked his whip over their glossy backs?

If he was fairly young, the farmers' daughters donned a fresh ribbon as he slackened his horses' pace; if old, they brewed him refreshing and strengthening drinks, and listened with awe to his tales of the world; in any case, he was a hero who brought to some of them all that was varied and enlivening in their monotonous and dreary existence. The way he balanced the steelyards and weighed their little store of rags was like a play; and the shining dipper or pan they got in exchange, a treasure almost too precious for common purposes. To this distinguished class did good Silas Brown belong.

When bedtime came, Elijah went to his little north room, and took off his apron and threw it on the floor. But that proving inadequate to appease his discontent, he picked it up and ripped a part of the hem, so that it hung in a little festoon.

"I'll never put it on again," he said, "if I live to be a hundred!"

He gathered a little bundle of clothes together, tying them up in a newspaper. It was slow work, for his fingers were cold and the candle feeble; and he was so tired and excited when he crawled into bed that he forgot to say, "Now I lay me," etc.,—the bedside prayer of all good Puritan children. About daylight he awoke. Silas Brown was to get his own breakfast, and so have an early start. Elijah heard him whistling as he looked after his horses.

"Now's my time!" said the little lad, crawling in among the bright tin cups with the bundle. Benjamin Franklin in

the pictures always left home with a bundle under his arm, and so this seemed suitable. He wondered if Mr. Franklin had to wear gingham aprons when he was over twelve years old. It seemed a week before the wagon started,—it may have been twenty minutes.

"Get up!" cried Silas Brown, with a crack of the whip; and they were off.

Elijah soon began to be uncomfortable. The sharp edges of the tin hurt him at every jolt, and the pangs of hunger assailed him; but he made no sign. It was not until Silas opened the door of the red wagon at a farm-house two miles away that he was discovered.

"Well, I swan to gracious!" exclaimed the astonished peddler, as Elijah crawled from the corner, where he had been sitting on a pile of tin pails.

"I told you I'd run away, and I did!" said the boy, stoutly.

"Yes, I see you did," answered Silas. He did not seem very much surprised and not one bit angry. On the contrary, his eyes twinkled, and he produced a big red apple from his pocket and handed it to the stowaway. "Just climb up and hold the horses," he went on, "while I go in and see if old Mrs. Martin has some rags she wants to trade for a two-quart pail. The last time I was 'round she thought hers wouldn't hold out more than through berry-picking time."

Elijah did as he was bidden, feeling very proud and important as he sat on the driver's seat, munching his apple and holding the new leather reins. He had on his Sunday jacket and his best hat. The hated gingham aprons were to him as if they had never been. Already he was living in a new world; he would not have been surprised if a gallant gentleman from the fashion-books had stepped from behind a tree.

And then, all in a moment, his heart was filled with gloom and misery. Who

would feed his chickens? They needed corn-meal fixed in just such a way, and no one else knew what that way was. The little speckled hen was ailing, and his aunt didn't know it. Oh, if he could be at home for just a few minutes—just long enough to mix that meal and let Towser out of his kennel! Poor Towser! he wouldn't know what to think when he found his master gone. And the calf! And Dick, the canary!

"I won't think of them," said Elijah. "It isn't likely that Benjamin Franklin worried about chickens and dogs when he left home."

"Well, I declare to gracious!" cried Mrs. Martin, bustling out to the wagon, "if there ain't Elijah Carpenter! How's your Aunt Sarah, Elijah?"

"Pretty well," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"And you're off taking a ride with Mr. Brown? Well, I do hope you'll enjoy it; and I wish you'd tell your aunt that I have some new dried yeast, and she's welcome to a cake any time."

Every stop was a repetition of this one. By noon Elijah began to think that the life of a tin-peddler was somewhat monotonous. And, then, he was so very hungry! At one o'clock they came to a tavern; but by that time something worse than hunger tormented our boy. The glamour was all gone. For one sight of Towser he would have worn a checked apron to a king's levee; and as to the speckled hen—

"I don't want anything to eat!" he said, choking so that he could hardly speak. Great balls seemed to fill his throat if he uttered a sound.

"Curl up and go to sleep," suggested Silas, who had been a boy himself one day; "and I'll save you a drumstick."

He made Elijah a nice nest among the pails and pans, and the lad soon forgot his misery. He dreamed of old Towser, and of feeding corn-meal to his Aunt

Sarah, and trying a gingham apron on the calf. The awakening came too soon. Homesickness had him in its grasp. He had never heard of hysterics; but he began to laugh and cry all at once, to the alarm of the good proprietor of the red wagon.

"I want to go home!" he moaned. "Let me get down and walk home. My aunt won't feed the chickens right, and she'll forget to let out Towser. I'm—I'm having a fine time, and I'm much obliged to you; but I guess I'll wait till some other day."

Then his bravery all forsook him, and his sobs shook him as if he had been a blade of grass in the wind.

"There, sonny!" said the kind Silas, coming down from his perch and taking the little sufferer in his strong arms. "Don't take on!"

"I want to go home!" Elijah sobbed; "and we must be a hundred miles away from it."

"We ain't a mile away," answered Silas; "and I'm going back to your aunt's to stay over night,—I forgot to tell you. And there's Towser!"

Was Elijah happy now? Is the frozen earth happy when the April sun shines? Is a lark happy when its cage door flies open?

In a few minutes the wanderer was folded in his Aunt Sarah's welcoming arms, and she cried as hard as he did.

"Mr. Brown told me after you had gone to bed," she said; "and it's all my fault. You shall never wear the aprons again. They're most worn out, anyway. He says he'll give me two six-quart pans for them. And, Elijah dear, I didn't know; I never had any children of my own. I thought the aprons were all right. I didn't know but the boys in Boston wore them."

Then she kissed the little fellow; and, with Towser at their heels, they went to feed the chickens.

The Horse that Wanted Justice.

Many, many years ago, in the ancient city of Atri, King John ordered a bell to be put in the market-place, in order that any one having a grievance might ring it and have his complaint inquired into. Many availed themselves of the privilege, and in the course of time the rope which rung the bell was worn out, and a strong wild vine took its place.

Now, it chanced that a certain knight of Atri, having a war-horse that had grown feeble with age, turned him loose to get his living as best he could or to die. The season was dry and the poor old horse could find nothing to eat, and so was tempted by the vine tied to the bell-clapper, and began munching it; at which the loud tones of the bell began to resound through the city.

"Some one wishes justice!" cried the judges, hastening to the market-place, and finding only the knight's old charger. At first they were puzzled as to their duty; but finally decided that as the horse could not speak, he needed justice so much the more, and sentenced his owner to feed him as long as he lived.

"He whom he served in his youth," was the decree, "shall feed him in his old age."

About Books.

In early ages the bark of trees was used for book-making, hence the name *liber* for book. Sometimes records were graven on wooden tables called *codices*; and as this method was used principally for legal documents, it is easy to see how *code* came to be used for a set of laws. Later on parchment was used, and the skins thus utilized were connected in long strips. These were rolled up and tied; hence the word volume from *volumen*—a roll.

With Authors and Publishers.

—According to a writer in the *Catholic World*, Walter Pater “was baptized in the Church, but fell away through dilettanteism.”

—The Sisters of the Visitation are publishing, through the Art and Book Company, a biography of the “Ven. Mother Mary de Sales Chappuis,” a religious of their institute, who died in the odor of sanctity in 1875.

—A country editor, whose suffering at the hands of negligent subscribers has made him somewhat reckless, publishes this compelling notice:

There are ten thousand microbes on each dollar bill that has circulated for one year. Still there are men who insist on carrying this deadly menace around with them instead of sending it to us in payment for subscriptions due. Come up, friends! We'll risk the microbes.

—The *Catholic Columbian*, which lately entered upon the twenty-fifth year of its publication, is to be congratulated on the excellent reputation it has established and on its bright prospects. From its inception it has been a power for good. The success of so deserving a paper is gratifying to all who have at heart the welfare of the Catholic press.

—A venerable and cultured priest has called our attention to Father Henry's translation of the “Jesu, Dulcis Memoria” in the January *Ecclesiastical Review*. It is, indeed, a beautiful translation,—the best that has yet been made of that honeyed hymn. For many years Father Henry has been doing very superior work in this difficult and ill-rewarded field of literature. The authorship of the “Jesu, Dulcis Memoria” is generally ascribed to St. Bernard; though manuscripts have been found which seem to prove that it was written by a Benedictine abbe, who lived in the fourteenth century.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has printed in pamphlet form two short essays which deserve the widest circulation possible.—“The Layman in Pre-Reformation Times,” by Dom Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B.; and “The Layman in the Church,” by the Rev. William Barry, D. D. We gave deserved praise to these excellent and instructive essays when first published, and we rejoice to see them in form for more general reading.—To its series of historical papers the same admirable society has added a short essay on “Luther and Tetzel,” by the Rev. Sydney Smith, S. J. It explains in the most satisfactory manner the incident which involved Luther in his breach with the Church. We like this paper all the better because frank acknowledgment is made of the abuses connected with indulgence-

preaching in the 16th century,—abuses which were abolished by the Council of Trent. It is too much to say, however, that “all such abuses are things of the past.” Would that they were!

—The object of the *Anglo-American*, a new magazine, is to foster a public opinion in favor of an alliance with England. Thus enters the purpose-magazine upon the stage. The *Anglo-American* will speedily perish.

—The Art and Book Company has just published two new books by Dominican authors. “The Catholic Creed,” by Father Procter, O. P., is a survey of Christian Doctrine, rendered the more attractive and interesting to the general reader by abundant references and examples, from the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers, showing the reasonableness of the teaching they illustrate. Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., has translated, under the title, “A Book of Spiritual Instruction,” a standard work of Louis de Blois, or Blossius, well known for his “Mirror for Monks,” a favorite book of the late Lord Coleridge, who published a translation of it. The French author of the *Life of Blossius*, translated some years ago by Lady Lovat, says of “Spiritual Instruction” that one can not fail to recognize in it the author's fervent piety and learning, which form a striking contrast to the depraved morals of irreligious men against which the work was chiefly written.

—The late Mrs. Ellen Clementine Howarth, of Trenton, N. J., wrote some very superior verse, but her best poem was the one she lived. Many years ago her husband was permanently disabled by an accident while at work; and this valiant woman began, and almost till her death continued, to support her husband and seven children by caning chairs for the public. Once she gave this excuse for delaying to answer a note from a friend: “The morning I received it I had made a contract for the caning of a certain number of car-seats, and they were to be done by to-day. By working from five in the morning till eleven at night I have finished in time.” The clever essayist and reviewer, Miss Gilder, declares that Mrs. Howarth's poems were written “in the intervals of housework, cooking, washing, and working at her trade”; and that “she took her hands out of the soap-suds to write these lines while the printer's boy waited and whistled”:

'Tis mounting now on the billows high,
Now cast in the gulf below,
A tiny boat, 'twixt the sea and sky,

Tossed helpless to and fro.
 By a careless hand was the rope untied
 And the little boat set free;
 And now at the mercy of wind and tide
 It drifts on the stormy sea.

On its homeward course, with the port in view,
 The good ship speeds along,
 With a trusty crew and a pilot true,
 And timbers firm and strong.

But none shall welcome the pinnace back
 That the careless hand set free:
 It is far behind on the good ship's track,
 Adrift on the stormy sea.

And thus how oft, by the thoughtless word,
 Are the cords of faith untied,
 And the faithful preachers of the Lord
 Are parted from our side!

And the waves of passion o'er us roll,
 And the winds of hate blow free.
 Alas! for the unbelieving soul
 Adrift on the stormy sea!

Mrs. Howarth's first volume of verse was published thirty-six years ago, and one wonders that so skilled a pen-woman was forced to drudge for the bare necessities of life. It was not because she had not attracted attention; for more than one famous author went pilgrim to her humble home in Trenton; and one at least, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, made a poem out of the visit. Mrs. Howarth was born of Irish parents, at Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1827.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Man-
nix.* \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles
Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Culbert Hedley,
O. S. B.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899.
Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in
Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.*
\$1.00, *net.*

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic
Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis
J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F.
Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II.
Comtesse R. de Courson. \$1, *net.*

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.*
\$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early
Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1.10, *net.*

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper
3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev.
J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., *net.*

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, *net.*

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan,
S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev.
John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.*
\$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60
cts., *net.*

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago.
Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, *net.*

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50,
net.

The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25,
net.

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25.

The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.*
70 cts., *net.*

Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D.*
\$1.60, *net.*

External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. *Rev. George
Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1, *net.*

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. With
Illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. \$1.60, *net.*

Library of St. Francis de Sales. III.—The Catholic
Controversy. \$1.60, *net.*

The Sacraments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine,
C. P.* \$1.50.

Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. *Marion Ames Tag-
gart.* 85 cts.

The Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P. *Rev. Hyacinth
Hage, C. P.* 50 cts., *net.*

Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.*
2 Vols. \$6.

Fra Girolamo Savonarola. *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.*
\$2, *net.*

The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.

Birds and Books. *Walter Lecky.* 70 cts.

JESUS! MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL!

(Hymn to the Blessed Sacrament.)

Words by FATHER FABER.

Slowly.

Music by REV. H. G. GANSS.



p

1. Je-sus! my Lord, my God, my all!	How can I love Thee as I ought?
2. Had I but Ma-ry's sin-less heart	To love Thee with, my dear-est King!
3. O see! within a crea-ture's hand	The vast Cre-a-tor deigns to be;
4. Sound, sound His praises high-er still,	And come, ye an-gels, to our aid;

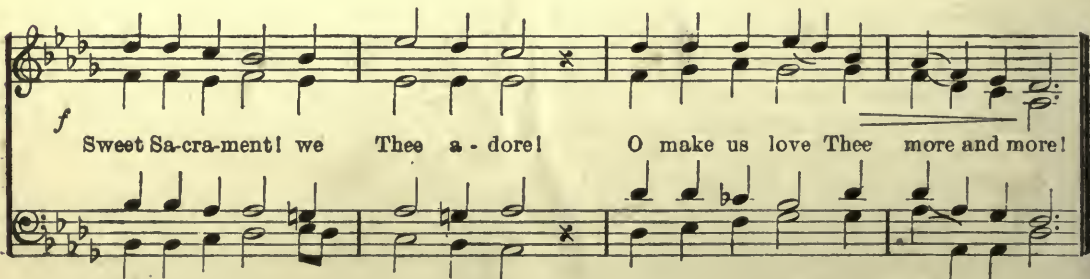


1. And how re-vere this wond-rous gift,	So far sur-pass-ing hope or thought?
2. O with what bursts of fer-vent praise	Thy goodness, Je-sus, would I sing!
3. Re-pos-ing in-fant-like, as though	On Jo-seph's arm or Ma-ry's knee.
4. 'Tis God! 'tis God! the ve-ry God	Whose power both man and an-gels made!



p

Sweet Sa-cra-ment! we Thee a-dore!	O make us love Thee more and more!
------------------------------------	------------------------------------



f

Sweet Sa-cra-ment! we Thee a-dore!	O make us love Thee more and more!
------------------------------------	------------------------------------



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 3, 1900.

NO. 9.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]


March.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I STAND between the south and north,
The north and south, the sun and snow;
Northward the winds go wailing forth,
Southward the scented flowers blow.
On one hand birds sing merrily
In woods where boughs are bourgeoning;
On one hand sullen skies I see,
And leafless woods where no birds sing.
And from afar the southward breeze
Brings breath of clover, thyme, and rose;
O'er snow-capped heights and frozen seas
The northern blast all rudely blows.
And so 'twixt north and south am I,—
'Twixt sun and snow, 'twixt grief and glee;
Now saddened by the woes gone by,
Now joyful for the joys to be.

The Case of Pierre de Rudder.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

 QUARTER of a century ago the little Belgian municipality of Jabbeke, situated between Ostend and Bruges, attained considerable celebrity as the residence of a "miracled"* client of Our Lady of Lourdes. The extraordinary cure of Pierre de Rudder excited, in 1875, widespread interest in European medical circles; and that interest was so far revived two years ago by the account of his death that the case was made the subject of an erudite study, published in the October issue of the *Revue des*

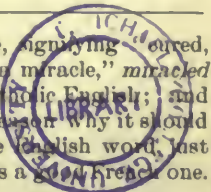
Questions Scientifiques. The summarized account of so notable an intervention of a supernatural force in the operations of nature can scarcely fail to interest all devout clients of Our Lady.

Pierre de Rudder was a farm-hand in the service of the Senator Viscount of Bus de Ghisignies; and enjoyed the reputation of being a model workman and an excellent husband and father. One day in 1867, while assisting some lumbermen in a difficult piece of work in the woods, he was caught under a falling tree and had his leg badly crushed, the shin-bone and the smaller fibula being broken.

Dr. Affenaer, of Oudenbourg, was sent for, and he set the fractured limb and bound it up with all due care. Some weeks later, however, on removing the medicated bandage which he had wound around the leg, he discovered a large ulceration on the upper portion of the foot, and above the knee another gangrenous wound communicating with the seat of the fracture.

The broken bones, deprived of their periosteum, or enveloping membrane, had undergone no process of healing or reuniting. In vain did Dr. Affenaer renew his treatment: he could not bring about the necessary consolidation. A doctor from Varssenaere and another from

* As a participial adjective, signifying "cured, favored, or wrought upon by a miracle," "miracled" supplies a distinct want in Catholic English; and there appears to be no good reason why it should not be adopted as a legitimate English word, just as *miraculé* has been adopted as a good French one.



Bruges agreed with him in declaring De Rudder incurable. A surgeon from Brussels, sent by M. du Bus, stated that any other treatment than amputation would be illusory. But to amputation De Rudder obstinately refused to submit. He spent a year in bed, undergoing frightful suffering; and when at the expiration of that period he did get up, it was only to drag himself painfully about on crutches. Unable to work, he lived on a pension granted to him by M. du Bus. So matters continued for six or seven years.

In 1874 Pierre de Rudder resorted for the last time to the medical faculty. Dr. van Hoestenbergh, of Stalhille, was consulted; and afterward Dr. Verriest, of Bruges, who also finally recommended amputation (Jan., 1875).

Definitively given up by the doctors, De Rudder resolved to go to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, at Oostacker, and implore the Blessed Virgin to effect the cure which the medical specialists declared was impossible.

He left his home at four o'clock on the morning of April 7, 1875. Dragging himself along on his crutches and aided by his wife, De Rudder spent more than two hours in reaching the railway station, less than a mile and a half away. From this circumstance it is easy to imagine what he suffered on the railway journey to Gand, in the omnibus from Gand to Oostacker, and on foot along the road to the Grotto.

Exhausted on his arrival, he rested for a time; and then, with his wife's help, walked around the Grotto twice. Attempting a third tour, he grew so weak that he had to be assisted to a bench, somewhat in the rear, to avoid the pilgrims, who as they passed along jostled his leg. Once seated, he began to pray.

Suddenly De Rudder experienced a strange, undefinable sensation. As if

quite beside himself, he got up without the use of his crutches, strode sturdily through the ranks of the pilgrims, and threw himself on his knees before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Then, recovering himself a little, though still stupefied at finding himself kneeling, he exclaimed: "O my God, where am I?"

Rising, and paying no attention to the reiterated questions of his wife, he walked around the Grotto three times. Our Lady had proved a better physician than the specialists of Brussels and Bruges: De Rudder was cured!

An immediate examination of the restored limb was made at the chateau of the Marchioness of Courtebourne, with this result: the leg and foot, which a few minutes before were extremely swollen, had resumed their normal proportions; the plaster and bandage which enveloped the leg had fallen off unaided; the two wounds were cicatrized; and the broken bones had suddenly become solidly reunited. These facts were verified again on April 8 by Dr. Affenaer, and the next day by Dr. van Hoestenbergh. So Pierre was radically and wholly cured.

He lived twenty-three years after his cure, always in the service of the Du Bus family; poor, but enjoying the esteem of all who knew him; and noted for working powers quite exceptional in one of his advanced age. He died of pneumonia in March, 1898, and was buried on the festival of Our Lady's Annunciation.

So much for the story, which has been frequently retold since 1875, all the narratives agreeing as to the facts of the fracture, its consequences, and its cure. While there is nothing in these facts severely to test the credence of any one who has familiarized himself with the prodigies almost constantly occurring at Lourdes, the scientific investigation of the case and the recorded results thereof

will perhaps increase the credibility of the story in the estimation of those whose habitual mental attitude toward reputed miracles is one of disbelief. We add therefore an abstract of the findings of the scientific investigators, whose study appears in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*.

The study is the co-ordinated result of the personal and separate investigations of the three physicians whose names are attached thereto: Dr. van Hoestenberghc, who, as we have seen, attended De Rudder before his cure; Dr. Royer, whose examination of the matter took place in January, 1893, while De Rudder was still alive; and Dr. Deschamps, who some years ago gave up the practice of medicine to become a Jesuit. This last-mentioned inquirer pursued his investigation in May and August, 1899, De Rudder's widow and his daughter being examined separately.

The points established by this triple inquest are detailed as follows: first, the reality of the fracture; second, the absence of cure by the medical means employed; third, the persistence of the lesion and its incurable character up to the pilgrimage of Oostacker; fourth, the suddenness of the cure; fifth, its radical, definitive character; finally, in general, the impossibility of discovering in the intrinsic elements, or the circumstances, of the occurrence a natural explanation of its suddenness.

As to the reality of the fracture, it is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, not only by the testimony of a number of physicians of high standing, but by a post-mortem examination held on May 24, 1899. De Rudder's body being exhumed, Dr. van Hoestenberghc, in the presence of Father de Vaere, and of Duclos and Roels (who had buried De Rudder fourteen months previously), amputated both legs at the knee-joints. The *Revue* presents three engravings of

the bones of both legs, from pictures taken at different angles; and in each the mark of the fracture is perfectly distinct.

The fact that the fracture was not cured before the pilgrimage to Oostacker is vouched for by the same medical testimony. Moreover, the inquiry established the additional facts that during the interval between the last treatment of Dr. Verriest and the cure at Oostacker, no surgical means or antiseptic treatment had been attempted.

That the fracture was a serious one was superabundantly proven. Reliable witnesses testified that on the very eve of the pilgrimage to Oostacker they saw De Rudder twist his leg about as though it were a piece of cloth. In addition, there was a notable distance between the ends of the broken bones, as could be seen in the running wound.

For the suddenness of the cure, as well as its permanence, there is voluminous testimony of a nature to banish all uncertainty,—testimony upon the like of which no intelligent jury would hesitate to pronounce a prisoner guilty of a capital crime. The whole township of Jabbeke vouched for both facts.

The most interesting portion of the *Revue* article, however, is that dealing with the sixth and final point. Granting the certainty of all the previous contentions, was there not in the nature of the case, or in the circumstances connected with it, something to sanction the belief that the cure was the work of a purely natural force following purely natural laws? Without reproducing the precise and minute scientific analysis of the three physicians, we give this abstract of their answer to this question. In the first place, a very appreciable lapse of time is necessary for the complete cure or healing of any fracture. In the second, three weeks are required for the cure of a broken leg. Moreover, no surgeon

however great be his confidence in the progress of his art, will admit that this period may some day be lessened. As a matter of fact, the knitting or consolidation of the broken bones consists in the cicatrization of tissues. "Now, this cicatrization of tissues is an essentially progressive phenomenon, regulated by well-known physiological laws, and absolutely exacting a normal time." Dr. Lucas Championnière, who has brought the treatment of fractures to a perfection scarcely to be outdone in future, requires "a minimum of three weeks for the complete cure of even one of the bones of the leg—the fibula, or smaller one."

In the third place, write the doctors, there can be no question here of the influence of the mind on the body, or of the intervention of Charcot's faith-healing. De Rudder, although he had great confidence in the Immaculate Virgin, was a sturdy, robust peasant, without the slightest trace of nervous excitability. In any case, to attribute to the nervous system a medical or curative force such that it can bring about the restoration of tissues in spite of the well-defined laws which regulate this restoration, is to put oneself in opposition to the principles of medical science. Charcot himself recognizes the fact that the influence of the mind on the body can not be exercised in contradiction to the laws of nature; and the consolidation of a fracture by the laws of nature demands a very appreciable time,—a period of several weeks; hence the instantaneous or sudden consolidation is *naturally* impossible.

An attentive perusal of the entire paper in the *Revue* leads one irresistibly to accept the dilemma with which the learned physicians conclude their study: "One must either deny the fact or despair of explaining it by natural forces." In other words, De Rudder's case is a striking miracle.

The Warning of the Birds.

BY JANET GRANT.



IT happened in Bohemia,—not the care-free land whose limits are "where Fancy's bright stream runs"; but in the real Bohemia—that picturesque little corner of Austro-Hungary, almost shut off from Western Europe by the Moravian and Riesengebirge (Giant Mountains), the Ore Hills, and the Great Pine Forest.

The time was the summer of 1866. The Six Weeks' War between Austria and Prussia was nearly over, yet only faint indications of the storm had reached the village wherewith our story has to do, when the sun rose above its timber houses on a certain July morning that was to witness strange scenes in the dull, straggling street which stretched along to the Königgratz highway.

That the next twenty-four hours were to prove so eventful pretty Thekla little dreamed when, just as the sun peeped over the distant hills, she drove the three cows of her father's peasant-holding down to the communal pasture, a fine meadow where the grass grew greener, the poppy and hop blossoms brighter than anywhere else, she thought.

All the hamlet was at its daily toil by sunrise; and the eyes of more than one village swain were turned upon the girl as she passed down the road, an attractive figure of the landscape, in her short blue skirt and gay bodice, the white peasant's cap upon her flaxen hair set off by a fluttering ribbon, and her trim feet shod with the lightest of wooden shoes.

There were other girls herding cows in the pasture, but cattle stray wide; and as the morning passed, Thekla, following up her charges, while at the same time ever busied with her knitting,

found herself at last at the extreme end of the meadow. The position of the sun directly overhead told her that it was noon; therefore, after quenching her thirst at the brook, she seated herself upon a shaded bank and made her usual midday meal of a piece of black bread. She was glad to be by herself, to have a chance for reflection. Drawing forth from a capacious pocket her rosary, she knelt upon the green bank and told the beads with devotion. Then she resumed her knitting.

An hour or more passed. Thekla sat silent, a smile upon her lips; doubtless she knitted many pleasant day-dreams in with the coarse yarn of the prosaic stocking which grew upon the swift needles that caught the glint of the sunlight as they glanced to and fro. At length, however, tossing aside her work, she bent her head down to the grass, as if listening intently.

Was she trying to catch the voices of the kobolds, the good little domestic spirits who dwell, the legends say, beneath the green knolls and flower-dotted meadows, coming forth at the full of the moon to help industrious maidens with their household tasks or to dance in an elfin ring? No, it was only that Nikko, her conscript lover, had revealed to her a charming secret of woodman's ingenuity.

A moment she waited with her pretty cheek pressed to the turf; then, with a sigh of disappointment, she rose to her feet, and, passing out of the enclosure, knelt down by the side of the road and again put her ear close to the ground. This time the experiment was evidently more successful; for presently, springing up, she exclaimed:

"It is so,—I am quite sure of it!" And, forgetting her cows, forgetting the half-finished stocking cast aside in the pasture, she sped away homeward.

The cottage of Matthias and Martha,

Thekla's father and mother, was at the end of the village. In the kitchen, which was the living-room as well, Martha was mixing a baking of the coarse but wholesome black bread that forms the peasant's daily fare.

All at once, like a gust of the summer breeze, into the little dwelling dashed Thekla—the usually placid Thekla,—her cheeks flushed red as a mountain rose, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Mother," she exclaimed, gasping for breath, "the soldiers are coming! Can it be the enemy, think you, or is it the army of the Emperor?"

Martha took her hands out of the kneading-tray.

"The soldiers!" she repeated quickly, as though dazed by a blow. "Who brought the news, Thekla? How comes it there is no outcry? Have you outrun the messenger?"

The girl sank upon the bench by the wall.

"I met no messenger; but down in the pasture I heard the troopers coming," she said, with a break in her voice.

"You *heard* them!" echoed Martha, incredulously.

She stepped to the door and looked abroad. The village stood upon a slight eminence, but around about it on every side a wide plain, adorned here and there with patches of forest, extended away to the hills,—a plain that now lay before her in the sunshine tranquil as a dream of peace.

"You heard them coming!" reiterated the mother, scornfully. "May the good God make your wits as sharp as your ears, then, daughter! What sign is there of troopers yonder?"

"Still I heard them, ever approaching nearer!" said the girl, striving to keep back the tears that started to her eyes.

"What folly is this, pray?" ejaculated Martha, laying a rough hand upon Thekla's shoulder.

"No folly at all, mother; only once Nikko showed me how, by listening with an ear close to the ground, one may catch sounds that are far away; and thus have I often heard the post-coach on the road long before it reached the inn. To-day I had just finished saying my rosary for Nikko when the fancy came to me: 'Where is my brave soldier now? Perhaps the friendly earth will whisper soft and tell me.' Thereupon, I put my ear to the ground, half in sport. At first I heard nothing; but when I tried again on the road, there came a far-off sound, that was not the faint rumble of the post-coach, but steady and firm, like the throbbing of one's heart or the beating of a drum. Nevertheless, it was not a drum, but the ring of many horses' hoofs. The soldiers are coming upon us, I am certain. Whether they are Austrians or Prussians, I know not."

Martha had listened open-mouthed, yet dumb with amazement.

"Verily, I believe you are growing daft, girl!" she cried at last. "Never again shall your vagrant gypsy lover cross this threshold!"

"But, mother," protested Thekla, who was now weeping bitterly, "Nikko is not a vagrant gypsy; for a hundred years his people have had a settled home. And if he has chosen to seek his own fortunes rather than take from the substance of his parents, I like him none the less for that; nor for his readiness in presenting himself to be enrolled and marching away to join his regiment." The girl spoke with spirit, despite her tears.

"Vah! he is but a worthless gypsy, as is proved by his talk of the woods and wilds, and his hearkening for voices under the earth,—a gypsy with his flute-playing and trolling of bird-songs. Take care he bewitches you not, daughter, with his Romany arts."

Having thus spoken her mind, Martha stepped again to the open door, while the weeping Thekla obediently took up the mother's task of preparing the black bread for the oven.

"If I but knew whether the soldiers are really coming or not!" muttered the simple *hausmutter*, divided between a longing to rush out and spread the report, and a caution lest she should, perchance, become the laughing-stock of her neighbors. As she hesitated, circumstances decided the question.

"Look, look, good *frau*!" exclaimed a passing villager, pointing to a shadow moving over the distant landscape. "What is that?"

"Ay, what indeed?" she echoed.

A knot of the village folk gathered to observe the dark mass on the plain, which they ere long decided was no shadow, but indeed a body of horsemen.

Within an hour a detachment of Austrian cavalry galloped up the street.

"Ho, good people!" cried the leader, as the troopers drew rein before the little inn. "The disastrous news has not reached you, it seems. Two days ago the imperial army was defeated at Sadowa. Our forces are retreating before the Prussians and will encamp in this neighborhood to-night. Postpone your lamentations for the nonce, therefore, and make provision for the officers who will take up their quarters in this hamlet."

Thus nightfall saw the little village transformed into the headquarters of a military camp, while the plain below was covered with the white tents of the disheartened army,—an army which had ruthlessly ravaged the vegetable plots of the villagers for its evening meal, and turned loose its horses in their fields of grain.

Good Matthias and Martha were thrown into the greatest confusion upon learning that they must serve supper to

the commander-in-chief and give up to him their cottage.

"A bit of your excellent black bread and a draught of native wine will suffice, if you have nothing else at hand," the Archduke said to them graciously, and with the simplicity that often characterizes those of distinguished rank. "A soldier fights not well on too delicate fare, and much fighting we may still have to do in order to turn defeat into victory."

But Martha gladly sacrificed her fat pullets upon the altar of patriotism; and betimes, with the assistance of Thekla, she set before her princely guest a meal which she considered fit for the Emperor himself.

Then the two women and Matthias crept away; and as the evening waxed late, in the humble kitchen several officials whose names were a synonym for bravery throughout Austria gathered around the prince in a council of war. Later still, all was silent; the Archduke sat alone at the deal table, moodily brooding over the unfortunate battle.

Outside the cottage a guard paced to and fro. Suddenly his voice rang out sharply, breaking the quiet with the challenge: "Who goes there? Halt!"

There was a low response, the sound of argument, followed by a woman's cry; then presently an adjutant entered the kitchen and saluted.

"Well?" inquired the prince, looking up absently from the study of a map of the surrounding country which he had spread out on the table before him.

"Your Highness, there is a man without who by some means has obtained the countersign; he asks to see you."

"Who is he?"

"He wears the uniform of a Bohemian soldier. As to who he is—scarcely had he got past the guard when from the shed near by, whither the peasants of this cottage have betaken themselves

for the night,—scarcely had he spoken when a girl darted out into the moonlight and cast herself upon his breast. It was the daughter of these worthy people, Matthias and Martha. All I know of the man, then, is that he is the girl's sweetheart."

"And he asks an interview with me?"

"He will make explanation to no one but your Highness."

"It may be well to discover the reason of so audacious a request; bring him here," said the prince.

The adjutant withdrew, and soon returned, followed by the unknown soldier. The Archduke, looking up from the notes he had been making, beheld a young man of swarthy complexion, keen dark eyes, and a countenance that expressed a higher order of intelligence than was to be ordinarily found among soldiers of the peasant class, to which he evidently belonged.

The soldier saluted and stood at attention, awaiting permission to speak.

"Your name?" said the prince, tersely.

"Nikko Janecek."

"You are a gypsy?"

"I am descended from the Romany tribe; but for a hundred years, since the decree of the great Queen and august mother, Maria Teresa, granting to us privileges like to those of her other peasant subjects, my people have lived upon their own holdings."

"So, my gypsy peasant," proceeded the prince, with severity, "you are the lover of Matthias' daughter. Having stolen hither to see her, you have been apprehended. Now you seek to throw yourself upon my clemency, and thus avoid punishment for your breach of discipline?"

Nikko was startled, but his eyes frankly met those of his stern interrogator.

"Your Highness, Thekla is indeed my betrothed; but it is not Thekla I am now come to see," he replied, steadily.

"Who then?"

"I am come to have speech with your Highness—and alone, if you will grant my request."

The Archduke was a fearless man, who took thought of no menace of personal danger; but it was the duty of his staff to protect him against the peril of a possible assassin. The adjutant made a step forward.

Noting the action, the young soldier smiled bitterly.

"I wish only to say a few words; the guards may keep me in sight if they will," he said.

With a gesture of impatience at the caution of the aid, the prince motioned him to retire.

"Well?" he inquired, turning abruptly to his strange visitor as soon as they were left together.

"Your Highness, the enemy is fast approaching to surprise you."

Schooled as he was in the art of controlling the expression of what was passing in his mind, the Archduke could not conceal a start of astonishment.

"How is it, then, that there has been no alarm, no message from the outposts, unless—very singularly, I must avow,—you have been selected to bring the intelligence to me?" he asked guardedly, at the same time sharply scrutinizing the bearer of these tidings, which, if true, would prove of such paramount importance.

"No, my general," replied Nikko, not at all disconcerted. "There has been no alarm, no message, because the enemy is still some distance away."

"How do you know this?"

"If your Highness will step this way."

Acceding to the request, the Archduke strode across the room to the window. The scene he glanced out upon was tranquil as a military encampment could be. The full moon looked down upon the sleeping army in the plain; not a human

being seemed astir save the sentries who passed silently to and fro. The night was almost as bright as day.

"Your Highness," began Nikko, as the prince turned to him questioningly, "it is true, despite my staid peasant rearing, I am in many respects as much of a gypsy as were any of my ancestors. I love the woods and the wild creatures that haunt them; I love to wander forth with Nature, and I have learned to read her messages and warnings. Do you see those birds flying over that grove to the south?"

"Yes, yes, of course I see them! But what then?"

Was this soldier slightly demented? Had it not been a fault of good nature to permit his intrusion?

"But what then?" repeated Nikko, discomfited to find he had not made the drift of his communication entirely manifest. "Do not birds sleep as well as men? Assuredly they would not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is coming through the more distant woods; the marching troops have frightened the birds, and the birds have taken flight before them."

The Archduke nodded. Now he fully comprehended.

"My good fellow, you may go; I will not forget you," he said, laconically. "Adjutant!"

Within half an hour the sleeping army was aroused; an hour later the outposts were fighting with the Prussians. But the camp had been saved by the keenness of observation and the prompt courage of Nikko the gypsy.

Finding that their plan to take the Austrians unawares had been frustrated, the invaders ceased, for the time, to advance. The commander of the imperial forces, knowing that another general engagement would be fatal to his cause, drew back in good order; and soon the

village settled down to its accustomed quiet. Verily, it had been despoiled and devastated; but when one has suffered loss for love of country, the greater the loss the greater the patriotism,—at least so may it be accounted.

As for Nikko, hitherto this reserved youth from a distant hamlet had been held in light esteem by the older men and women of the place; principally, in truth, because he was so different from themselves. With the village girls he was not a favorite, since he never appeared to see any one among them save Thekla; the men were jealous of him for the same reason; and Matthias and Martha felt it almost a reproach that to this woods-loving, flute-playing stranger their daughter had given her heart. But now all this adverse public and individual opinion was changed. Nikko was the hero of the hour.

On that ever-memorable moonlit evening when the camp was so hurriedly broken, he had marched away with his regiment after a momentary glimpse of Thekla and a fondly whispered *Auf wiedersehen* (to meet again). A few weeks later, however, the war being over, he returned to claim his bride.

Never in the village was there a more picturesque and festive wedding than the marriage of Nikko and Thekla; for it was a wedding celebrated with all the quaint and poetic old Bohemian customs. Moreover, the bride and the bridegroom were honored by a substantial marriage gift from Vienna; and all the guests saw the letter wherein the Archduke acknowledged the service of the young Romany soldier who had saved the army by bringing to the prince commander "the warning of the birds."

WITHOUT trial there is no opportunity of discipline, restraint, or resignation,—things to be learned only by practice.

—Percy Fitzgerald.

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

I.

THE summer tourist who seeks cool northern latitudes by way of Halifax is likely to think the sea-journey from the "States" rather dull and monotonous,—only blue sea and bluer skies, if the weather be fair, with a rare salute from other "dromedaries of the deep" as they hasten tirelessly on across the lonesome wastes of ocean. Nevertheless, to the southeast of the fortress, no more than a day's easy sailing, lies a land that has rudely broken in on the safe monotony of many a staunch vessel's course. In a more romantic age, Sable Island would have been known as a Terra Incognita, surrounded by barking monsters of the deep, peopled with cruel sirens; the home of fire-spitting dragons, the seat of "Wyrd," the place of disembodied spirits. It would have had its native demons like Scylla and Charybdis, like the Maelstrom; and the mythopœic faculty would have peopled these waters with a world of adventures and adventurers. Here, in this *Mordsee*, Saxon Béowulf might have sought and slain the mist-hag Grendel, and sent her spirit to dwell forever in the "water hell" of Nastrond. Here Brendan and Malo might have lived through some of their incredible experiences that savor yet, as Renan says, of the natural phenomena of the Northern Atlantic. Here might well have been located that "Land of Souls" where Odysseus poured out his libation, where were heard "weeping and lamentation and the low rustle of flying souls; and folk who dwell there see pallid phantoms, and watch the shapes of dead men pass by."*

* Est locus, extremum quæ pandit Gallia litus,
Oceanî prætentus aqual, ubi fertur Ulixes
Sanguine libato populum movisse allentem.
Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantem

As it is, the secrets of this grim charnel of the sea are only too well known. Its bow-like surface spreads out some twenty-six miles in length, broken only by low sand ridges, and relieved by a growth of coarse sedge-grass, bare of trees and nowhere more than a mile wide. Its centre is taken up by a lake some thirteen miles long. On all sides stretch away subaqueous flats and protuberances of sand, the sport of the waves and the winds, and the cemetery of those who go down to the sea in ships. We are told that when a storm is approaching, "the billows, even in the absence of wind, rise high and break with a peculiar moan upon the beach. At night, when the elements are fast mustering for strife, the ocean seems a blaze of phosphorescent light; and when the wind blows more violently, the waves take a wider sweep, and, crested with foam, partially driven in spray before the blast, crash on the beach with terrific force." Woe to the good vessel that is driven by stress of weather on these inhospitable shallows!

Never ship could shun
The nimble peril wing'd there, but did run
With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,
To utter ruin.

In the "Novus Orbis" of Johann de Laet* these acres of sand are described as having a bad repute for shipwrecks; yet before and since many an effort has been made to colonize their fatal and unfertile surface. The Baron de Léry tried to establish a colony in 1518. Later on, about 1550, the Portuguese made an attempt; we are told by Hakluyt that they "did put into the same island both neat and swine to breede." Before the end of the century the Marquis de la Roche had led thither a number of convicts; but after seven

years of a pitiable existence the survivors were brought back to France, where the tale of their woes wrung the heart of Henry of Navarre and obtained for them remission of their sentences.

In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert visited Sable Island, where "wild pease," wild berries, and cranberries then grew in abundance; and where he lost one hundred of his men on the treacherous shoals. In some such desert of the ocean the bones of the great navigator lie bleaching; for his vessel was lost sight of after leaving the island. It is to this journey that belongs the famous touch in Hakluyt of Sir Humphrey seated on the poop of his vessel, absorbed in reading, and his Christian cry that we are as near heaven by sea as by land, after which his consort vessels never saw him more.

Follows a long century of oblivion, at the end of which French Huguenots attempted a settlement, about 1738. In 1774 the Roman Catholic, Michael Flannigan, and his associates were allowed to take up land on the island,—as yet they could not hold property on the mainland. Was it not time that religious liberty should at last be given back to suffering consciences, when Huguenots hunted by a French king, and Irishmen hunted by an English king, must meet in this ocean solitude to praise God as their hearts and their traditions dictated? In 1789 the Massachusetts people pillaged these lonely shores, and destroyed the effects of the keeper of the light. No doubt he thought, with Hans Sachs,

Deshalb der Krieg, ich sag,
Ist lauter Straf und Plag.

Some hundreds of wild ponies flourish on the tall coarse grasses that cover the island. They are divided into herds; each herd is presided over by an old male remarkable for the length of his mane, that rolls in tangled masses over

* Antwerp, 1633.

*Flebilis auditur questus. Simulacra coloni
Pallida, defunctasque vident migrare figuras.*
—Claudian. In Rufin, I. 123 sqq.

his eyes and ears. It is by no means uncommon to meet them in Nova Scotia,—a rude, shaggy, fleet, self-opinionated tribe of more than ordinary strength and endurance. Occasionally a government steamer puts in at the island, laden with stores for the keepers of the lights; and from time to time a priest visits the few Catholic families that carry on there the struggle for existence,—a struggle in veriest truth; for the island is being washed away, or, perhaps, sinking by one of those periodical collapses that so regularly affect the land of Nova Scotia. Joseph Howe, a Nova Scotian statesman and writer of merit, has sung in touching verse the story of this “Dark Isle of Mourning,” whose shores are dotted with the sites of wrecks innumerable, and whose waters cover still more innumerable wrecks of stately ships waited for in vain, and golden argosies that shall never more tempt expectant owners:

The stateliest stems the Northern forest yields,
 The richest province of each Southern shore,
 The gathered harvests of a thousand fields,
 Earn'd by man's sweat—or paid for by his gore
 The splendid robes the cavern'd monsters wore
 The gold that sparkled in Potosi's mine,
 The perfumed spice the Eastern islands bore,
 The gems whose rays like morning's sunbeams
 shine,—
 All, all, insatiate Isle,—these treasures all are thine!

But what are these compared with the rich spoils
 Of human hearts with fond affection stored?
 Of manly forms, o'ertaken by thy toils,—
 Of glorious spirits, 'mid thy sands outpoured?
 Thousands who've braved war's desolating
 sword,
 Who've walked through earth's worst perils undis-
 mayed,
 Now swell the treasures of thy ample hoard;
 Deep in thy vaults their whitening bones are laid,
 While many a burning tear is to their memories
 paid.

And yet on this sea-girt, perilous islet
 human hearts have beaten for a century
 the solemn round of duty and labor;
 the full cycle of life has been taken up
 unceasingly by brave and devoted men
 and women. Alone with the sea and the

storm, the sun and the stars, they have
 kept down that barbarism which is
 always ready to encroach on civilized
 life, like the tares on wheat. Like others,
 they have known the sharp alternation
 of joy and sorrow, the stress of pain,
 the crushing of despair, and again the
 irradiation of hope, the buoyancy of
 faith. The stern beauty of Christian law
 has shone always before their eyes; they
 knew that they were members of a vast
 human brotherhood, even though they
 were never to see those fairer lands that
 the golden orb of day had left behind in
 his rising, or hastened toward through
 the unspeakable splendors of his setting.

What a holy altruism has man prac-
 tised on these desolate shingles! If he
 has often been obliged to listen to the
 unavailing cries of despair borne on the
 wintry blasts, and to gather reverently
 the shattered human shells that Nature
 casts up when she has freed the captive
 spirit, how often has he ministered to
 the wretched remnant of the rescued,
 fed and housed and nursed them, after
 risking his life to rescue them! And
 when the multitudinous seas give up
 their dead on the Last Day, shall not
 many arise to bless the sympathetic
 hearts and willing hands which would
 have saved them for their dear ones,
 had such been Heaven's will? From a
 vivid and picturesque description of the
 island nearly some forty years ago, I
 quote the following paragraph:

“There it lies, spread like a map at
 his [the traveller's] feet,—grassy hill
 and sandy valley fading away into the
 distance. On the foreground, the outpost-
 men galloping their rough ponies into
 headquarters, recalled by the flag floating
 above his head; the West End house of
 refuge, with bread and matches, fire-
 wood and kettle, and directions to find
 water, and headquarters with flag-staff
 on the adjoining hill. Every sandy peak
 or grassy knoll with a dead man's name

or old ship's traditions—Baker's Hill, Trott's Cove, Scotchman's Head; French Gardens, — traditionary spots where the poor convicts expiated their social crimes; the little burial-ground nestling in the long grass of a high hill, and consecrated to the repose of many a sea-tossed limb; and two or three miles down the shallow lake, the South Side house and barn and staff, and boats lying on the lake beside the door. Nine miles farther down, by the help of a glass, he may view the flag-staff at the front of the lake; and five miles farther, the East End lookout, with its staff and watch-house. Herds of wild ponies dot the hill, and black duck and sheldrakes are heading their young broods on the mirror-like ponds. Seals innumerable are basking on the warm shores. The *Glasgow's* bow, the *Maskonemet's* stern, the *East Boston's* hulk, and the grinning ribs of the well-fastened *Guide*, are spotting the sands, each with its tale of last adventure, hardships passed and toil endured. The whole picture is set in a silver-frosted frame of rolling surf and sea-ribbed sand."

(To be continued.)

My Choice.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

I DO not ask a broad, unchanging path
Down sunny slopes;
Methinks that one most sure Thy guiding hath
Who blindly gropes
O'er roughest, darkest ways.

I do not ask my shoulders may be free
Of load or cross;
Were never need of seeking aid of Thee,
Lord, mine the loss
And mine the saddest days.

Not like to roses would I have my years
To pluck and wear;
But when I know the thorns and then the tears,
For strength to bear:
For this Thy wanderer prays.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XII.

IT was the night before Christmas, the most important holiday in the whole year in the Northern Country. After the fast of Advent, the evening celebration, or the *Wilia*, is impatiently awaited. About seven o'clock all gather around large tables loaded with fruits and dainties; under these is spread a layer of hay, symbolical of the stable of Bethlehem where the Divine Child was born. After exchanging kisses and good wishes, all partake of the wafer with which every house, both humble and great, is supplied by the nearest convent; or, in its lack, by the clergy of the nearest parish. Cares are laid aside, and Christmas-trees, symbols of hope, are resplendent with their glittering decorations of colored candles, rosy apples, nuts, and gifts cheap or costly according to the condition of each man.

Jean Raz had looked forward to this Christmas Eve with joyous anticipation. He had pictured his sister's surprise and pleasure, his father's emotion, on seeing him enter white with frost and snow, like the Heilige Christ of the legends. He would clasp his sister to his heart and kiss her golden hair; while she would proudly smile on her manly brother, the pride and future hope of the family.

Now his joy was dead. What did the *Wilia* matter to him? The voices that had sung in his heart were silent. In their stead he heard another—the voice that had called out from the door of the Rabbi's house: "My cousin Leopold is going to marry your sister!"

His sister marry a Jew! Could such a thing be possible? He knew Leopold well; he was a type of the successful usurer—ugly, undersized, stout, oily, with a counterfeit pretension to elegance.

What made his sorrow still keener was that, even in spite of the sudden vanishing of his joy, of his indignation, of his wounded pride, he felt a pleasure in recalling the music of the voice that had announced to him his disgrace, the soft, languorous eyes, scarlet lips, and bewitching smile. He knew that he was already thinking of seeing the beautiful girl again. So they were all to fall into the snares spread for them by the enemies of their race and faith!

He promised himself to resist the demon which was striving to possess him. He did not call to his aid either the Holy Virgin or the saints, as his father had done; for he believed in the freedom of the will; but he vowed to root out his growing love for the Jewess. This marriage announcement might have been merely a ruse invented by her coquetry; and, as yet, he had no right to suspect or accuse his sister. In any event, he felt that he possessed sufficient influence to dissuade her from her project and save her from disgrace. If, by chance, she should persist in her cupidity and madness, then she must be lopped off from the family tree like a dead branch, as he did not for a moment harbor the thought that his father was accessory to the matter.

He attempted to steady his thoughts by fixing his attention on external objects. There stood the old mill, its motionless wheel ornamented by icy stalactites. Now he was passing Wolka, the farm sold by his father to the father of Sigismund Prus. In her last letter, Wanda had spoken of their "kind neighbor," as she styled Sigismund. He, as well as his father, had considered their common poverty an obstacle if not an absolute preventive to a union between his sister and the young man; but now with what joy he would have hailed such an alliance! He even clung to it as a last hope.

He looked about, trying to catch a glimpse of his friend. A tall, broad-shouldered horseman had just ridden out from under a long shed, and Jean recognized Prus, the "kind neighbor." He shouted, but the horseman did not pause. What could it mean? Had he not seen him? He must speak to him, at any risk; so he ordered his driver to overtake him. In a few moments they came up to him, and a glance at Sigismund's face told Jean all.

"It is true, then?" said Jean, hoarsely.

"Yes," replied Prus, turning as if to ride away.

"Wait a moment, old friend!"

Prus turned partly round, his features contracted with painful emotion.

"Do not turn away from me in this way. Come home with me. You must. It is the *Wilia*."

"I can not," replied Sigismund; "the Jew will be there." Then, cutting the air with his riding-whip with a fierce gesture, he rode rapidly away.

Jean was fairly beside himself with rage. He was in haste to reach home. How he would cast their shame in their faces! As for Leopold, he would deal with him quickly enough: he would drive him out of the house.

Before another quarter of an hour had passed, the sleigh had stopped at the foot of the veranda. No smiling faces were at the window, and it was old Felix who opened the door for him. The old servant bent down and, throwing his arms around his master's knees, exclaimed:

"God be praised! God be praised!"

Usually Jean had many kind words for the old soldier, but now he said briefly:

"Who is here?"

"No one, sir."

"Is any one expected?"

"I do not know," replied the old man, looking at his master with a melancholy expression.

"You need not hide anything from me," said Jean, smiling bitterly.

Felix pretended not to understand, and explained as he helped Jean remove his coat:

"Your father is not very well."

"How is my sister?"

"Your sister? Ah, poor soul! she does not seem to be very happy."

"Is the Jew coming, Felix? Are the things that I have heard true? Tell me, and do not be afraid."

"Yes, Master Jean: he is coming."

"This evening?"

"Yes; your sister told me that there would be no *Wilia*. But I hear footsteps."

Jean passed into the adjoining room and found himself face to face with his sister. At sight of her his anger instantly vanished. Without a word, the young girl offered her hands. Jean stopped in front of her and looked questioningly at her. She felt that he knew all. It was better so: the dreaded confession was thus avoided.

"You have not kissed me yet," she said at length.

Jean drew the girl close to him; and, laying her head on his shoulder, she wept bitterly.

"I shall ask you nothing now," said Jean, gently; "but to-morrow we will talk."

"That will be better!" sighed Wanda.

The Councillor then entered the room.

"Not a word before him, I beg of you!" said the girl rapidly, in an undertone.

The old man went up to his son with tottering steps; a livid pallor overspread his cheeks, while his swollen eyes blinked with an expression of childish disappointment.

"You should have begun with me," he stammered. "What did she tell you?" he asked, looking anxiously at Wanda.

"Ah, Christmas!" thought Jean. "So this is the happiness to which I have looked forward for so long!"

What gloomy drama was being enacted here? His sister lost to him and his father on the brink of the grave. He felt bewildered and unable to think clearly; still, he could not conceal the anxiety caused by the old man's condition.

"What is the matter, father?" he cried, seizing his father's hand and bending over to kiss the sunken cheek.

Raz barely returned the greeting.

"Nothing, nothing! I have never been better; and I intend to enjoy my good health, now that fortune has at last smiled upon us."

He then questioned his son, in a curt, sharp tone:

"Have you your diploma?"

"Yes."

"And your medal?"

"Yes."

"That is well. You will make your way in the world." Then, as if the matter were of slight importance, he said as soon as Wanda had left the room: "You know what is going to happen here, I suppose?"

"I do."

"Did she tell you?"

"No."

"Ah, well! you must be glad to hear it. A most unexpected marriage! True, there is the question of *mésalliance*—"

"Of disgrace, rather," interrupted the son, sharply.

"What?—what is that you say? Of disgrace? No, no; that is not true!" And the same frightened smile that had cut Jean to the heart passed over his lips. "Of disgrace?" repeated the old man. "No, there is no disgrace,—no, no!"

As they were alone, Jean suddenly resolved to find out what part of the responsibility in this unfortunate matter rested upon his father.

"Father," he said gently, "I do not want to pain you on this first night of my home-coming, but do you desire this marriage?"

The Councillor was much agitated, and a nervous trembling shook his limbs.

"Do I desire it? Why do you ask that? What do you want me to reply? I do not know."

"Does Wanda, then?"

Raz started and flushed scarlet.

"She or I, I or she? What does it matter, since the thing is settled?"

"Just this," groaned Jean, almost beside himself. "I can prevent Wanda from forfeiting her faith and the honor of our name. She shall not marry a Lewin!"

The Councillor grew deadly pale.

"But I want the marriage to take place!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "No, no, you must not prevent it! She must marry Lewin, I tell you. I will explain all sometime. Now I can not. Yes, I am sick. Besides, she consents. Why do you torment me in this way? Why did you come home?"

As he talked, the old man sank down into his easy-chair and burst into a loud sobbing like a grieved child. At the sound Wanda came running into the room. With a gesture, she motioned her brother away, exclaiming:

"Do you want to kill him?"

"Wanda, is it not true? You are willing. Tell your brother that you are. You are so kind, so merciful."

Bending over him, the girl replied in a firm tone:

"Yes, father, I am willing; you know that I am."

It was a most melancholy Christmas Eve. Jean felt vanquished by this mystery which he could not fathom. After supper, when his father was dozing in his chair, he questioned his sister again. He seemed to find a bitter pleasure in tearing open the wound from which both his heart and his pride were suffering.

"Tell me, Wanda, why you wish to marry Lewin."

The girl glanced quickly toward her father.

"Was it you who first favored the idea?" persisted Jean.

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"You love him, then?"

Wanda's face became scarlet. She hastily rose and went toward the door. Pausing on the threshold, she replied:

"I am going to marry him."

XIII.

It was over at last, and Wanda Raz was the wife of Leopold Lewin. The marriage took place the last week in January, in the parish rectory. There were no invitations issued, as the Councillor had scarcely recovered from an attack that had almost proved fatal. A mental disorder afflicted him at intervals. He then forgot everything, and talked of ending his days in some large city, devoting himself to pleasure; then again, he would tell his friends that an important administrative position awaited him in his own country. "You shall see," he would remark, with a mysterious smile. "Old Raz will be heard from yet!"

When his faculties returned to him, it was only to bring him increased suffering. Shame and remorse pursued him. He shut himself up in his room, and, prostrated before the crucifix, beating the floor with his head, he implored God to forgive him his sin. But God did not seem to hear; instead, an avenging voice told him that he was forever accursed, and the flames of endless punishment already burned him in his excited imagination. He was happier when his mania again overtook him, shutting out his misery.

They had profited by one of the lucid intervals to hasten the ceremony. He had led his daughter to the rectory, followed by nearly all the members of both families, Jean coming last. The young man was apparently resigned to his

fate. The first time he had met Leopold, he turned his back to him. The Jew merely smiled at this childishness, filled with pride at the thought that he, the despised one, whom this lordling did not even recognize, was, after all, the savior and benefactor of the family. On two occasions he even humbled himself to attempt a reconciliation.

"Do you refuse to consider me a friend?" he had asked.

"I do," Jean had replied, with a look of provocation.

"You will at least do me the honor of not considering me your enemy."

"My enemy? Really, that would be too elevated a position for you to occupy. *You are only a Jew.*"

Leopold grew red and pale by turns.

"Do you know what *you* are?" he cried, clenching his fists.

Jean rushed toward him, and Leopold drew back in fear. Then Wanda, who had not lost sight of the pair for an instant, interposed with her usual gentleness.

"Come!" she said, taking Leopold's arm. "My father wants to consult you on a legal point concerning a lease he is about to make."

Jean watched as they walked away, and from that time he held them both in equal contempt. The poor girl was thus left to bear her burden alone, compelled to smile on her torturers.

"I have confidence in your word," she said, as soon as they were out of hearing. "Did you not promise me that my brother should never know what has taken place?"

"Yes," replied Leopold; gloomily; "and I will prove to you that a despised Jew can be trusted. Your brother ought to thank us, but instead he despises us."

And, in truth, Jean was ready to despise himself also. Looking into his conscience, he recognized that he had no right to judge and condemn his sister. Did not he himself love a Lewin? His

first impulse had been to go far away, but the thought of again seeing the beautiful girl detained him. He had consented to attend the wedding only with the hope of finding her there. The Rabbi refused to come; but Jean felt sure that Rachel would be present, to see him if for no other reason. Love is clairvoyant, and the young man knew that the fair Jewess already loved him.

The dreaded day had at last arrived, and nothing could ever efface its memory from the young man's mind. Wanda was as pale as a corpse under her orange blossoms; Raz wept and wrung his hands, while Samuel and his son were quite cool and self-contained, as befitted masters of the situation.

Then came the departure for the rectory, the peasants collected along the roadside, curious to see how matters went when a noble lady stooped to marry a Jew. Their salutations were unwittingly insulting; and Jean could make no reply, divining as he did their secret thoughts.

Not far from Wolka, at a fork in the road a lone horseman, sitting motionless in his saddle, had watched the procession file past. Jean had not dared look toward him, so ashamed was he of the apparent capitulation of his conscience.

On reaching the rectory, the young man at once sought for Rachel. He soon found her, leaning against the wall of the porch. With a firm step he went up to her and, offering her his arm, said:

"Come; your place is with us."

What a thrill of delight passed over him as he felt the trembling arm resting against his form! Ah, Love! Love! How many unworthy acts are committed in thy name!

After the ceremony was finished, he again offered her his arm and led her away, saying hurriedly:

"I am happy at being able to offer you a return for your hospitality. If

you only knew how constantly I have thought of you!"

Tears filled the girl's eyes, and she exclaimed, passionately:

"You despise us and are ashamed of us. My father and I, at least, will never trouble you. Good-bye!"

He made no effort to detain her. She was right: they ought never to meet again; a curse hung over them. Elevated for a moment by the force of his passion, Jean soon dropped back into the abyss of disgust. It was too dreadful to think of. He had a Lewin for a brother-in-law and he loved a Lewin!

When the carriages filed back over the snowy road, an early winter twilight was already settling down over the landscape. Peasants passed, with no word of greeting. At the fork in the road a deformed tree reared its fantastic form, but the horseman had disappeared.

On reaching the Prus farm-house, Jean stopped; he intended to make this his home so long as his sister and Leopold lived in his father's house. Whether he would ever go back was uncertain; his life, whose course had seemed so direct but a month ago, now stretched out before him in a dreary, obscure perspective. Sigismond met him at the door, his eyes red from weeping, and the two men entered the house together.

At about the same hour Raz left the newly-wedded pair and took refuge in his own chamber. He carefully bolted the door, then lighted the little lamp that stood on his desk. Of all the events of the day, one only had produced a decided impression upon him. On the return from the ceremony, in the presence of Leopold and Wanda, Samuel had handed him a folded paper.

"Here is your wedding present," the banker had remarked, with a forced smile.

Raz now took this paper from his pocket. He looked anxiously around him,

then, after a time, he cautiously unfolded it. It was, in fact, the note signed by him. He looked at the banker's name in affright, then suddenly convulsive laughter shook his frame. Why should he be so worried? Had not everything happened just as he had foreseen? No more anxiety about money, no more humiliations. In place of poverty, there would be quiet and abundance. Lewin would take charge of his estate, and he himself would become the respected Councillor of other days. His honor was saved. Who could now call him a forger? Who?

He went up to the stove, opened the door and cast the accursed paper into the hottest part of the fire. On his knees, his wrinkled face illuminated by the lurid flames, he watched it burn. In a second it was gone. Yes, who could now prove that he had committed a forgery? He closed the stove door at last, rose, and, going to his bedside, prostrated himself before the crucifix where his ancestors had knelt.

"O God," he cried, "may that flame which has just destroyed the traces of my guilt, consume my remorse as well!"

He knelt for a long time praying and weeping. But remorse is immortal in the human soul. The note was destroyed, but his daughter lived and she was to pay the penalty for his sin. The unfortunate man soon realized that she was to be an ever-present, living remorse while life lasted.

(To be continued.)

"THY will be done" is the sum of all true worship and right prayer. The rest is aside from the divine purpose, and could it be realized would make the world a chaos or a desert. We should not love the flowers if it were always spring; and our purest pleasures would pall did not pain and loss come to teach us their worth.—*Bishop Spalding.*

The Love which Conquers.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

IT is a strange but inexorable law of nature that we are fondest of those persons or things which cause us the most trouble. It may be a sickly plant which we have watered and pruned and nursed, and so restored to its wonted vigor; or an animal whose helplessness has won our care; or a child upon whom we have lavished gifts and love and tenderness. The result is the same: love increases as we part with it. The more we give, the more there is left in the heart's unfailing reservoir. How but for this beauteous law could the strength of a mother be sufficient to carry her through the long years of devotion to the weakling of her little flock? or the patience of a wife be equal to the demands made upon it by a querulous and exacting invalid? It is always the feeble lamb over which the shepherd's heart yearns; the unfortunate child for whom the mother counts it joy to suffer; the wandering son who is sure to win the tears and the gold ring and the dainty fare. Perhaps—I say it reverently—it was because our sins had so tried and wounded the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord that His love was so far above and beyond all other that ever was or will be.

Is there not in this universal rule a solution of one of the problems which vex and perplex,—a way found whereby men may convert poison into nectar, misfortune into felicity, stern and forced duty into an abiding joy?

We are bidden to love our neighbor; but love, we promptly aver, can not be commanded, and our neighbor is often disagreeable and unworthy and distasteful to us. We will bear with him, we say; we will condone his faults,

we will give him alms and advice; but of the daily bread of love he shall have no crumb.

"Try loving him," said a friend to a parent whose patience was exhausted; and what blame and expostulation had failed to do love gloriously accomplished, and the boy was saved. Better than that: love in the father's heart was no longer a stunted instinct, but a strong and vigorous and perpetual impulse.

We are the slaves of habit: there is no escaping that thralldom; but there are habits and habits. If we get into the habit of loving the unpleasant, whether it be a duty or a neighbor, we shall find our servitude to be bliss. If there is one who is especially odious to you—an offence to your eyes, a trial to your nerves, a menace to your peace,—begin by caring for him, and he will grow dear and your martyrdom will become a joy. Or it may be a task or a certain routine. Is it irksome beyond all telling? Grow interested in it, give it of yourself; and soon, as if by magic, you will be the master, and this load your servant; the yoke light, the burden no burden. "Breaking stone is not very attractive work," said a new convict in the penitentiary; "but I am going to try to make it so." And thus, beginning by searching for the interesting in his task, he ended by becoming a geologist, who was happy in captivity, and who after his release contributed something to the knowledge of the world.

Here, then, is our sure solace in cruel circumstance and disagreeable environment and the enforced society of the uncongenial. If we slay the dragon of hatred, there will arise in its place a being whose presence will make sunshine in a shady place, while the merit of the effort will be laid to our account in another world.

In the musty pages of an old chronicle, written by one who knew well the

stern way of duty and renouncement, we find these wise words: "You hear a voice and think it harsh: listen with heart in tune, and it will become to you the harmonious message of an angel. Your task is hard: embrace it, and it is no longer a task but a comfort. You hate and fear your enemy: love him, and, behold, you have another friend!"

A Monitory for Lent.

OF all seasons Lent is the proper time for practising the holy exercise of meditation. In the Ages of Faith no one ever neglected it; and there can be no doubt that the chief cause of the decay of virtue and piety, justice and equity, is this: people nowadays do not seriously reflect upon the truths of the Gospel; and though professing to believe in Christ, do not hearken to His words.

In the cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab with the following inscription, which epitomizes in an admirable way the most appropriate matters for Lenten meditation. The devotional manuals used by our forefathers in the faith abound in precious bits like this. It is a pity they are so little known, for there is more substance in these few lines than is contained in many a pretentious book. The authorship is unknown, but the spirit is unmistakable:

Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:

Ye call Me Master, and obey Me not;
 Ye call Me Light, and see Me not;
 Ye call Me Way, and walk Me not;
 Ye call Me Life, and desire Me not;
 Ye call Me Wise, and follow Me not;
 Ye call Me Fair, and love Me not;
 Ye call Me Rich, and ask Me not;
 Ye call Me Eternal, and seek Me not;
 Ye call Me Gracious, and trust Me not;
 Ye call Me Noble, and serve Me not;
 Ye call Me Mighty, and honor Me not;
 Ye call Me Just, and fear Me not.

If I condemn you, blame Me not.

Notes and Remarks.

An Anglican writer in the *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal) states that Professor Wilhelm Scherer, "one of the most learned Germanists of our century," once told him he felt confident that the text of the Scriptures was more familiar to the German laborers of the twelfth century than to those of a corresponding social class in the nineteenth. And the *Athenæum* (February 3), reviewing Dom Gasquet's new book, "The Eve of the Reformation," concedes that the learned Benedictine has shown that "there was no burning desire to become possessed of that 'Open Bible' which, it has been popularly assumed, was eagerly craved for by the multitude. Certainly when the King's Bible was printed at last, it was forced upon the people, and every parish in England was compelled by royal ordinance to provide itself with a copy at no small cost."

The *Athenæum's* scholarship is so unquestionable that we quote with singular pleasure another sentence from the same article: "If it were conceivable that the masses and the classes of England in the first quarter of the sixteenth century could have been called in to express their wishes and opinions in the shape of a plebiscite, for or against the reformation of the Church, an overwhelming majority, it may be confidently asserted, would have cast their votes in favor of letting things go on as they were." Dom Gasquet's new book, the *Athenæum* opines, "will set many men thinking." So may it be!

Of all men, scientists should be the most humble, remembering how much is yet to be learned, how many of their accepted theories have proved to be false, how often they have been obliged to reverse their most positive assertions,

and how frequently they have been imposed upon by wags or knaves. For instance, some of the most eminent scientific men of our day, including Agassiz and Prof. John Hall, state geologist of New York, were "taken in" by the Cardiff giant fraud; and there have been many similar impostures. We hear so much about scientific triumphs and so little about the humiliations of scientists that it is somewhat refreshing to read in the *Glasgow Observer* of the frank admission lately made by an eminent doctor, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. Less than ten years ago he received his degree of M. D. for a thesis written on a particular subject, and based on the then accepted views of the faculty regarding the anatomy of the throat and the functions of certain parts of its structure. Since that time vivisection has demonstrated that the theory then held is wholly untenable. Of course the learned faculty promptly adopted the new view and said nothing. But how much would have been said had any one been so rash as to challenge the old views before they were shown to be false!

It is hard to know what to think of the Boers. Some dwellers among them bestow praise, others have only blame. They are represented as being brutal and bigoted, or humane and enlightened. Their bravery is lauded, their treatment of prisoners declared to be considerate; again they are described as fanatical rather than brave, as cruel and ferocious. From sources equally reliable we hear of their kindly treatment of Catholics and their extreme intolerance. In one paper we read of the wanton destruction of convent property by Boer soldiers; in another we are told how thoroughly Oom Paul and his people appreciate the labors of Sisters, of the high esteem in which Catholic missionaries are held, etc. Casual visitors to Natal, foreign

residents, English soldiers and prisoners, war correspondents and private individuals whose letters sometimes get into print,—all confuse us. Perhaps we shall have to wait until the war is over before we can learn what manner of people the Boers really are. Very probably they are no better than they ought to be, though very different from what their opponents have represented.

The irrepressible Mr. Mallock again asserts his conviction (in the *Fortnightly* for February) that there is no halting-place between Rome and downright infidelity for any logical mind; that Mrs. Humphry Ward and her school have no right to call themselves Christians; that non-dogmatic Christianity must inevitably fail, because it can neither vindicate its own authority in faith nor establish any definite rule of morals. There is little in the article that Mr. Mallock has not repeatedly said before; but, in view of the author's own unbelief, his concluding paragraph is extremely interesting. In explanation of his assertion that "non-dogmatic Christianity" is no evolution, but rather a devolution from traditional Protestantism, "and especially from the doctrinal dogmatism of the Church of Rome," he says:

No religion can rule multitudes unless multitudes agree to accept it as a definite guide and teacher; and no religion can offer any definite guidance and teaching which has not some means in itself by which the varying feelings and thoughts of its individual members can be compared, digested, and reduced to some single coherent form. In other words, a church or a religion, when developed according to the laws of spiritual sociology, is not a mere collection of units; it is not a mere collection of such units kept together by some mechanical organization. It is a collection of such units or living cells formed into a single living and growing organism. Christianity, as Mrs. Ward and her friends conceive of it, bears the same relation to Christianity of the Roman type that protoplasm bears to a child who is slowly developing into a man; nor does it contain in itself any means by which it may rise from the lower stage of existence to the higher.

In order to enable it to enter on the aforesaid evolutionary course, it requires the very elements which Mrs. Ward banishes from it:—firstly, a miraculous Christ, who speaks with the authority of the unique and superhuman knowledge; and, secondly, a society which, as the custodian and expositor of His teachings, has, in its corporate capacity, been endowed by Him with a faculty of expounding them truly and applying them progressively, but yet unanimously and consistently, from age to age, to the changing conditions of life.

We know of no philosophic maxim that requires to be restated so often and so vigorously as that "non-dogmatic Christianity" is no Christianity at all. The persistent preaching of Mrs. Ward's kind of religion is the chief heresy of the day, and the ministers are its prophets.

No doubt some of the old subscribers of *Blackwood's*—readers who have been "taking in" that staid and eminently respectable magazine this half century—rubbed their eyes in mild amazement when they read the sketch of Catholic missionary life that bears the harmless title "Father Rouellot." A charming bit of work it is, and the good it may do no man can measure. Surely prejudices among Protestants must be allayed, and the support of Catholics enlisted in missionary work, by such whole-hearted tributes to our priests as this:

Members of other missions may perhaps be the "curled and oiled Assyrian bulls" which so many people are fond of calling them; some may have the best horses and carriages and the most comfortable bungalows in the stations in which they live; many there undoubtedly are who, for the sake of their wives and little ones, are obliged to secure for themselves a sufficiency of the things of this world before they can labor to win for others the things of the world that is to come. But the Catholic priests of the French Foreign Missions have no such compensations. . . . The explorer, or the civil or military officer who is engaged in the miserable game of bushwhacking, may for a time fare as hard and lie less softly than the Catholic missionary. But his reward is well in sight; a love of adventure helps a man to endure much; and he always has the consolation of knowing that the longest journey, the hardest struggles, and the most heart-breaking succession of dreary little fights must surely have an end in a few months, or in a year or two at most. But

for the missionary, the travail and the toil, the poverty and the privations are for all time. No one ever mentions *him* in dispatches; no one ever tacks a comet's tail of capital letters after *his* name; he does not even write a book about his great deeds and his unparalleled sufferings; and he never goes home to the land of his birth to be fêted by friends and relatives, or to be overfed by enthusiastic corporations. Instead he labors on silently, obscurely, often within hand-shaking distance of starvation, always oppressed by a grinding poverty, without one single consolation save that overwhelming one which is supplied by the faith that is in him.

•••

The greatest missionary body in the world, according to the expert Dr. Casartelli, is the Paris Society of Foreign Missions, founded in 1663. Within the last sixty years it has sent out 1925 missionary priests, of whom 17 have been beatified as martyrs, while the cases of 9 others are being examined at Rome. These figures, however, do not include all the martyrs of the Society; at least 50 other of its missionaries have witnessed to the faith with their blood. The number of adults baptized by the Fathers last year was 72,700, by far the most abundant harvest in their history; but the missionaries are freely permitted to baptize dying children, of whom about 175,000 are baptized each year. The Society now has the spiritual care of 1,200,000 Christians in missionary countries. It numbers among its members 31 bishops.

Fortunately, statisticians are not called upon to do any more worrying for the world than most other people, or we feel sure they would rather pick huckleberries for a living than gather statistics, especially the statistics of divorce. We are all aware that this evil is increasing among us to a frightful extent, but the figures have become almost too familiar to excite emotion. Not so the statistics of birth, though they are no less alarming. Official figures show that increase for our population was 30.08 per cent from 1870 to 1880; 24 per cent from 1880 to 1890;

while it is believed that the present decade will show an increase of only 18.94 per cent. We venture to predict that the comparative statistics of divorces and births from 1870 to 1900 will be a shock to most people.

The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser* reports the arrival in the Capital of Father Algue, S. J., on an important mission. It seems that the Philippine commission arranged with the Jesuit Fathers of Manila to prepare an accurate and detailed map of the Philippine archipelago, with elaborate specifications regarding every mountain and water-way in the islands. Father Algue, according to this correspondent, has submitted to Secretary Root thirty-one finished maps, and an elaborate letter-press in the Spanish language. The whole will soon be published by the Geodetic and Coast Survey.

There were fewer lynchings in the United States last year than during any other year since 1885, which is as far back as trustworthy statistics go. It is also to be noted that of the 107 victims of the lynching habit last year, 23 were whites. The welcome inference is that mob-violence is on the decrease in our country, and that when lynchings do occur the white man is being permitted to share in their disciplinary advantages.

The observation of the Rev. Dr. Robert Clarke that the Bible teaches as a literature, not as a text-book, seems to us to strike at the root of Dr. Mivart's difficulties about Scripture. The rigid interpretation of the Bible, without reference to the epigrammatic and figurative mode of expression which governed Hebrew speech, is the cause of many a stumbling-block to those who "search the Scriptures."

Notable New Books.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle. By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. Edited and Finished by Edwin de Lisle. Two vols. Macmillan & Co.

A distinguished friend of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, whose career is so fully and feelingly described in these handsome volumes, writes to us: "The object of his life was divine, and I never knew a kindlier, more charitable or more prudent man." The work has many attractions. It is a vivid picture of one who bore a singular and interesting part in the Oxford Movement, whose noble character and amiable virtues endeared him to all his associates; it throws much light on the religious history of the present century, and affords us fuller knowledge of men whose lives and works can never cease to be of deep interest. Many letters of Gladstone would be enough to secure a cordial welcome to these volumes; but the letters of Newman, so many of which were written in the most crucial period of his life, are of highest importance. As the editor remarks: "No future biography of Cardinal Newman will be able... to reveal more candidly the holiness and honesty of his soul than do many of the frank and simple letters here given." To have won the affection and confidence of Newman to the extent that the correspondence shows is of itself singular praise of De Lisle. With no other Catholic, we are told, was the illustrious leader of the Oxford Movement on terms of greater intimacy; to no one else did he open his heart so fully, or explain so candidly the motives which guided his conduct or line of action.

The influence of a convert like De Lisle, holy and gentle, zealous and prudent, as he was, could not fail of being widely felt. He was on intimate terms with many prominent men, and he seems to have made a deep impression on everyone with whom he came in contact. The Hon. and Rev. George Spencer (the future Passionist) was the first of a long succession of converts brought into the Church by the zeal and charity, by the faith and fervent prayers and holy living of Ambrose de Lisle. His voluminous correspondence with these friends in Christ greatly enhances the attractiveness of this profoundly interesting and singularly edifying book.

We have said that it has much attractiveness. It is written with the stern impartiality and entire freedom, with the energy, sympathy, and lucidity we had learned to expect from Mr. Purcell. But it has the same faults of his biography of Cardinal Manning. Much of what he has written is

without value or interest, and it is to be regretted that Mr. de Lisle's son did not excise what the majority of readers will be sure to find annoying or wearisome. The volumes are published in the handsome style for which the Macmillan Co. are famous. In the next edition there should be an index, which is indispensable in works of this kind. May there be numerous editions of the "Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle"!

Saracinesca. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Orson Lowell. Two vols. The Macmillan Co.

Most of Mr. Crawford's admirers regard "Saracinesca" as his most successful work of fiction. It has every quality that a great novel ought to have, and a charm all its own. We are not surprised that a romance so perfectly planned and so powerfully worked out, with characters modelled from types perfectly familiar to the author but altogether unfamiliar to the great majority of his readers, should enjoy unusual popularity. There is a truthfulness in Mr. Crawford's pictures which everyone feels, and his power of impressing them on the memory is proof of unquestionable genius. Those who have yet to read "Saracinesca" for the first time are to be envied in having the choice of this handsome illustrated edition, with Mr. Orson Lowell's illustrations, all of which are of the kind that illustrate, though not all are of highest merit as regards drawing. The volumes are printed and bound and ornamented in the publishers' best style. It is not too much to say that the highest art in bookmaking has been reached by the Macmillan Co.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. Being an Introduction to the Study of the "Divina Commedia." By the Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

There are three classes of books on Dante—books of solid scientific criticism, books for amateurs written by scientific critics, and books compiled by enthusiastic amateurs. Works in the third class may have real value, as has the book by Dr. Hogan, which is in this class. His volume is not of any use to a specialist in Dante, nor to a beginner serious in the study of the great poet; but it does open the way for one that wishes to have a conversational knowledge of the "Commedia." The author in his preface tells us he is offering only a book "intended for those who have neither the time nor the inclination to become specialists in the study of the 'Divina Commedia.'" The volume was compiled from lectures delivered to students of Maynooth College.

There is a biography of Dante; a prose paraphrase, with explanatory comment, of the three parts of the "Commedia"; an account of the minor works; short sketches of the principal commentators (omitting Miss Rossetti); lectures on Dante's Catholic orthodoxy, on Dante and the Pope's Temporal Power, on Dante in English literature, and on the origins of the "Commedia." Leigh Hunt made a similar paraphrase of the "Commedia" from an A Catholic point of view; consequently Dr. Hogan's work has a comparative interest for a Catholic.

The biography is not reliable in numerous minor statements, since it was compiled without systematic reference to the work of critics like Villari and Del Lungo. In the article on Dante and the Pope's Temporal Power (page 303), Dr. Hogan says it cost Dante the Ghibelline something to admit that Rome was providentially intended to be the seat of the Papacy. This statement is altogether contrary to Dante's opinion. We think also that no one will now agree with the author's account of Dante's protest against the coronation of Charlemagne.

The letter-press is very good. On page 81 *nessum* is printed for *nessun*, and on page 176 there is a *più* without its accent; but no other error was noticed by us.

The Franciscans in Arizona. By the Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations. Printed and published at the Holy Childhood Indian School, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

A history of "The Franciscans in California," by the author of the present volume, led us to expect great interest and edification in his account of the Franciscans in Arizona. We have not been disappointed. The real attraction and value of such a work as this lie not in the literary skill of the chronicler, but in the events he has to record. Father Zephyrin has wisely recognized this fact. His object has been to preserve for future ages a reliable and comprehensive account of the explorations and evangelical labors of the early Catholic missionaries in Arizona. Future historians will find much in this unpretending volume for which search would be made in vain elsewhere.

For a long time the field watered by the tears and sanctified by the blood of missionaries like Barreneche and Garcés lay uncultivated; but now other disciples of St. Francis are laboring in the vineyard, and it is to be hoped that their work may be crowned with lasting success. They have one great advantage over the missionaries of old:

they are independent of civil or military domination, which was the bane of the old Spanish missions.

Interest in Father Zephyrin's book is enhanced by the fact of its being printed by Indians educated and trained at the mission of which he is in charge.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. By Katherine E. Conway. The Pilot Publishing Co.

All who read Miss Conway's story of her travels will be glad that she "yielded to the solicitations of circumstance," thus giving many who may not seek the fountain of Trevi the pleasure of following in spirit the trodden ways she so graphically describes. There is a quality in these sketches of travel that gives them an indefinable charm, and there is just enough of the subjective to insure the human element without over-accentuating it. Indeed, a mastery of the art of discrimination is evident in all Miss Conway's writings.

The visit to his Holiness Leo XIII., the descriptions of cities, shrines, paintings, statues, and the little glimpses of persons, with here and there just enough history to interest,—all combine to make a book of travels that everyone contemplating a trip to the Old World should read twice—once before starting and again *en route*.

The Morrow of Life. Translated from the French of the Abbé Henry Bolo. Benziger Brothers.

There is no thought more salutary than that which looks to the morrow of life; for if the thought is earnest, it insures right action for to-day. In this book, which treats of death and the after-life, we have a series of reflections on "Mourning for the Dead," "The Roll-Call of Souls," "The Survival of Works," "Purgatory," and "The Resurrection of the Body." The object is to make the reader look seriously upon that morrow which must come to all; and, in looking upon it, to prepare for the summons.

The chapter on "Cremation" is noteworthy, giving as it does the origin of the custom, the arguments advanced in its favor by those who would have it practised generally, and the arguments against such a disposition of the temple of the soul. The translation has about it the tonal quality of the original work, an atmosphere which detracts from its literary style.

Method in Education. By R. N. Roark, Ph. D. American Book Co.

This text-book for teachers, by the Dean of the Department of Pedagogy in the State College of Kentucky, develops in detail the applications

of psychology in the work of teaching, and is an earnest, up-to-date guide to teachers. Method in general and methods in particular are the subjects of the twenty interesting and instructive chapters, each one of which is valuable in suggestion.

The Catholic teacher in the Catholic school will view the instructions presented by Mr. Roark in the light which comes from meditating on the truths in the Little Catechism with which the work of the day is begun; and from those reflections there will flow an unction which will sweeten every drill and object-lesson that fills the busy session. But what of the teacher who leaves religion out entirely? Nature-study with no thought of the God of nature is a poor thing to offer in exchange for the soul-development that should accompany the training of the mind, teaching it to find

... tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Mr. Roark holds that, in the requirements of teachers, the "three R's" have given place to "Matter, Mind, and Method"; but we still believe that education to be education must include an "R" not always considered—namely, Religion.

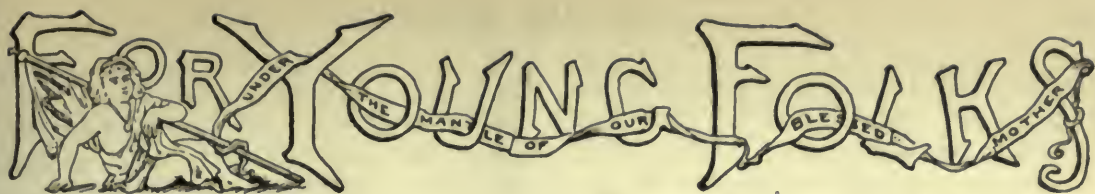
Voices of Doubt and Trust. Selected by Volney Streamer. Brentano.

The art of selection is, as a rule, difficult; for by it one must emphasize directly or negatively; and hence the danger of quoting as well as of omitting. That Mr. Volney Streamer is skilled in gathering the best thoughts on vital subjects, two earlier books testified; and in "Voices of Doubt and Trust" we have new evidence of skill in selecting.

In the present collection the topics are grouped under two general heads—"Doubt" and "Trust"; with two intermediate sub-heads—"Light on the Cloud," where there is a gleam of hope shed upon doubt; and "Duty Here and Now," which leads still nearer absolute "Trust."

The "Voices" are those of no uncertain singers, and include many well-known names. The "Doubts" are answered fully by the "Voices of Trust." But one questions why, in this world where doubt touches the strings of life into sadness, the voices that no longer sound should be given fresh strength by a republication. Instead, let "Trust" be strengthened, till every heart rings with the words of St. Francis Xavier, quoted by Mr. Streamer:

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hath loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!



To St. Joseph.

'TIS thy month, O dear St. Joseph!
And I offer thee this day
All my thoughts and words and actions,—
Yes, and even all my play.

For thou knowest, dear St. Joseph,
There is nothing else that's mine.
Take them, then, dear Foster-Father,
As I place them at thy shrine.

Though I know they're all unworthy
And are full of selfishness,
They will be as precious treasures
If thy hand the offering bless.

And I beg thee, dear St. Joseph,
My loved patron saint to be,
And to make my thoughts and actions
Worthy to be offered thee.

The Story of St. Patrick.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

I.

ST. PATRICK, whose feast falls on the 17th of this month, was the great Apostle of Ireland. In the Breviary, from which the priests read their sacred Office, it is said of him that he was accustomed to recite daily the entire Psalter, with canticles and hymns and two hundred prayers; that three hundred times a day he knelt down to adore God; and at each canonical hour of the Office he fortified himself one hundred times with the Sign of the Cross; that he distributed the night into three portions: in the first he recited two hundred psalms, genuflecting in adoration at the beginning and end of each; in the second portion he plunged his body into cold water, reciting during

the while one hundred psalms; and during the third portion he took some sleep on the bare ground, with a stone for his pillow.

His parents were noble and lived most holy lives. When Patrick was born, he was immediately baptized; and God, wishing to show what manner of child this was to be, put it into the mind of a blind man to go to the child and make with the child's hand the Sign of the Cross on the ground; that a fountain of water was to spring forth, in which he was to bathe his eyes and be cured. He went, got the child to make the Sign of the Cross: the water sprang forth, he bathed his eyes and was cured.

One day also when Patrick was a little boy his sister Lupita and he were sent to bring some sheep to the fold, and while she was running she slipped and fell on a sharp-pointed stone. The blood burst from a wound in her forehead and she lay as if dead. All her friends rushed in a hurry and gathered about her, and bemoaned her as if she were already dead. But the boy Patrick coming near, made the Sign of the Cross on the wound, and she immediately recovered. The appearance of the scar, however, remained there all her life, as if to tell others of what God had done through the hands of the holy youth.

When he was grown up somewhat, the boy was sent to a monastery to be taught; and there he learned the Psalter and all the prayers and canticles and hymns that the monks recited; and he had no desire to learn anything that did not relate to God. At the same time he fasted frequently, rising in the night, and devoting himself wholly to prayer and divine service. Thus serving and

adoring God, he implored only that he might know the divine will, and faithfully accomplish it.

Now, it was the holy will of God that some vessels from Ireland bore down upon those places; and the men on board, making an inroad into the country, took all they could lay their hands on; and carried off with them all the treasures they could find, as well as all the persons that they thought would be useful as slaves. Among the rest the boy Patrick was taken.

Patrick wept, but was resigned; for he looked upon it as the design of God. There were two or three reasons for this, which Patrick did not know, but which we can easily perceive. First, God meant him to be the Apostle of Erin, and one thing very necessary for the future Apostle was a knowledge of the language of that country. And he should know, too, something of the customs and belief in that country, the habits of the people, their virtues and their vices. Again, it was necessary that he should have a great love for the Irish; and that came when he saw how pitiable was their condition: falling down and worshiping false gods, and knowing nothing of the true God. In order that this love should be imprinted in his heart very deeply, God made him holy from the beginning; for many a person came to Ireland at Patrick's time and before it, and saw the condition of the people, and went away again and never thought of converting the island. So God prepared St. Patrick's heart from his very childhood, in order that the religious state of the country might make a deep impression on it, and that the memory of it should ever remain with him till he returned and taught the people about the true and only God.

And the men in the ships took him away with the rest of the captives; and

they sold Patrick to a man named Milcho, who lived in the north of our island and who was very rich. He put him minding swine, and treated him mercilessly. But the herd increased and multiplied under Patrick's care; and the devout youth being constantly in the woods and glens and mountainous places, because of his employment, made use of his solitude to serve and adore our Divine Lord more frequently and with greater earnestness. On his knees one hundred times in the day he adored God, and again another hundred times in the night; he fasted with great rigor, often living for months at a time on roots and vegetables.

One night Milcho, Patrick's master, had a dream, in which he saw the holy youth come into his house, and—very strange—there were flames of fire issuing from Patrick's eyes and nostrils and mouth and ears; and these flames seemed to burn up everything that they touched. But when the flames came near Milcho, he drove them away; and he was in great fright, and feared exceedingly that they would envelop and set him on fire. To his horror, however, he saw them turn aside, and burn up his two daughters who were lying on their beds,—consume them even to ashes; and the wind rising carried the ashes all over the island.

The King could get no peace till he called the holy youth and asked him to interpret his dream. Then St. Patrick, filled with the Holy Ghost, told him that the flames were the tidings of the Gospel which he would some day bring and teach, and which Milcho would refuse to receive, but which his two daughters would willingly embrace; and he added that their holy instructions as well as their example would bless and edify the whole island. And all this came to pass later on.

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

IX.—THE GYPSY CAMP IS SEARCHED.

Old Mr. Winstanley continued to walk up and down the garden, calling the children. When they did not respond, he went back to the house. His wife and daughter-in-law were sitting on the back piazza.

"Where are the little ones?" he asked. "Have they come around this way? I can not find them."

"They ran into the garden at least ten minutes ago," replied the grandmother. "They were in the greatest haste to get out this afternoon, as they expected to go with you to see the gypsy camp. They could think of nothing else."

"So I thought," said the grandfather. "I have been looking for them and calling them for some time, but I can find no trace of them anywhere."

"Where is Monica, I wonder?" asked the old lady.

"No doubt she is with them," said young Mrs. Winstanley. "Very likely they have gone across the road and through the grove to the top of the hill. They can see the camp from there, you know."

"Probably that is where I shall find them," said the old gentleman, turning away quickly.

The ladies resumed their sewing. Mr. Winstanley had hardly left them when Monica came down with a basket in her hand.

"Were you not with the children, Monica?" inquired the grandmother, in evident surprise.

"No, ma'am," was the reply. "I have been cleaning the silver, to help Janet; she has been so busy to-day. And now I am going to hunt for eggs."

"Have you seen them lately?" asked the younger lady.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl. "I saw them a little while ago, running out of the gate and across the road. They were going to the grove. They are wild about the gypsies. I called them to come back, for I knew Mr. Winstanley would be expecting to find them in the garden; but they did not hear me."

"Ah, well! he will have found them by this time, and they will go around by the road," said the grandmother.

Perhaps twenty minutes after this Monica was returning from the barnyard with her basket of eggs, when she saw old Mr. Winstanley walking rapidly toward her. He had just entered the garden. When he got within speaking distance he said:

"Monica, do you know anything of the children? Did you see them? They can't be found."

"No, sir,—not for some time. I thought they were with you."

"I can not find them. I have been looking for more than half an hour."

"Did you go to the hill?" inquired Monica, laying down her basket.

"Yes, yes!" said the old gentleman, impatiently. "They were not there, nor anywhere in the grove. I came back again across the road, and made the circuit of the garden; but they are not there either."

"They may have come while you were gone; they may be waiting on the back piazza."

"No," he rejoined. "They would be too eager to come with me."

"It is very strange," said Monica. "They *never* go out of sight."

"Never!" repeated the old man,—
"never. I fear something has happened to them, Monica."

"O sir!" cried the girl, catching up the basket once more. "Just a moment; Mr. Winstanley, please, while I run with

these eggs to the kitchen. I can take a peep at the piazza as I pass."

She hurried away, but returned soon, and her countenance was troubled.

"The ladies are on the porch still, but the children are not there," she said. "Have you been to the orchard?"

"No," replied Mr. Winstanley. "They would not go so far alone, especially when they were so desirous of taking that walk with me."

"Stay here a moment, please; I will run and see. There may have been a stray calf or colt that attracted them," said Monica.

The girl flew through the lower part of the garden, and was soon in the orchard. A few moments' search assured her that they were not there. Returning with flushed face and quick, eager breath, she said:

"O Mr. Winstanley, they are not in the orchard! Come—come to the hill! *Could* they have gone down into the valley alone?"

"No: they would have been afraid of the gypsies unless we were with them," said the old man. "Nothing could have induced the children to descend alone that path leading to the camp."

"You don't think that any one would—would *take* them away?" the girl asked, scarcely able to give voice to the fear which had entered her heart.

"I can not think it," rejoined the old gentleman. "*They* could hardly be guilty of such a crime. The fear of discovery would be too strong."

Now the two were hurrying across the road, and as they went Monica felt hope spring up in her heart. The little ones would be found,—she *knew* they would be found. After all, they were only children, and it was natural for the best of children to forget once in awhile; or they had been going to the hill; some one had taken them for a ride down the road, and the journey

back on foot had been much longer than they had thought it would be. Oh, yes! they would see them coming along presently, tired and a little frightened, perhaps. There was no need to worry.

Mr. Winstanley made no reply to the girl's hopeful chatter. She went so fast that he could scarcely keep up with her; and when they issued from the grove and stood on the eminence overlooking the valley, he was almost out of breath. He leaned heavily upon his cane as his keen old eyes swept the view before them. Far below lay the white tents of the gypsies; the smoke from their newly-lighted fires was beginning to ascend in the tranquil evening air. Three or four women were filling kettles from the brook which flowed peacefully at a short distance from the green enclosure; other women were seated under the trees; the men were walking about, smoking; some horses were munching the grass. But there were no little ones in sight, either brown or white; no sound of childish voices greeted the beholders on the hilltop. The gypsies seemed regardless of their presence; or if they saw them, made no sign.

"Shall we go down, sir?" inquired Monica. "Could they possibly be there and we not see them?"

"If they were there, Monica," replied the old man, gravely, "we should not be likely to see them. It would be the purpose of their captors to keep them out of sight."

"But they would be crying,—surely they would be crying!" said Monica, in an agitated voice. "And if they were, I know we could hear them where we stand. Let us go down, sir. If they have taken them, it would be best to go quickly, so that they may not be able to spirit them away. But what motive could they have for doing that?"

"The hope of a reward. They are very cunning people."

"Oh, what shall we do?" continued Monica. "I can not think them guilty, sir. See, they take no notice at all of us! They don't seem alarmed that we should be watching them."

"That might be part of their plan," rejoined Mr. Winstanley. "If they could devise a plot to steal the children, they would have everything arranged so as to shield themselves from suspicion."

"But how could they expect a reward for bringing back children they had stolen?" inquired the artless girl. "I should rather think they might expect to be put into the penitentiary."

"They could arrange that also," said Mr. Winstanley. "Plotters and thieves are adepts in getting out of scrapes. They could pretend to have found them somewhere else."

"Oh, they can't have taken them!" said the girl. "We are foolish to think so for a single minute. Say that you think we are, Mr. Winstanley!"

"I hope we are," was the reply. "We can do no good here. Let us go back; and if the children have not returned, we must do something at once. My son will go, with some of the men, and search the camp."

Monica's feet could almost have taken wings, so eager was she, and withal so hopeful; but the old man was not able to walk fast. Aware of this, he said:

"Go on ahead of me, Monica. See if they are at home; and if not, tell my wife and daughter at once; then go to the library to Mr. Winstanley and let him know. I shall have overtaken you by that time."

"Yes, that will be best," said Monica. "I hope—I'm almost sure, though—that we shall only have had a good scare, the little rogues!"

When she reached the house the ladies had gone into the library, where the younger Mr. Winstanley was busy. The instant she appeared on the threshold

they knew something was wrong. Having seen no trace of the children, hope and courage seemed to desert her. Soon all was in confusion. The young lady began to cry, the old lady to walk the floor in an agony of apprehension, while Mr. Winstanley instantly closed his desk and hastened from the room. There was no doubt in his mind but that the gypsies had stolen the children.

Before many minutes had passed, he was on horseback, with a trusted man beside him, speeding down the road and into the little valley, where the firelight was already glowing brightly under the shadows of the rapidly falling night.

But when he burst into the camp, with words of threatening inquiry on his lips, he was met calmly by the men of the encampment, who firmly disclaimed all knowledge of the missing children. Yes, they had been seen on the hill, as usual, they said; but there had been no especial notice taken of them. One moment they were there, the next gone. Why should they wish to steal a couple of children? Would it not mean for them discovery and punishment? Did the gentleman think they would dare to do so, under the very shadow of the mansion, and yet remain quietly encamped where they were? If they had designed to do so wicked a thing, they would surely have taken measures to accomplish it in a safer way. Would the gentleman condescend to search the camp? Every inch should be examined, every tent opened to inspection.

The gentleman would condescend. As he turned his back for a moment on Gaspar, the man made a motion to one of his companions. "Pass the word!" it said, in the sign-language of the gypsies. A very few moments later an old woman was lifting the false bottom from the wagon. Peering down under it, she said:

"If you hear a voice that you know,

and cry or scream or make a sound, we will kill you both, and kill him too!"

No answer came from below.

"Do you hear what I am saying?" she continued, in a loud, stern whisper.

"Answer, one of you,—quick, answer!"

A feeble "Yes" came from the darkness, then all was still; and presently the old woman was lying, wrapped in blankets, on a mattress in the body of the wagon.

Flashing torches and subdued voices drew nearer; the curtain of the wagon was lifted, and Gaspar was saying:

"The gentleman has now seen all—everything except this wagon, where one of our old women is lying sick."

"I wish to look inside," replied Mr. Winstanley, imperatively.

"And the gentleman is right," said Gaspar, holding the curtain still higher; while Mr. Winstanley, seizing the torch from his hand, climbed to the front of the wagon and peered about. It was small: there was no room for anything there but the mattress on which the old woman lay, almost hidden by the blankets, while she groaned piteously. And yet, with what seemed unnecessary cruelty, he poked with a stick among them; and John, his man, lifted the curtains from every side.

When they were satisfied that nothing could be hidden in any part of the wagon, Mr. Winstanley descended from the front, first placing a piece of silver in the old woman's hand.

"We have taken you all around and shown you everything," said Gaspar, quietly. "If to-morrow, in the daylight, the gentleman wishes to come and make another search, he will be welcome."

Mr. Winstanley regarded him most attentively before he replied:

"Well, I do not know what to think. Apparently, you have no one hidden anywhere, and I am inclined to believe that you know nothing about them. To-morrow—I do not know what I

shall do. My poor, dear little children!"

He leaned against the side of the wagon for an instant before turning away. There was only the thickness of a board between him and the lost ones, clasping each other, and biting their lips in terror lest they should forget and call out his beloved name.

(To be continued.)

Words with Changed Meanings.

The word "acre" used to be applied to a field of any size. The Germans use it in that sense to this day. It is for this reason, perhaps, that a burying-ground is yet termed "God's acre."

There are many words which have changed their meaning so much as to stand for an entirely different object or idea. Once "imp" meant not an emissary of the Evil One, but just a little child; and in an antiquated piece of writing we read of the "beautiful imps that sang Hosannas in the temple." The word "knave" meant originally no more than a boy, then a servant, finally a rogue. "How many serving-lads must have been unfaithful and dishonest," says a famous writer, "before 'knave,' which meant no more than boy, acquired the meaning which it has now!"

A Wonderful Rose-Tree.

The oldest rose-bush in the world is in Hildesheim, a little city in Hanover. Its roots are all underneath an old church, but the stems have crept out of a crevice in the wall and cover the edifice for a width and height of forty feet. There is a tradition that this rose-bush was planted by Charlemagne in 833. In the eleventh century the church was burned, but the roots of the tree survived and took on new life. A book has been written about this rose-tree.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Historical novels are in favor, as the prodigious sales of the season prove. Dodd, Mend & Co., the publishers of "Janice Meredith," declare that Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has received in royalties one thousand dollars a day for fifteen days. All right-minded persons rejoice that the current of popular favor has set toward historical romance and away from the odious problem-novels of a few years ago.

—It is very gratifying to announce new editions of Maitland's "History of the Reformation in England" and "Dark Ages." The former has been out of print for a long time and seems to be little known, though it is a work of great value and interest. Many scholars prefer it to the "Dark Ages." No library is complete without these highly important books, and only novel or newspaper readers would find them dull or heavy.

—Sienkiewicz's wonderful knowledge of his native land is attributed to the fact that when he left the University of Warsaw (in which, by the way, the Polish tongue was forbidden by the Russian government in the hope of denationalizing the Poles) he entered on a sort of gypsy life which carried him into every corner of his country. On his famous historical trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," he spent eight years of continuous labor.

—The Brothers of the Book at Gouverneur, New York, have our best thanks for a delightful copy of Cardinal Newman's "Valentine to a Little Girl," issued through them in commemoration of the Feast of St. Valentine. It is an exquisite booklet, being skilfully printed on the finest linen paper, from the fairest of type, and bound with a dainty cover in drab designed by Mr. Robert W. Hyde. Of the little poem itself it is unnecessary to speak. The Brothers of the Book are book-lovers to a man. Long life to them!

—We are in receipt of a forty-two page pamphlet entitled "Whiskey," by the Rev. Dr. Bernard M. Skulik, of La Salle, Ill. It may seem ungracious not to recommend this publication, but we can not do so. Fourteen pages are taken up with opinions of the press, a biography of the author, and advertisements of other productions of his pen. All of them are more useful than the present one. Instead of increasing the store of temperance literature, it would be very much better to distribute more widely what already exists. There are any number

of books and tracts and pamphlets dealing with the drink evil which render it unnecessary for any one to produce another.

—From the American Book Co. we have received "Songs of All Lands," compiled by W. S. B. Mathews. This collection seems to include all the old favorites in patriotic airs, national songs of many countries, and folk songs from varied sources. It is especially suitable for schools and social gatherings.

—"Ash Wednesday," translated from the French of François Coppée by Dorothy Lamon, of Washington, D. C., is a brochure which must appeal to everyone by reason of its timeliness and the fitness of its purple garb, but more especially because of the reflections it contains. The lessons taught in the ceremony of the distribution of blessed ashes are beautifully set forth,—lessons that, by calling to mind the nearness of death, teach humility and repentance, and turn the thoughts of man to "the Master who reigns from the depth of the infinite mystery over dust of worlds and ashes of suns."

—*Cosmos Catholicus, rivista illustrata della Chiesa Cattolica*, published in the Eternal City, continues to reflect much credit on all concerned in its production. The illustrations are numerous, of present interest, judiciously arranged and artistically printed. The text is supplied by a corps of distinguished contributors, several of whom are well known to English readers. The editorial work is done with skill and care, and the business management would seem to be in hands no less energetic than capable. We hope that this periodical is meeting with deserved success.

—The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has done well in reprinting from the *North American Review* an article on "The Practice of Confession," by the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J. Its object is to state as fairly and impartially and briefly as possible the manifold advantages to the individual and to society which are the result of habitual confession, and to remove the misconceptions which prevail respecting it, even among honorable and educated men. This tract is calculated to remove mountains of prejudice, and Catholics should see that it is disseminated as widely as possible.

—A veteran journalist, Mr. John Swinton, records that when he was working for the *Sun*, the late Mr. Dana once said to him: "You've got to square this paper with God Almighty and the judgment day every day you live; and that's the only way to

edit a paper." If this rule were generally followed, Dr. Sheldon's scheme for the "Christian daily" would be a wholly unnecessary experiment—though still a good advertisement. Mr. Swinton also states that he still has the MS. of this characteristic note from Dana:

It seems to me that Dr. M——'s view of hell might be interesting as the subject of a Sunday leader.

P. S. Hell is not enough thought of.

Another saying of the dead lion is not quite so new as it is true: "Newspapers are too much controlled by their business and financial interests."

—The much-respected *Bookman* is now five years old—old enough for reminiscences, it seems to think. Anyhow, the editor has been looking over his files and is moved to moralize thus: "During that brief time many literary reputations have risen and waned: men and women whose names were household words in 1895 have in the beginning of 1900 reached a commonplace acceptance infinitely more cruel than their original obscurity; books that two or three or five years ago stirred the female subscribers of the village library to wire-pulling and intrigue, and the occasional male subscriber to profanity, now repose undisturbed on the shelves. There is infinitely more downright irony in this, the commonplace record of half a decade, than Washington Irving put into his 'Mutability of Literature.'"

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle. Two vols. \$10.

Saracinesca. F. Marion Crawford. Two vols. \$5.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D. \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. Katherine E. Conway. \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F. \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. Abbé Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.
The Reformation in England. Samuel R. Maitland. \$2.

The Dark Ages. Dr. Maitland. \$2.25.

The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. Francis Aidan Gasquet. \$3.50.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." Mary E. Mannix. \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. Charles Warren Stoddard. 75 cts.

The Light of Life. Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B. \$1.60, net.

The Blue Lady's Knight. Mary F. Nixon. 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. Eliza Allen Starr. 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. \$1.00, net.

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. Duc de Broglie. \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. Francis J. Finn, S. J. 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. Henry F. Brownson. \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. Comtesse R. de Courson. \$1, net.

The Young Puritans in Captivity. Mary P. Smith. \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. Rev. John Freeland. \$1.10, net.

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J. 95 cts., net.

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, net.

Daily Thoughts for Priests. Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D. \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. Rev. John McIntyre, D. D. \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. Andrew Lang. \$2.

Studies in Literature. Maurice Francis Egan. 60 cts., net.

The Catechism Explained. Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J. \$2.50, net.

In Chimney Corners. Seumas MacManus. \$1.50, net.

The Tragedy of Calvary. Abbé Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.

Via Crucis. F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

The Orange Society. Rev. W. H. Cleary. \$1.25.

The Flower of the New World. F. M. Capes. 70 cts., net.

Carmel in England. Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D. \$1.60, net.

Richard Carvel. Winston Churchill. \$1.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 10, 1900.

NO. 10.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Veronica.*

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

AS along the dusty way
Jesus toiled that awful day,
While dark streams of sweat and blood
Through His matted locks o'erflowed,
'Twas a cruel sight she saw,
Tender, true Veronica!

As, with gentlest touch, she said,
Lifting the poor bleeding Head,
"Master, let this hand of mine
Wipe the Face of the Divine!"
'Twas a woful sight she saw,
Faithful, kind Veronica!

But an instant might He stand
Till into her trembling hand
Back the linen cloth He gave—
Faithful to the very grave,—
Then a wondrous sight she saw,
Steadfast, brave Veronica!

All the life-blood left her heart:
Limned as if by painter's art,
Traced upon the napkin fair,
Jesus' Face before her there!
While she sank, in wordless awe,
Sobbing low, Veronica.

Oh, beside the dusty way
To have watched with her that day!
To have waited till He came,
In His sorrow and His shame;
To have shared in what she saw,
Blessed, thrice blessed Veronica!

* Suggested by German verses of the Rev. B. Hammer, O. S. F.

I SUPPOSE people never feel so much like angels as when they are doing what little good they may.—*Hawthorne.*

A Modern Assumption.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

CARDINAL NEWMAN was able, we know, to reason himself into the Church by writing an "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine." Another very interesting study might be made on the development of anti-Christian doctrine—or, let us say, the evolution of unbelief. Evolution is a nineteenth-century word, and applies to the progress of error better than the word development.

Now, the latter half of this century has witnessed an important definition of Catholic faith; and over against this dogma we behold a diabolical countermove, in the shape of the assumption to which I would call attention. But, the better to understand this evolution, let us first take a view of a certain power to which even Catholics seem nowadays growing blind.

This power is the second in that trinity of evil, if I may venture so to speak, which Christians renounce at baptism—the devil, the world, and the flesh. The late Monseigneur Charles Gay, in his admirable work "The Christian Life and Virtues Considered in the Religious State," throws the clearest light I have ever seen thrown upon the "world" as God's enemy and ours.

In his conference on "Temptation"*

* Vol. ii, pp. 112–117.

he deals with this formidable foe, and first shows what it is *not*. "It is not this visible universe, of which St. John writes, in recounting the glories of the Word, that 'the world was made by Him.'" Neither, again, is it "human society, taken in itself"—or the world of souls, as such; "for this is the world which 'God so loved as to give for it His only-begotten Son.'"* But it *is*, he says, "the multitude, unhappily countless, of those who, going astray in their love, *have fully fixed on this earth their heart and their hope*; who, having no relish for heaven, or even not believing that there is one, are resolved with their whole will to demand only of earth and of the present life all the happiness they need."

"This multitude," he continues, "this society, this *race* (for it is a race, and which, from its commencement, will perpetuate itself to the end), is what the Scripture calls 'the world,' and of which it says that it is 'seated in wickedness';† so that to love it is to cease to love God. It is the world which has not known God, and for which Jesus would not pray;‡ out of which He chooses all those whom He saves;§ and against which, in fine, He came to contend, and which He declared that He had overcome."||

The Bishop then goes on to show what this "world" is as *the agent of Satan*. "It is the grand resource of the devil: his arsenal, his army, and the chief means of his victories. It lends him eyes to see, lips to speak and also to smile; hands to work, to write, and to caress; it places him in our highways, sets him at our hearths, and delivers over to him all that touches us and can influence our life. One word expresses it all: it *humanizes* him."

Oh, how true all this is! But how slow even good people are to perceive it! And now we note a striking comparison.

"As the Church is, as it were, the continual Incarnation of Jesus, His mystical body, extended in place and time; so the world is, as it were, *the incarnation of Satan*, and truly *the church of the devil*. All that the Holy Church of Christ is and does upon earth in the order of sanctification and salvation, the world is and does in the order of seduction and of the eternal loss of souls. Follow, step by step, in their opposite ways, these two contradictory churches—that from on high and that from below; you will see that the latter is but *the perverse and detestable counterfeit of the former*."

Here, then, we see the origin of all heresies and errors accounted for. Moreover, we are plainly given to understand that we must expect the evolution of unbelief to keep pace with the development of Catholic truth.

That unbelief has done this successfully in the latter half of the present century is clear enough when we recall what followed the definition of the Immaculate Conception. That definition was a very great deal more than "a luxury of devotion." The dogma defined is inseparably linked with the doctrines of original sin, the Incarnation, and the Redemption. Consequently, the old serpent, after writhing convulsively at being made to feel with a new pang the pressure of the foot of the Woman upon his head, inspired his "church" aforesaid to evolve, by skilful gradations, the doctrines that original sin is a myth—human nature *not* being fallen at all, but endowed with perfectibility; that man has always been an incarnation of the Divinity; and that the only redemption we need is that which is effected by education, culture, and the progress of

* St. John, lii, 16.

† I. St. John, v, 19.

‡ St. John, xvii, 9.

§ Ibid., xv, 9.

|| Ibid., xvi, 23.

science—to wit, deliverance from ignorance and superstition. But I shall confine myself to another evolution, a cunningly devised set-off against a still greater and more momentous definition—the dogma of Papal Infallibility.

This definition, by the Council of the Vatican, was, in the first place, imperatively required for putting an end to mischiefs which had arisen *within* the Church under shelter of *non*-definition. But, again, it was the most logical way of defining the Infallibility of the *Church*. That subject will have, indeed, to be taken up more fully when the Council shall reassemble; but the Church can afford to wait, now that a Catholic can not question without heresy

That Peter's faith lives on in Peter's See,
Believing, teaching, judging,—

as I have written elsewhere.*

Now, of course, no one could appreciate this definition as a gain to the Catholic Church more thoroughly than her arch-enemy. Therefore, after failing in his well-contrived plans for preventing the definition from being made, he set about working up a counter-evolution among the *élite* of his own church. And here, as was to be expected, success has crowned his efforts. These *élite*—the most enlightened of mankind, as they modestly style themselves—are now persuaded to cock-sureness that *they* are infallible, collectively: that whenever they unanimously accept or reject a doctrine, all question of its truth or untruth is settled—definitely settled once and for all.

This, then, is our “modern assumption.” Its process of evolution has been gradual, no doubt; indeed, scarcely perceptible till within the last few years. But now it takes a bold, defiant stand. We see it not only in scientific

literature, so-called; or, again, in what is known as “higher criticism”; but in the magazine, the newspaper, the novel. We hear it, too, from certain pulpits: more openly, of course, from the Unitarian and Universalist; but also, in a modified form, from those of the Broad-Church Anglicans.

An old and cherished belief—no matter how ably, how unanswerably defended—is thus disposed of in short order. The supernatural is no longer a reality; nor, of course, the preternatural either. A personal God must be given up. A “stream of tendency that makes for righteousness” takes the place of old-fashioned Deity. And as to a personal devil—why, such a nonentity is to be ranked with the bloody-bones of childhood's terrors, or with ghosts and bogies white and black.

But facts are stubborn things, we know; and among these stubborn things is metaphysics: a fact peculiarly awkward, because it can *demonstrate* that there *is* a personal God—and that man has an immortal soul. To deny this demonstration is to stultify one's reason. How, then, does our “modern assumption” deal with metaphysics? By contemptuously ignoring this department of philosophy; by insisting that physical science is the only guide to truth, since we can know nothing beyond the evidence of our senses.

A miracle? Impossible! There never was such a thing, and never will be. A so-called miraculous cure must be put down to one of two causes: to some undiscovered law of nature or to the subtle power of *imagination*—whether “auto-suggestion” or “hypnotic suggestion,” equally imagination.

It was my privilege to be at Lourdes last May. To say nothing of what I witnessed there myself—of which, however, I hope to speak in the near future,—Dr. George Cox, the English member of

* “After the Council,” stanza xii. Apud “*Mariæ Corolla*,” p. 45.

the medical bureau, told me of his own daughter's cure. She had volunteered to hold one of the corners of the sheet on which helpless invalids are let down into the baths. The sheet slipped from her grasp and she fell backward, and injured her spine on one of the steps. The hurt proved very serious. Spinal disease set in. After undergoing, for many months, the best medical treatment to be had, and all in vain, she determined to try a *novena of baths* at Lourdes. No change in her condition was perceptible *immediately* after the ninth bath. She was taken home, and lay down to rest. But, suddenly, that same afternoon, she walked in upon the family group—*perfectly cured*. And her father was so much impressed by the miracle, and so grateful to our Blessed Lady for such a proof of goodness and power, that he promised her to remain at Lourdes for the rest of his life, and to devote himself to her honor as a member of the medical bureau.

How does our "modern assumption," with its resolute rejection of the supernatural, tackle a fact like this? "Why," it says, "there could not be a clearer case of auto-suggestion! The young lady had persuaded herself that she *could* be cured, and made up her mind that she *would* be; therefore, she was."

But if, gentle reader, this "modern assumption" has a ludicrous side, it has also an attractive one. We are all apt to feel its seductiveness; for there is in every one of us what is called "concupiscence"—the "Old Adam" life which survives baptism: a natural inclination to go over to the enemy, horse, foot, and artillery; that is, to side *against* God rather than *with* Him. Who does not weary of the doctrine of *sin*?

"Our life is a false nature. 'Tis not in
The harmony of things, this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of sin!"

said the great "pain-inspired" poet. Our "modern assumption" explains away sin so plausibly that it *must* appeal to our self-love. It offers to rid us of *the sense of moral responsibility*, and thus to deliver us from the nightmare of eternal punishment.

In nothing, indeed, is it so cock-sure as in the rejection of this latter doctrine. I saw the other day, in a New York paper, a sermon by a Universalist minister on the reason why so many professing Christians have given up the habit of church-going. "It is because they no longer believe in *hell*," said the preacher. And then he heaped curses on this old-time dogma, exulting that "millions now refused to believe it," and that "the literature of the day had condemned it," etc. Precisely. The enlightened have ceased to believe in it; *therefore*, it can not be true.

Now, it seems to me that a large class of Catholics are in danger from listening to the world's denial of sin and its eternal consequences. They have taken to missing Mass and neglecting the Sacraments in a way that argues failing faith; and they put themselves in occasions of temptation with a recklessness quite incompatible with that holy fear which is the beginning of wisdom. Our Lord promised that the Spirit of Truth would "convince the world of *sin* and of justice and of *judgment*." And this is the special mission of the Church at the present day. We know that *she* is infallible in declaring God's word to mankind, and we *ought* to know equally well what to think of the assumed infallibility of Satan's church.

Yet how successfully the "father of lies" keeps on playing his old game! Just as he persuaded our first parents they would *not* die from eating the forbidden fruit, even so, as Cardinal Manning somewhere says, he "goes about persuading people that there is *not* an

everlasting fire." Father Faber, too, predicted that one of the chief means by which the devil would prepare the world for the coming of Antichrist would be bringing about a general disbelief in the doctrine of eternal punishment. This prediction is being verified before our eyes.

The way, then, to meet the modern assumption to which I have called attention is, in brief, *sentire cum Ecclesia*—"to think with the Church." The temptation is to think with the world, instead. And no wonder that, outside the Church, so many fall into line with the vaunted "march of enlightenment." We must hold on obstinately to "the form of sound words" as continually spoken by the Church. We must frequently make and renew acts of faith in *all* that she teaches, because she is "taught of God." The attitude of the world, as the church of Satan, ought rather to confirm our faith than to alarm it. For is it not the fulfilment of prophecy? Whatever conflicts the Church may have in the coming twentieth century, the saying of St. John is as true now as it was in the first age of Christianity: "This is the victory that overcometh the world—our faith."

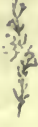
WE thus perceive the fallacious character of that argument which affirms that even an infallible Church would be no certain guide to us if its claims were not demonstrated by a process of such scientific rigor that no man could resist it. Equally sophistical is it to urge that if the individual can decide for himself on the claims of the Church, he must also be competent to form true opinions on all other points of theology. As well might we say that whosoever can select a safe guide must have sagacity enough also to find his path across the mountains without a guide.

—Aubrey de Vere.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XIV.

 T was a lovely evening in June. The windows at Wolka were wide open, and the statue of Saint Martin, which stood by the roadside in front of the farm-house, looked rose-hued in the light of the setting sun. The day's work was done; maids, with red handkerchiefs knotted coquettishly at the back of their heads, and their short skirts revealing their bare feet and lithe limbs, were carrying pails of water from the well; and peasants, followed by their wives, were hurrying in every direction to their humble firesides. All bared their heads and devoutly crossed themselves when they came in sight of the shrine. Soon the pink glow gradually faded from the western sky, ribbons of smoke rose from the chimneys of the little dwellings, and a profound peace and stillness settled over the landscape.

At the door of the farm-house a grave voice called out:

"Bring me a chair, Magda!"

It was Sigismund Prus, who had just finished his evening's inspection of his small domain, where everything received his most careful attention. This year he was more anxious than ever to have a rich harvest, as he cherished a fantasy which he promised himself to gratify.

Old Magda brought out the chair, grumbling something in an undertone. Since the pleasant June evenings had come, the master, who usually came straight to supper from the fields, had formed the habit of sitting outside his door. He passed hours there looking at the stars, as if they could nourish a man and take the place of soups and stews.

"Here is your chair," said the old woman crossly. "It's just the same,

though, whether it's here or there; but when your fried *kluski** are cold, shall I give them to the dog?"

"You can warm them again," replied Prus calmly, lighting his pipe.

Magda went into the house, fairly suffocated with anger. So she would have to pass the hot evening roasting herself over a fire! When it was time to eat, people ought to eat; when it was time to sleep, they should sleep,—that was her way. Would the master get any richer by gazing at the stars? If God had wanted to make gold out of them, He would have strewn them under the trees and in the meadows, like berries and flowers; but since they shone so high, out of reach, it was because He did not want man to touch them. People who had *kluski* and cheese ought to be able to content themselves.

Magda freed her mind in the kitchen, and she was not unwilling for Prus to overhear what she had to say. The young man paid no attention, however; he sat with his limbs stretched out, puffing at his pipe, and watching the smoke rise and float away out of sight.

Six months can not cure a man of love, and Prus had loved Wanda Raz with all the strength of his nature. What did life matter to him henceforth? With Wanda, all would have been attractive; without her he dragged the weary days along, as if they had been balls chained to his limbs. While she had remained at Wola, a ray of light shone across the gloom of his life. He saw her occasionally at church, where he could adore her at a distance. The thought that she was not far from him, that the same trees and birds which he heard murmured and sang for her, comforted him. But now she was gone: her husband had taken her to Varsovia. But that was not so far away, and the faithful man intended to indulge himself in a

trip to the capital, if things turned out well on his farm.

He would visit his little sister Françoise, who was there at school, and perhaps bring her home for her vacation. Then who could tell? Perhaps he would see Wanda at church, the theatre, or the Exposition. If he could have this happiness once or twice it would suffice him. He could return then and go about his daily work with fresh courage. A long sigh, which reached the ears of Magda, heaved the young man's breast.

These sighs never failed to anger the old servant.

"What can make him sigh like a strangled calf?" she thought. "Can it be he is thinking of one of the maids? How ridiculous to sigh when one is as strong as a Turk and the master besides!"

Then, moved by a scornful pity, she called out of the window:

"Shall I warm up the *kluski* now?"

She waited in vain for a reply, for just at that moment the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard on the road that wound around the little vineyard. Sigismond listened a moment, then ran out as far as the stone-wall and called out:

"Jean! Is that you?"

While the Lewins had remained at Wola, Jean had made his home at the farm-house with Sigismond. The friendship between the two men had been sincere but reserved, each concealing his grief and never speaking the name which was ever in his mind. Now that Jean had returned to his place beside the old Councillor, it seemed to him that he had lost his cherished child; and, to add to his sorrow, the boy seemed to neglect him. He visited him irregularly and was by turns moody and silent or unnaturally gay. Sigismond dared not ask any questions, and his loyalty and simplicity forbade his following his friend to find where his nightly rides led him. To-night

* *Kluski*—a national dish in Poland.

he had yielded to a sudden impulse in running down to the wall and hailing the horseman as he passed by.

Jean stopped and replied quietly:

"Yes, it is I. Why?"

Prus twisted his mustache nervously with one hand, and with the other shook his friend's hand cordially. Then, looking up into the pale face above him, he said:

"Oh, nothing! I was sitting outside, enjoying the evening breeze. I thought it was you passing, so I ran down to see you. It's a warm night, isn't it?"

"Very," answered Jean, absently.

"Won't you stop? I have some *kluski* all ready. Magda is furious because I have not gone in to eat them; but if she sees you, she will forget to scold."

Jean declined the kind invitation.

"Will you come in on your return?"

"Perhaps."

Jean had never before made such laconic replies, and Prus felt vexed.

"You ride out rather late?" he added.

"It is the only cool time."

"Are you going far?"

Jean touched his mare lightly with his whip:

"I don't know. To the city perhaps. Good-bye!"

As he rode away, Prus looked after him and called out:

"To the city, at this time of night! Ah, Jean! Jean! you are in love; that is very plain."

As Malutka, the fleet Arab mare, sped along, Sigismond's last words reached Jean's ears. Yes, he was in love; he acknowledged it freely to himself now, without asking whither that love would lead him.

At first he had struggled against it; but, although capable of courage and firmness in the accomplishment of tasks, he felt himself powerless and weak when he tried to conquer the inclinations of his heart. The image of Rachel haunted him night and day, no matter how hard

he tried to banish the vision. A paralysis of his will prevented him from going away where he could not see her.

He had no desire to secure the position to which his diploma as a licensed engineer entitled him. And he deceived himself as to the true cause of his lack of ambition, attributing it to his disgust with life because of the cupidity and marriage of his sister. Thus he drifted along, accepting events, powerless to turn them from their fatal course.

He had not as yet been able to discover the truth concerning the new condition of things at Wola brought about by Wanda's marriage. He did not even know whether the estate really belonged to them or not. He had made a few inquiries of his father, but the latter had replied briefly:

"I am, and shall die, master of Wola."

Thoughts of these and other matters crowded rapidly through the young man's excited mind as Malutka trotted along in the pleasant June night. Prus' words rang in his ears again and again. Did not his friend despise him? And, in truth, was he not open to contempt, living as he was doing at the expense of his sister's degradation?

Suddenly the sound of the rustling of the leaves of an old oak by the roadside startled him. He fancied he heard Rachel's light sigh calling him. A month after his sister's marriage, overcome by his desire to see the Jewess once more, he had gone to the Rabbi's house, under the pretext of thanking his host. His reception was quite different from the former one. Zachariah barely spoke to him, and Rachel was greatly changed. Her eyes, once so soft, now burned with a dull flame; and when Jean looked into them he noticed that they were heavy with unshed tears. He turned to go with a sad heart. On the threshold Rachel gave him her hand and said:

"Never come here again!"

As she stood there for a moment, the Rabbi sternly bade her to come back. All this only tended to increase the young man's interest. Why could he not go there again? Was Rachel suffering on his account? Did Zachariah regard him with suspicion? People are not to be driven away in such a fashion, and before two weeks had gone by he again visited the modest little house.

At a sign from her father, Rachel left the room. When the two men were alone, Zachariah said with great dignity:

"Permit me, sir, to ask you a question: in what capacity do you do us the honor of visiting us?"

Jean was much embarrassed. He began by citing his gratitude and the ineffaceable memory of the hospitality once so generously extended. The old man, growing still sterner, interrupted him:

"We did nothing but our duty. Neither my daughter nor myself shall ever forget the distance that separates us from you. Have not you yourself set us an example in this? Are you not trying to make yourself forget that you have a sister, simply because she bears the name of Lewin? Be consistent with yourself and just toward us. Jews have their honor too, and the white hairs of an old man and a father should be respected."

Moved by these words, Jean at once took leave of the old man. But why did fate permit a little burning hand to grasp his in the dark hall-way? At the mere touch he felt himself lost, forgetful of all his duties and of his promises.

"Rachel, I love you," he said in an undertone. "I shall return!"

He did return, but at night the next time. He concealed himself in the garden, creeping stealthily around the house like a thief, in the hope of getting a sight of her he loved. He was about to go away at last, ashamed of the part he was playing, when, at the entrance to a pine wood on the hillside overlooking the

Vistula, he saw Rachel leaning against a tree. Was it by mere chance that she was there, or was she expecting him? He approached her, and, without a word, the beating of their hearts told them that they loved each other.

It was early in April, and the first breath of spring caressed trees and shrubs. Everything in nature teemed with life and love. The meetings were repeated many times. The happy lovers wandered along the bank of the river, whose murmuring seemed to soothe and charm them. Then, after exchanging promises to meet again, the girl would ascend the hill alone.

This is why, on this June evening, Jean urged on his horse on seeing the lights of the city; forgetting his anxiety, his scruples, and trembling with pleasure at the thought that in a few moments he would be beside Rachel. As he was passing the house, on the road leading to the river, he saw a dark form standing silent and motionless at the edge of the wood, among the slender pines. The person seemed to look at him closely, and even in the darkness he recognized Jacob Lewin.

As his horse slowly descended the slope he turned in his saddle and watched the movements of the man whom he instinctively felt to be his rival. He saw the dark form move away in the opposite direction. As soon as it had disappeared over the hill, he turned his horse around and rode after it. He met no one, however, bearing the slightest resemblance to Rachel's cousin.

On reaching the outskirts of the city, Jean hastened back to the little grove. Here he dismounted, and, after tying his horse to a tall pine, he walked along under the shadows of the branches.

Soon another form emerged from the shadows, and a moment later Rachel was beside him. The girl trembled as she leaned on his arm and said:

"How late you are! I thought you were not coming."

"I was stopped on the way."

Then, in the darkness, he tried to see her face. He had never spoken to her of Jacob Lewin, but now his suspicions troubled him.

"Who stopped you?" asked Rachel, as the young man kept silent.

"You know, doubtless."

"I!"

Prompted by jealousy, he exclaimed:

"Rachel, you are deceiving me!"

"Deceiving you! Deceiving you! I!"

"Yes. Where did Jacob come from? I met him near your house."

Reassured, Rachel replied calmly:

"He took supper with us, and I had enough trouble in getting him to go."

"He stood by the roadside, watching for me."

"Oh, no, he did not! Jacob is no spy."

"You defend him, you see!"

"I only protest against an accusation that would be a disgrace to him and to me."

"Does he love you?"

The girl hung her head; they walked on for a time in silence, then Jean said almost harshly:

"You are silent; you acknowledge it, then."

"Why do you try to pain me? We have never spoken of my cousin before, and that is the wisest way."

"You acknowledge, then, that you love him."

Rachel stopped and, raising her hand to the sky, said:

"I swear that Jacob is for me only a friend and a brother."

"Perhaps; but he loves you?"

"Then he is all the more unfortunate, and you should pity him."

Tears filled the girl's eyes, and Jean was ashamed of his violence.

"Forgive me! I will no longer doubt you," he said gently.

Again raising her arm, as if to call the stars to witness, Rachel said slowly:

"I swear that I love—that I shall always love—you and you only."

Jean listened and his heart beat fast from joy. But he was not satisfied.

"Promise me that you will not marry him, Rachel."

"Marry him! How could I when I do not love him?"

"Swear!"

"I swear by the heavens that hang over us."

(To be continued.)

An Irish Hill.

BY E. BECK.

THERE'S never a king that rules or reigns

By ever a shore or sea,

No lord of fertile and fair domains

Would have envious thought from me,

Could I only rest 'mid the heather gay,

When the blackbird's notes are shrill,

For the whole sweet length of a summer day

On the side of an Irish hill.

Oh, the winds are fresh that across it blow,

And the sky is soft o'erhead,

And the woods and the plains that lie below

Are with emerald verdure spread!

And the larks that high in the blue air soar

They sing with right good-will,

As well they may when they warble o'er

A heath-clad Irish hill.

And the hawthorn blooms they fall in showers

At the merry thrush's song,

And above the gorse and the heather flowers

The bees hum all day long;

The rills with a joyous murmur flow,

And glad is the toiler's lay;

For the Irish heart forgets its woe

On an Irish summer day.

The cuckoo calls and the corn-crake roams

Through the clover blossoms pied,

And afar and near are the humble homes

Where virtue and love abide.

Oh, I'd freely barter a year of time,

Let it bring me good or ill,

For one day in the summer's early prime

On the side of an Irish hill!

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

II.

THE marine scenery of the eastern coast of Nova Scotia does not offer the sublimer elements of the Newfoundland coast—the icebergs, the huge lonely cliffs, the herds of seals, the great fishing fleets that frequent this cosmopolis of the finny tribe. In return, it presents to the sailor a shore most happily indented along a line of over three hundred miles, so that there is constantly within reach some sheltered port in which a navy might rest with ease. These indentures are so numerous that they give to the shore much of the appearance of a huge saw, whose enormous teeth are so many mighty headlands jutting seaward from Louisburg to Yarmouth. Here and there geological causes have hollowed out great water-ways, like Mahone Bay, Chedabucto Bay, and that curious, most delightful of inland seas, the Bras d'Or of Cape Breton. With these exceptions, the eastern ports are usually replicas of one another—deep, broad friths, often covered with islands, running inward from five to ten miles, and communicating with tidal rivers, through whose headwaters they are placed in touch with the endless network of lakes and ponds that stretches across all Nova Scotia. One day these lovely harbors, wide-mouthed, tide-swept and forest-crowned, swarming with cod and hake and pollock, must be the homes of a dense population. As it is, only some scattering hamlets of fishermen eke out along their shores an uncertain support from the “mines of the sea.”

If these latitudes enjoyed constantly the sunny sky of Virginia or the Carolinas, the temperate zone could perhaps show no more delectable sites for human life and industry. The peninsula has

a long and sometimes severe winter; though not more severe than that of our New England States, and less so than the winter of the Northwestern States, owing to the closeness of the Gulf Stream. The summer visitor might escape the dreary and unlovely winter; he must perforce reckon with the fogs that frequently sweep in from the sea and brood for days and weeks over the land. They are far from unhealthy; yet they are unwelcome to the traveller who has learned how tonic and crisp can be the Nova Scotian air, that blending of the finest flavors of brine and balsam; how lovely the contours of its green downs, skipping and dropping into the sea; how invigorating and healthful the free and unconstrained life along its spruce-clad, undulating coasts; how the easy, nomadic life on its gem-like lakes and in its trackless, native forests can knit up again “the ravelled sleeve of care,” banish those hurtful fancies that rot in the memory as flies in ointment, and give back again to the agitated nerves of us complex moderns a desirable calm and regularity.

However, it is not on the firm land, but on the sea, that fog affects most grievously the heart of man. It may be that the sailor is unmoved by it; Jack is the least sentimental of human machines. He must ply his dangerous calling without regard to weather,—

Or foul or fair the constellations shine,
Or east or west the wind-blown billows flee.

But to the average traveller it is a thing of dread, this cautious, cat-like moving through lanes of darkness, shut in on all sides by a semi-liquid night, the senses suddenly made void and useless; while a multiple danger lowers above, below, around. Down in the waist of the noble vessel dumb and eyeless slaves throb and sweat with the steadiness of fate, working the will of man with nicety and constancy. He

is their creator, and they correspond unfaithfully to his lightest touch. But man is himself the thrall of a higher power, and in this gray hush of things it seems as if he stood in the vestibule of that divine presence; as if, like a Chinese prisoner, he might be called at any moment to go through the door of death to judgment. The butterflies of fashion have folded their silken wings; each face wears now a look of anxiety and suspense; men peer fixedly into the enfolding darkness, or bend the ear to catch the possible roar of surf or the friendly discord of the megaphone. No sound is audible save this one raucous shriek that rasps all delicate nerves. It is like some rude, grimy hand sweeping ignorantly across the strings of a violin; like the war-whoop of some fiery anarchy summoning all forces of death and destruction. Here is an adumbration of the Day of Judgment; for within each heart there may be going on a silent self-searching and self-arraignment,—a putting-in-order of the things of the soul when at any moment we may be called on to abandon this tenement of flesh. How often, in such a yellow gloom, have men and women crossed the hair-like bridge from life to death, swallowed up in the sudden maelstrom of collision, or flung incontinently on some black and angry rock! No wonder that the oldest of false worships was that of sweet Helios. One glimpse of his shining face, one shimmering of his ruddy locks, would light anew in every heart the fires of hope, dispel this corroding doubt and fear, make us know again our place in the sum of things, set up again the reign of “Mañana.” So the weird race goes on between the pride of intellect and the “dooms” of Nature,—between this complex monster of steel, this giant Frankenstein,

And the wool-shod, formless terror of the sea,—
The mystery whose lightest touch can change

The world God made to phantasy, death-strange.
Under its spell all things grow old and gray
As they will be beyond the Judgment Day.
All voices at the lifting of some hand
Seem calling to us from another land.
Is it the still Power of the sepulchre
That makes all things the wraiths of things that
were?

As to ourselves, ought we not be thankful that we are not the decimal victims of the great grinding laws of Nature; that we behold again the rock-girt citadel, the slender spires, the humming wharves; that the fog arouses in us only miniature and transitory terrors of the fancy? But yesterday a sturdy ship was stranded where we sailed by in safety. Her tall spars still topped the waves; her cargo of food-stuffs still drifted piecemeal along the lonely beaches, comfort and help to the wrecker's family on the eve of winter. So through infinite entries and exits the drama of human life is kept in motion. Like a wise playwright, a good God preserves order and law amid apparent anarchy and misrule, utilizes the most recalcitrant situations, guides the general action to its proper and appointed close, and tenderly provides both rôle and dole even for those who are seemingly but supernumeraries on the great stage of the world and society.

III.

If John Cabot or Samuel Champlain could again revisit the eastern shores of Nova Scotia, he would find the face of nature but little changed; indeed, it is in many places the selfsame, save that the forest has been shorn again and again,—only to spring up in scarcely diminished strength and beauty. Modern industry and husbandry are still at a discount along these rocky ledges. The saw-mill and the fishing smack are still the sources of wealth and progress. Only last year the Bluenoses celebrated, with the men of Bristol, the fourth centenary of John Cabot's great deed of

daring,—and still the timber of Nova Scotia goes into the houses of England and Ireland; still all Europe looks for the food of its humble and its poor to the returning schooners from the Banks of Newfoundland, with scarcely less anxiety than the Romans watched from the wharves of Puteoli or Naples the fleet forerunners of the corn-ships from Carthage or Alexandria. The civilizing power of mechanical industry and inventions is very tangible, when one observes how backward and stagnant, from the advanced modern view-point, is the life of the Nova Scotian along the rocky shores of the peninsula. Not that the people are not happy and even comfortable,—I only call attention to the fact, especially as they are largely of the same New England stock to which our modern world is so indebted. Environment, opportunity, demand, in the one case, and the lack of them in the other, help to explain what would otherwise be a mystery; for the natural advantages are all on the side of the peninsular people.

From Halifax the high-road leads southward and inland, through thick forests of young spruce and juniper and tamarack. A few scattering villas within easy reach of the harbor, a wayside tavern or two, some scraggy bits of farmland rich in boulders and overshadowed by forests,—and we find ourselves surrounded by a nature more wild and unkempt than that through which the painted Micmac roamed. Here and there a country road makes away from the turnpike to some hamlet or cluster of fishermen's cottages. As yet we can not behold the sea: we only know that the majestic Atlantic is separated from us by a narrow strip of timber; that to our left lie its most dangerous shoals and ledges, with many a cruel shipwreck to their credit. We are crossing a desolate neck of land whose ragged capes are

known to all seafaring men—Sambro, Big and Little, Indian Harbor, Prospect, Hackett's, and others less renowned; but each with its nucleus of fisher interests, its "outfit" for catching, curing, and shipping the treasures of the sea. When the "catch" is abundant, when the mackerel run in vast schools, when the lobster crates are deep-laden with their toothsome burden, content reigns in these lonely habitations. No doubt even the poor priest at Prospect looks a little brighter, and pines a little less at his isolation and the poverty of the weather-beaten congregation that he serves.

Surely there are hard and irksome callings within the greater circle of the priestly vocation, and there are unrecorded priestly heroisms that find no recognition in the Old World or the New. Not many reflect that the priesthood is a stern soldiery, a spiritual militia, and that many a man draws a poor and odious billet. It is not precisely the poverty: few priests really care for wealth or even for what the world calls comfort. No man is readier to take what is going and be content with it than the average priest. He will sit an equal at the table of the great, ready to take his next meal with Duke Humphrey. He is your true cosmopolite, the fine flower of the education and culture of many a long century; open to ten thousand impressions, yet anchored in the bed-rock of faith and tradition, a kind of lighthouse in the great ocean of changing life.

He is a creature of ceremony, you say; but Joubert has finely said that "the ceremonies of Catholicism are a training in refinement." What is politeness but ceremony? And what is ceremony, after all, but man's politeness toward his God? He is a creature of routine—very true,—but it is a noble and superior routine, this daily contact with the things of the soul, with the hopes and the fears,

the smiles and the tears, of all kinds and conditions of men. Nay! it is a routine more noble than that of the sun which forever looks down on the same small turmoil of humanity, the same fixed workings of the laws of being; for this is a spiritual routine, and its end is a heavenly life where all ennui and tedium shall be unknown. But the priest is pre-eminently a social and public man—therefore without wife and children,—and his almost necessary compensations must be of the same character. There is no more drear exile than to be forever cut off from the company of the educated and the refined,—to live always to one's self, with a host of high thoughts and aspirations begotten of the priest's long and unworldly training, and yet be unable to exchange, along these lines, that social intercourse to which his estate entitles him.

What can surpass the spiritual courage that sustains the solitary priest on the far-flung line of the pioneer life, in poor and struggling dioceses carved magnificently out of nothing, where the resources of religion are such as his energy or ingenuity or self-sacrifice can create; on the lone sea-coast where he watches for the blackening and seething of the waters with as hungry an eye as yon fisherman stolidly mending his nets! Here is the truest, sincerest heroism known to men—to live forever on the highest plane, to lead in silence a supernatural life with the angels, and yet to go poor, forgotten, a half-derelict, with every social instinct starved or moribund for want of exercise, with no sustaining force save the noble one of duty. And this is, in my opinion, the greatest moral victory of Catholicism, that in every age it fascinates with the love of this pure and cold ideal, this fixed imperative, a number of superior souls and holds them firm to its worship and its exercise.

(To be continued.)

A Bit of Real Lace with a Romance.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

"MY cousin the Comtesse de Brie,"—whenever good Mrs. Armitage introduced that sentence into her conversation, friends smiled. Being, like her husband, Americans, they could not imagine why the charming little lady took such pride in her French parentage, and made such frequent reference to her last and only relative, the Comtesse, whom she claimed to have seen only once, when quite too young a child to recollect anything but the fact.

"Now, Mathilde," said her husband one day, "why can you not write and ask Madame your cousin to come and visit us? We have *heard* so often about her, it would be most delightful so see her. The change for her could not fail to be agreeable. After the old chateau, this country would seem a charming 'new house,'—newly papered, newly painted, with electric light, steam, heat, and all modern improvements. She might even concede that America was in some things a little ahead of her own country; at least it's got the first place alphabetically—A for America, and F for France,—four numbers behind. Now, dearest, don't look vexed; I'm only teasing, as usual. But to return to seriousness. Can you coax your cousin over? Just think of the teas, the coffees, and the chocolates we could give in her honor,—the social success they would be!"

Mathilde's bright black eyes sparkled.

"It would be splendid," she replied, appreciatively. "I have often thought of it since we bought this big new house of ours. But she would never come. At sixty-four the journey would seem too long; I could not ask her."

But (women never mind contradicting themselves) about nine years after that

conversation, the ambitious little wife-mother actually did invite her cousin to trip over the ocean in her *seventy-third* year to grace the wedding-feast of Miss Constance Armitage.

To the invitation the aged Countess returned this reply:

MY DEAR MATHILDE:—Nothing would more delight me than to possess strength to follow my thoughts to your New-World home on that joyful occasion, to embrace you and bless your sweet daughter, my namesake. But I can not. I have never made but one journey from my old gray house on the hill; my next will be to the cemetery. I send, however, a small offering—a bit of real lace with a romance, which I hope may find place on the wedding-gown. To-day, alas! it is next to impossible to obtain any more genuine Valenciennes, that lace whose net, as well as pattern, is entirely hand-made. Everything is produced by the factories—the wheels, the wheels! *Moi*, I distrust new methods; the old way was best. This berth was the work of poor Sylvie Manette, one of the last *dentellières* of the old school, whose pathetic romance, just as I heard it fifty years ago, I have found time to write down for Constance.

Your affectionate cousin,

CONSTANCE DE BRIE.

Thus the bridal corsage of Captain Walton's bride was accurately described as "adorned with a creamy cascade of old Valenciennes,—priceless gift from her relative, the Comtesse de Brie; an heirloom more precious than jewels, and to which clings a touching story."

The "story"? Here it is:

One morning, in the springtide of this century, walking home from Holy Mass, Madame Fuseaux, lovingly called by neighbors "*Mère Geneviève*," conceived the idea of restoring to her native city of Valenciennes that industry which had received a cruel wound from the Rev-

olution, and the finishing stroke from the invention of machinery; namely, lacemaking. Yes, while scarce a rod from the church door, the thought had come to her; so she believed the blessing of God thence had followed her like a dove, to alight upon the undertaking.

A woman of great energy, it was not long before she had interested a sufficient number of *grandes dames*, and in the little room behind her tiny shop on the Rue des Anges opened a school where all "desirous of acquiring not a lost but a vanishing art might gain the requisite instructions from Geneviève Fuseaux."

At first Geneviève's idea promised to find growing place in every heart. The days when a handkerchief, a veil, a fan, a flounce of point de Malines, de Bruges, de Flandres, de Lille, was a necessary adjunct to a lady's wardrobe, seemed once more to have returned. But, ah! what tyrant is more whimsical than Queen Fashion? The fairy fingers of the lacemakers might spin their filmy webs: purchasers suddenly ceased to be caught in them. "The factories showed such vast improvements. Machine-work was pretty enough,—lacking, of course, the richness, the individuality imparted by human fingers; but, then, it was so much more reasonable in price! One could have four yards for one."

So the factories were permitted to spring up everywhere, while the hand-lace workers painfully obtained an equivalent for their toil from a few upholders of "old ways." The school of "*Mère Geneviève*" was closed; though one or two of her most skilled pupils continued to bend over their cushions, while praying for "better times."

Among these was her orphan protégée, Sylvie Manette, a girl of nineteen, with golden hair and large blue eyes, from which an artist-soul smiled dreamily upon the world, as yet no sweet illusions dispelled, no aspirations crushed.

"Anything so beautiful must some day be justly appreciated," she would say, holding up her lace for the light to caress. "I mean to stay with you always, Mère Geneviève; and we will work together."

"Ah, my sweet angel," answered Mère Geneviève, embracing her tenderly, "with thy love for the art, thy spirit, and thy skill, would that thou hadst been born two hundred years earlier!"

Thus while daylight lasted, passers by the little shop on the Rue des Anges saw, seated by door or window, Sylvie Manette's graceful figure, her slender fingers dancing through the maze of stitches to the quaint melody of that old song of the Valenciennes lacemakers, of which, in this day and generation, one may sometimes hear a verse crooned for a cradle-song in the broken voice of a grandmother:

O gentle Saint Ann, looking down from the skies
With pity benign in thy far-seeing eyes;
Whom Mary called "Mother," our sweet patroness,
Deign thou our poor work to watch over and
bless,—

This lace for whose weaving our lives are the
loom,

In whose meshes are caught their light and their
gloom;

Which through long years of toil we strive to
make whole,

To make and keep flawless, unsoiled as our soul.

So grow our hearts beneath Love's flying hands,—
Love, skillfulest weaver in all the earth's lands;
The pattern he draws only he can complete,
Though the world as a pupil sit at his feet.
For stitch, now a smile, now a sigh or a tear;
Now the loop of a hope, the knot of a fear.
White fabric of beauty, most fragile, most fair,
That one breath can sully and one thorn can tear.

O gentle Saint Ann, looking down from the skies
With pity benign in thy far-seeing eyes;
Whom Mary called "Mother," revered patroness,
Our hand-tasks and heart-tasks we pray thee to
bless!

And they who knew her best exchanged glances as they noted how much oftener she repeated the second verse than the first; how pretty a blush played on her cheek as she uttered the name of that skillfulest weaver in all the earth's lands.

"Dear child!" they said, "'tis well that she has chosen so wisely. A better man than Ernest Laplace may have been created, but Valenciennes was not his birthplace. All joys walk with them on their way to church and go home with them for life-guests!"

But to Ernest's plea for a speedy wedding Sylvie replied:

"Let us wait. Mère Geneviève will be so lonely when I leave her, and I still have several patterns to finish. Besides," she added, with a coquettish head-toss, "I ought never to marry any one who dare affirm that machines can make lace worth even the thread which sews it to a garment."

"But I do affirm it, *chérie*; and if you will only look for yourself, you will be forced to agree with me," said Ernest.

"Then I will never look for myself or you," protested Sylvie.

And at last he began to despair of ever drawing from her heart the thorn of displeasure which his ardent championship of Progress had implanted there. He might argue for hours that he had acted wisely and well in relinquishing his now profitless trade of flax-spinning to accept the position of foreman in a factory where as much lace could be made in days as could not be made by hand in months.

"*C'est très bien, très bien*," answered Sylvie. "Thou canst please thyself. I do not wish to hear the name of lace bestowed on that woven thing rolled out by cold iron wheels. Lace is soft, warm with the touch which evolves it from a simple spool of thread. Time, skill, give it worth and beauty. You are an eloquent champion of a very unworthy cause, Ernest; but you will never make me a convert."

And once they parted on the threshold of a quarrel. But as the festival of Saint Ann came soon thereafter, bringing with it the usual ball of the *dentellières*, and

as Ernest's heart could not keep time to the gay music with any other partner than Sylvie, he sought her where she sat, a pale wall-flower, and with a look and a hand-touch made all well. On the way home, though, that night, Ernest, having discovered a weak place in the wall, returned to the assault.

"Ah, my love!" he sighed, "if you knew how unhappy I was yesterday, hearing our foreman at the factory say he was about to send to Brussels for a new designer! 'What an opportunity,' thought I, 'for Sylvie, who has in her little finger the skill of a handful of designers! Instead of toiling on there, her pretty head bent, she could have a purse of gold to show for her year's labor. We would be working under the same roof, laying something aside for our future home. One word from me to the patron and it would be settled; but my Sylvie will not see the light of reason.'"

And then the brave little lacemaker replied gently:

"Do not be impatient, dear. I confess that my labor is ill-requited: I earn less each year. Only yesterday the Judge's lady offered me a hundred francs for a scarf worth three times a hundred. When I ventured to tell her how long it had taken me to finish it, 'I know,' she said; 'I know. But they make so perfect an imitation now; it is as good as the real thing.' Yes, those cruel machines will yet be our ruin; but leave me still awhile to follow my old way. Mère Geneviève, you know, grows feebler; I am her only consolation. You and I are young; with God's blessing, we have a long life before us. Should I leave her now, the grief of it would cause her death. *Attendons!*"

But another year saw Mère Geneviève laid to rest in the Cemetery of St. Gery; and Sylvie's marriage set for one of the happy mornings of Easter week. Seated by the window, her fair hair gilded with April sunshine, her face bright with

hope, she was adding the last stitches to the scarf of point de Bruges which was to enrich her simple muslin wedding robe, now and then uttering a snatch of song that bubbled from her heart. Suddenly there came the sound of flying footsteps—the open door was darkened by a shadow.

"O Sylvie! my poor Sylvie, come quick!" And a girl's cold hands clasped hers as she sprang up, crying:

"What has happened? Answer! Some accident to him—Ernest?"

"Yes, there has been an accident," responded the messenger of woe. "He has been—hurt!"

Waiting to hear no more, Sylvie was flying to his side. About the factory door a crowd had gathered, that, speaking pitying words and extending friendly arms, sought to bar her entrance. Like a two-edged sword, she quickly cut her way through them, and paused not till she reached a still form on the floor, with something white but blood-stained covering it.

"O God—O God, my love!"

She snatched away the shrouding veil, looked on the mangled face, then up at the world of wheels, all silenced now and moveless as their victim; and fell beside him as one also dead.

When at last tenderest nursing brought her back to life, who would ever have recognized Sylvie in that wan, haggard woman, her face not whiter than her hair, who, with locked hands and sunken eyes staring into space, sat in some quiet, shadowed corner, speaking never, seeming to hear naught!

"But there is yet hope for her—in time," the doctors remarked. "Time may restore both mind and body."

And one spring day they had drawn her chair out upon the porch, above which two warbling wrens were building a nest. After watching them awhile, she

started to her feet, with reason's spark kindling in her eyes, and began seeking something here, there, and everywhere about the room.

"Yes," she replied to those who came to help her in the quest, "I want my cushion and my spindle. I can not longer sit an idler here. *Moi*, I have work to do. Before I go to meet Ernest I must avenge his murder: with these two hands I must make lace enough to trim the wedding robes of all earth's brides; enough to wind round and round those wheels that I hear constantly whirring in my brain,—those wheels with blood, *his* blood upon them. War to the death upon them! Those wheels must be stopped forever, and they shall be!"

And from that hour Sylvie resumed her work with feverish energy. When any came, as many did, asking for lessons, the girl only shook her white head and answered sadly:

"No, I have not time to teach: the night is falling and I have yet a thousand yards to make." Then, raising a finger, "Listen!" she added. "The wheels are growing slower; soon they will *all* be stopped. I shall have won my race against them." And, with the ghost of her old smile flitting across her face, she would try to sing:

So grow our hearts beneath Love's flying hands,—
Love, skilfulest weaver in all the earth's lands;
The pattern he draws only he can complete,
Though the world as a pupil sit at his feet.

And they who heard her could not help but weep.

So, in His mercy, when God called the little lacemaker away from her task, He left the stricken mind still veiled in its comforting belief that her two tired, never-resting hands had "won the race against the world of wheels."

"O my Ernest, my Ernest!" these were her parting—rather her meeting—words. "I have avenged thee! How still it is,—how still! Those cruel, whirring wheels have all been stopped—forever!"

Catholic Credulity—and Candor.

A YOUNG friend has put us to the trouble of reading an article ("to be concluded") in the March number of the *Popular Science Monthly*,—a magazine which is taken very seriously by many readers, old and young. The article in question is extremely offensive and unfair to Catholics,—an insult alike to their reason and their religion. The writer is Professor E. P. Evans. His subject is "Mediæval Credulity," a survival of which he finds in the attitude of the Pope and his followers toward Freemasonry—in the credence given to the extravagant tales invented by Leo Taxil and those associated with him. Fortunately, the professor presents the following statements in the opening paragraph of his article,—we say 'fortunately' because some persons will be able to judge of the worth of the whole production by this one passage:

On April 20, 1884, Leo XIII. issued an encyclical letter in which he divides the human race "into two diverse and adverse classes" (*in partes duas diversas adversasque*): "The kingdom of God on earth—namely, the true Church of Jesus Christ,"—and "the realm of Satan." All who are not members of the former belong to the latter, so that there is no alternative between being a good Catholic or a worshiper of the devil.

The writer will allow us to observe that this is a very queer deduction to emanate from a learned man at the close of the nineteenth century, contributing to a periodical which has "no limitations except those of science." But we shall let this quotation pass with a parallel thesis. Let him who will dispute it. The people of this country are divided into two classes: those who are regular church-goers and those who are not. All who are not thorough-going Christians are anti-Christian. Not to attend church regularly is to be in league with the devil. Therefore, there is no alternative between being a good

church-goer and an emissary of Satan.

Professor Evans contends that the Pope was duped and "mother Church" led into fraud by the silly tales and transparent deceptions of Leo Taxil (pseudonym of Gabriel Jogand). This is how the contention is established. In 1887 Taxil was received in solemn audience by Leo XIII., pretending that he was a black sheep returned to the fold, with no earthly desire save to die at the feet of the successor of St. Peter. His Holiness pointed to Taxil's writings—they were right there, all ready,—declaring that he had read them all through "with extreme satisfaction," and encouraged him to continue his exposures. The authority for this statement is Leo Taxil, not Leo XIII.

Our learned professor acknowledges that the notorious Frenchman is a prince of prevaricators, a liar the like of whom the century has yet to see. Is it popular science to conclude that when such a man makes statements reflecting on the Pope he is to be believed? Leo XIII. has the reputation of being learned, enlightened, wise and experienced. He has lived long enough to know how far men may carry their hypocrisy and insincerity. Does it stand to reason that he was completely deceived in Leo Taxil? Is it natural to suppose that the Pope himself was less penetrating than the Bishop of Annecy, who told Leo Taxil, at the time, that it devolved upon him to give proof of his sincerity by doing penance and being silent; that writings on the side of truth from him would be only an offence? We are able to quote the Bishop further. "The public conscience and all notions of Christian repentance required him at least to allow a little interval to elapse between the time when he blasphemed and the time when he took his place among the faithful he had so long outraged." These words were published

in 1891; we ourselves then quoted them approvingly. The exposure of Leo Taxil and his associates took place several years afterward.

Only two years previous to the audience with Leo XIII. Taxil had published a new edition of his most infamous book against Pius IX. He was violently anti-clerical, as Professor Evans states; and was fined and imprisoned for articles reviling the Church and insulting to ecclesiastical dignitaries. Would it not have been the most ordinary prudence in Leo XIII. to treat such a creature with caution? Taxil professed to be sincerely sorry for his crimes, and the Pope forgave him and blessed him,—which we submit was a very Christian thing for his Holiness to do.

The Head of the Church, of all rulers, is the one whose time is most fully occupied. Of necessity many highly important affairs have to be intrusted to his subordinates. But Leo Taxil asserts that Leo XIII. took time to read "all" his books—a little library in themselves,—and read them "with extreme satisfaction." Taxil says his Holiness did this, the professor believes that it was done, therefore the Pope did it. There can be no question, according to Professor Evans, that Leo XIII. was thus duped; for in 1894 he published a decree of the Inquisition putting under ban "Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and Knights of Pythias as synagogues of Satan." It stands to reason (the professor's reason) that the Holy Father accepted the "ridiculous impostures" of Leo Taxil as facts; therefore, this worthy was right, says Mr. Evans, "in concluding that he could imagine nothing so absurd that it would not be received in Catholic circles as authentic by infallible authority."

It requires patience to deal with one who writes in this way, and to refrain from a rejoinder that would be, unavoid-

ably, more caustic than complimentary. We will only say of Professor Evans, however, what *Punch* once said of Froude: "He writes without restriction."

Astonishing as it may seem, considering the character of the work, the Complete Revelations concerning Freemasonry, in four volumes, had an enormous sale. They went like hot cakes in England, Germany, Italy, and Spain, as well as in France. The phenomenal success of these books is not so surprising, however, when one hears Professor Evans' explanation. There is nothing like science: if you know a thing, you know it. This is how the Revelations came to be so widely circulated:

Nearly all the bishops and other clergy of the Catholic Church acted as voluntary and extremely zealous agents for the diffusion of these Revelations, which they seemed to regard as a new Apocalypse designed to unveil the mysteries of Babylon and disclose the present doings of Satan and the dominion of Antichrist.

This is the way the professor reasons: Of course everyone that bought Taxil's books believed in them as Bible truth. They were circulated among Catholics all over the world; so the whole Catholic Church pinned its faith to "one of the crassest and most impudent frauds of modern times." Why should people buy such books unless they believed in them? Professor Evans assures us that more than one hundred thousand copies of the original French edition of the Complete Revelations concerning Freemasonry were sold; his conclusion being that the English, German, Italian, and Spanish translations must have been equally successful. The professor, it will be noticed, draws his conclusions in a wonderful way. We have never seen or heard of an English translation of the Complete Revelations; but of course we do not mean to question that the work has never been translated into our language. It has been done into German and Italian and Spanish, therefore there

must be an English version. This is a scientific deduction, still we should like to have the publisher's address.

It remains to show Professor Evans that Catholics can be candid as well as credulous. We admit that many persons who should have known better—cardinals and bishops and abbots and priests; also members of religious orders, male and female; not to speak of the laity and young people under twenty-one—did accept Leo Taxil's alleged revelations as authentic; and that "The Devil in the Nineteenth Century" was read with much interest—not necessarily with "intense joy"—in clerical camps. This is true. We confess and do not deny. But it is *also true* that a great many other Catholics, clerical and lay, ridiculed the supposititious disclosures of Leo Taxil and company, and smiled and shrugged their shoulders, as intelligent and unprejudiced Protestants are wont to do when Protestants who are not intelligent and unprejudiced put their trust in people like Mrs. Eddy and Schlatter and the Keeley motor man, and other men and other women, not a few, of the same class.

It is *not true*, however, as Professor Evans asserts, that Taxil's "mere tissue of fabrications was greeted by the Catholic press with exultation, as an authentic narration." Long before the *dénouement* came, the *Caxton Review* of Bruges warned its readers against Leo Taxil; the *Monde* and *Etudes* (both French periodicals), the *Tablet* of London, the *Pilot* of Boston, and numerous other Catholic papers, did the same. Moreover, it was a Catholic journal (the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*) that first exposed the infamous impostor, spending a large sum of money in proving his perfidy and scoundrelism.

Professor Evans may not have known anything of all this; he may declare that he never suspected the existence

of such evidence against his case. Is it unfair, then, to assert that his article in the *Popular Science Monthly* is an exhibition of credulity calculated to excite the astonishment of every intelligent reader? It was his plain duty to inform himself on the subject which he undertook to treat; and he should have remembered that he was contributing to a magazine which aims to present articles that shall be entertaining as well as instructive "without sacrificing accuracy." The editor and publishers of the *Popular Science Monthly* (Mr. William Jay Youmans, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.) have been betrayed by Professor Evans into publishing an article that is outrageously insulting and extremely unjust to Catholics everywhere.

We have only to remark in conclusion that no imposture, however gigantic, can alter the patent fact that Freemasonry is inimical to the best interests of State and society. It is opposed by the greatest organic Symbol of Christendom for two good and sufficient reasons:—1. Because it substitutes in its claims, and in the minds of many of its members, the secret society for the Church of Christ; 2. Because of the relation of the obligations its members assume to the oaths and decisions of courts. The Pope of Rome, be it remembered, is not alone combating Freemasonry. The National Christian Association of our own country, which represents seventeen different religious denominations—it did at its last convention,—constitutes a powerful opposition to the great and growing evil of secret, oath-bound organizations. A President of the United States—President Millard Fillmore—once said, speaking of the Masonic fraternity: "It tramples upon our rights, defeats the administration of justice, and bids defiance to every government which it can not control."

Notes and Remarks.

For the best reasons, many persons in good health may be exempt from fasting, even from abstinence, during Lent. There can be no obligation to live on eggs that have been long in cold storage, or fish from afar,—eggs that are ancient, though they may be scientifically new; fish long out of water and loud in protest. But there can be no dispensation from mortification of some sort during Lent. Penance is necessary for the health of the soul, and, for forty-six weeks of the year too many of us attend rather exclusively to the health of our bodies. A custom which can not be too highly commended, and which we rejoice to notice is becoming more general in the United States, is the abstinence from all intoxicating liquor from Ash-Wednesday until Easter Sunday. In many places a beautiful sentiment of piety enhances the merit of this practice: it is observed in commemoration of the thirst of our Divine Redeemer in His agony on the Cross. A great Saint of the last century—St. Leonard of Port Maurice—used to say that the surest way to convert the world is to make people think often of the passion and death of Jesus Christ. This is one of the chief objects of Lent. A practice, therefore, which combines devotion to the sacred Passion with mortification deserves to be adopted everywhere.

It is a grievous thing to see publications like the *Popular Science Monthly* on the tables of Catholic reading-rooms, and to find that they are read by young persons, who suppose that there is no answer to the charges against the Church so often met with in these periodicals because no answer is forthcoming. Witness the article to which

we reply elsewhere. Besides a Catholic daily and a monthly review similar to the *Nineteenth Century*, there is urgent need of a publication in English like the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, which is quite as popular as Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly*, and much more learned. Numerous periodicals of this kind are published by European Catholics, yet we, with all our resources, have none at all. Like the foolish world of which Ruskin speaks so bitterly in one of his letters, we are ever ready to help in all invalid charities, but leave the noblest intellects to go to the devil. For our own we provide all kinds of pious pastry, a considerable quantity of which is indigestible and some of which is positively injurious; and we have very little to give to those who ask for bread and hunger for it.

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. Instead of explaining the articles of faith and reducing them to the fewest and the simplest, we are disposed to harp on inscrutable mysteries and to dispute over open questions. Instead of spreading truth and combating error, the energies of too many of us are expended on works of comparative unimportance. There is a pretty general tendency nowadays to substitute a Christianity of opinion and devotionality for a Christianity of precept and stern duty.

Macaulay once described Ireland as a country "cursed by the domination of race over race and of religion over religion; remaining indeed a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member; adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who fear or envy the greatness of England." In some particulars, this description is not so true now as it was when the great rhetorician penned it; but at least it is true that, with Ireland disaffected at her very doors, and a

hostile Ireland in America and another in Australia, England is paying a heavy price for depriving Ireland of her parliament. It is not true that anti-English feeling in this country is mostly confined to men of Irish race—it is the flatterers, not the friends, of England who tell her so,—but it is true that a right settlement of the Irish Question would instantly allay nearly all that ill-feeling. The wisest Englishmen have long since recognized this truth; and the wisest Englishmen, it seems from this distance, now recognize better than ever how much embarrassment disaffected Irish parliamentarians could cause the country in time of war. The influential London *Speaker* declares that the concerted action of the reunited Irish party in the present crisis proves conclusively that England must either govern the sister island with military despotic government or accord her Home Rule. We trust that the magnanimity no less than the statesmanship of Great Britain will direct her into the latter course.

The still lamented John Boyle O'Reilly once spoke of the divergent destinies of almost any two brothers thus:

You may grind their souls in the selfsame mill,
You may bind them heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plow.

In religious as well as artistic perception, this difference obtains between brethren in blood. What a contrast between the devout temperament of the late James Martineau and the utter absence of the religious sense in his famous sister Harriet! What a contrast between Cardinal Newman and his agnostic and bitter brother Francis! The death of the Marquis of Queensbury furnishes another such instance. The Marquis expressly stipulates in his will that no "Christian mummery" be indulged in over his corpse, and that his

ashes, after cremation, be sprinkled over a spot where he loved to sit! Yet the brother of the Marquis of Queensbury is the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, who exchanged the advantages of his high station for the duties of a Catholic priest, and who now devotes his life to the care of orphans,—his shepherdly letter to this magazine in behalf of his protégés will be remembered by many of our readers. Father Douglas, his sister, Lady Gertrude, his mother, the late Marchioness of Queensbury, and his brother-in-law, Sir Beaumont Dixie, are all converts from Calvinism.

A sense of the newness of things in this country is suggested by the death of Mother Elizabeth Strange, at Beatty, Pa. When one remembers how widespread are the Sisters of Mercy among us, and how much they have accomplished, more especially, perhaps, for Catholic education, it is startling at first to be told that the last of the seven pioneer Sisters of the Order in America has only now passed to her reward. Mother Elizabeth and her six associates were brought to Pittsburg by Bishop O'Connor in 1843, and sixty-one years of her devoted life were spent in arduous labor for the good of religion. Her spiritual children rise up and call her blessed. May she rest in peace!

Mr. Sedgwick's remarkable article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the future of the Church in America, though published last October, still commands much attention. It is mildly surprising to find that while some only smile at the hopeful vision of this Protestant prophet, there are others who say that the half has not been told. Miss Pauline Wiggin, writing in the *Outlook*, is amazed that Mr. Sedgwick ignored the peculiar resources

of the Catholic Church "for the definite instruction of children in the faith"; while "no one could maintain that the average instruction of children in the Protestant religion is as efficient as is their instruction in arithmetic." The devotedness and efficiency of our Sisters, "who feel themselves specially called by God to instruct children, and whose very uniforms inspire respect," excite the unbounded admiration of Miss Wiggin, and constitute, she thinks, the chief strength of Catholicism, since the future of any church depends on the attitude of the rising generation toward it. We are surprised to note, though, that Miss Wiggin thinks our parish school system is destined to perish, because it costs too much. Since Catholics recognize as well as Miss Wiggin that the faith of their children depends so absolutely on the training imparted in these schools, how can she fancy that Catholics will ever be disposed to do otherwise than multiply and perfect those schools, cost what they may?

One of the earliest eccentricities of Dr. Mivart was his reference to the Church as an abstraction and his total repudiation of the phrase, *the mind of the Church*, which he called "an abstraction from an abstraction." What Catholics understand by the phrase is happily expressed by Father Clarke, S. J., in the *Nineteenth Century* for February. Catholic dogmas, he explains, constitute the mind of the Church, just as the propositions a man holds as true may be said to constitute his mind, and as the underlying principles of a philosophic system are often referred to as the mind of that system. Then, with a tact that can not be over-admired, Father Clarke makes an occasion to explain to the readers of that foremost non-Catholic review what dogmas really are. During

the forty days of His sojourn on earth after His Resurrection—

Our Lord instructed His disciples on the nature of the Church which He had come to found on earth—its constitution, its government, its discipline, its sacraments; and, above all, on the sacred doctrines which it was commissioned to teach to mankind. He bequeathed to it a body of dogma, clear, definite and unmistakable, which was to be the substance of all its future teaching. This sacred deposit He placed in the hands of His twelve Apostles. After the death of the last of them no sort of addition was to be made to it. No council, no pope, no saint, not the whole Catholic Church united together could add one jot or tittle to it. To attempt any further addition would not only be a departure from His commands, but would be an act of apostasy and sacrilege.

The idea that the Pope has, in the opinion of Catholics, the power of sitting down at his writing-desk and penning any infallible decree that might occur to him as likely to be beneficial to the faithful, is nothing else than a piece of Protestant ignorance. He can not do so until he has ascertained from Scripture, from Catholic tradition, from ancient liturgies, from the writings of doctors, saints, and theologians, from the general consent of the teaching body of the Church, that the doctrine in question was really one that formed part of the original deposit left by Our Lord to the Church.

The famous metaphysician, Dr. Ward, was so fond of papal pronouncements that he once lamented that he had not a fresh Bull to read with his *Times* at breakfast each day; and we fear that many Protestants consider that sort of appetite to be an essential disposition among us. From such premises are deduced those fiery conclusions about our "mental enslavement" that furnish us with both amusement and amazement.

The late Father Louis Senez, of Jersey City, was a remarkable man in many ways; and the tributes paid to him by the secular press, not less than the lamentations of his flock and his friends, prove that his sterling qualities were not unappreciated. This venerable priest died at the age of eighty-seven, after fifty-nine years of self-denying labor for his people. The *Newark Evening Journal* quotes the words uttered by Pope Leo on the day of his own ordination, "The

sublime object of the priesthood consists only in serving the Church for the glory of God"; and these words, says our contemporary, epitomize the story of Father Senez's life. It adds:

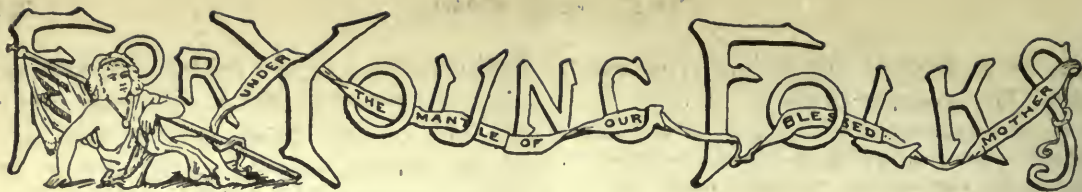
That is why the Roman Catholic Church is strong. Among its best men discipline is devotion, and devotion is discipline. Rank and station in this vast moving army offer no distraction to the minds of its noblest and worthiest leaders. In lowliness and with fidelity, their eyes are forever fixed upon something more sacred than any honor within the gift of the Church or the world—the infinite wisdom of brotherly love, the fatherly compassion that comforts and uplifts humanity, the ennoblement of men which quickens the cravings for growth in goodness, justice and light.

It must have been a noble life that drew this beautiful eulogy of the priesthood from a Protestant pen. Such words are well suited to inspire priests with humility and the laity with pride.

Cardinal Manning's famous dictum that the English people did not really apostatize in the sixteenth century, but "were robbed of the faith," is verified at least by the minutiae of history. On this subject the *Athenæum*, the most scholarly and the most fair-minded of all the non-Catholic reviews, in an article already referred to by us, says very pertinently:

Assume that the Reformation [in England] was the result of the King's determination to abolish the Roman supremacy, and that the spoliation of the religious houses was no more than an incident in the campaign against the Papacy, and the question presents itself: Had the King the people on his side, and was the general feeling of Englishmen so strongly antagonistic to the religion in which they were born and bred as to make the signal change that was brought about in the worship and beliefs of the people as easy, as natural and as welcome as it has too readily been assumed that it was? In other words, had the King the nation at his back during those fifteen years in the course of which he so ruthlessly broke with the past?

Dr. Gasquet has shown excellent reason for returning a negative answer to this question. At any rate, those who persist in holding a contrary view will in future have to reckon on a mass of evidence such as can not easily be disposed of by mere dogmatism.



The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

X.—THE GYPSIES' PLOT.

MR. WINSTANLEY had hardly gone when Gaspar, calling two or three of his followers, retired to a distance from the others, and was soon engaged in low and earnest conversation. While they were talking a young, active fellow came in sight from one side of the valley, where he had been sent to reconnoitre after Mr. Winstanley's departure. Not many moments elapsed before another gypsy made his appearance from the opposite direction.

"Well?" inquired Gaspar of the first, when he had regained his breath.

"They went back to the house as fast as they could," said the boy.

"Master and man?" asked Gaspar.

"Master and man."

"As I thought they would do. He is not much for business, that young man. And this is something new and exciting in his life. He will not, I think, set the hue and cry on foot before morning."

"But there is an old man, Gaspar," said another. "He has a sharp face and shrewd eyes. It may be that he has already sent word to the city."

"I dispatched Luis to the village the moment I saw the old man leaving the hilltop," said Gaspar. "I wanted to be on my guard—well, Luis?" he continued, as the second messenger approached.

"They had heard nothing over there," replied Luis. "I went to the store, which is also, as you know, the post-office

and the telegraph office. There was no excitement there, nor any one from the great house."

"Nevertheless," said Gaspar, resting his chin in his hand, while he gazed thoughtfully about him,—"nevertheless, there is great danger. I can not see why I was such a fool as to let myself be led by that silly old woman. To get away from here to-night would be to confess that we had the children. To remain until to-morrow will be to bring the police down upon us; and these city fellows are sharp, very sharp. They will look about everywhere, everywhere."

"It would be hard to find the kids where they are now, Gaspar!" chuckled one of his companions.

"Yes, for ordinary people," said the leader; "but not for those detectives, Melchior. They have lynx eyes: they have seen wagons with double bottoms before this. They are up to the tricks of the gypsy, I tell you. And even if they did not find them, they would pretend to go away, and sneak about the camp for days until they had discovered a clue. We should not dare to fetch them out from their hiding-place; and if we *do not*, if we leave them there any length of time, they will die. Then what of the reward? Instead, the penitentiary for life, and it may be some of our necks broken,—mine, surely."

"Yes, and mine too, perhaps," grinned Melchior.

"It is no laughing matter!" exclaimed Gaspar, striking his clinched fist against a tree. "I would give fifty dollars to have those children safe in their own beds to-night."

"And why not release them, then?" asked Melchior.

"A fool's advice!" answered Gaspar, impatiently. "You know they would arrest us to-morrow."

"Well, we could get a good start by breaking camp to-night—don't you think?" said Melchior.

"A good start of the telegraph and railroad?" inquired Gaspar. "You are a bright fellow, Melchior."

"Yet it could be done," rejoined the other, with great composure. "I never did believe in undertaking this business; and you know it, Gaspar."

"Yes, that is true," admitted Gaspar. "And I heartily wish now that I had taken your advice."

"Well, you always look at the most plausible side of any argument which agrees best with your own views."

"That is true as well," replied Gaspar. "But now tell me, have you any sensible plan for the outcome of this affair? Every moment counts."

"I have a very good plan to propose," said Melchior. "But come closer, boys; bushes have ears as well as walls."

They had no need to fear listeners; for they were now conversing in their own tongue—a Portuguese gypsy patois. But guilt is always suspicious. For awhile they remained there, conversing in low tones; then one of the women summoned them to supper, which was soon dispatched.

Gaspar ordered that something should be taken to the wagon where the old woman still lay.

"And the children?" said the woman to whom he gave the order.

"Never mind them," rejoined Gaspar. "I will attend to them later."

As the woman, Gaspar's wife, set about preparing the supper which she was to take to the wagon, he arose and whispered something in her ear. She went into her tent, returning with a small bottle, a portion of the contents of which she spilled into the food.

Gaspar tasted it, and nodded his head.

"It will do," he said. "There is no flavor but that of a good stew. Take it to her at once."

His wife then took the bowl, with a large piece of bread, which she placed on top to retain the heat; and, calling one of the children to fetch a tin cup of water and follow her, she hurried across the beaten path to the wagon.

Hearing the sound of her footsteps, the old woman lifted the flap and peered out into the darkness.

"Well!" she exclaimed, in a grumbling tone, "it's time I had something to eat. Aren't you going to let me out of this to stretch my limbs for a spell, Myra?"

"Gaspar says 'No,'" was the brief but not unkindly reply.

"And why not, pray?"

"He said nothing, mother, but that I was to fetch you supper. He will come later, no doubt. I think he does not want the children to be alone."

"Alone! They are asleep by this. Who could find them here? And is there to be no supper for them?"

"I do not know," answered Myra, turning away. "Eat and drink, mother. I can tell you no more."

"A pretty kettle of fish, if they are going to starve those young ones!" mumbled the old woman, as she eagerly devoured the food, dipping bits of bread into the gravy until she had scraped the sides of the bowl quite clean. Then she placed it on a narrow shelf which extended along one side of the wagon; and, with a yawn, lay down once more on the mattress, and in a very short time was sleeping heavily.

Myra returned, peered into the wagon and called softly, "Mother! granny!" two or three times. But there was no reply, no sound save a heavy, unnatural breathing. Then she hurried back to the men, once more gathered together at some distance from the group of

tents. A little farther away, a man was hitching a couple of strong horses to one of the lightest wagons.

After Myra had quietly delivered the message, Gaspar and Melchior, leaving the group, went over to the wagon where the old woman lay. In a moment they had lifted her from the mattress, which another gypsy threw across his shoulder and soon had deposited on the floor of the wagon to which the horses were hitched. Myra flung a blanket on top of it; the two men softly placed the old woman upon it, and Myra wrapped its folds closely about her as she lay, buried in sleep, perfectly unconscious of what was going on. Luis then mounted the driver's seat, and took the reins.

"It is a good twenty-two miles," said Gaspar. "You will have need to hurry, yet to be cautious."

"Twenty-two miles is nothing," said the young gypsy.

"And it will be fifty-six or thereabouts before, by making the circuit, you will come to the wood at Merivale. There, on the nearest right-hand tree, if we arrive first, we'll leave the sign; if you arrive first, do the same. And so at Winston Block and Crowners. Wait at Pendleton Woods: that will be the rendezvous."

"I will remember," replied Luis. "It may be a month before we meet again, Gaspar; but trust me. I'll do everything all right."

"It's just a kind of trick on the old woman," said Gaspar; "but to 'save one's own head is the first law.' And she's no gypsy,—she's none of us. Nor is it like turning the woman into the road. By what I hear of the Gormans, they are the true Romany sort—kind-hearted to the poor and hospitable to the stranger."

Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew forth some silver coins, which he placed in the young man's hand. The next moment Luis was driving away.

After he had gone, Gaspar returned to the wagon under which the children were lying. With the assistance of Melchior, he lifted the false bottom completely from above them, and laid it on the ground. They had been asleep, but now sat up, looking fearfully around the starlit valley. When they saw the dark faces of the two men, they clung more closely together, making no sound. They were almost paralyzed with fear.

"Let me come," said Myra, gently putting the two men aside. "Will you eat? Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Yes, we are hungry," faltered Tommy.

Mary hid her face on his shoulder.

"Do not be afraid," said Myra. "We will not hurt you. I will go and get something for you to eat."

So saying, she left them; and Gaspar said, laying his hand on Tommy's arm:

"We are going to send you back home again. Will you be glad of that?"

"Yes—yes, sir!" sobbed the boy, with chattering teeth.

"Again I tell you, do not be afraid," resumed Gaspar, moved to pity. "No one will hurt you. Some foolish person brought you here—to us. Remember what I am saying to you, so that you may let your parents know the truth of it when they shall ask you. Will you remember?"

The boy nodded his curly head.

"As I said, some foolish person—some bad person—brought you here to us. Before we could take you back to your parents, your father came to look for you. He would not have believed us if we told him how it happened; so we were forced to hide you in the bottom of the wagon."

In the dim recesses of his terrified little heart, Tommy had a faint impression that his recollection did not tally with these assertions; but it all had occurred so suddenly that he could not be sure. Who was the bad person? Probably

the old woman who had said she would kill them both, and their father also, if they screamed. It seemed to him that the memory of that old woman's face would never leave his mind. He leaned forward a little in the darkness, fearing to see her; but she was not there. Where could she have gone—that terrible old woman, who had all but frightened the life out of him! It was too dreadful to think of. And his poor little sister! How had she lived through it!

Myra now appeared with some stew, such as the old woman had eaten. She fed them the mess alternately with a wooden spoon. They ate it with relish; for a time, at least, their woes were forgotten. Hardly had they partaken of it, however, than they became drowsy, sinking back again on the mattress, to fall heavily asleep almost immediately. Gaspar and Melchior stood silently beside them, while Myra returned to the group of women around the fire.

Suddenly there was a crushing noise in a clump of bushes near the wagons, and a boy appeared in front of them.

"There is no one about up there," he whispered. "If they are searching, it is by the road, not in the meadow behind the barnyard. It will be all right to go. The way is clear."

"Very well. The sooner the better," said Gaspar.

Taking a couple of empty potato sacks from the boy's hand, he lifted Tommy and placed him in one of them. Melchior did the same with Mary. Neither of the children stirred. Throwing the sacks over their shoulders, they lost no time in beginning to climb the hill in an opposite direction from the spot where the little ones had been in the habit of surveying the encampment. They found that, in order to reach their destination unobserved, they would be obliged to take a long and circuitous route.

Early next morning, after a night

spent in fruitless search and terrible anxiety, the younger Mr. Winstanley mounted his horse with the intention of telegraphing from the village to the city for a couple of detectives. He was determined to have the encampment searched once more. Something impelled him to cross the road and ride through the grove to the top of the hill. He reached it only to utter an exclamation of surprise and bitter disappointment. Fair and peaceful smiled the green and fertile valley under the soft, golden rays of the newly-risen sun. Bright and tremulous shone the dewdrops on the gently swaying tips of the luxuriant grass and clover blooms. But there were no blue, curling rings of smoke softly ascending from freshly kindled fires; no pleasant murmur of voices from the doors of the impromptu dwellings; no laughter of children, no tramp of cattle. The tents had disappeared—the gypsies had flown!

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Patrick.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

II.

After six years of slavery in what seemed to him a most desolate land, Patrick longed to escape and return to his own people. He desired it also for this reason: because there were in that land no places of worship, and no priest, and no sacrifice, to honor the true God—the God that he adored.

But God had pity at last on his sighs and prayers, and, shortening the time of his captivity, sent to him His Angel Victor. The Angel saluted the young man, and told him that a ship was waiting for a favorable wind at a port about two hundred miles away; and that a favorable wind would not arise until it should take the Saint on board;

and for purchase of his freedom the Angel directed him to search in the hole that was near his foot, and there he should find gold.

With great joy Patrick went to his master with his hands full of gold. The greedy man at once gave him his pardon in exchange for the gold, and St. Patrick sped on his journey. But he had not gone very far when Milcho bethought him that he never would find again a herd for his swine who would be as faithful as Patrick was; and, besides, he blamed himself for a fool that he had not taken the money and at the same time held the giver. "For," said he, "it must have been on my property he found this gold, and any treasure found on an estate belongs of royalty to the lord of the soil." So he hastened after Patrick, but could not find him; and on returning, lo! the gold itself had vanished.

Patrick, by divine direction, went to the ship, offered the gold and was taken on board. And when they had crossed the seas they came to a desert place. They were travelling for days through this place without getting anything to eat, and at last were famished with hunger. These men had all along noted how devout and thoughtful the strange young man seemed to be. They were pagans, however, and knew nothing of the true God; but they saw Patrick kneel and worship, and they saw how modest he was, and how much he was given to recollection and prayer. They came to him and begged him to pray to his God for them. He did so; and God sent a herd of swine, which they cooked; and from the rocks hard by God caused honey to flow. Then they blessed St. Patrick's God and listened willingly when the Saint spoke to them about Him.

At last Patrick reached home, and his father and mother and all his relatives

were overjoyed; for they had long since mourned him as dead. They gathered round him and made merry. His mother, taking him apart, implored him never more to leave them. The Saint himself was as full of joy as any of them; and, like the little Samuel, not yet knowing the will of the Lord, he promised with all his heart to remain with them.

But a vision came to him by the mercy of God in the night. St. Patrick in his sleep saw a man coming to him with a package of letters, and on the outside he saw written in large characters: "The Voice of the Irish." And as he opened one he heard crying, and seemed to understand that it came from all the children in all the centuries ever to be born of Irish mothers. They seemed to say: "O holy youth, come to us and abide with us!"

So mournful was the cry that Patrick awoke and his eyes were full of tears. That cry was with him day and night; it gave him no rest, but seemed to be ever entreating him—"O holy youth, come to us and abide with us!"

St. Patrick could not resist the cry; so he rose up, and stole away from his father and mother's house, and went, by the orders of the Angel Victor, to the great and holy Bishop, St. Germanus. With him he remained for the long term of eighteen years, learning everything—Holy Scripture, the psalter, theology, sacred ceremonies, but above all the virtue of holiness and humility.

St. Patrick was ordained a priest by St. Germanus; and from him the Saint went to another great saint and bishop, his own relative—St. Martin of Tours. He remained with St. Martin for some time, and wore the habit of a monk; but when St. Martin was ordered to go to a certain island, then St. Patrick returned to St. Germanus.

At this time the Saint was, by the will of God, subjected to a very great

temptation; and, in order to humiliate himself and to warn his disciples, St. Patrick used to relate this temptation and his own weakness over and over until his death.

He was not bound in conscience by the rule of the monks, though he wore their habit, and one of their rules was not to eat meat. But the enemy of souls came and put a great desire into St. Patrick's mind and a wish to have some meat. He was ashamed, however, to eat it in presence of others; so he went into a wood, where no one could see him, and there, sitting down, began to take out the meat which he had brought. All at once he saw a figure with eyes on the back of the head and eyes in the front. The Saint asked in wonder what it meant. The figure replied: "I have eyes in the front of my head to see good and holy deeds, and eyes in the back of my head to see you take meat and devour it secretly." Then St. Patrick, overwhelmed with deepest sorrow, cast himself on his knees, and would not be comforted until the Angel, to show him that he was forgiven, ordered him to dip the meat in a pool of water, and he drew it up fish. From that day to the end of his life the Saint never partook of animal flesh.

Still the piteous cry of the unborn children kept resounding in his ears; but he felt that in order to undertake such a task he should have the approval of the Pope and be commissioned by him with full authority. He therefore set out for Rome.

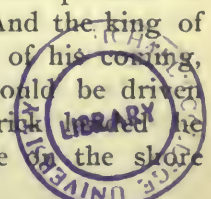
But the Angel ordered him to go out of his way and visit an old hermit in one of the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. This was a man of extraordinary sanctity, so that he was called "the Just" by all persons far and near. He was told by the Spirit of St. Patrick's coming, and went to meet him; and, embracing him, foretold the wonders he

should do for God; and putting into his hand a staff, told him that he had received it from the Lord Jesus Himself with orders to give it to Patrick. This staff is the wonderful *Bachall Jesu* (or Staff of Jesus), which throughout the Saint's life wrought so many miracles.

St. Patrick then went to Rome; and the holy Pope Celestine, remarking the pious young priest who was attending the hospitals with such humility, and doing so many holy works in the city, sent for him, and, speaking to him and learning what was in his soul, rejoiced greatly; for he was most anxious at that very time about the conversion of Ireland. St. Palladius had already been sent there; but the Pontiff learned that St. Palladius had not succeeded in converting the people, and this was the reason why he was so anxious. Further accounts came from Ireland, from which Celestine understood that Palladius had retired in despair from the island, and had died of a broken heart in Britain.

Then the Pope, looking on St. Patrick's coming as providential, consecrated him bishop, and commissioned him, with full authority, to go and preach the Gospel in Ireland. Patrick, in his humility, was delaying, desirous to have an evident sign from God Himself. Then did the Angel Victor take him to Mount Morion by the Tuscan Sea, and there the will of God was unmistakably revealed to him; whereupon he delayed no longer, but departed on his mission.

Now, the first place he desired to go on reaching Ireland was to the home of his former master, Milcho. But it was the will of God that this should not be the first portion of Ireland his ship touched upon, but another portion of the northern province. And the king of this place, having heard of his coming, gave orders that he should be driven back; so when St. Patrick landed he found a great multitude on the shore



awaiting him with angry gestures. On coming toward them, a fierce dog was let loose at him; but the dog was turned into stone. Then a man of giant stature, whose name was Dichu, rushed on the Saint; but when he drew his sword, his hand was held in the air, so that he could not move it—neither raise it, turn it aside, nor let it fall down. Dichu, being changed by the miracle, fell on his knees before the Saint, and his hand was instantly loosed. In gratitude for the miracle, he gave St. Patrick the ground on which they stood; and there the holy man built a church, where, in time, a monastery arose, and monks sang the praises of God day and night.

Many wonderful miracles did the Saint perform in that place to spread the name of the Lord and to confirm those who were newly converted to the faith. And then he hastened to the territory of Milcho; for the holy man was ever longing in his charitable heart to do good to him for all the harsh treatment he had met at his hands. But Milcho despised him, and felt that it would be humiliating for him to be taught by one who many years ago had herded his swine. And, all the same, he could not put away from his mind the fancy that if Patrick came he would convert him; but he looked upon that as the greatest degradation. When, therefore, he learned that the Saint was on his way and near at hand, the unfortunate man did a foolish and a very wrong thing: he got all his goods together—his stacks of corn, his ricks of hay, his sheep, horses, swine, and so forth; his furniture, his treasures, his gold and silver, and all his old heirlooms,—and, desiring that all should expire together, he set a ring of fire around all; and when the whole place and all within it was in a blaze, then he cast himself into the fire and perished.

(To be continued.)

A Benevolent Hero.

It is pleasant to know of the secret benefactions of the great. Kosciusko, the hero of Poland, was one of those who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." Once he wished to send some bottles of wine to a friend; and, afraid that his servant would tamper with it on the way, he secured the services of a trustworthy young man named Keltner, to whom he tendered the use of his own horse.

Keltner promptly set out upon his errand, which he executed with precision. On his return he presented himself before Kosciusko.

"How did you get along?" inquired the hero.

"Fairly, General," said Keltner; "but the next time I borrow your horse, I hope you will lend me your purse at the same time."

The General seemed puzzled at the remark, and asked:

"Why so?"

"Well, you see, there were ever so many poor people along the road; and the moment that horse saw one of them extend his hand and take off his hat, he stopped and wouldn't go another step until I had pretended to give the beggar something."

What Puzzles Me.

"It is Lent, dear children," our pastor said: "You must be very good"; and he shook his head.

But he didn't say what was lent, you see; And that is what is puzzling me.

"It is Lent, my children, and every rule I hope will be kept by all in the school." The teacher said that, but she didn't see That *what* is lent is puzzling me.

I wanted candy and told mamma so. "Tis Lent," she said, and shook her head "No." But she didn't say what was lent, you see; And that is what is puzzling me.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A *North American Notes and Queries* is announced. The publication is to run on the same lines as the *English Notes and Queries* which bookish people and lovers of curious erudition find so indispensable. All queries having a general interest will be accorded hospitality in the columns of the new journal, and there will be extensive papers by well-known writers in each issue. The publisher is Mr. Raoul Renault, of Quebec; and the first number (not appropriately, we hope,) will be issued on April 1st.

—A lecture on St. Dominic, "the royal lover of the Christian faith," as Dante calls him, has been prepared for use with the magic-lantern, by the Rev. A. Benedict Tickell, O. P., and published by the English Catholic Truth Society. Among other recent publications are "Prayers on the Anima Christi" and "Words on Wings," a booklet which comes in two styles of binding. It is intended for busy people who have little time for meditation or spiritual reading. The thoughts are well chosen and there is a great variety of them. These little books are very well published.

—It is gratifying to know that our notice of the late Mrs. Howarth gave pleasure to many readers, and to learn from one who was well acquainted with her that she was a most exemplary Catholic. This poet of the people was not without honor in her own city, where she had won the admiration of all classes by her brave efforts to support an invalid husband and seven children. When her straitened circumstances became known, the citizens of Trenton built her a house. There in her declining years she received visits from famous people, some of whom have paid fine tributes to her poetic genius and noble character.

—"Grandma's Stories and Anecdotes of ye Olden Times," by S. M. X., published by the *Angel Guardian Press*, is a bright little book, full of interest and instruction for young folk. There is a wholesome spirit of patriotism in every line; and, while giving much useful information, the various subjects treated must imbue young readers with a love for their beautiful land and a grateful reverence for the heroes of "ye olden times." The stories told by grandma have to do with the Stamp Act, the Declaration of Independence, General Lafayette, the Manners and Customs of Colonial Days, and Reminiscences of our War with England. The book is as attractive exteriorly as it is within. Price, 50 cts.

—Many who followed with interest "The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant" as narrated in the columns devoted to young folk in this magazine, will be glad to learn that this delightful story, by Mrs. Mannix, is now in book form and is as attractive in binding as the subject matter is interesting in the telling. The writer of "Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant," is so well known and so thoroughly appreciated that an announcement of the book is all that is necessary to insure attention.

—The late Mr. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," was enthusiastically devoted to his garden at Teddington. A London editor who wanted a story for his magazine once went down to Teddington to discuss the matter with the famous novelist. "He found a man in a large market-garden, paying wages to his laborers," says the *Tablet*. "He had pictured Blackmore as a literary recluse, cultivating early vegetables for hungry London. When the wages were paid, a hearty shake of the hunds took place. 'Yes,' said Blackmore, 'this is the place where I cultivate my plots.'"

—"The Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ," from the meditations of Anne Catherine Emmerich, translated from the French by George Richardson, is afforded by Burns & Oates. This publication is a series of reflections on the life of the Blessed Virgin from the time of her betrothal to St. Joseph to the birth of Our Lord. Of course the pious reader will bear in mind the words of the translator in the concluding paragraph of his preface: "The statements made by Sister Emmerich must be regarded only as those of a devout nun, and must not be confounded with statements of facts supported by the testimony of the Church."

—Ora Gannett Sedgwick, who lived at Brook Farm as a girl, publishes in the *Atlantic Monthly* some reminiscences of the galaxy of brilliant men whose names are associated with that movement. We quote some of the sentences referring to Father Hecker:

It was on one of my earliest visits after leaving the school that I went out to the kitchen to see some of my friends, and there beheld on one side of the chimney a strange young man with the regulation baker's cap on his head. His face attracted me. It was pock-marked and not handsome, but it was earnest, high-minded and truthful.

A cordial friendship sprang up between the young people, and a correspondence ensued which lasted

even after Hecker's conversion. Of the letters that passed between them the writer says:

Young as we both were, our correspondence was yet on high spiritual themes; and his persuasive powers almost made me, too, a Roman Catholic. Undoubtedly, Isaac Hecker's influence had much to do with Mrs. Ripley's conversion to the Church in which his own restless mind finally found "surcease of doubt." My dear young friend, Sarah Stearns, became not only a Catholic but a nun.

The Sarah Stearns here mentioned was a niece of Mr. Ripley, and is described as "a young woman of much culture and charm."

—"First Steps to Heaven" is a series of instructions, reflections and prayers for children, compiled by a Father of the Society of Jesus. It is based on *Der Kinderfreund Jesus*, by the Rev. Isidore Hopfner, S. J.; and, though binding and arrangement of illustrations leave something to be desired, the text is eminently suited to the purpose of the little book—the leading of the young of Christ's fold along the way of devotion. An excellent feature of "First Steps to Heaven" is a series of short prayers addressed to saints whose names are commonly borne in English-speaking countries. Fallon & Co., publishers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Michael O'Donnell, or The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.
The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.

The Dark Ages. *Dr. Maitland.* \$2.25.

The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, net.

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, net.

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1.10, net.

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., net.

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, net.

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., net.

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago, Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50, net.

The Tragedy of Calvary. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

The Orange Society. *Rev. W. H. Cleary.* \$1.25, net.

The Flower of the New World. *F. M. Capes.* 70 cts., net.

Carmel in England. *Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D.* \$1.60, net.

Richard Carvel. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. *Mgr. Bougaud.* 2 Vols. \$6.

The Story of Ida. *Francesca Alexander.* \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 17, 1900.

NO. 11.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The First Spring Day.

DEEP in my soul to-day
Murmurs a tender strain,
 wooing my thoughts away
With its lilting, glad refrain.

Slowly the morning mist
Lifts from the smiling sea;
And the waves are amethyst,
As they lap so drowsily.

Through the sunshine's heart of gold,
Like a bird I fain would fly,
Never my wings to fold
Till I cleaved the blue-arched sky.

To the sound of a glad refrain
My thoughts go wandering,
To the lilt of a witching strain
On the laughing lips of Spring.

The Holy Winding Sheet and the House of Savoy.

BY T. L. L. TEELING.



IT is not the least among the many glories of the ancient and noble House of Savoy that its chiefs hold as their own a very precious treasure, one which is worthy to be ranked among the greatest relics of Christendom—with the nail, the wood, the thorn, preserved at Rome; and which, reposing in its stately, iron-bound shrine, amid the monuments of many a Christian knight and noble prince for centuries past, was last year, the first for many a long day, brought forth to claim the veneration of the faithful.

When we remind our readers that within the present century, now nearing its close, the Holy Winding Sheet has but five times seen the light of day, they may, perhaps, more fully appreciate the devout excitement and expectant joy felt throughout Catholic Italy and its neighboring districts, as well as, in a lesser degree, among all the faithful, when it was announced that the Santissima Sindone would be exposed to public veneration in the month of May last, on the occasion of the opening of the Exhibition of Sacred Art. The original date fixed for the ceremony was altered, the exposition postponed, on political grounds; and many a pilgrim to the crewhile Piedmontese capital left it unsatisfied. But finally the solemn nine days' function took place, when almost countless worshipers, passing in silence in one long procession up that stately cathedral nave, came to the spot where five venerable prelates stood motionless, holding the framed and glass-shielded relic,—a frail and discolored strip of Eastern linen, so the world might say, bearing upon its surface an awe-inspiring outline, before which

silence, as a tremor crept

O'er their ranks, the angels kept,

as human eyes—the eyes of each one of us to-day—might trace the marks of the bleeding and broken body of Jesus.

"This man [Joseph of Arimathea] went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. And having taken it down from the cross, he wrapped it in a linen cloth

[or shroud] and laid it in a sepulchre cut in a rock... Simon Peter ... entered into the sepulchre; and he saw the linen cloths left on the ground, and the winding sheet [*sudarium*] which covered the head of Jesus,—not with the linen cloths [*linteamina*], but rolled up in a place apart.”

So runs the sacred story; and thus we read, in inspired words, of the very Winding Sheet before which we, weary yet heart-thrilled children of Peter's Chair, may kneel to-day.

To angel eyes it may seem scarce a moment, in their mystic eternity of adoration, between the day when Joseph the rich man, and Magdalen the forgiven sinner, seeking in vain the unbroken body in the place whence He had risen, gathered, with tender, reverent hands, those blood-stained linen cloths upon the ground, and carried them home to treasure them in loving silence, and the scene which some of us have looked on but now—a half-doubting, half-believing crowd of nineteenth-century pilgrims, gazing (by permission of one who holds the double position of Catholic sovereign and uncatholic usurper) on the earthly shroud of “Him whom they have pierced.” But we, who count their moment as eighteen long centuries and more, would fain ask: Whence comes it, where has it lain, and who preserved it for us—this fragile yet ancient relic?

It is considered probable, and even certain, that the Holy Winding Sheet was among “the sacred relics of the Passion” which were carefully preserved by the faithful, and held in the custody of the Patriarch of Jerusalem during the centuries which immediately succeeded the first ages of the Church. St. John Damascene, in the seventh century, makes express mention of it in his enumeration of “the holy wood of the Cross, the nails, the sponge, the lance, the stick (or reed, on which the sponge was lifted),

the sacred vest (or unparted vestment), the winding sheets and the cloths.” We may remark here that as St. John Damascene speaks of more than one winding sheet, as also does the Gospel story, so in effect has more than one of these relics been traced to various shrines; one only, however, has been described as bearing the marks of the sacred body and blood of Jesus.

When we come to more modern times, its history grows clearer. We gather from various sources that a certain Geoffrey, Count of Charny, in Burgundy, having, like many of the nobles of that time, joined the ranks of the Crusaders to fight against the infidel in Palestine, brought thence, after the campaign, toward the middle of the fourteenth century, the Holy Winding Sheet. He deposited it in the private chapel of his own castle, at Lirey, near Troyes; and for its protection and honor, he founded a college or chapter of canons, who were charged with the custody of the same.

A document is still extant, dated February 6, 1464, in which Ludovic, Duke of Savoy, assigns fifty gold pieces to the canons of Lirey in compensation for their claim to the Sanctissimum Sudarium, which he apparently disallows, and which evidently had, as often happens, been claimed as their own by the body of canons from its then possessor, the Duke of Savoy.

For before this time the canonical chapter had ceased to hold the relic in question. As the surrounding country was infested with warriors and robbers, and in an unsettled state, its priestly guardians had asked a certain knight, Humbert della Rocca by name, vassal of the Dukes of Savoy, to take under his protection the relic, for which they feared profanation; and he, acceding to their request, conveyed it to his castle at Montford, Burgundy, in the year 1418. Here it remained for some thirty years,

after which it passes more directly into Savoyard history; for Humbert della Rocca being now dead, his widow, Marguerite de Charny, repaired on a visit to the court of her suzerain at Chambéry, where the Dukes of Savoy at that time resided; and took with her the precious relic, probably not wishing to leave it out of her custody even for a time.

The somewhat legendary history of that period relates how the Duchess Anne coveted the treasure, and begged it of Countess Marguerite, who refused to give it to her. But, lo! on the visitor setting forth to leave the ducal palace at the conclusion of her visit, with train of horses, baggage, mules, and retainers, that particular mule which bore the sacred relic obstinately refused to pass through the city gates! Again and again they endeavored to lead or drive him: he stood firm as a rock before the gate where now lies the Faubourg Maché (perhaps, or so one likes to fancy, upon the very spot now covered by the Convent of the Sacred Heart); and Countess Marguerite, recognizing the hand of Divine Providence in the incident, turned back to the castle and left with her sovereign the Saint Suaire. It is probable that this story has at least some foundation in fact, as even those authors who do not recount the story in detail remark that the relic was given to the Duchess of Savoy "by a special permission of God, who evidently willed that it should remain there" (in Chambéry).

So did this great relic pass into the possession of the House of Savoy. Its dukes guarded and prized it, as relics in those days of faith were prized; they built for it a Sainte Chapelle beside their own ducal château at Chambéry; while confraternities were erected, pilgrimages made, medals struck in its honor. Then, "on the night of the Feast of St.

Barbara," December 4, 1532, whether by accident or design was never known, the Sainte Chapelle was found to be in flames. The ducal chancellor and two Franciscan monks, at the peril of their lives, rushed into the flames just in time to rescue the Holy Sindone; for it was blackened and discolored by the fire, and burned in one or two places. The nuns of the Monastery of St. Claire, where the precious relic had been conveyed for safety on the night of the fire, were entrusted with the task of removing, as far as might be, the blackened marks of flame and smoke which defaced it; and very solemnly, in the presence of court officials, did "four of the most pious" of the nuns, with their prioress, cleanse and renovate the sacred linen; after which it was restored to its shrine.

In 1535 the Winding Sheet was taken to Piedmont for security against a threatened invasion of Savoy by the French and Swiss; and it was conveyed thence to Nice by sea on the historic occasion when Pope Paul III., Charles V. of Germany, Francis I. of France, and Charles the Good of Savoy held their meeting there in 1538.

When the glory of the House of Savoy, Emmanuel Philibert, son of the above named Charles the Good, had won back by his own sword his forfeited paternal estates, and set up his triumphant ducal court at Chambéry, he sent for the great relic of his house; and, with solemn ceremony and joyful acclamations, it re-entered the quiet little Savoyard capital, never to leave it more till that final transfer which gave it as a heritage and possession to the Piedmontese city.

Duke Philibert, the strong-handed, keen-witted, and fortunate soldier-son of a feeble monarch whose hereditary possessions had been wrested from him by foes on every side, his very son and heir fain to fight as a foreign mercenary beneath an alien flag, till, a victorious

and prosperous soldier, he had won back to himself the fair domains of his ancestors,—Duke Philibert was and has ever been the hero and the idol of his Savoyard subjects. Only one thing they scarce forgave him, and it was this.

During the plague which decimated Milan in the sixteenth century, its holy Archbishop, Charles Borromeo, walked barefoot through its streets, imploring, with litany and penance, the Divine Mercy for the stricken city. Piedmontese history adds that he made a vow, were the lives of his people spared and the plague stayed, to make a pilgrimage, barefooted, in thanksgiving, to the shrine of the Holy Winding Sheet. His prayer was heard, and he set forth, on foot, to fulfil his vow. But the Duke, in an impulse of most delicate courtesy, regretted by his people, ordered the custodians of the holy reliquary to bear it southward, over the rugged Alpine barrier, as far as Turin, that the saintly pilgrim might be spared a lengthened journey and yet fulfil his vow.

It was brought, therefore, to the great cathedral of the Piedmontese capital. The Archbishop, weary with work and care and penance, knelt gratefully and fervently before the crystal shrine, and then took his course homeward; but the precious relic remained, at once a hostage and a treasure, enshrined high on its stately altar, in the cathedral city, where lived and reigned the royal House of Savoy.

I have related this, because it may seem strange to those who know not its history to hear that the golden keys of the crystal reliquary are kept to-day, not by archbishop or pope, grand chamberlain or city corporation, but by Humbert himself—King of Piedmont, as we still may call him, and descendant, or *soi-disant* descendant, of that Emmanuel Philibert of an earlier time, whose colossal statue still stands stately and

commanding beside the shrine, as though keeping eternal watch and ward over his sacred treasure.

It is a beautiful and imposing shrine in which lies hidden that faded strip of Damascus linen, woven by Eastern hands more than nineteen centuries ago. You pass up the solemn, sombre, empty nave of a great city's cathedral, seeming all the more vast, as is the case with most Italian churches, from its utter absence of seats or decoration; then, pausing at the great iron gates, one portion of which is unlocked to receive you, you mount the steep flight of steps, and find yourself beside a stately double altar, whose encircling balustrades, marked here and there by sculptured angels lifting hands in prayer, display the arms of Savoy; and above, the long, dim, iron, cross-barred grating, behind which lies the treasure.

Incongruous as the proud monuments of the great seem in ordinary churches, there appears to be something strangely felicitous about those which, in all the grandeur of their black and white marble, "stand round about" this silent, iron-bound throne. One of Piedmont's most beloved sovereigns, Charles Albert, "the father of his people," has set three majestic statues of the members of his house round about the lofty, sky-lighted chapel of the Santissima Sindone. They stand there as if on guard, brave, calm, steadfast, faithful; the very embodiment in stone of the ideal knights of the Ages of Faith:—Amadeus VIII., a ruler of men at seven years old, just judge, wise king, and father of his subjects; Emmanuel Philibert, the valiant soldier, winning back through long years of service his own fair kingdom of Savoy, and living so noble a life as to have dared to close it with this dying utterance to his son and successor: "My son, learn from my death what your life should be, and from my life what

should be your death"; and lastly the pious Charles Emmanuel III., who lived in more peaceable times, and renounced his crown to become a Jesuit.

One of the numerous volumes and pamphlets to which last year's festival gave birth concludes its historical and devotional sketch of the Sanctissimum Sudarium with the somewhat quaint chapter headed "Why God has given to the House of Savoy and to the people who are its dependants the treasure of the Holy Winding Sheet"; and quotes in answer the words of B. Sebastian Valfrè: "If we may guess what are the motives of the divine will in consigning by a miracle the Sagra Sindone to this royal house, ... they are, first, for a sign of the special love which God bears to this House, for the religious piety and charity which it has ever shown toward the Divine Majesty."

Well, we look up at the proud, brave face of Emmanuel Philibert, standing on guard, his ancestor and his successor on either side of him; and then we think of Rome, the Vatican and the Quirinal facing each other to-day; and we recall a faint rumor, scarcely voiced, of how a certain royal babe one day perished in sudden, swift palace fire; and his affrighted nurse, panic-stricken, placed her own peasant babe in his place. So that, say the nodding gossips, the heavy-faced, peasant-featured, onion-loving King whom his people called down from Piedmontese plains to usurp a southern palace was no true descendant of the Amadei and the Emmanuels of history, but only a simple workman's son, like themselves. They say thus; still we are glad to read that, as a Protestant journalist states, the world takes note of "the profound piety which the members of the royal family displayed toward the Holy Winding Sheet during its exposition at Turin."

Now we turn to more sober facts, and

chronicle some details already given in many Catholic newspapers of the day:

"The Sindone of Turin is of the finest linen, woven in the ancient Damascus manner, and measures about thirteen and a half feet by four and a half feet. It is not torn at all, except that the borders are somewhat frayed, and at certain parts it has been restitched by the hands of B. Sebastian Valfrè, the Oratorian, who died in Turin in 1710, and who also added a black silk lining. This lining was replaced by a fresh one in 1869 by Princess Clotilde, sister of King Humbert and wife of Prince Napoleon. The linen of the Sindone is considerably discolored,—partly by age, partly by the smoke and heat of the fire which took place in the Sainte Chapelle in 1532, when the sacred relic was preserved in a miraculous manner. The silver shrine which contained it became red hot, and was in part fused by the fire. Twelve spots are still to be seen where the linen was singed, and small triangular pieces have been sewn on. The most remarkable fact, however, is that when the Winding Sheet is held obliquely in sunlight the entire outlines of the body of Our Lord are clearly visible. The following official report was made to Charles Emmanuel III., in 1750, by the architect, Cavalerie di Beaumont, who was employed by that King to decorate the church in Turin:

"The outlines of both front and back of the entire body are most clearly distinguishable; especially the legs and the feet are marvellously delineated. At the back are observed the form of three rings of a chain, of the color of blood, as well as the outline of the crown of thorns. A streak of blood seems to run from the middle of each hand to the body, and to pass directly over the metacarpus. ... But there is no indication of a cloth girding the loins. Lastly, the face is especially distinct,

although somewhat swollen, of blood color, and with tangled hair and beard. It corresponds exactly with the Volto Santo at St. Peter's in Rome.'"

The most recent event, however, in connection with the Holy Winding Sheet and its late exposition is one which supports in a touching manner the old, true contention that all science, all art, all discoveries, are fitting and harmonious and right to lay at the feet of their divine Origin. It appears that a certain pious *avvocato* in Turin, Signor Secondo Pia, who is the possessor of the most complete museum of ancient Piedmontese art in existence, petitioned his sovereign for permission to take a photograph of the precious relic. The king hesitated at first, fearing that the photograph in question might be made a means of pecuniary speculation. Finally he yielded; and the result of Signor Pia's devoted labor has, it seems, been very marvellous. From the time-discolored and smoke-stained outline on which the marks of the Passion were only slightly visible, has come forth a clear and perfect figure, forming a complete and exact portrait of the Holy Body. As an account in the *Corriere Nazionale* says:

"Our Divine Redeemer, who had left the imprint of His sufferings and the outline of His body on the funeral cloth, reappears miraculously designed on the glass, with a definiteness of detail which is astounding. There is reproduced the figure, which is anatomically elegant, divinely beautiful; the countenance still composed in an ineffable sorrow and pity; the details of the beard, of the hair, of the profile; the wounds, the bruises, the imprint of the rope with which the most sacred body was tied to the column of flagellation."

WEARING the white flower of a blameless life.—*Tennyson*.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XV.

JEAN and Rachel had now reached the edge of the wood at the foot of the hill, on the bank of the river. The roots of a pine-tree standing on a grassy slope had hollowed out a sort of grotto in the sands of the shore; here they usually concealed themselves, sitting hand in hand, without speaking, watching the broad river flowing along at their feet. Far away, on the other shore, the forest and earth seemed to meet, while here and there a twinkling light looked like a star dropped from the sky.

Of the two, Jean was the more sincere and disinterested. Rachel was ambitious. To become the wife of the handsome, amiable youth, not merely because she loved him, but because she had faith in his future and believed him capable of winning fame and fortune, seemed to her well worth striving for. In any event, he was preferable to her cousin Jacob, who, apart from his wealth, had only his knowledge of the sacred books and of law to recommend him. He aspired to become an assistant in one of the courts of the Empire. To be sure, such a position meant much; but Rachel thought she ought to do better. A marriage for love with Jean certainly offered a greater guaranty of happiness than one of interest with Jacob.

Jean had thus far made his advances without clearly defining his intentions; not a word that could bind their futures together had been spoken until now, when the meeting with Jacob had roused his jealousy and brought him out from the hazy regions in which his indecision had hitherto kept him. Now he had sealed the girl's fate, and with it his own.

Just then the barking of a dog was heard on the summit of the hill. Rachel sprang to her feet.

"Good-bye, sir!" she exclaimed. "That is Jolka's bark. My father is not far away. We must part here."

Usually the young man would have risen obediently, but now he tried to detain his companion.

"Stay, Rachel!"

As she did not heed his request, he grasped her hands.

"Stay! Do we not love each other?" he inquired.

"No," she replied sadly. "You despise me; let me go!"

He held her hands in a firm clasp, and said:

"Let us fly together? We will go far away to some other land where laws and customs are different, and where we can be all in all to each other!"

"But my father and yours!"

He loosened his grasp. It was true. Everything was between them.

Jolka kept up his barking, and soon they heard the Rabbi's feeble voice:

"Rachel! Rachel! where are you? Come home! It is late."

The girl nimbly climbed the hillside, stopping when half-way up to wave an adieu to Jean. For a few moments the sounds of the voices above reached him, then all was silent except the sad murmuring of the Vistula.

He slowly ascended the hill in his turn, and untied Malutka. The intelligent animal shook her head and made no noise, as if she knew that her master relied upon her discretion.

An hour later Jean passed the statue of Saint Martin and reached Wolka. After putting his horse in the stable, he went into the house, where he found Prus fast asleep with his head resting on the table. He awoke instantly, however, and exclaimed: "Ah, here you are at last!"

"Yes, here I am. Go to bed; you must be tired."

"And so must you."

"I can not sleep yet."

Jean walked nervously about, his lips compressed and his soft brown eyes full of gloom and weariness.

Prus looked at him attentively.

"At any rate," he remarked, after a pause, "we must go to bed; it is past midnight."

Taking a lighted candle, he went out of the room, followed by his friend, who repeated, as if talking to himself:

"*Momser! momser!*"

"What is that you say?" asked Prus.

"I say *momser*. Do you know what that means?"

"No."

"It is a Hebrew word which means 'Doomed to misfortune.' That is what all of us noblemen are."

"Hum!" muttered Prus, as he lay down on his pillow. "I am not so sure that all of us are *momser*. But I am sure that a Jewess taught you that word; I know, too, who that Jewess is."

XVI.

When Jean awoke the next morning the sun was high in the heavens. Prus' bed in the alcove was empty, and the little clock above the door marked the hour of eight. He sprang up and dressed hastily, recalling as he did so the events of the evening before. So Sigismund had found out his secret. He almost regretted having stopped at Wolka, as he was in no mood for making explanations, still less for enduring reproaches. He felt vexed at Prus for his penetration. In fact, he no longer recognized himself; his love was like a potion that had gradually filtered poison into his veins, contaminating his blood and changing his whole nature.

Passing out of the house, he paused for a moment on the threshold to drink

in the cool morning air. Sparrows were noisily disputing on the sandy court, and tomtits chased one another from the branches of an apple-tree to that of a neighboring oak.

On seeing a farm-hand, Jean bade him saddle Malutka and bring her around to the door. He then rolled a cigarette and went back to the kitchen for a light. Magda was washing, and the place was filled with steam and a soapy odor.

At the sound of Jean's footstep, a cat jumped from the window-sill down on a table, on which a pan of milk stood.

"Give me a light, Magda; and look out for your cream!" the young man called out cheerily.

Then followed cries of surprise and wild gestures, addressed at once to Jean, the cat, and the steam.

"Bless me! is that you, Master Jean? Scat, you beast! The steam doesn't blind you: you can see well enough to get your nose in my cream."

As soon as she recovered her breath, the old servant took a firebrand and offered it to Jean, asking him if he would not have something more.

"Master Prus' coffee has been waiting for an hour already," she added; "but he went off with nothing but a glass of liquor in his stomach. Now I must wait for him till noon; and it's just the same every day. Have the coffee, sir. It is good, and it will teach him to be more prompt."

"Where has he gone?"

"The Lord only knows! He said he was going to take some wheat to the mill; but he must have gone somewhere else. Life is hard enough nowadays, Master Jean."

The young man smiled; he refused the coffee, however,—a gentle neigh reminding him that Malutka was waiting for him. He was soon in the saddle, quite thankful for having escaped Sigismond's questions. And yet Prus had always

been the devoted friend who had loved to listen to the tales of the prowess of the old Raz heroes. His admiration for Jean was such that if they had lived in the olden time he would gladly have been the young man's halberdier.

Jean had formerly accepted this deference as a natural tribute to his superior position; later, his pride had been humbled by his experiences at college. He thought of all this and much more as he rode leisurely along, not without a certain shame on his own account. He possessed a line of ancestors reaching back to the earliest history of his country, and still he himself was but a poor nobody, without money or lands, the brother-in-law of a Lewin and the lover of a Jewess. The splendor of his escutcheon was indeed tarnished.

He sighed as he remembered with what pride he had read the legends of his race: the story of that cavalier, the first of the name, who, charging up a steep precipice, seized a strong, hostile château, and received as a reward from the hands of the king his escutcheon—a golden horseshoe on a field of azure. While still a child, taking his first lessons in horsemanship, he had charged at full speed up the sandy hills around Wola, loving to fancy that, like his ancestor of old, he was rushing to the attack of a fortified city.

With a heavy heart he thought of the present,—his sister lost to him, and the opprobrium of his love for a Jewess clinging to him like a mantle of fire. No more dreams of glory and fortune! No more illusions! What was to become of him? Should he go far away from his native land, put mountains, deserts, and oceans between himself and his regrets, his hatreds, and his love? But when? Why was he tarrying? Why did every week lead him to the pine wood to meet the woman whom it was madness to love?

He heaved another sigh, and repeated the strange word that had excited Prus' curiosity: "*Momser! momser!*"

On reaching Wola, Jean saw a carriage from which the horses had been unhitched, standing in the court. No one was to be seen except the little son of the coachman, lying asleep on a pile of straw. Jean did not waken the child, but took his horse to the stable, unsaddled, groomed, and fed her. This done, he went out and examined the carriage. It was a handsome one, evidently the property of a rich man. As he turned to walk away, the boy awoke and sprang to his feet, doffing his cap.

"Whose carriage is this, Wasiek?" inquired Jean.

"The rich Jew's from the city," was the reply. "He has come to inspect everything," added the boy, with an expression of fear in the depths of his limpid eyes.

"Ah! So he has come to inspect everything, has he?"

At last he was to be able to force an explanation and find relief from the equivocal situation in which he found himself in his own house. It would not be his father that he would question this time: it would be Lewin himself.

On the veranda he met old Felix.

"Is Samuel Lewin here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Through the open windows of the dining-room he could hear a conversation in which several voices took part.

"Who is in there with him?"

"The superintendent and the two overseers; they called them in from the fields."

"Whom do you mean by 'they'? My father?"

"No: the Jew."

Jean hastily entered the room. The men were standing near the door; his father sat at one end of the table, while opposite to him sat Samuel, turning over

the leaves of a ledger. At sight of the new-comer the three men near the door bowed. Lewin rose, and the Councillor offered his hand to his son.

"What are you doing here?" Jean began, addressing the men, his voice trembling with rage.

"They ordered us to come," answered the superintendent.

"'They'? Who is hidden behind this 'they'? Go back to the fields, and remember one thing: here, you have to obey only my father and myself."

Lewin affected a profound indifference. He closed the book, handed it to the superintendent, and remarked, carelessly:

"That is a timely order; we have just finished our little business. You may tell my coachman to hitch up," he added, as the men went out.

He then walked up to the window and began to drum idly on the pane. As for the Councillor, he was seized with a mortal terror. At the mere sight of his son, he foresaw an outbreak. He would have fled, but he feared that, on leaving Jean alone with the banker, the latter might profit by his absence to reveal the dreadful secret.

Jean walked around the table, straight up to Lewin, and said:

"Sir, I have wanted for a long time to ask you a question."

Samuel turned around quickly.

"One question leads to another. I should like to ask you two. I double everything: it is a business habit." The banker's face wore an expression of raillery as he added, with a bow: "To you the first honor."

Jean felt much disturbed. He had lost ground. He ought to have begun by seizing the intruder by the collar and ejecting him, with the aid of the men, if necessary. To struggle with words was not his forte; besides, he felt that his conscience could not give him the support necessary in such an emergency.

Lewin had probably been informed by his son of his nocturnal escapades, and he was not the man to refuse to profit by his knowledge. In any event, however, unless he wished to appear cowardly and ridiculous, he would now have to continue the discussion he himself had provoked.

"Will you be so kind as to enlighten me on one point, sir?" demanded Jean. "Is it you or my father who is master of Wola?"

Samuel sneered in silence; but at his son's first words old Raz sprang from his chair.

"Why have you come here to quarrel with us?" he exclaimed, in broken tones. "Why can we not be left in peace? Do you want to shorten my days? Look at me! This is your work. Are you not satisfied?"

A livid pallor had overspread the old man's features; his lips, hands, and body trembled like an aspen leaf.

The banker profited by this state of things to interpose:

"I really think such discussions as ours promises to be are not calculated to affect favorably your father's health. I am surprised at being the first to remark this. I can not refuse to reply to your question, however. I am your sister's father-in-law; because of that, if for no other reason, it seems to me that I have a right to interest myself in the management of this estate—"

"Yes, that is perfectly evident," interrupted the Councillor. "You see, Jean, how hasty and unjust you are! May not, and ought not, our relative assist us by his counsel?"

"Pardon me!" remarked the banker. "I would not dare offer any advice to Master Jean. He knows, doubtless, the direction he should give to his life. Only I was ignorant of the fact that he was such a valuable assistant in the administration of your affairs. I must confess

that I believed him to be occupied quite differently—quite differently. I did not think that he was overseeing the fields—even during the night time. That is very commendable in him, I am sure. I humbly apologize to him, and I beg him to give me permission in my turn to ask him my two questions. They will prove my good-will and my desire to be of service to him."

Jean felt himself beaten on his own ground. What objection could he offer to the legitimacy of the motives that prompted Lewin to interest himself and, if need be, protect his daughter-in-law's interests? He felt a great embarrassment and an increasing consciousness of guilt. The allusion to his nightly rides concealed a delicate irony. He desired, above all, to escape the questionings of his adversary, and he tried to invent a pretext for getting away.

As if reading his secret purposes, the banker did not give him time to put them into execution.

"My dear sir," he said, redoubling his politeness, "this is the first of the two questions I wish to ask you: do you still expect to realize, in your capacity as engineer, the brilliant future to which you are justified in aspiring?"

"I no longer aspire to a brilliant future," answered Jean, gloomily.

At these words the Councillor hastened to protest:

"Do not believe him, sir; he may hope to go far, very far. He stood at the head of his class and has the gold medal."

"Ah, I beg of you, father," exclaimed Jean, "spare me that praise! You need not advertise the fact."

"Your father is right," said Lewin: "you are too modest. You are allowing yourself to be turned out of your course by influences which, surely, will not lead you to the heights we should all be glad to see you reach. I am in a position

to be useful to you. As you know, our friend Wassenberg has just secured the contract for a long line of railroad uniting Caucasus and Persia. I can procure you a fine position with him. Would that suit you?"

A moment of silence followed. Raz anxiously awaited his son's reply.

"No, I thank you," said Jean at last. "We already owe you too much."

"So you refuse?"

"I do."

"As you please," replied Lewin; "but I really fear that you are deceiving yourself as to the nature of the motives that prompt your refusal. I might even easily imagine that other scruples or ties, outside of an excessive independence of character, cause you to refuse my offer. But that is your own affair. For my part, I will add that in remaining here you unwittingly serve my interests; and that in addressing my proposition to you I was only obeying my sentiments of deferential friendship for your father. Good-bye now, sir! Once again," he added, "I warn you to beware of nocturnal excursions and encounters. Good-bye!"

So saying, Lewin took his hat and gold-headed cane, pressed the Councillor's hand; then, going close to Jean, said in an undertone:

"Do not forget that I have another question to ask you. So as not to alarm your father, accompany me to my carriage."

Jean was about to follow the banker, when his father called him back:

"Where are you going?" he inquired, querulously.

Samuel turned around with a smile.

"Your son is a good judge, and I want his opinion of a new mare that I have just bought."

"All right, all right!" exclaimed the Councillor, reassured.

(To be continued.)

God Bless the Old Land!

BY R. O. K.

GOD bless the old land,
Her fields and hills so green,
And children's feet by homesteads sweet
Within the hawthorn screen!
Oh, guileless is that lovely land,
Her hearts as pure as light;
And soft the spell of joys that dwell
Within those homes so bright!
God bless the old land!

God pity exiles far away,
On other strands that roam,
Nor see once more the olden Shore
Where stands their childhood's home!
And when they dream of woodland stream,
Or sports by night or day,
Oh, how each thought with grief is fraught
For Ireland far away!
God bless the old land!

Thrice blessed our lot this land who tread
Of sainted aisles and cells,
The glories of whose sacred dead
Each cross and ruin tells;
Each rath and castle on her heights,
And temple in the vale,
Each grot and shrine,—O land of mine!
God bless thee, Innisfail!
God bless thee, Innisfail!

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

IV.

NOVA SCOTIA might well have been called "Lakeland," so numerous are the lovely sheets of water that solicit the eye in the course of the shortest journey inland. They are of every size and shape; but all exquisite, whether in the summer these tarn-like pools are half hidden amid the sentinel pines, or in the autumn reflect the gorgeous tints of the dying leaves. Innumerable water-lilies spread out their napery of white and gold upon the tremulous waters, edged with green, dank mosses, feathery

ferns, and the scrub of spruce and fir and beech, with many a fallen trunk, the home of musk-rat or beaver. So does Nature beautify her beneficent system of drainage, and finish artistically every great basin into which she pours eventually her surplus of water and moisture.

And now we are by the sea again. Insensibly we have been nearing one another, until the enchanting sweep of St. Margaret's Bay is revealed to us, and we enter upon some twenty miles of most charming scenery,—if only the weather be warm and sunny. Early in the seventeenth century Samuel Champlain, gentleman, scholar, navigator, adventurer, statesman, and Christian, gave to this noble sheet of water the dulcet name it has ever since borne. Its almost unbroken surface of twelve miles by six offers to the traveller a seaward vista of unequalled beauty and grandeur. On either side arise wooded hills, from five to seven hundred feet in height, and offering a green and sinuous line that the eye follows to the junction of the bay with the Atlantic.

Our carriage follows every winding of the shore, loath to quit the presence of the siren sea. Promontories follow each other at fixed intervals like the armored prows of gigantic ships; while between them the road is laid down upon the granite bed rock of the earth that goes shelving off into the sea, split and torn endlessly by the impact of storms and the action of frost and rain. Here the granite boulders have been rent and broken and rolled by the waves along a stretch of many miles, polished white and round, and laid up in tiers and rows as though by the hand of man. Then follow long reaches of sandy beach, firm and shining, like strips of silver between the blues of the sea and the greens of the forest. In the distance ride a few schooners, from Italy

or Germany perhaps, a-loading with the scantling cut up in the great saw-mills that we pass from time to time. The brawling brooks or streamlets on our way become, in the spring, the great sluiceways of the forest. Then they bear down upon their swollen flood the harvest of logs that the lumbermen make in the long winter months.

Occasionally we come upon a hamlet—a prim, square wooden church, a store, a cottage or two, a school; and then again only the deep azure of the sea and the restful green of the forest. The eye is filled with the bold curves of one headland after another. Again, we get glimpses of some pretty cove that yields to nothing in Devon or Brittany. Such a one comes back as I write,—smooth green fields sloping to the wedge-like inlet; wild roses almost disputing with the golden rockweed the boulders that line the shore; neat white cottages, their doors crowned with honeysuckle and clematis, their windows choked with geraniums; a boat laden with fish and beating up slowly against the outgoing tide; in the air the odor of new-mown hay and the rich salt marsh,—all the “mixed husbandry” of farm and sea by which these amphibious people live.

But mostly we admire the homes of the fishermen that face the welter of the sea,—each one a single story, white-washed, set in its stiff framework of flower-beds. Poor and homely shelters, but scrupulously clean and orderly, they are the “snug harbors” of a brave and intelligent race. Along the shore are strewn the implements of their perilous calling,—the deep, broad boat that bears them truly in fair weather and in foul; the “killick,” or stout wooden frame made to enclose a heavy stone for ballast or anchor; the wooden buoy; the tarred seines stretched out interminably; the great black caldron for boiling the tar used to stain both seines and sails; a

débris of broken spars and oars. Rude, weather-beaten sheds succeed each other along these beaches, where the fishermen may shelter their boats in winter or bring under cover their "catches." Lobster crates and long tables for the dressing or curing of fish are huddled about on the premises. Altogether, it is just such a scene as must have been in the mind's eye of Theocritus when he wrote of the fishermen of Hellas:

Rough ever their life and scant their household store,—

Scarce aught but hooks and nets and seamen's coil.

It is romantic enough now, in the rich sunlight, midway in summer. What must it be when the great ocean yonder beneath the horizon bar is beaten into a mountainous green rage by the winds and the rains and the pelting snows? Now the good man of the house plies his calling in safety; but what blanched cheeks are pressed against these poor window-panes amid the homely flowers when husband and boys are driven by wintry blasts, in unknown distant waters, from Canso to Labrador! Sweet Lady of Sorrows! has not woman need of thy help and tenderness when her heart is tossed on an ocean of doubt and agony, more cruel than that other ocean where heroes and her bread-winners are fighting with blind fate and invincible nature?

V.

I have read somewhere that Talleyrand disliked all fishermen. Perhaps there was a natural antipathy between that subtle and tortuous soul and the rugged frankness and directness of the fisherman. There is no better school for character than the open sea; no place where the sterling qualities of men are sooner made known, or where their social vices and failings are more sternly rebuked. On board the fishing smack there is a steady call for all the intelligence and activity of the men. They must know

the feeding grounds of the fish, their periods of migration, their habits. No little science of the phenomena of wind and wave and sky is needed; the powers of attention and of observation find themselves in constant demand. How grandly the psalmist tells us that the sea is an infinite story in itself, and where all seems flat and monotonous there is endless novelty and delight! *Mirabiles elationes maris.*

The wise fisherman is persuaded that deep down on the floor of the sea is reproduced every particular form of vegetable life that flourishes on land. His mind is stored as richly with the useful lore and the instructive legend of the sea as that of the Red Man with the mysteries of the forest. Nor can anything surpass his simple but moving eloquence when he discourses on the marvellous ways of his element. I shall not easily forget the true but simple art, the direct and living force, with which a veteran fisherman related the story of the Lord's Day Gale in August, 1873,—how his vessel was driven for two days before the wind from the coast of Labrador to the Strait of Canso, when each moment the crew imagined might be their last. Spirited and solemn as is the famous ballad-poem of Mr. Edmund Stedman, it sounded weak and faint in comparison with that strong and picturesque story of the Northern Sea as it fell from the lips of a survivor. So sang the rhapsodist in the youth of Greece, so sang the minstrel in the age of chivalry!

The life of the fisherman is dangerous and toilsome. He must work for long, irregular stretches of time, uncertain as to his reward; and when he has gathered his harvest, he knows not how safely it may be landed. Withal, his heart is deeply religious, his temper conservative, his views of life and man and society healthy and just. Alone with his soul

and God, his thoughts are habitually simple and sane and clean. Idleness has no place in his life, and envy is absent where all are on an absolute equality of toil and reward. This calling alone, perhaps, has remained what it was when Peter and Andrew cast their nets in the waters of Genesareth; alone it has deserved to give its name to the staunchest authority among men; and to see its symbol—the Fisherman's Ring—accepted throughout the world as synonymous with justice and truth and charity, and all things that are fair and of good repute.

Great states have been built by the hands of fishermen. Venice, "throned on her hundred isles," is the creation of those fishermen of Aquileia whom Alaric forced out into the lagoons; and she thrived while she recalled the simplicity and equality of her origin. Amalfi, bathing her white feet in the sea, gave to the world through her fishermen the first international code; and Genoa, through her fishermen, rose to the dignity of a great state. The real creative elements of Spanish mediæval wealth were the Basque and the Catalan fishermen; and to-day the native worth of human labor, its Christian sign-manual of independence and dignity, is nowhere more tangible than among the thousands of fishermen—French, Portuguese, Irish, English, American—who crowd these northern waters. On the city arms of Halifax is written, *E Mari Merces* ("Our wealth is drawn from the sea"),—a tribute to truth not less eloquent than the golden codfish that hangs from the dome of the State House in Boston.

All work is noble and uplifting in the Christian scheme of things, be it the work of mine or farm or shop or school; but the toil of the fisherman has about it a certain touch or air of distinction. Its danger, its utility, its antiquity, its romance, forever invite men to enter

upon its pursuit. Habit fascinates them. In the end these "captains courageous" are forever unhappy away from the sounds and sights of the sea. In Nova Scotia, as elsewhere, the retired fisherman lives within reach of his element. When the slight harvest of his fields is secured, he is ready to lay the keel of a schooner or engage in the coasting trade, or return for a time to those haunts of his youth,—

Where in mists the rock is hidden
And the sharp reef lurks below;
And the white squall lurks in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are trailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

(To be continued.)

Sunny Memories of Rome.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

III.—ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE, MAMERTINE PRISON, FORUM.

THERE is a little street not far from the Capitol, but low down behind it, lost in the maze of *vicoli* between the Alessandrina and the Forum, of which, as it often happens in Rome, you would hope nothing—and be pleasantly disappointed. That mean-looking green door, with "Galleria" printed on the card outside of it, is the entrance to no less a place than the Academy of St. Luke.

The Academy of St. Luke is a most exclusive institution, which will receive you among its members some day when you are grey and bent, if you have painted enough famous pictures, carved enough immortal statues, or written enough books that will live. Sometimes it derogates from its high dignity and confers a title of honorary membership upon some royal lady who amuses

herself with high-priced little paintings, or some noble peeress who patronizes art; but, as a rule, to get your portrait hung in the Hall of Members you must have done your large share of noble work in the sweat of your brow. The Academy is utterly cosmopolitan, and within the last fifty years has admitted several Americans.

The Academy has some handsome meeting-rooms, not always open to the public, where portraits and busts and marble slabs commemorate the presence of august visitors. One of them has a superb pastel of Napoleon, made and presented by the academician, Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, a true artist. It is also a great place for prize competitions and is ever open to young artists. It has a fine library, the gift of Paolo Sarpi. The collection of modern sculpture, the figures often quite small, is curiously composite; the subjects being usually the gift of new members on their admission, and, of course, their own work. Many will bear comparison with the best classic antiques.

In this room is the "St. Luke Painting Our Lady's Portrait" attributed to Raphael. As St. Luke is the patron saint of the Academy and of all painters at large, he has the place of honor. Raphael's other piece, and the gem of the collection, is stowed away in a corner. This is the famous "Putto,"—*putto* being merely old Italian for the commonplace term little boy or infant. The cracked lath on which it is painted is said to be part of a frieze; and the "little boy"—a very young one—looks up from among the wreaths of vine he is supporting, with beautiful, innocent brown eyes, wide open, a glow of light on his brow and gleams of gold in the dusky hair. The little figure is indeed exquisite,—grace of feature, grace of limb, grace of pose; and the brilliant, pure coloring of Raphael, so warm and soft

and true it makes him stand out as a living child.

Another well-known personage in the S. Luca is the little white-capped, blue-gowned thing which the Orange people have decided to call the "Stuart Baby." I was looking for it, having missed it out of its accustomed place, when the custode approached me. He is a kindly man, a connoisseur, and has succeeded his father in the custodianship. "There's something I want to show you," he said.—"I was looking for it," I replied. Then I got the story. "People say it's by Van Dyck. Such stuff and nonsense! Of course the picture in Turin is,—the 'Children of Charles I.' Very valuable. But this thing here! They make me laugh. It's by an Italian, a man famous for his pastels some forty years ago. All those drawings over there are his. Oh, yes! very good; no doubt about it. My father found the whole lot thrust away in a dusty corner, and thought it a pity to let them lie there spoiling; so he had them cleaned up and mounted, and hung them in the gallery. The little head there as soon as it was in place began to attract attention. People talked and talked, and it was photographed and reproduced in every possible manner. We sell them by the hundred. My poor father made a hit of it that time and no mistake. But you may believe we were surprised to find how it had taken. Who would have thought it!"

Indeed it seems strange that the "Stuart Baby" should be so popular now, when before, in the original picture, it attracted no special attention. But though a strict copy, the pastel is created with a strong, vivid touch that makes it like a new thing. I am sorry to have forgotten the draughtsman's name.

Leaving the gallery, without leaving the building, we can enter the Church of St. Martina by a private passage. Here the Academy keeps its solemn

religious celebrations; and here, too, are some fine casts of religious statues. The inner subterranean chapel, with its sarcophagus scarce visible in the dim gloom, contains the relics of the saint, whose body "shed milk and blood" and grew luminous and fragrant in the tortures of martyrdom.

The chapel (S. Pietro in Carcere) is situated directly above the Mamertine Prison, and the sacristan will get lights and go down with you. The flight of stone steps is deep and narrow; and you reach first the dungeon of Ancus Martius, a sort of cave, with an altar at one end of it, and in the floor a round aperture grated over, through which originally the bodies of captives were passed to the lower prison called Robur. Narrower, twisting steps circle down to this; and you are shown in the tufa a curious impress bearing the outline of a human profile. Your guide tells you it is the miraculous dent made by the head of St. Peter when, on descending the stairs, his guard thrust him brutally against the wall. Fancy has frequently grafted so much upon fact that you hardly know what to believe and what not in the way of tradition—though why the print should not be at St. Peter's head there seems a valid reason. The underground prisons, so horrible still, though sanctified by the presence of the Apostles and for them held in honor, have seen many a gallant captive pass away. The name of almost every—if not every—great conqueror ascending to the triumphs of the Capitol may be linked with that of some soldier, as brave if not as fortunate, who that day having followed the victor's chariot so far, here remained at the foot of the hill to die. Blood must ascend with the fumes of incense and libation.

As you enter that place of horrors, the vault heavy over your head, the eternal blackness, water upon the ground, and

the air icy, how vividly the words of the Numidian chieftain echo back to you: "Hercules! How cold your bath is!" You yourself are shuddering with cold now. The floor has been raised, to keep it dry; and a little altar erected, where Mass is said. It has a bas-relief of the Apostles baptizing the jailers,—another and wonderful scene enacted here: the little spring of pure water welled up in answer to Peter's prayers. A modern archæologist discovered not long since the passage by which the bodies of dead prisoners might be removed hence to the main tunnel of the Cloaca Maxima,—an excellent arrangement, and worthy of the humanity that condemned Christians, prisoners of war, and fellowmen, to the living death of the Mamertine.

As you leave the prison, open to full view under the blue sky, the Forum lies before you. A few steps will bring you to it. Here you have, as it were, the whole of Rome. In one glance you take the four great points: Capitol, Palatine, Coliseum, and at your very feet the area whence the world was ruled. Here the law and the eloquence of Rome were heard,—how often interrupted by the clash of arms! Here the path of victory wended between temples and statues; here tribune and tribune loudly urged their cause, and the people clamored, and the old men sat in their white majesty and robes of state. Forum! Your very ears buzz with history when the name comes up. And as you stand and look upon it now, only one word will speak your pity—"Lone mother of dead empires." That alone expresses the utter desolation, the utter hopelessness, and the vastness of this mourning. Dumb, sorrowful, ruined Forum laid in the dust! All that is left is here a pillar, there a broken statue, yonder a bit of pavement or a shapeless block, and the small piles of odds and ends out of which the antiquarian weaves his story.

The general view is intensely Roman. Glimpses of those eternal, beloved hills, part of the boundary line wiped out in the dark green of the Roman villas; the palace of the Cæsars, foliage and ruin; the "withered-leaf" mass of the Coliseum; nearer, the picturesque deep arches of Constantine's basilica, and the four or five little churches built up in the very pilasters and columns of antiquity.

Within the last thirty years much has been done to bring the Forum to light. Before that it was chiefly greensward, where trees grew against the imbedded columns, and oxen, unharnessed from their carts, grazed or lay them down to rest. An avenue of trees led clear away from the corner of the Via Bonella to the distant Arch of Titus; houses lined it to eastward; and S. Francesca Romana, now in the heart of the excavated space, stood remotely off to the left. This will give an idea of how little was to be seen, comparatively, of that which now lies open to the eye.

Upon leaving the Mamertine Prison, the road swerves to the right, and passes close under the imposing Capitol heights where they look down to the Forum. This is the old base of the Capitol. To look at it, you would think it of Pelasgic origin and one of the most splendid and inspiring of remains. It is the Tabularium, which you do not see when you are on the Capitol proper. Here, in sight of those blackened masses, history grows living as it does not on the sunny piazza above; for those great stones, hoary and venerable, seem to be telling still, in some language older than that of Romulus, of the fabulous mighty beginnings of old Rome.

To glance over the principal ruins in the Forum. First, beneath the Capitol, come the columns of Vespasian; then the group of those eight grave, noble, simple columns of the Temple of Saturn, between which and the Temple of Ves-

pasian wound the Sacred Way; farther, to our left—we are looking toward the Coliseum,—the splendid Arch of Severus, erected by the Senate to that emperor and his sons. It is ponderous, imposing and well-preserved. In many of the bas-reliefs you can follow still the rush and swing of those admirable figures of antiquity, where the piece is never too crowded or too intricate for perfect workmanship to go to each single limb. Here the statue of Marcus Aurelius used to stand. Next in order comes the delicately beautiful pillar of Phocas, standing out solitary above its surrounding base of steps. On the right hand lie the extensive remains of the Basilica Julia, between the Temple of Saturn and those three glorious fluted columns, of pure Corinthian style, believed to have been the Temple of Castor and Pollux.

Here, hard by Vesta's temple,
Build we a stately dome.

Vesta's temple stood at a stone's-throw under the Palatine, and it is said that a well used to be pointed out in the Forum as the one at which the "princely pair" alighted. At this their temple the Ides of Quintilis were also kept, and that great pageant of the knights, one of the finest military displays of Rome. Again turning to the left, we have the site of the Curia, where the senators sat and in which so much of history must have been made.

The little churches mingled with or backing the ruins are, to the right, S. Maria Liberatrice, on the site of the Atrium Vestæ (foot of the Palatine); on the left, S. Adriano, S. Lorenzo in Miranda; as well as the very interesting one of SS. Cosmas and Damian, with its famous mosaic. Many of the heathen temples extant in the Forum at different periods and superseded one by another are scarcely important enough to note; but we may mention that of Venus, on the site of which was first erected the

Church of S. Maria Antica; and, later, the one of S. Maria Nuova, now called S. Francesca Romana, from the beloved saint buried there. You can stroll in on a Sunday evening for Benediction fresh from your musings over the ruins of Jupiter and Saturn; and what new meaning will fill the words of liturgy as the pure voices float from the cloister! In the very heart of the Forum, amid the fallen altars and broken gods of Rome, they are singing:

*Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui.*

It is just thirty feet from S. Francesca west to the Arch of Titus, and you can not leave the Forum without looking at that. A very beautiful thing in itself, and, for what it commemorates, more than important. To this day no Jew will pass under it, but goes to one side. The stones are bitten and scarred with time and the bas-reliefs mutilated; but, with the play of the sun upon them, they make pictures almost lifelike in their chiaroscuro. The long, crowded procession seems to be passing before you in all the haste and triumph of that day: the wreathed heads of the victors, the bound captives, the trumpets blown skyward, the Roman eagles; and, above all, the seven-branched candlestick borne aloft in glory upon the shoulders of young men. It is the chief object that arrests your eye, and the sculptor seems to have intended that it should be so. To us it is one of those landmarks in history that nothing can erase. We hear of it treasured and guarded in the sanctuary of the Old Law; here it is borne jubilantly in the Roman triumph, a spoil of war; and you wonder if the sign was not set by a will higher than the conquerors. For they, knowing neither the God of the Hebrews nor the God of Christians, have yet written here so clearly that all men may read it: "Not a stone is left upon a stone."

The Theatre—Goers to Blame.

AT least once a year, generally at the beginning of Lent, there is sure to be an agitation against immoral dramas. Reformers demand that the stage shall be elevated; societies for the suppression of vice and societies for the promotion of virtue at once take up the cry; it is echoed from a thousand platforms, repeated in a thousand pulpits; even the yellow journals join in the crusade (in order to advertise themselves), and with hypocritical zeal call for the instant liberation of the American people from the yoke of the unspeakable actor.

The result of all this agitation is not what might be expected. A few persons are shocked into a sense of propriety, and the theatre knows their place no more; leading citizens here and there invoke police interference to prevent further reproductions of the more indecent plays; lawsuits follow, the detailed reports of which exercise almost as baneful an influence on the morals of the young as the dramas themselves; then comes a sort of general amnesty between the public and the theatrical profession. Long before Lent is over the excitement subsides utterly: the reformers rest from their labors; the newspapers haven't a word to say except in laudation or defence of what they formerly railed against; the theatrical managers breathe freely, the actors are in peace, and—the indecent plays go on as before, only with more crowded houses. Evil is always exaggerated by insincere sentiment, spasmodic discussion, and by half-hearted measures for its control. Attempts to reform the drama by newspaper agitation are like attempts to heal a cancer by the application of court-plaster.

The only remedy for immoral plays is avoidance of them. If religious and

respectable people are scandalized and shocked by the dramas in vogue, they should not go to see them. It is only natural that the managers of theatres show unrighteous indignation when haled before courts. They give the public what finds most favor. The morality of the theatre is not supposed to rise to a higher level than that of theatre-goers. In fact, it never does. Managers and actors are most concerned about their profits and salaries; and it is only justice to say that many of them would probably prefer to present plays of good morals if that were the kind of plays the public wanted.

In our largest cities there are Catholics enough to reform the stage if they would act in concert with the more respectable class of non-Catholics, whose care to avoid all that is debasing must often cause Catholics who are not practical to blush for shame. Some years ago, when a certain play, probably less objectionable than some of those now so industriously advertised, was presented for the first time in New York city, a gentleman and lady instinctively rose from their seats, which were well to the front, and with blazing faces made their way to the door. It was a small act, but it required moral courage; and it must have been anything but pleasant to blush for so many people who seemed incapable of blushing for themselves. A Catholic gentleman who was present declared that he never felt more uncomfortable in his life; though his conscience had been at rest until then, on account of the presence of some prominent members of the household of the faith, among them a well-known Catholic matron (a "society woman") and two of her grown-up sons.

It is said that a few Hebrews, who care only for money, dominate the stage, and that "it is folly to expect them to put on plays to which a Christian

man could find no objection." If this be true, then people who pretend to regulate their lives by the Gospel ought to shun the theatre altogether. This would be their plain duty. But it may be questioned whether Jews who are so avaricious as to present plays calculated to corrupt the morals of Christians, would have any scruple about presenting plays of another kind if Christians who abhor vileness constituted the majority.

All that is required for the reform of the theatre is a higher standard of morality in theatre-goers. Before the Lutheran revolt, when people were more devout and less disputatious, theatrical entertainments of any sort were prohibited and law courts were closed during the Lenten season. It ought not to seem too great a hardship to Christians of to-day, whose disinclination to practise penance has increased with their love of pleasure and self-indulgence, to shun public exploitations of indecency for six weeks out of the fifty-two. A book whose ethical teachings used to have great weight with many people has something to say about the obligation of keeping oneself unspotted from the world; also something to the effect that only the clean of heart need hope to see God.

"PRAY and watch" are not co-ordinate duties, but the former is directed to the latter as means to an end. *Orate ut vigiletis* is the true sense; pray that you may have the inclination, the energy, the perseverance, to watch and to use every possible natural means that prudence can devise in order to combat temptations and conquer yourself. So understood and so used, prayer and the means of grace, far from sparing us any exertion we are already capable of, simply make us capable of more, and demand more of us in consequence.

—George Tyrrell, S. J.

Notes and Remarks.

The reasons for retaining the Philippines set forth by Senator Lodge in a speech delivered in the Senate on the 7th inst., would have great weight if the people of the United States were all pirates. He does not discuss our rights in the matter, only the advantages sure to accrue from the retention of the islands. The argument is a very simple one. The territory can be appropriated by us, it is well worth appropriating—being extensive, rich, fertile, etc., and an excellent market for our products,—therefore we ought to appropriate it. "We are told that arguments like these are sordid!" exclaimed the gentleman from Massachusetts. "Then what arguments are worthy of consideration?" If this remark was not received with smiles, even from Republicans, the United States Senate is utterly lacking in the sense of humor. It is to Senator Lodge's great credit that he does not make many speeches.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has written an affecting essay on the blessedness of being poor, has been sued by a business partner for a paltry ten millions, and the legal proceedings have brought out the interesting fact that the net profits of the Carnegie Company this year will amount to over \$40,000,000. We hope we shall not be accused of socialistic sympathies when we recall that it was this Company which could not afford to accede to the demands of the strikers for an advance of wages at Homestead a few years ago, when so many lives were lost in a riot. The annual revenues of the Standard Oil Company are said to reach the lump sum of \$80,000,000. It is hardly within the bounds of possibility for any "plant" in the world to earn such fabulous profits in a perfectly legitimate way, and we shudder to think

of the national cataclysm to which illegitimate methods must inevitably lead. If the Holy Father's Encyclical on the Condition of Labor—the greatest document issued during his great pontificate—could have appeared at the present moment, there is no calculating what its effect might be.

Though an old man now, Mr. William Winter can still hit hard. The arrest of a notorious actress for performing an objectionable play led some of the newspaper critics to rally to the defence of the performance. How valuable such newspaper opinion is appears from Mr. Winter's truthful remark that the defence of such indecencies "always comes from weak sisters of the male sex or of no sex at all; emasculated puppies, sucking collegians, and the like, who are trying to cut their teeth on the coral of irresponsible newspapers." The venerable dramatic critic himself scorns to enter into detailed analysis of the play, which he leaves to "those commentators who have a taste for muck and who can deliver expert opinions upon it."

Dr. Shahan's learned and convincing letter to the *New York Sun* was, perhaps, the best result of the discussion aroused by Cardinal Gibbons' recent sermon regarding woman and her work. It is not a little shocking that any one, least of all a woman, should controvert the well-known fact that the position of the better sex in the world to-day is due entirely to the influence of Christianity; the mere fact that in non-Christian Japan "out of 325,000 annual marriages there are 112,000 divorces," ought to be argument enough for such people. These figures are vouched for by Dr. Shahan, who also quotes an utterance—notable, because of its source—of Prof. Wilcox, of Columbia University:

"Nothing was found [in an extensive course of modern reading] to shake my conviction that the policy of the Catholic Church in refusing remarriage in all cases is an ideal one for a state to adopt." Mr. Marion Crawford has shown in a famous chapter that women will suffer vastly more than men by the spread of the divorce evil; and everybody knows that the Church is the one antagonist which can seriously oppose the dissolution of the family. Christianity, indeed, seems to have done little for some of the women who plead for the "rights" of the privileged sex; but, then—that isn't the fault of Christianity.

Probably few people now living are aware that the "banner of St. Patrick," recognized as the general national symbol of Ireland about the close of the seventeenth century, was embodied in the composition of the present English flag. The crosses of St. Patrick, St. Andrew, and St. George were superimposed on one another, and the combination forms the Union, or Jack, in the upper left-hand corner of the British flag. The crosses of St. Andrew and St. George were combined on the emblem long since; but the banner of St. Patrick was added only in 1801, after the Act of Union was passed. The crosses so united form a composite of which it is not easy to distinguish the elements at a glance; the identity of the nations, however, has not been so thoroughly merged.

"On March 19," writes M. Huysmans, "I shall put on the clothes of an Oblate, and shall thus have mounted the first steps of the celestial ladder." Huysmans is one of those fantastic creatures who arrive at the heights by way of the depths. He was first a pessimist, then a mystic, next a devotee of the horrible cult of Satanism; he is now a perfervid

Catholic. His books are as so many footprints marking his way; the earlier ones were very unwholesome, the later ones constitute an elaborate argument in behalf of the Church. M. Huysmans will in a few days have associated himself with the Benedictine Order as an Oblate, and his literary work will go on without interruption. We think the London *Academy's* judgment on this remarkable man is a wise one: "It would be stupid and unjust to question the sincerity of Huysmans' conversion, but one feels that his is a life that must be lived out before it can be understood."

Congress has requested President McKinley to report on the increase of saloons in Manila, on the quantity and quality of the drinks dispensed by them, and on the comparative sobriety of the Filipinos before and since the American invasion. Mr. Schurman, the president of the Philippine Commission, said soon after his return to this country:

The Filipinos are a temperate people, and the sight of an intoxicated American disgusts them. Nothing has done so much damage to the reputation of the American people as this.

Lieutenant Hearne, of the 51st Iowa Volunteers, remarked last week:

The Filipinos, while pagans and semi-civilized (!!!) [the admiration marks are ours] are moral and sober. When they see immense numbers of drunken, profane and immoral soldiers representing this country, they have little respect for the religion we profess. "If that is your religion," they say, "we prefer our own."

Mr. Miller, director of the Y. M. C. A. work in the Army and Navy, reports that two missionaries—sensible men!—"gave up their labors among the natives and went to work on the army." One feels disposed to question the sincerity of the Prohibition Party and the various temperance organizations which view with seeming composure a condition of things in Manila a thousand times worse than the evils against which they send up ear-splitting shrieks at home.

Shall the despised newspapers be left alone to protest against the wholesale debauchment of our newly acquired brothers? "The American soldiers," says the *Springfield Republican*, "might drink themselves into death or idiocy, and it would be of less ultimate consequence than the simple fact of the introduction of the liquor traffic into the Philippines." The *St. Paul Pioneer Press* recommends that Uncle Sam impose total abstinence on all his soldiers, as railway companies impose it on employees. The denial of grog to our soldiers would stop the scandal—and the soldiering, too.

A new school of altruists is arisen among us. It is not so long since an Eastern judge publicly urged men to take their own lives if ever existence became burdensome to them; and now a New York author-physician, whom we spare the embarrassment of advertising by name, pleads for the murder of all persons whose existence has become burdensome to others. "The essential feature of the plan," says this gentle philanthropist, "is the removal from this life of such idiotic, imbecile, and otherwise grossly defective persons as are now dependent for maintenance upon the State." There are people who do murder disagreeable persons now; but what this practical man obviously desires is that the State should henceforth erect statues to those for whom at present it erects the gallows. Shocking, of course; but, the physician who favors the killing of others, merely carries a step further the logic of the judge who preaches self-slaughter. In both theses respect for the sanctity of human life is the radical deficient. Both are rank paganism, which is, happily, not yet so widespread in the United States as to cause alarm, but would soon become so if the criminal utterances of professional men called forth no general

protest. Let Catholics learn from these amazing utterances the need of well-equipped schools of law and medicine to perpetuate among us a race of professional men who care for their souls as well as for their pocket-books.

Archbishop Hennessy—he of the golden mouth and golden heart—has gone to render his account to the great Shepherd of shepherds. Deeply learned in priestly lore, imbued with whole-hearted devotion to his work, a signal champion of Catholic schools, every inch a pastor and every inch a pontiff, the Archbishop was, indeed, a notable prelate. Born and bred in the mother-country of the hierarchy, schooled under the eye of Archbishop Kenrick, and associated from his early priesthood with Archbishops Ryan and Feehan, Mgr. Hennessy's lines seem to have been always cast in fortunate places. He was a man of fine native power, which had undergone careful cultivation; and his eloquence was such as to win from Archbishop Ryan this pretty and well-deserved tribute: "It sparkles like the gem, and, like the gem, it has solidity too." At the time of his death the Archbishop was in the seventy-fifth year of his age, the fiftieth of his priesthood, and the thirty-fourth of his episcopacy. He will be honored in history as one of the makers of the Catholic West. *R. I. P.*

"Civilization follows the flag" is no empty boast. Our new colonial possessions in the Pacific offer abundant proof of this contention. Honolulu lately shipped back empty beer kegs to the value of \$5000, not to mention \$1200's worth of empty beer bottles, all of which are to be filled with civilization again and returned to the Sandwiches. Civilization in liquid form is also spreading in the Philippines.

Notable New Books.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D. A. C. McClurg & Co.

There is wider scope and more variety in this new volume by Bishop Spalding than in its four predecessors; for only half the matter of it bears directly on educational problems. Two are occupied with Goethe, "who never utters a foolish thing"; one with patriotism; and one—the strongest and most timely of them all, we think,—considers the momentous question of Imperialism.

Bishop Spalding's influence, we are happy to notice, grows steadily; and the vast public he addresses is composed more largely, perhaps, of Protestants than of Catholics. Indeed, the warmest tribute we have heard paid to the Bishop for a long time was from the lips of the president of a State University, who spoke with deep gratitude of Dr. Spalding's writings, all of which he has studied closely. It is a blessed thing that a Catholic prelate has such a large share in shaping the men who shape the non-Catholic youth of America. The Bishop's new book will enlarge his influence; for it contains some of his best work. It is positively crammed with lofty and fresh thought, expressed in forceful, sententious and limpid prose. The philanthropist who should place a copy of it in the hands of every educator and student in our country would be a truer friend of education than even the founder of a university. It is a handsome volume, its style being uniform with that of the Bishop's other books.

The Knights of the Cross. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.

What we have said elsewhere of Sienkiewicz's work in general is true of the volume before us, which may be taken as typical of his fiction. The story of the Knight Zbyshko and the hapless Danusia is one of the sweetest and noblest in romance, and the historical setting is masterly. But there are occasional blotches and—rarely—sentences that will offend refinement; and, worst of all, the dead atmosphere of superstition, turning brave men into fools and cowards, has a chilling effect on the Catholic reader, and has been lamentably overdone by the novelist. Moreover, how are non-Catholics to recognize the fraudulency of that nimble palmer who offers "indulgences for past sins and for future," and who reckons among his relics "a hoof of the ass on which the flight to Egypt took place; a feather from the wing of the

Archangel Gabriel, who dropped it during the Annunciation; two heads of quails sent to the Israelites in the wilderness; some of the oil in which the pagans boiled St. John, and a round from the ladder which Jacob saw in his vision"? In the present volume at least—the author is at work on a sequel—there is nothing to indicate that this huckster in indulgences for future sin, this purveyor of wonderful relics, is a contemptible cheat. And the Knights of the Cross, a militant religious order—the least said about them the better. Altogether, we think this one of the strongest, most artistic and most regrettable stories Sienkiewicz has produced. The work of the publishers and the translator is well done. But Mr. Curtin, as we have heretofore remarked, translates too faithfully. Polish taste in art and literature is peculiar.

The Perfect Religious. Instructions of Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte, Bishop of Amiens. Benziger Brothers.

The most cursory examination of this treatise on the religious life shows its worth to those to whom it is addressed. The instructions are simple and practical,—two qualifications not always found in books of the kind. The first chapters are devoted to the religious life in general, its characteristics, employments, etc.; part second deals with the requirements of a life consecrated to religion, and the responsibilities of such a state. Here, too, are explained the incentives held out to insure perseverance in fervor in God's service. The ideal religious is portrayed, and, with the picture, the means held out to every religious to reach the ideal. The volume closes with forms of devotions especially suited to those aspiring after perfection.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. October 10, 1899. Cresson, Pa.: Swope Brothers, Printers.

This work makes no pretence to originality; it is not history but material for history. The story of the pioneer missionary of the Alleghenies, the saintly prince-priest Gallitzin, has already been told by a daughter of Dr. Brownson. Some day a new edition of her interesting volume will be demanded. The one who may be called upon to prepare it has only to correct evident blunders, most of which were made by careless or incompetent printers; to incorporate the sketch written by Father Heyden thirty years ago, and to utilize the material here presented by Father Kittell. He has done well to preserve it in print, and we share his hope that the compilation which he

offers to the public may stimulate other pastors to collect the fragments of parochial history, and thus render it possible for future historians to give an adequate account of the foundation of every diocese in the United States. A great deal of the most precious material has been allowed to perish.

To residents of the large district where Father Gallitzin was the first missionary this book will have special interest on account of the documents it contains—baptismal records, etc.,—and the numerous illustrations afforded. The frontispiece is the statue of Gallitzin, which was unveiled October 10, 1899.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. By Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C. Benziger Brothers.

We remember to have praised and recommended two other books by Father Cochem—his illustrated "Life of Christ" and "Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Our praise of the present work must be qualified. Part third, on hell, contains eight chapters; part fourth, on heaven, only half as many. How is it that pious writers happen to know twice as much about the pains of the damned as about the joys of the blessed? The concluding chapter of the book is "On the Number of the Saved," which the author thinks is exceedingly small. He is free to hold this opinion, for it is that of several of the Fathers of the Church; but he should have stated that other Fathers of the Church think that the number of the saved will be exceedingly large. Books like this are sure to find their way into the hands of all classes of readers; and the authors of them would do well to remember that if many persons need to be warned against presumption, others are to be encouraged not to despair. No sin is more injurious to God than despair of His mercy. Moreover, the Church has never pronounced on the small or large number of the elect; and it may be asserted in a general way, without fear of incurring the slightest suspicion of heresy, that "Heaven is for those who try to get there."

The True Story of Master Gerard. By Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Brothers.

We have always considered Miss Sadlier's stories of the Canadian mountain folk as among the best contributions we are privileged to publish in this magazine. The delicious simplicity of style, the sympathy, and that refined humor which betokens intellectual aristocracy, she combines most happily with the faculty of telling a straightforward story. Both the head-power and the heart-power of Miss

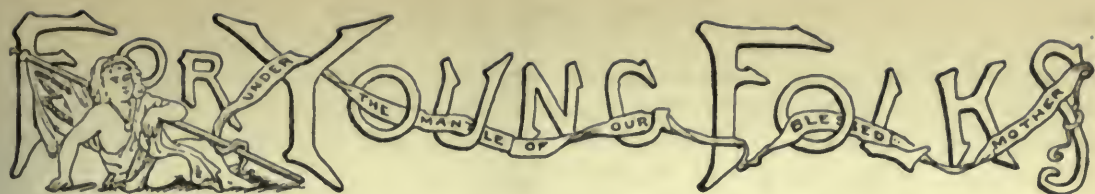
Sadlier appear to good advantage in her newest volume. Master Gerard and Judick are nobly beautiful creations; and the Dutch atmosphere—the scene is laid in New Amsterdam—is delightful. We do not remember any other novelist who has "used" the Catholic side of life in old New York, and we hope Miss Sadlier has no thought of relinquishing this most engaging field. The adventurous story of Master Gerard grips the interest of the reader so tight that he is sorry there is not more of it. It is swift-moving, episodic, sweet-breathed, wholesome and informational. It is one of those stories which are sure to be overlooked by the dyspeptics who utter jeremiads about the poverty of Catholic fiction. We hope the dyspeptics are the only ones who will overlook it, however.

For the French Lilies. By Isabel Nixon Whiteley. B. Herder.

Mrs. Whiteley has a bright, crisp style and much skill in story-telling. Her "Falcon of Langéac" was her first success, and proved to be one of the most widely-discussed books of its season. But Mrs. Whiteley is not to be a woman of one book; for in the volume before us she proves that she has plenty of good stories yet to tell. "For the French Lilies" is a tale of chivalry, of knightly deeds, and high purposes. Messire de St. Eymond's adventures are the theme; and his lofty character as he triumphs over one obstacle after another in quest of glory and fortune and his Lady Afra is very effectively depicted. There is a note of distinction in the whole work, which makes one hope for other stories from the same pen. This sort of story seems to be coming into vogue again, and we are glad of it.

A Daughter of France. From the French of the Countess de Flavigny. By Lady Martin. Burns & Oates.

Lady Martin has done a good work in giving to the English-reading world a translation, in abridged form, of this interesting biography. The original has gone through three editions, and fitly so; for it is the life-record of one who learned through sorrow the emptiness of court pomp. The heroine of the narrative is the daughter of Louis XI. and the repudiated wife of Louis XII., a noble daughter of France and a loyal child of the Church. Her life was cast in strange mold; but her trials were her sanctification, and her tears made fruitful the soil from which sprang that community of holy women, the Order of the Annunciation.



The Old Dead Tree.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

AN old dead tree, all leafless, stood
In the leafy heart of the living wood;
It waved its gaunt limbs in the blast,
And wailed as the summer gales swept past.

But the birds, from its branches bare and dry,
Taught their fledglings to flutter and fly;
And the squirrels and woodpeckers, frisky and free,
Loved to dwell in the old dead tree.

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

XI.—THE MORNING AFTER.

QUIETLY and cautiously the gypsies had disappeared. One by one, at intervals of an hour or more, the heavily-laden wagons had left the encampment, each taking a different direction; for there were many country roads about the neighborhood—a district of numerous farms. Usually there were a number of pedestrians among them; but to-night all had made use of the wagons, for quicker dispatch on their journey. Their one idea was to get far away from the scene of the day's operations, the dire consequences of which they now dreaded.

Yet, desirous as they were of making all the speed they could in leaving the neighborhood, they naturally feared that undue haste might excite suspicion. A belated traveller, a farmer hurrying to early market at the nearest town, would not be likely to take particular notice of a solitary wagon moving slowly; but

the contrary would be the case if there were several, apparently in a hurry to reach their destination. By midnight the valley was entirely deserted; only the smouldering coals of the camp fire, the trodden grass and unsightly débris of the encampment, remaining to tell of past occupation.

Early on the following morning an old woman was lying behind a fringe of blackberry bushes skirting a common where another tribe of gypsies were encamped. It was twenty-two miles from the scenes we witnessed recently—a much greater distance than was at first supposed,—but it was, nevertheless, the same old woman whom the reader has met on several occasions, and whom we left fast asleep in Luis' wagon the evening before. A heavy dew had fallen during the night; if it had not been for the blanket in which she was wrapped from head to foot, her garments would have been thoroughly drenched. Though sheltered by the bushes growing near the edge of a gently sloping bank, her position was most uncomfortable; for she lay in a very narrow hollow, almost a trench, between the bushes and the slight declivity. But she had slept on heavily all night, unconscious that she had been removed from the encampment, or that she had made a long journey to reach her present resting-place.

There was a good reason for this: her food had been drugged, as the reader may already have suspected. But as sounds of life began to make themselves heard in the camp, she also began to stir uneasily. The narcotic had fulfilled its purpose; the effect was beginning to wear off—our old woman was waking up. First she groaned, then she moaned,

then tried to turn over. As she became more fully awake, she realized that her position was cramped, as well as that she seemed to be bound and swathed in some strange fashion. At last she opened her bleared eyes to their full width, and saw, to her surprise, that she was lying on the ground, under the morning sky, in a place which was not at all familiar.

After many efforts, she succeeded in getting to a sitting posture. Then it was an easy task to free herself from the blanket, in which, so tightly was it wrapped about her, she seemed to have been rolled over and over. She looked around in amazement and affright. Everything seemed changed. Her first thought had been that her whilom friends had played her false, for sinister purposes of their own, having conveyed her from the scene of yesterday's occurrences. But another glance showed her that there were a number of tents not far away, and she began to think the fault lay with herself: that she had been dreaming and was not yet fully awake.

Flinging the blanket aside, she soon struggled to her feet, and stretched her stiff, aching limbs. Then she staggered up the low bank, still dazed and still wondering; all the more as the nearer she approached, the more fully she comprehended that the tents in front of her were, not those of Gaspar and his followers.

No one had observed her as yet, and with the realization of the fact came a desire to have a little time for reflection before making any further progress. She wanted to collect her thoughts, to comprehend the situation; to invent some plausible story, if necessary, before presenting herself to those whom she almost immediately concluded were the Irish Gypsies of whom Gaspar had spoken. Accordingly, she sat down close to the bushes, sheltered from all eyes

by the brow of the little elevation, and buried her head in her hands. It was a habit of hers: she could always think better thus.

"This is the way of it," she murmured. "Gaspar got afraid,—he never did give in to the plan altogether. He thought they'd come back again to look for them to-day, so he bundled us all away. But why *me*, unless he was afraid I'd tell? And why did he separate me from the children? Why did he do that? I can't make it out. Maybe he thought I'd tell if he left me there. I'd be telling on myself as well. They'd likely believe me no more than they would the gypsies. I can't make it out,—I can't make it out at all."

She sat there wearily for some time, mumbling to herself and occasionally making use of angry ejaculations, until everything seemed to become hopelessly obscure and perplexing. The chill of the night had penetrated her old bones: she shivered with cold.

At length she rose and continued to climb up the bank, slowly making her way toward the tents, the flaps of which were now all lifted. People were passing from them into the open; the fires were alight, and the fragrance of boiling coffee greeted her nostrils. She presented an odd spectacle as she slowly approached, dragging the blanket behind her.

"Here comes an old drunken woman, Uncle Shamus!" said a child of about six, running to a pleasant-looking man just issuing from one of the tents.

"Go easy, Kathie! A bit out of her head, more likely, poor creature!—And what can I do for you, good woman?" he called out, advancing to meet her.

The old dame promptly responded in the Romany jargon, signifying that she would like a cup of coffee.

To this he answered in ordinary English. Shamus O'Gorman was not to be deceived thus readily.

"A cup of coffee you shall have and welcome," he said. "And the sound of the Romany tongue is pleasant to a gypsy's ears, by whomsoever used. But where did you learn it? You are not one of us."

"Almost one of you," she returned. "For many years I have made my home among you, off and on."

"And why?"

"Because I was cast out by my own flesh and blood and the people of my own race. The gypsies are the only true, real good Samaritans,—at least the only ones I have ever found."

"That is a pity, if it be true. The rest of the world so far outnumbers us that it were strange if we should be the only good Samaritans in it. I think better of humanity than that."

"You have never been robbed of all you had in the world and turned out by your own kith and kin," she replied bitterly, assuming most readily the rôle she had just invented.

"Well, well! That is a shame to turn an old creature like yourself into the streets," said the gypsy. "However, I'm not asking for particulars.—Grace," he continued, addressing a young woman who now made her appearance at the door of the tent, "here's a poor creature that would like a bite and a drink. Give it to her. It will cheer her on her way this morning."

But the old woman had no intention of pursuing her journey so soon. By the time breakfast was over she had so worked upon the sympathies of the women that she was given permission to remain for a few days with them, as they were too kind-hearted to turn away any one so old and distressed as she appeared to be. By night they had all heard her story, which she had made as sad and pathetic as possible.

For the past few weeks she had been living with her son-in-law and his second

wife, she said; her own daughter having died several years before. A longing to see her two grandchildren had possessed her to such an extent that she had journeyed over a hundred miles on foot to reach them. In a quarrel between her son-in-law and his wife two days previous, she had taken the wife's part, with the result that she was thrust out into the night by the man, without any clothing but what she had on, and an old blanket found in the barn which had served her instead of a cloak. The first night she had slept in a stable, the second under the blackberry bushes at the edge of the common. Her sight was feeble, or she would have asked the hospitality of the good gypsies before lying down. She had not seen the tents till morning.

None of them were attracted to her: she was not a lovable old woman. But they gave her willingly to eat and drink, and sheltered her for God's sake. We will leave her with them for the present.

It was about three o'clock that very same day when two dishevelled, tired, and tearful children crawled from beneath the haymow in the meadow nearest the barnyard of the Winstanley residence, where they had been carefully placed the previous night. Their bearers had proceeded with great caution till they arrived at the spot agreed upon as the safest in which to leave them. Then, scooping out some hay from one side, they thrust the children into the cavity, which was sufficiently large to hold them both, lying closely together.

"They're safe enough there and warm enough," remarked Gaspar as the party turned away.

"And they'll sleep till to-morrow—late," added Melchior.

"I hope so," answered Gaspar. "Come quickly now; there is much to be got ready, and we have far to go."

Keeping close to the high fences,

and slinking under trees whenever they heard the noise of footsteps, they were not long in rejoining their companions.

But to return to the children. They had both waked almost at the same moment, and their first impulse was to seek the open air. Once on their feet, they recognized their surroundings; but stood for a moment bewildered, their eyes blinking and smarting in the strong afternoon light.

"Why, how did we get here, Mary?" gasped Tommy. "Who put us under the haymow?"

"That black man—that awful man,—or maybe the old woman," said Mary. "But it was last night, Tommy. Last night we were there in the wagon, and you remember he told us what to say when—when—"

"Yes, I know," replied the boy, with a shudder, glancing fearfully about him. "They brought us here because they knew we could find the way home. But it's all so strange, Mary! And how could we have slept so long? How did that happen, I wonder?"

They looked all around the meadow, across into the orchard; but there was no one in sight. Both had the same fear—that of being recaptured if they should venture farther alone.

"Come!" whispered Tommy at last. "Let us run!"

"Oh, there is Jacob coming out of the barn!" exclaimed Mary, clasping her brother's hand.

"Jacob! Jacob!" called the boy, with all the strength of his little lungs, at the same time beginning to run, and pulling Mary along with him.

"*Himmel, ach Himmel!*" cried the astonished hostler, springing with one bound across the fence into the meadow, where the trembling children, with smiles and tears, were soon clinging to his friendly arms.

The Story of St. Patrick.*

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

III.

The most abundant fruit followed St. Patrick's labors. He went from province to province, preaching the truths of our holy religion, and converting all who heard him. In a few years he built a great number of churches, and founded monasteries for the education of youth for the priesthood. These houses of learning were frequently ravaged and burned by the Danes; but they arose again from their ashes, and once more resounded with the voice of instruction and prayer as the invaders retired. The heroic missionary, however, was not without his trials and persecutions.

It was toward Easter; and on the night of the eve of Easter St. Patrick blessed the sacred fire. You will see this done every Holy Saturday morning: the priest blesses fire outside the church door immediately after sunrise. Now, St. Patrick, according to the custom of the Church in the old days, blessed the fire at midnight instead of at sunrise.

That night was an occasion of great festivity with the Irish people at that time; and a law ran that no one was to light a fire before the king's great fire at the palace should gleam over the whole land. If any one dared to light a fire he would be punished.

The people passed the night in darkness; and every person went about and had leave to do what he would—but not, of course, to rob or murder. Still, wicked things used to be done on that night, and the devil rejoiced; and, on the other hand, he was very angry against St. Patrick, for he knew that the servant of God was coming to abolish such evil feasts. The wicked spirit was, besides, stirring up anger in the hearts

of the king and the false priests. He made many things turn out contrary to the king's wish, and the latter was ready to burst in a rage at the first person that crossed or annoyed him.

Now, all of a sudden, St. Patrick's fire appeared; and the devil inflamed the king's rage, so that he demanded, in a voice of terrible anger, who was the man that dared to break through his law. Calling his soldiers and getting into his chariot of war, he drove in fury toward where the fire was, threatening with fierce oaths that he would speedily quench it with blood.

One of the false priests was ever by the king's side; and lately one of their number had become a great favorite of his. This false priest, unfortunately for himself, was a favorite of the demon as well; and the devil, by God's permission, gave him power to do wonderful things. This false priest remarked to the king that unless those men that had lighted the fire were driven out of his territory, they would become rulers of the land. And the king answered that he would not drive them out of his ground, but that he would drive them into his ground, and bury them there.

When they came near to where St. Patrick was, the king sent for him; and in the meantime he bade all his own followers to remain seated when this intruder of a swineherd appeared, and that not one of them at the peril of his life should rise to show him respect.

So when St. Patrick came, they all remained seated; and the Saint, telling of the mystery at hand—the Resurrection of our Blessed Lord,—began by speaking of the Three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity. While he was speaking grace was given to a young prince in the train of the king; and the prince arose and, coming to where St. Patrick was, knelt at his feet and begged to be received into his company.

The king was enraged at this—that any of his followers should leave him and join a swineherd. And the false priest, beginning to speak, contradicted everything the Saint had said. Now, he spoke so eloquently that the people all listened spellbound, and they said: "Never did man speak like that." And immediately, by the power of the devil, the false priest, proud and vain of his oratory, was raised high up in the air. The people, looking at him, wondered, and, falling on their knees, they adored him as a god. But St. Patrick prayed; and God cast the vain man down, and he fell on his head against a stone, and was instantly killed for his pride.

The king was disappointed and full of wrath at what had happened,—that the swineherd's religion should thus appear greater in the eyes of the people than his own; and he started up with a number of his followers to slay him. But God caused the earth between them and the Saint to tremble and quake. And when this did not intimidate the cruel men that were rushing to murder St. Patrick, God sent thunders in the sky, and His lightnings slew forty-nine of them. The rest were so frightened that they fled from the place in terror. The king hid himself. The thunders of heaven continued so dreadful, however, that at last he sent the queen to beseech the servant of God to stop them. At his prayer the thunder and lightnings immediately ceased; and the king, coming in the calm, bowed down before Patrick and invited him to visit him next day at the palace.

But the king had a bad mind; and so he placed soldiers in ambush along the road which the Saint was to pass, that they might rush on him and kill him. The following day St. Patrick set out for the palace, taking with him seven companions and a beautiful boy named Benignus, who had been one of the first

to join the Saint, and ever remained his favorite disciple. Patrick passed the several places where the soldiers were hidden; and the soldiers thought it was only a number of deer with a beautiful young faun that they saw passing.

St. Patrick came to the palace as the king was feasting with his courtiers. The king was very angry when he saw him, for he thought that the soldiers had neglected to carry out his command to murder Patrick. But another false priest whispered into his ear, and the king offered Patrick a cup into which the priest had put poison. St. Patrick, taking the cup, poured out into his left hand all the poison; then, making the Sign of the Cross over the remainder, he drank it; and, to the astonishment of all, no harm came to him.

Then the false priest challenged him to show his power; and he himself, invoking the demon, brought on a cold, frozen air that made them all shiver, and of a sudden covered the whole place with snow. St. Patrick challenged him to remove it, and he confessed that he could not; whereupon the Saint prayed to God, and the snow in an instant disappeared, and a beautiful balmy heat came on; so that all felt thankful in their hearts to the Saint, though they would not admit it.

Again the false priest, by his incantations, brought on a thick darkness, and everyone grew afraid,—it was so dark and mysterious. But when challenged by St. Patrick to remove it, he was unable to do so. The Saint then prayed to our Lord Jesus Christ, "the true Light that enlighteneth every man," and at once the darkness disappeared.

The king at last conceived in his mind what he thought to be a great test; but this was by the design of God. A timber-house was raised. One half was of fresh green trees brought in from the wood, and the other half of

boughs and fallen timber that had been dried and were ready for the fire. In the fresh green portion they put the false priest, and around him they wrapped a vestment of St. Patrick's; in the other portion the youth Benignus, with a vesture of the false priest's gathered round him. Having bound both, they set fire to the two ends. The green wood at once caught fire and was rapidly consumed; but no amount of fire, do what they would, could inflame the dry portion. In less than a minute the whole of the green portion was burned, and nothing remained but the vestment of St. Patrick that was clothing the unhappy priest; whereas in the other portion the only thing destroyed was the false priest's vesture that was wrapped around the boy. But Benignus himself came out of the ordeal unharmed, not so much as a hair of his head being touched.

(To be continued.)

Historic Friends.

Among historic friendships that of Damon and Pythias occupies a high place. Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, irritated by their blameless lives, trumped up an excuse and sentenced one of them to death. The other, in order that the condemned man might have time to go home and put his affairs in order, offered to become a hostage for him in his absence. Time went on, and the absent one failed to return. Dionysius thereupon gave orders to proceed with the execution; but as it was about to take place Pythias made his appearance and announced that he was ready to die. Dionysius was so delighted with this rare fidelity that he not only pardoned Pythias, but begged to be allowed admittance to the friendship of the faithful ones.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The wide dissemination of anti-Catholic literature ought to be a constant incentive to the zeal of those who are interested in the work of our Truth Societies. A vast amount of printed matter appealing to the ignorance and prejudice of non-Catholics is still circulated throughout the country. A gentleman living at Carthage, Ill., has sent us circulars of an infamous book against the Church, of which, it is asserted, as many as 62,000 copies have been sold within three months. Every poison has its proper antidote. The remedy for printed falsehood is printed truth, to be provided in abundance without delay.

—Mr. Adolphe Cohn, one of the best-informed littérateurs of Paris, fears that M. Brunetière may come back from the Vatican a lay nuncio to France, as a result of his sojourn at Rome. M. Brunetière has been the guest of a cardinal in the Eternal City, whither he went, it is said, at the invitation of Leo XIII. to lecture on his favorite Bossuet. "Rumor has it," writes M. Cohn in the *Bookman*, "that the conversations, held by Leo XIII. with his visitor have resulted in a much closer bond than had hitherto existed between the latter and the Catholic Church." Many of our zealous contemporaries have already converted M. Brunetière—in print.

—A bill has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than \$25 nor more than \$50 for the first offence, and between \$50 and \$100 for the second, for any person to write or sell to a student an essay, composition, or other literary production, to be palmed off upon the unsuspecting teacher as the purchaser's own. The *Chicago Tribune* thinks that such a law would be unjust in view of the fact that a score or more of Congressmen have their speeches written for them by their secretaries or by newspaper men. "The Governor of a State not 1000 miles from Illinois has most of his speeches written for him by a newspaper man. This sort of fraud is quite common, and has, indeed, come to be regarded leniently. If the Ohio Legislature punishes the students, it should also punish members of the Legislature guilty of the same offence."

—Among new books of devotion we notice "The Divine Consoler: Little Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament," written in French by J. M. Angéli, translated by Geneviève Irons, and published by Burns & Oates. This little book would be welcome

were it only for the "Thoughts of St. Vincent de Paul" forming an appendix; but we greatly prefer the "Visits" of St. Alphonsus.—"The Stations of the Cross," published by Benziger Brothers, contains three methods for performing this devotion, and gives the *Stabat Mater* in Latin and English. The illustrations are good, but the binding of this manual is not good; and 70 cents seems an unreasonable price for it.

—Lists of forthcoming books include: "Poor Dear Ann," a new story by the author of "The Prig"; "A Month's Meditations," from an unpublished MS. of Cardinal Wiseman; "The Testament of St. Ignatius Loyola," by E. M. R., with preface by George Tyrrell, S. J.; "A Son of St. Francis" (St. Felix of Cantalice), by Lady Amabel Kerr; "A Life of St. Anthony of Padua for the Young," by Mrs. Hugh Bell; "The Holy Year of Jubilee," by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J., fully illustrated; "A Day in the Cloister," by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.; also "The Flowing Tide," a new story by Madame Belloc, author of "In a Walled Garden," etc.

—The wonderful power of Sienkiewicz is a fact. He stands a giant among the makers of fiction; and when the great novelists of the century are weighed and sifted and labelled, he will be placed among the supreme few. His power is not psychologic, like that of some French novelists; nor philosophic, like Thackeray's; nor sentimental and whimsical, like Dickens': his quality is simply Homeric. He is called the Polish Scott; but we are bound in honesty to admit that the compliment is to Sir Walter, and to add that the points of contrast between them are only semi-occasional. Brute strength seems almost the only phrase that adequately characterizes the work of Sienkiewicz. His atmosphere is more than half barbaric, his people—whether he writes of Rome or of Warsaw—are strong-blooded people, with fiery, elemental passions which they never conceal; their achievements are the achievements of heroes and demigods; in short, Sienkiewicz paints in loud colors with no neutral tints to speak of.

—At a recent meeting of the South Dakota Press Association, Mr. M. C. Brown, editor of the *White Lake Wave*, read a bright effusion entitled "The Hand that Holds the Pencil." We quote two of the four stanzas:

We read of mighty powers
That are felt for right or wrong;
We have had them kept before our minds



In poems, prose, and song.
 There's the hand that rocks the cradle,
 And the hand that writes the dun;
 There's the man before the public,
 And the man behind the gun;
 There's the boy that minds his mother,
 And the Jack that takes the pot;
 While the hand that welds the slipper
 Seldom fails to touch the spot.
 Strong and potent are the forces
 That against our lives are hurled,
 But the hand that holds the pencil
 Is the hand that prods the world.
 Pencil pushers of the nation,
 In whose hands the weapon lies,
 Ponder well the aim and object
 Ere the pointed arrow flies:
 Dealing gently with the erring—
 Still, denouncing all the wrong,—
 Ever just in condemnation,
 And in virtue ever strong.
 Let your shafts be keen, yet kindly,
 Never venom-tipped nor vile;
 Seeking where a teardrop trembles
 To replace it with a smile.
 And while o'er our smiling planet
 Heaven's azure is unfurled,
 Let the hand that holds the pencil
 Be the hand that helps the world.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whitely.* \$1.25.
 The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2 20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.

The Dark Ages. *Dr. Mailland.* \$2.25.

The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, net.

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. *St. Ambrose. Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, net.

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1 10, net.

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., net.

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, net.

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., net.

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50, net.

Via Crucis. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.





THE ANNUNCIATION.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 24, 1900.

NO. 12.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Our Lady in Lent.

BY GEORGE CANON AKERS, M. A.*

HAIL, Lenten Feast most bright,
Dawn of the Easter Light,
Paling the purple gloom of Lent,
Light'ning the sinking soul in place of banishment!

Cast off, one little day,
Our mourning's dark array;
For that the sins our grief that cause,
He comes to bear,—the weight of broken laws.

Yea, for the Angel said
To Mary, sinless Maid:
'Hail, Maiden, that art full of heavenly grace!
The Lord hath blessed thee from His holy place.'

Now from that Maiden pure
Life is to us secure;
The Lord of Life will come, as man;
The Word made Flesh a Maiden's womb will span.

Let the high portals stand
Open on either hand;
For that the King will pass therethrough,
Radiant with grace and love and mercy too.

Shut then those portals wide,
Closed to all beside;
Where God hath entered, earthly born,
Avoid with awe the path His steps have worn.

O Maiden-Mother, pray
To that sweet Child to-day,
That He who died to gain our life
May aid us in the hour of deadly strife!

* Sometime Canon of Westminster.

Know that no prayer made with confidence remains fruitless, even though one may remain ignorant of the manner in which it is answered.—*St. Gertrude.*

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

IV.—THE ANNUNCIATION.

EVER since the regulation of our liturgy, the Feast of the Annunciation has been inscribed in the calendar as a double of the second class; but by a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites this festival has been raised to the dignity of a double of the first class,—a privilege reserved for the most important celebrations of the liturgical year. By this act, Leo XIII. has given to the Church another pledge of his special devotion to the Mother of God. We are told that the Sovereign Pontiff was moved to make this change on account of the petitions of the bishops of the Universal Church, and because he wished to secure greater prominence for the celebration of the mystery of the Incarnation of our Divine Lord in an age of ever-increasing unbelief.

It seems expedient to draw the attention of the faithful to the importance of the feast of Our Lady's Annunciation, because now in many countries the obligation of hearing Mass and resting from servile work has been removed from the festival;* and, as it invariably falls within the penitential season of Lent, it is not unfrequently shorn of

* In Ireland the obligation is still in force.

some of that external splendor and solemnity which belong to it by right of its high dignity.

The feast of the 25th of March has been known by various titles, probably owing to the fact that it commemorates a mystery common to Christ and His Blessed Mother. The Roman Church has always inscribed it in her calendar as the "Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin." And rightly so; for, as Suarez says, the gift of Christ to men was not perfectly accomplished till the moment of His birth; hence the Annunciation is to be regarded as a feast of Mary, and that of Christmas as a feast of our Blessed Lord.* Among the other names by which this festival has been known are the following: "the Conception of Christ," "the Lord's Annunciation," "the Beginning of Redemption." An old German almanac designates it "Our Lady in Lent."† A Council of Toledo calls it simply, but expressively, "the Festival of the Mother of God." In England, for many centuries, it has been popularly known as "Lady Day."

The importance of the mystery which is commemorated can not be overrated, when we reflect on the stupendous effects wrought thereby for the whole world. In truth, as Abbot Guéranger remarks, this is a great day not only to man, but to God Himself.‡ To St. Luke we are indebted for the account of the Annunciation, and it can not be doubted that the Evangelist learned the details from Mary herself. The greatness of the event and the simple surroundings of its accomplishment stand out in marked contrast. The lowly Virgin in her humble chamber was probably absorbed in prayer at the time when she received her heavenly visitant.§ The

hour is uncertain; but a common tradition, which we find embodied in the writings of many learned and holy men, asserts that the angelic salutation took place about the hour of midnight,—that is, at the beginning of the natural day. At the same hour, nine months later, Our Lord was born at Bethlehem. This tradition seems to be corroborated by the mysterious words of the Book of Wisdom, which the Church adapts to the night of the Nativity, but which apply in a still more forcible manner to the night of the Annunciation: "For while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word leapt down from heaven, from Thy royal throne."*

The dialogue between Mary and the Angel forms one of the most beautiful passages of St. Luke's Gospel. Gabriel begins with the salutation: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." And after he has described the attributes of the Divine Word, Our Lady asks the question: "How shall this be done, because I know not man?"—a question, indeed, full of sublime faith. The Angel goes on to declare that this great work will be accomplished by the Holy Ghost, and then he awaits her consent. This was an awful moment; for Our Lady had it in her power to refuse. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to thy word." God was now free to act. "In that moment," says Father Faber, "a Godlike shadow fell upon Mary, and Gabriel disappeared; and, without shock or sound, or so much as a tingling stillness, God in a created nature sate in His immensity within her bosom; and the eternal will was done, and creation was complete. Far off a storm of jubilee swept far-flashing through the angelic world. But the

* Dictionnaire de Liturg., Migne.

† "Our Lady's Dowry," p. 227.

‡ "Liturgical Year," Lent.

§ The Holy House is celebrated by a special feast on Dec. 10.

* Wisdom, xviii, 14, 15.

Mother heard not, heeded not. Her head sank upon her bosom, and her soul lay down in a silence which was like the peace of God. The Word was made Flesh."*

It was because of this mystery, which we celebrate on the 25th of March, that Mary was adorned by God with those unspeakable privileges and graces peculiarly her own; they were all intended to prepare her for this great day.† St. Ambrose says: "At the Annunciation there was consummation of virginity and fulness of maternity."‡ This day must be considered as the point of arrival and departure of all history; it is the pledge of all we have and all we hope for. Surely such a wondrous event is worthy of a most solemn annual commemoration.

The Bollandists state that the Annunciation festival is of such great antiquity that it is quite allowable to believe it originated with Mary herself. Doubtless she would recall, year by year, with special devotion the great benefits which the Incarnation conferred not only upon herself, but upon all mankind. The Apostles, aware of this holy custom of the Mother of God, would imitate the practice as far as they could, and finally would sanction it in the countries where they preached the Gospel. In support of this supposition—i. e., the apostolic origin of the festival,—the words of St. Augustine are fittingly applied: "That which the Universal Church maintains, and which is not found to have been instituted by councils, but, on the contrary, has been uninterruptedly retained, is rightly believed to have been handed down with apostolic authority."§

It is most probable that the public

celebration of the Annunciation had a place in the East before its introduction into the West. Even now the Greeks keep before it a *pro-festum*, or vigil, which serves as a preparation;* this practice, however, is unknown in Rome, Lent being looked upon as one prolonged vigil.

Among the witnesses to the existence in the West of a commemoration of the Annunciation, the earliest extant is, perhaps, St. Augustine (A. D. 432), who makes mention of the anniversary in one of his sermons on the Trinity.† St. Gelasius (A. D. 492) is also an early witness;‡ and the Council of Toledo (A. D. 656) had something to say on our present subject. The assembled Fathers speak of the Annunciation as of a feast of long standing; and they declare that, whereas the feast of the Holy Virgin is kept in Spain at different times in different places, and since it can not be celebrated in Lent without transgressing traditional rule, it should be observed eight days before Christmas. The reference to tradition concerns the fifty-first canon of the Council of Laodicea (fourth century), which forbade the observance of the feasts of martyrs during Lent.§ This practice, however, was not destined to endure; and we find in the year 692 the Council of Trullo allowing Lady Day to be kept in Lent, although other feasts were still excluded. A remnant of the Toledo legislation may be said to survive in the Feast of the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin, which in many countries is solemnized on the 18th of December, eight days before Our Lord's Nativity.

It is an immemorial custom of the Greek Church never to celebrate Mass

* "Bethlehem," p. 69.

† "Mother of the King," Coleridge, p. 83.

‡ Ibid.

§ Bened. XIV., De Festis B. M. V.; and Acta SS., March 25.

* Acta SS., March 25.

† De Trinit. Lib. iv, cap. v.

‡ Butler's Lives of the Saints, March 25; and also Smith's Dict. Christian Antiquities.

§ "Liturgical Year," Lent, p. 25.

during Lent, except on Saturdays and Sundays; and we read that it was ordained in a Council of Constantinople, in the year 692, that the Mass of the Presanctified should be celebrated on all the other days of Lent, with the exception of the Annunciation, when the usual festal Mass should be sung.* This rule is maintained among the Orientals at the present day.

A curious observance may be noted here. At the Church of Puy, in France, there existed a custom of keeping the Annunciation even when it happened to fall on Good Friday.† It is said that when this coincidence occurred in 1842, a special papal indult was obtained to authorize the use of this unique privilege. It is not stated how the apparently conflicting celebrations were combined.

The Church of Milan, which still maintains much of the ancient severity regarding feasts in Lent, celebrates the Mass of the Presanctified every Friday during that season. This strictness has been somewhat relaxed lately, in favor of the two great feasts of St. Joseph and the Annunciation. Pope Leo XIII., in the year 1897, granted permission for both days to be kept during Lent; and if either feast should fall on a Friday, Mass was to be celebrated. Originally the Ambrosian Liturgy commemorated the festival of the Annunciation on the Sunday preceding Christmas Day.‡

In Rome, for many ages, according to the ordinance of Pope Sergius I. (687), it was customary on this feast, as on the other three ancient feasts of Our Lady, to make a procession from St. Adrian's Church, near the Capitol, to the Basilica of St. Mary Major, where the people assembled for Mass.§

SPECIAL RITES.

Some special rites in connection with this feast may here be noted. In Benedictine monasteries, when the festival was announced from the Martyrology at Prime, on the eve, it was the custom for all to kneel for a short space and salute Our Lady, in silence, with the *Ave Maria*. In the present Roman Liturgy it is ordered that at solemn Mass, while the choir is chanting the words, *Et incarnatus est*, etc., of the *Credo*, the celebrant and his ministers should kneel at the altar steps. A similar ceremony is observed on Christmas Day.

Should the Annunciation happen to fall on Palm Sunday or during Holy Week, it is transferred, and Monday in Low Week becomes its proper day.*

While contrasting the manner in which this festival was kept in former times in England and the way in which it is celebrated now, Father Faber says: "Time was, in Ages of Faith, when the land would not have lain silent, as it lies now, on the eve of the 25th of March. The sweet religious music of countless bells would be ushering in the Vespers of the glorious Feast of the Incarnation.... If it were in Paschal-time, it would double men's Easter joys; and if it were in Lent, it would be a very foretaste of Easter."†

As Vespers on the weekdays of Lent are sung before the midday meal, comparatively few of the faithful are able to assist at this solemn office. The antiphons are taken from the Gospel of St. Luke, and recount the interview between Our Lady and St. Gabriel.

The Mass is almost identical with the Votive Mass of Advent (*Rorate*), except that the Introit—*Vultum tuum*: "All the rich among the people shall entreat thy countenance"—is from the Votive Mass of Our Lady for Christmastide. The

* Acta SS., vol. ix.

† Art. "Annonciation," Diet. Liturg., Migne.

‡ Acta SS., vol. ix.

§ Martene, De Antiq. Eccl. Discip.

* Rubricæ Brev. Rom.

† "Bethlehem," p. 52.

Epistle, taken from the prophecy of Isaias, contains those remarkable words: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel." In the Offertory the Church addresses the Mother of God with the Angelic Salutation. The proper Preface of Our Lady supersedes the Preface of Lent. As a Post-Communion we have the familiar prayer, *Gratiam tuam*, which concludes the daily Angelus.

Frequently during the history of the Church, the Annunciation has furnished a title for religious congregations, military orders, and confraternities, not to speak of numberless churches. A famous confraternity under this title was founded in Rome in 1470, by John of Turrecremata, with the object of furnishing marriage dowries for poor girls. One of the best known churches in Florence is dedicated to our Blessed Lady under the title of the Annunciation.

THE CRUCIFIXION ON THE SAME DAY.

A venerable tradition, worthy of all reverence and mentioned by Tertullian,* St. Augustine,† and others, assigns the 25th of March as the actual anniversary of the creation of the first man, and also of the Passion of Our Lord.‡ The Roman Martyrology furnishes implicit approbation of the second fact by commemorating on this day the death of the Good Thief,§ who merited to hear from our Blessed Lord on His cross these comforting words: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." The Martyrology of Gorman (twelfth century), written in Irish Gaelic, contains the following quaint sentence: "Jesus' conception on the same day as His crucifixion, without respect; the mischief was pride."|| And in several ancient

martyrologies the same events are commemorated; but, in addition, others are inscribed as having taken place on March 25. These are so remarkable that it may be of interest to recount a few of them. In the first place comes the triumph of St. Michael the Archangel over the dragon; then follow the fall and death of Adam; the martyrdom of Abel the Just; the death of Melchisedec, king and priest; also of Isaac, son of Abraham; and lastly, the Passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea.* All these anniversaries, which have become attached to this festival, tend to prove how very sacred must have been this particular day in the estimation of our Catholic forefathers.

THE ANGELUS.

In intimate connection with Lady Day we have the popular devotion of the Angelus, which by its very nature is intended to bring before the minds of the faithful, thrice each day, the mystery of the Incarnation. The first use of the Angelic Salutation in the liturgy is probably due to St. Gregory the Great, who inserted it as an Offertory in the Mass of the fourth Sunday of Advent, where it still remains.† It is said that Pope Urban II. (1088) prescribed the triple recitation of the "Hail Mary," both morning and evening, to obtain God's blessing on the Crusades;‡ Pope Gregory IX. (1227) ordered a bell to be rung every evening to remind the people to pray for this same object; and St. Bonaventure, in 1267, exhorted the Friars Minor to propagate the devotion. In any case, for many centuries there had been a custom of ringing a bell, called the curfew (or cover-fire), after sunset; and Pope John XXII. (1326) granted an indulgence to all who should say thrice the *Ave Maria* during the

* Tert. adv. Judæos, cap. viii, Migne.

† De Trinit. Lib. iv, c. v, Migne.

‡ Acta SS., vol. ix. § Martyr. Rom., March 25.

|| Ed. 1895 by Bradshaw Society. The "mischief" is evidently a reference to the Fall of Adam.

* Acta SS., vol. ix.

† Ch. of Our Fathers, vol. iii. Rock.

‡ Butler's Lives of the Saints, March 25.

ringing of the bell.* Thus did the Angelus originate. In England the bell which announced this daily prayer was known as the "Gabriel" or the Ave bell.

Pope Benedict XIV. gave a definite form to this devotion, and ordered the *Regina Cœli* in its stead in Paschal-time. Benedict XIII. granted an indulgence of one hundred days each time the Angelus should be said at the sound of the bell on bended knees, and a plenary indulgence once in the month for its daily recital.† Standing is prescribed, in memory of the Resurrection, on Saturday evenings, on Sunday, and the whole of Eastertide. On March 15, 1884, Pope Leo XIII. renewed the indulgences; but removed the conditions of kneeling and the ringing of the bell, when these can not reasonably be complied with.‡

We can not well conclude this notice of the Feast of the Annunciation without some reference to the Feast of St. Gabriel the Archangel, who made known the great mystery; and also to that of St. Joseph, the date of whose feast had led the faithful to dedicate in his honor the whole of the month of March.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH.

St. Joseph's name has had a place in the Martyrology from a period antecedent to the eighth century. His feast has been observed in the East from ancient times, the date assigned being the 20th of July. In the West, however, the 19th of March has always been looked upon as the correct date of his passage to eternal bliss.§ It would seem that the Latin Church began to celebrate his festival some time during the thirteenth century. In the year 1481 Pope Sixtus IV. approved the Feast of St. Joseph for the whole Church. In 1621 Gregory XV. made its observance of obligation. At the beginning of

the eighteenth century Pope Clement XI. composed the present proper Office, the celebrated hymn of which—*Te Joseph celebrent*—was the work of Clement X.*

FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL.

The Bollandists tell us that a feast in honor of St. Gabriel is an ancient observance among the Greeks.† With the exception of the Annunciation and the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste, St. Gabriel's is the only other festival they celebrate in March, its date being the 26th of that month. In Western Christendom, it would seem that St. Gabriel was first honored in the calendar during the sixteenth century, and the feast was then kept in Spain. March 18 was the day allotted to the cultus of the Archangel. Some orders of friars chose the eve of Lady Day as being a more suitable date for honoring St. Gabriel; while in France the day preceding the eve was selected. Finally, a return was made to the more ancient date of the 18th of March; and this, doubtless, with the intention of securing for the faithful an octave of preparation before celebrating the great Feast of the Annunciation.‡

In this arrangement one can not fail to see a parallel between it and the date of Our Lady's Expectation relative to Christmas. Although St. Gabriel's Day is almost universally observed, it has not obtained a place in the general calendar of the Church. The Mass and Office contain frequent allusions to the apparitions of the Archangel—to Daniel the prophet, to Zachary the father of St. John the Baptist, and to Our Lady.

As the whole human race is indebted to this glorious prince of heaven, on account of the part he had in the mystery of the Incarnation, may the gratitude and honor which are his due never be forgotten!

* "Dowry of Mary," Bridgett.

† New Raccolta, p. 199.

§ Acta SS., March 19.

‡ Ibid.

* Life of St. Joseph, by E. H. Thompson, p. 472.

† Acta. SS., March 18.

‡ Ibid.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XVII.

AS soon as Jean and the banker were alone, the latter went on, without losing any time:

"My second question is this: do you intend to live always in this state of hostility to your sister?"

"I have no sister," was Jean's reply.

"That is romantic language, little suited to the dignity of an engineer. Would you like to know what I think? Conquer your pride, reconcile yourself with your sister and go to see her. Your presence would bring her great joy—"

"Enough!" exclaimed Jean suddenly, his features contracting as if from pain. "I want neither your assistance nor your advice. I shall never see her again. I have no sister, I tell you!"

"You are doing a great wrong," Samuel insisted, without seeming to be offended. "Your sister is ill."

"Ah!" ejaculated the young man, struggling against his emotion. Then, almost immediately, he added in a tone of bitter irony: "She is ill, is she? What is lacking? Is she not happy? Has she not enough money to spend?"

For a reply, the banker stopped, unbuttoned his coat, took a note from his pocket and handed it to Jean.

"I was bidden to put this into your own hands."

Again the two men looked into each other's face, where they read only suspicion and hatred.

"You want war, I see," said Lewin, through his set teeth. "Very well; you shall have it, and you will lose all. Understand well, my dear sir,—*all!*"

He then entered his carriage and was driven rapidly away. When he had disappeared round a bend in the road, Jean tore open the envelope, which

burned his hand. The letter was dated from an estate which Leopold had just purchased in the suburbs of Varsovia. It contained only these words:

JEAN:—Come! I am going to die, perhaps, and I want so much to see you once again.

WANDA.

Tears dimmed the young man's eyes, and he slowly retraced his steps toward the house. Not far away, four lime-trees stood close together, their thick branches interlaced. A soft turf encircled their trunks; upon this Jean threw himself down and lay motionless, his face buried in his hands.

For more than a week Jean was a prey to the most painful reflections. He was the more prepared to forgive Wanda because of his own guilt, but need he tell her so? The consciousness of his own weakness in the end prevented him from responding to her despairing appeal. Jean was no hero. He awoke every morning with the firm determination of changing his way of living,—of going to seek self-forgetfulness, if not fortune, in labor in some distant land. If he had repulsed Lewin, it was because he wished to owe nothing to the banker, who would have been proud to boast of being the protector of Wanda's brother.

Jean could never consent to accept this humiliating assistance. He believed himself still capable of self-mastery, since for over a week he had resisted his temptations. The struggle wearied him, however. The image of Rachel lived in him. Without her everything seemed tedious and worthless. Vague ideas of suicide at times flitted through the unfortunate man's mind. He fought against himself, accusing himself of cowardice in this desire to escape from his sorrows. But to whom could he be useful henceforth? His father lived on tranquilly, seemingly satisfied in his dependence on the bounty of the Lewins.

The more he reflected on the incidents that had followed the banker's last visit, the more plainly he realized how matters at Wola stood. His father's moral apathy indicated a capitulation of conscience, the mysterious reason of which the young man's filial respect prevented him from trying to discover.

Had Wanda been an accomplice or a victim? The future would answer for her. Meanwhile this ancestral mansion, these broad lands, giant trees and running brooks, which to him had seemed more than a world, would pass, or already had passed, into other hands. He was only a parasite; his honor bade him go far away to other lands, and leave family, country, and love forever. But before pronouncing this eternal farewell why not visit Rachel for a last time? Should he see his sister? No! Henceforth he was the guilty one, who should sue for pardon; and this he disdained to do. He felt a sudden desire to trample everything under his feet, to destroy all that hitherto constituted the honor of his life and the sacred foundation of his faith.

One morning, therefore, after a night of fever and insomnia, he made this resolution, deeming it inexorable. The day dragged its hours slowly along. The heat was suffocating. In the afternoon a violent thunder-storm cleared the atmosphere; and when the first stars began to appear he saddled Malutka and set off for the city.

The beautiful night soothed the wounds of his poor heart. He looked across the sleeping landscape, and raised his eyes to the skies, where myriads of worlds revolved, carrying with them the secrets of many destinies similar to his own, perhaps. A wave of emotion swept over him. He spurred on his fleet mare, and repeated aloud the name of her he loved.

He reached the city at last. He skirted the silent little house and the walls of the

Jewish cemetery, [above which towered the confusion of tombstones, evoking in the night all the sublime horror of a vision of Isaiah. He descended the hill and entered the wood. Soon Malutka was tied to the usual oak, and her rider was hastening toward the clump of willows where Rachel was wont to resort when the limes were in bloom.

His heart beat rapidly as he neared his goal. The great branches hung over until they touched the water, forming a vaulted arch beneath them. Jean paused, not daring to go farther; and was about to whisper the name of his beloved, when the branches separated and he saw her appear before him. She wore a white robe and advanced with the noiseless gliding of a phantom. When they were close to each other, he grasped her hands, but they were inert and cold. He bent over her, trying to question her eyes, and he saw that she had been weeping.

"What grieves you, Rachel?" the young man murmured, in a voice full of suppressed emotion; for, although reproachful, the girl's expression was so tender, so supplicating, that he felt his heart stirred to its very depths.

He had no need to question her. He felt that it was he who was the cause of her tears, of the sadness of her tones, of the iciness of her little hands.

"I love you, Rachel!" he said, tenderly. "Do not be angry with me. If you knew all I have suffered!"

Tears flowed down the girl's cheeks.

"No, you do not love me; if you did, you would not have remained away so long. Alone here, I have counted every hour, every minute; and each one which passed away without bringing me the joy of your presence, took from me something of my strength, my life, my desire to live."

She leaned her head on his shoulder, as if overcome by the mere remembrance

of past grief or by the excess of present happiness.

"Now I forget everything, since you are here," she continued. "To-morrow I shall again suffer, because I shall doubt your love. You think of me and believe that you love me only when I have moved you by my tears and my tenderness. With me it is different. Alas! why not confess all to you? You have taken everything from me,—my repose, my light heart, my sleep, my future, my hopes, and my dreams of happiness; since henceforth for me all is centred in you. Without you I am a poor wreck, abandoned on a dark and boundless sea. You will laugh, perhaps, at these words. Do not, I beg of you. Have pity on my weakness!"

She paused, overcome by her emotions, and Jean's tears mingled freely with her own. What suffering he had caused her! And his natural compassion had always prompted him to console instead of wound. He wished to comfort her now. A loving pity filled his heart and added a note of tender persuasion to his tones.

"Do not weep, Rachel. Have confidence in my honor. Do not doubt me for a moment. I swear to you I am sincere. I love you as I have never loved,—above everything else in the world."

They paused in their walk; and when Rachel spoke again, her tones were full of suppressed joy, caused by the ardent words spoken close to her ears.

"Do you truly love me?"

"Yes, I love you."

"Above everything else in the world?"

"Above everything else in the world."

"More than your faith?"

Jean hesitated a moment, then replied:

"As much as my faith."

But she had understood. She sighed deeply, and said:

"I love you more than my faith. You would blush to call a Jewess your wife. You would not be willing to sacrifice

your belief for me. I, on the other hand, would adore what you adore; your belief would be mine; and yet I know that even the remembrance of my religion would still seem to you an opprobrium."

She stood directly in front of him, and her face, transfigured by her love, seemed to gleam in the darkness.

Jean felt himself growing helpless under the influence of the sweet intoxication of love. Rachel continued, as if foreseeing that she must win him now or lose him forever.

"Would you be willing to make me your wife, the companion of your life?"

The young man was silent; he trembled, while his temples throbbed. All the carnal attraction of the senses held him in bondage at the feet of the Jewess. He had opened his lips to speak the words that would bind him for life when, suddenly, not two feet away, appeared the slender form of the Rabbi. Chance, or perhaps one of those celestial powers to which the care of our souls is entrusted, had saved him.

Zachariah came forward, stumbling over the roots of the pine-trees, feeling his way with his cane.

"Rachel, is that you?" he called out in the trembling voice that had so often disturbed their meetings.

With a gesture, the girl bade Jean go down to the river; then she answered:

"Yes, father dear. I walked farther than I intended,—it is so pleasant."

"With whom were you talking?"

As they moved away, Jean heard the girl say:

"With Jacob, father."

XVIII.

Jean walked slowly down to the river. He sat down on the sand, not far from the clump of willows, his brain on fire and his ears strained, hoping that Rachel would succeed in escaping and return to join him. He waited for a long time, trembling at the slightest

sound; but she did not come back. The breeze died away and the heat was intense. It was with difficulty that he collected his thoughts. Rachel's passionate accents still tore his heart.

He tried to examine his conscience. Was it true that he had ruined the young girl's destiny?—that she was like a flower culled by him to be tossed away by the roadside? On the other hand, was it not true, too, that his love need not cause him to blush, aside from the differences of race and faith? Had she not sworn that she was ready to adore the things which he adored?—were not these her own words? And, almost immediately after, had she not replied to the Rabbi's question with a falsehood, without faltering or hesitation? Her lips, then, knew how to disguise the truth. Her heart could thus master the most intense emotion quickly and easily, while he was still trembling under the impression of the sentiments that had agitated him. He well knew that it has been said that all women possess the innate art of dissimulation; but why did the name of Jacob humiliate him? Why did he blush at it as much as at the thought of the falsehood? He closed his eyes as if to escape from it all; but the thoughts returned again and again, and a burning fire seemed to consume him.

He thought a bath in the river might give refreshment and strength to both body and mind. He removed his clothing and walked out into the water. Not a light was to be seen in the houses scattered along the banks; he seemed to be the only living thing in the solitude around him.

Suddenly, but a few steps away, he heard the cracking of branches, and fancied he saw a dark form. At the same time a night-bird flew out from the tree above him toward the wood. Jean was seized with an involuntary

terror, as he remembered the tales of nocturnal apparitions told to him in his childhood. It never occurred to him that a person could be following him. The flapping of the bird's wings above his head reassured him. Its sudden flight from the tree had doubtless caused the rustling that had so startled him. He plunged into the water and slowly swam from the bank. He was not an expert swimmer, but the water was not deep nor the current strong. The cool waves rolled over him, causing delightful sensations of comfort. He abandoned himself to reverie, and thought that if he were borne away on the waters to the regions of the Eternal, it would be better for him, perhaps.

Happening to turn his head toward the shore, he saw a dark form clearly outlined against the background of yellow sand. His first thought was of Rachel, and an impulse of modesty caused him to swim farther out. Here the water was rougher and colder; it carried him swiftly on, and he was not able to touch the bottom of the river. The instinct of self-preservation was now aroused within him. He tried to turn toward the shore, but the eddy rolled him over, and twice he was entirely submerged. He felt his strength leaving him. His unskilful efforts to escape from the force of the current only put him more completely in its power. He believed he was going to perish. He looked about, over the surrounding country, and it seemed to him as if his glance could pierce even to Wola. In an instant a review of his whole life passed before him. Poor life! clouded from the very beginning, with gleams of light only here and there. Everything, his love even, seemed like a dream. Soon, however, he returned to a realization of his danger. An indescribable sense of distress filled his being—the fear of death, the unknown, and the judgment.

In a last effort, he threw up his arms and cried out: "Help! Help!"

At this appeal the dark form on the shore plunged into the river. Jean saw it approaching, cleaving the water with strong, even strokes, like a machine. A few seconds more and it would reach him. But his strength abandoned him; all grew dark around him and he sank beneath the waves. Soon he felt himself grasped by nervous arms. A struggle followed, though he was not conscious of his movements. Then he felt a dreadful shock—something like a blow on the nape of the neck,—and immediately consciousness left him. When he regained it, he was stretched out on the sands of the shore. A man was leaning over him trying to restore him. In spite of the obscurity, he recognized the pale face and slender form. He brusquely pushed him away, and exclaimed in a stifled tone: "Jacob Lewin!"

The man made no reply, but rose, and, hastily putting on some of the garments lying on the ground, waited a moment, as if he expected a word of gratitude from the person he had just saved.

Jean also rose and dressed himself. There was a silence for a few moments, then he approached his rival and said:

"Are you really Jacob Lewin?"

"I am. I return good for evil. Good-night!" Jacob answered, walking away.

Jean followed him, and placed himself directly in front of him, barring his way.

"Why did you not let me die?" he said, bitterly.

"Why did you call for help?" was the simple reply.

"That was the cry of human weakness. Have you been on the bank long?"

"Yes."

"Did you see us?"

"I both saw and heard you."

"You know all, then, and I have no confession to make. You have been tracking me for a long time."

"I confess that I have."

"You must hate me."

"As much as it is possible for one man to hate another."

"Then, I ask again, why did you save me? You ought to have longed for my death."

"Our desires and our duties are two distinct sentiments. I should have been glad to see the river avenge me, but it was my duty to save your life."

"Did you not have an instant of hesitation?"

"Like yourself, I at first yielded to the weakness of human nature; and when I heard your cry for help, a wild joy seized me. A second later I threw off my coat and plunged into the water."

"It would have been better to let me die. Does not your law say: 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'?"

"Yes, but it also says: 'Succor all who are in distress.' I wanted to show you that a Jew can be generous,—a Jew, the son and brother of 'usurers,' as you term us; the brother-in-law of your sister, whom you despise because she has sacrificed herself."

"What do you mean? Why do you refer to my sister? How do you know that she has sacrificed herself? What do you know—"

"I know, and wish to know, nothing," interrupted Jacob. "I am, perhaps, more clairvoyant and more indulgent than you; that is all. Good-night! I will go now, since you have no further need of me."

"Will you not let me thank you?"

"It is unnecessary."

As Jacob was about to move away, Jean stopped him again.

"It can not end this way. You shall not conquer me by your generosity. I shall have the last word. You have saved my life, and, in return, I will sacrifice my love for Rachel in your behalf. Marry her and be happy."

"Do not speak of her!" replied Jacob, brusquely. "So you renounce your love! Many thanks, sir, for your good intentions. You doubtless think that what you reject is good enough for me."

"Râchel is worthy of respect, and she is worthy of you."

"Yes, because fate has interposed between her and yourself. But I am prouder than that, even if I am a Jew. You have stolen her heart. She loves you, and she believes that you will make her your wife; you have almost promised to do so,—you, who deny your sister! Fie, sir! I repeat, I have more pride than you. You think you can atone for my lost dreams of happiness, my betrayed love, my crushed hopes, by saying, 'Take her; I leave her to you.' For my part, I have a different idea of the sentiments of the heart and more respect for my plighted word. Rachel is lost to me. I no longer desire to love her; I can forget or, at least, pity her. To-morrow I shall leave this place, where I have suffered so cruelly since your coming. Do not detain me longer. The remembrance of my tortures might loosen the bonds of my hatred; and in cursing you I might spoil the effect of my generosity."

Jean stood aside now.

"Good-bye!" he murmured, humbly. "Forgive me!"

An hour later Jean reached Wola. A light was burning in his father's room; a sudden impulse prompted him to go in and demand an explanation of the mystery that weighed upon his mind. He paused on the threshold for a moment, then rapped. There was no reply.

"He is asleep," thought the young man. "Till to-morrow, then. Every day brings its own sorrow."

He crept on tiptoe to his own chamber, where he threw himself down on the bed, without undressing; and, overcome by fatigue, he was soon fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

Death.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

DESPAIR.

I WAITED close to the well-known door,
And she I loved came forth once more;
Came forth once more, but she did not see,—
Never a word did she have for me.
Never a word; and she did not smile,
Though I walked beside her a weary mile.
Weeping, I leaned o'er her silent bier:
She did not heed me, she would not hear.
I called her name at the churchyard gate:
She did not answer, she would not wait.
They laid her down in a shady spot,—
They laid her low, but she murmured not.
They shut her out from the heavens fair:
She did not stay them, she did not care.
They showered blossoms above her breast;
They whispered softly: "She is at rest!"
I lingered near her till set of sun,
And then I left her—my lonely one!
For dark the chamber and fast the door
Whence she I loved cometh forth no more.

RESIGNATION.

She loved them well—sweet flowers!
They lie upon her breast;
Alone I mark the hours,
Alone I guard her rest.
Into God's meadows vernal
Her feet have gone before;
His blessed peace eternal
Enfolds her evermore.
Her eyes are done with weeping,
Her heart with loving pain;
I joy that she is sleeping,
Though fall my tears like rain.
For the last time—forever—
My cheek to hers I pressed.
Would I recall her? Never!
My darling is at rest.

WHAT difference is there between the assailant and the man who, being assailed, gives back blow for blow, except that one is the first to do wrong and the other the last?—*Tertullian*.

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

VI.

WITH regret we parted from the enchanting scenery of St. Margaret's Bay. Soon we found ourselves amid the very rudiments of civilization; about us on all sides

The savor and shade of old-world pine forests
Where the wet hill-winds weep.

Here and there was a bit of clearing amid the wilderness of spruce and fir and tamarack and juniper and beech. An occasional white cottage, the home of some thrifty fisherman, relieved the long monotony of the way, and offered to the eye, weary of endless gorgeous green, a vision of flowers—of marigold sweet-william and larkspur; of phlox monk's-hood and bluebells, with their faint but sweet, fresh perfumes,—that was a welcome distraction. Rude and toilsome and unromantic as is the life of the dweller on these lonely coasts, it does not totally ignore the cult of the beautiful; the personal note, the peculiarly modern quality of "sentiment," crops out even amid these forbidding conditions. Also it was pleasant to notice a root of poetry,—the power to idealize, the sense of symbolism, asserting itself among rough men who would doubtless gasp at any such recondite philosophy of the wooden codfish that served as a vane on a very old church covered with gray and mossy shingles, or veered slowly and creakingly atop of a pole that rose amid a yard quite filled with pretty flowers.

At intervals a tiny hamlet, with its wooden school-house of a single room, arrested our reveries; or a bevy of lovely children clustering close about some very youthful teacher drew aside, casting up, as we passed, looks of mingled curiosity and mirth. We crossed mountain creeks

hastening to the sea, and blue inlets of the sea that bathed the feet of the mountains, until, after many a laborious ascent, we came out upon the hilltops that overlook Mahone Bay, and saw spread before our pleased eyes the unique panorama of Chester.

In the setting sun we looked down upon two or three hundred cottages, snow-white, and scattered in sweet and ravishing confusion over a half dozen green and rounded downs that dropped ever so gently to the sea. Out of the scene rose skyward a square steeple or two, and a slender spire that we knew afterward to mark the meeting place of the little Catholic flock. A great stillness rested upon all things; and it seemed, as we drew near, that this was truly a place of peace and comfortable rest,—

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in.

Beyond, and filling the great bow of the horizon, lay the sea. Hundreds of green embayed isles dotted its surface, and dozens of white-winged pleasure-boats flitted swiftly in all directions. The descending sun shed upon the enamelled waters a torrent of golden fire; it seemed such a scene and such a time as might have served for the Passing of Arthur or Hiawatha. Just as there are tragedies in the heart that no Sophocles, no Shakespere can fathom, no Hugo dress out in fitting words, so there are scenes in Nature so superb that they mightily transcend the cunning of tongue or pen, and yield themselves only to the supreme and rapturous homage of silence and tears. Whoever has looked down on the Cañon of the Yellowstone knows that One has touched these rugged walls so featly, so all-gloriously, that Titian and Veronese and Bierstadt are henceforth forgotten for contempt.

The Isles of Chester! What wonder

that they extorted a cry of admiration from Champlain when, on one of his initial voyages, he skirted this eastern coast of Acadia? Then, as now, they rose from the bosom of this lovely bay, well-nigh countless, of every size, endlessly various in outline, crowned with forests of pine or hardwood: a profusion of emerald jewels tossed carelessly by the generous hand of Nature upon the waters of Mahone Bay. Far out, on the line of the Atlantic, Green Island and Ironbound seem to keep watch and ward,—the hospitable starlike light of the latter shining forever, like God's Mercy, through darkness and fog and storm and snow. Forever its ray, faint and dim, but steady, falls upon the awful welter of waters, and warns the long procession of the world's public carriers along this crowded highway of the sunken peril and the inhospitable shore.

But within the sheltering arms that Mother Earth casts out oceanward,—immovable breakwaters, tenoned and mortised in eternal granite, upbuilt by a divine hand in the dawn of creation,—what a vision of an island paradise! Some are large enough to support many families; the largest, Tancook, having a population of over five hundred souls, and rejoicing after the fashion of healthy primitive people in the absence of lawyers and doctors. Others give a home and a living to a miscellaneous population of farmers, hucksters, and fishermen. Not a little of the mutton, fowl, eggs, butter, and vegetables that the summer visitor needs is produced here. Hence, too, come the hardy sailormen who know these waters as a child its catechism, and act as skippers to the summer colonies that are destined to grow rapidly along these shores.

So closely is the sea dotted with these delicious green islets that we seem at times to be moving through a Northern Venice; could the palaces that fancy

builds be translated into stone, we should have here another "Venezuela." In the morning light they stand out innumerable, distinct in outline, their greens dripping and glistening with dew, sharply accentuated; each one with its mystic ring of white rubble, polished by the secular tossing and grinding of the tides. And when the western skies are like some gigantic crucible, alive with pulsing flames and colors to stagger the bravest fancy, then are transfigured all these green hillocks that rise above the level blue, and all the water-ways between them are flooded with riotous light and gold. Standing on some high slope, the eye sees landward one curving wall of forest unbroken by road or habitation; while on the seaward line, along a vast arc of some thirty miles, are thrown these hundreds of islands, like stepping-stones across this dazzling expanse of water. One must enter the Bras d'Or to meet a rival of this scene; the Bay of Naples is in every way its inferior.

Indeed, our domestic American scenery is usually grander and nobler than the scenery of tourist-Europe; and every true lover of Nature must pray for the day when our people shall learn what a vain and foolish thing it is to spend abroad in one summer the money that would enable them to live freely and comfortably in any part of the New World for two or more seasons. In these Northern latitudes the summer air is sweet, crisp and wholesome; rich with aromatic odors of spruce and fir, charged with the fine whetsome salt of brine blown about from the "multitudinous" seas. Liberty, personality, spontaneity—the glorious sense of room, the bird-like passion for space; the infinite magic of *Sehnsucht*,—as it were, the "beached margent" of eternity and immortality; the holiest, most intimate promptings of Nature,—all these things are here, and

not on the crowded deck of a Cunarder, not on the trampled tow-paths of the Rhine or the Danube, not in the swarming, infected purlieus of humanity called London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels.

How the old missionaries loved the vastness, the immensity of this scenery! How it made up to them richly for the tame ease and the routine comforts of the life they had dropped, thrown away! Let all young people read—there is nothing healthier or more instructive—the writings of Charlevoix and Sagard, the “Jesuit Relations,” now accessible in English; the “Nova Francia” of Lescarbot, the “Journal” of Champlain, the “Voyages” of Hakluyt,—any of the original narratives of American discovery or conquest written by Europeans. Concerning the charms of American scenery they are as one man. Even in the public official documents of France and England, in spite of their formalism, this breaks out. What a pity that we should be blind to these facts, now that opportunity must no longer wait on knowledge and good-will!

If the original documents be rare and difficult of access, let the youthful reader peruse the genial chapters of Haliburton, of Beamish or Campbell; and, with judicious guidance, of Parkman. If, as he well might, he knows French, there are the delicious pages of De Gaspé, Casgrain, Rameau, Marmier, Ferland, Le Moine; with the finely-felt and artistic verse of Le May, Fréchette, Crémazie, Lenoir, and many other singers of the young Canadian school. It would be unjust to touch on this subject and not mention the merits of the collections of O’Callaghan, the historian of the State of New York; and of John Gilmary Shea, the historian of American Catholicism, in whose voluminous writings and compilations there is many an instructive, many an entrancing page.

(To be continued.)

Miss Dent’s Good Time.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

WHY Puritan caprice had named her thus drearily no one knew and few tried to guess; but, at all events, Hopeless Dent she was, and Hopeless Dent she had been for so many years that it would be gratuitous cruelty to number them in so public a manner. She was an old maid,—not the modern bachelor girl who wears a man’s hat, owns a latch-key, and has views concerning everything on sea or land; but just an old maid of the time-honored sort, with a gentle voice and shrinking ways and quaint precision of dress.

She had no near relatives, and no far-away ones worth mentioning; she had never had a lover, did not fancy cats, and had no knack of making new friends; so it was small wonder that the hoarded treasures of her heart were poured out at the feet of the poor. Giving was with her a mania. She found her keenest delight in depriving herself of necessities in order that some pet charity might be the gainer; and I doubt if any rich woman in the land experienced in her round of worldly joys and pleasures the happiness that Hopeless Dent felt when, at great cost to herself, she could take comfort to a comfortless one stricken by the wayside.

And, then, one day the reaction set in. Perhaps the tension had been too great; perhaps some inherited trait from a far-off ancestor woke into life in her unsuspecting heart; perhaps some act of injustice soured the milk of human kindness,—whatever the cause, the effect was sudden and evident and startling. The idea that fortune had been unkind began to possess her; and, once at home, was like the camel in the Arab’s tent—driving out all beside.

Everything favored the growth of her rebellious discontent. A tramp for whom she went without her own breakfast stole her best spectacles, and a neuralgic headache set in regularly every morning. Well, perhaps if it had not been for the headache this story, as the novelists say, would never have been written; for without it Miss Hopeless might have been restored to her own sweet self. Even with it, she might have conquered, had it not been for that week's sewing in the minister's family. The dear little Doolittles needed garments of all sorts and sizes; their mother, a gown for Sunday wear. And while the busy needle flew, an unthinking tongue rattled on.

"If I must say it, Miss Dent, you're far too good a woman to be so imposed upon by people not fit to tie your shoes. And you Squire Dent's favorite child! I do hope he's so far removed from this vale of tears that he can't see how you're at everybody's beck and call, without a word of thanks—yes, I believe a little lace would look well in the throat. But I can't afford lace with Mr. Doolittle's salary: only nine hundred; and part of that to be taken in wood, and some of it never paid at all—your point-lace collar! Why, yes, that would do beautifully; but I can't bear to deprive you of it, only I know you think it is more blessed to give than to receive. You do take such comfort in giving—yes, as I was saying, folks seem to think everything they get out of you is clear gain. And there's one thing I'm going to tell you: Mr. Doolittle thinks you are too indiscriminate in your giving. 'Do good to them that are of the household of the faith,' the Bible says. Now, you know you made two shrouds for those Maloney children last week, and I'm afraid they'll rise up against you at the last day. But, of course, it isn't my place to interfere; and I'm much obliged for the

collar. It'll be lovely ruffled in over a little black edging."

When Miss Dent went home that night two bright red spots burned in her cheeks and the headache was worse. She took the little collar out of a drawer. It was the last thing left of the better days to which she had been born. "I'm robbed of everything," she said, bitterly. "However, I'm going to turn over a new leaf. Mrs. Doolittle was right. Folks care for me only for what they can get out of me, and now she's got my collar!"

She put the collar in an envelope, which she directed with sullen swiftness. That done, she began to count her little hoard of money that had been put by for her beloved poor. She had been thinking of helping a lame girl to get a wheeled chair, and had planned to furnish flannel skirts for her washerwoman's twins. "Let her look after her own twins!" she said. "And who'd bother to get *me* an invalid chair if I needed one?" The demon of discontent was now well enthroned. "I'm going to the city," she went on, "and spend every cent of that money having a good time."

She met Father Lawrence the next morning. Common charities had made them acquainted.

"Good-morning, Miss Dent!" he began. "I am very glad I happened to meet you. Another of the Maloney children is down with diphtheria."

Miss Hopeless tossed her head and looked strangely indifferent. The good priest was perplexed.

"I thought," he said, "that you might find time to stop and say a kind word to their mother."

"I can not, Father," answered Miss Hopeless. "I'm going to be out of town. I'm—going on a journey."

"Well, I hope it will be a pleasant one," said Father Lawrence, passing on.

By noon the extravagant career of

Miss Hopeless had begun. She gave a boy twenty-five cents for carrying her new satchel to the station; and took her luncheon, regardless of expense, in the dining-car. A kind old gentleman who looked like a banker advised her as to the suitable hotel for a single lady travelling alone, whose age made a chaperon superfluous. She was soon the temporary proprietor of two rooms on the twelfth floor, and ready for the happiness which luxury is said to bring. But it did not come; and a pang of homesickness pierced her heart at the thought of her own bedroom, with the geraniums in the window and the cracked bowl on the washstand. "I declare," she said, "nobody'll water those geraniums!" And for a moment all the brightness died out of her face. "But I'll forget them," she thought, "when I get to the theatre and the stores; and I'm not going to worry over a parcel of house plants."

She went to the matinée at the best play-house, and the little girl who sat next to her had on a hat like Ellen Maloney's. "Oh, dear!" she thought, "I wonder if it's poor Ellen that has diphtheria now?" And she couldn't listen to the rest of the play. "The stores are what I want," she continued, bravely. "There's nothing like stores for cheering people up. It's no wonder I am a mite upset. It's so long since I've had a good time that I don't know how to enjoy it. I've been so cheated by everybody and so imposed on that I've most forgotten how to be happy."

A large department store attracted her first, and by its glittering wealth she was dazzled. The children's room she found most fascinating; and, lo! before she knew it—poor absent-minded Miss Hopeless!—she was gathering up an armful of mittens and stockings, with the vague idea of paying somebody for them and carrying them off to comfort

certain little feet and hands. And then somebody said, sharply:

"Put down those things you've got under your cape, my lady, and come along here!"

"Why, I'm going to pay for them!" she answered. "You did not think I was trying to steal them, did you?"

The idea was so absurd that she gave a nervous little laugh; but the man was not in a jocular mood.

"That's too thin, madam!" was the prompt rejoinder. "You're the lady we've been looking for. We're going to bust up this shoplifting business."

I am happy to say that, after a few moments of most humiliating agony, the spirit of Squire Dent's daughter arose to the occasion.

"Sir, my great-grandfather was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," she said. "He wasn't afraid and neither am I."

"Come along!" the man repeated.

Miss Hopeless obeyed; though finding strength to say, sternly:

"Please take your greasy hand off of my Sunday cloak, and I'll go somewhere and explain."

"I'm afraid it'll take something more than explaining," he answered.

"Hodson," called the floor-walker, hurrying and breathless, "it's all a big mistake. They've got the real thief in the other room."

He turned to Miss Hopeless and bowed effusively.

"You see, Madam, we've been trying to unearth a gang of shoplifters. We've been on the track of an old lady that answers your description."

"Old lady!" This was the last straw. She paid for the innocent little garments that had made so much trouble; then, going back to the hotel, settled her bill, and hurried to catch the five o'clock train for home.

"I've had all the good time I want,"

she thought, as she washed the grime of travel off her hands. She made herself a cup of tea, and went over to Mrs. Maloney's. Father Lawrence was there.

"The poor child is not likely to live," he said.

"Is it Ellen, Father?"

"Yes, it is Ellen. But I thought you knew," replied the priest.

Miss Dent's lip quivered. Ellen, the little red-haired one, was her especial darling, and she had deserted her!

"Are you going on your journey soon?" asked Father Lawrence.

"My journey! Oh, yes! I've—I've been and got back."

She had forgotten it already. It seemed a year since the policeman had tapped her on the shoulder and bidden her to "Come along here!"

Father Lawrence said no more. Miss Hopeless was herself again,—that he knew, and it was enough.

Ellen lived,—thanks, the doctor said, to Miss Dent's skilful nursing. Mrs. Doolittle wore her new gown to meeting the following Sunday, and people said that the point-lace in the throat was very becoming; but Miss Hopeless Dent was not there to express an opinion, having, to the amazement and chagrin of the neighbors, gone to Mass. There is a new light in her eyes and a new joy in her heart to-day; for the cold Puritanism that named her "Hopeless" has given way to a faith more glad.

"I should be called Miss Hopeful," she declares, and smiles as she waters her geraniums.

Charity.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

AS deep as wisdom and as wide as woe
Her vision is; her tender ears discern
The secret surge of Nature's undertow;
She knows Time's tempest,—how its lightnings
burn.

The Menace of Mormonism.

THE Mormons have played fast and loose with our government for many years. Their declarations have always proved to be hoaxes; Gentiles living among them have repeatedly warned the nation to put no faith in professions of loyalty made by Latter-Day Saints. A thousand times it has been shown that polygamy is still practised among them; that Utah is practically an independent commonwealth. And yet the American people are seemingly without alarm, persuaded that Mormonism will die of itself; whereas it is becoming stronger every year, because of the inertia of our government, and the reluctance of either of the great political parties to take the bull by the horns. But the time is fast approaching when this question will come up for settlement: Whether the Constitution of the United States or the revelation of the Saints shall rule the West?

The case of Elder B. H. Roberts, who was refused a seat in Congress, did indeed rouse public attention to the cancer in our body politic; and the cry "Down with polygamy!" was heard once more. "Let us no longer wink at crime and at treason." The Mormons waited until the excitement had somewhat subsided; and then Lorenzo Snow, president of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, made a solemn declaration, which seems to have had the effect of actually rehabilitating the Mormons, and of persuading the vast majority of the American people that fears regarding the spread of polygamy are groundless, and that Mormonism as a political system presents no danger. The word of Lorenzo Snow has been given that the axe has been laid to the root of the tree. One portion of his declaration, which was issued on the 8th of January, reads as follows:

The church has positively abandoned the practice of polygamy, or the solemnization of plural marriages, in this and every other State; and no member or officer thereof has any authority whatever to perform a plural marriage or enter into such a relation. Nor does the church advise or encourage unlawful cohabitation on the part of any of its members. If, therefore, any member disobeys the law, either as to polygamy or unlawful cohabitation, he must bear his own burden; or, in other words, be answerable to the tribunals of the land for his own action pertaining thereto.

This statement should not be taken for more than it is worth. As late as last September the same venerable Lorenzo said: "I believe in the revelation given to Joseph Smith on celestial marriage, and that, under certain circumstances, Latter-Day Saints would be doing no moral or religious wrong in practising plural marriage under divine sanction and religious regulations." No doubt the practice of polygamy has been "positively abandoned," so far as President Snow himself is concerned. He has confessedly lived with five women to whom he is legally married,—of this we are assured by a correspondent living in Utah. But have the other leaders of Mormonism the slightest intention of holding to his declaration? It is very doubtful. A similar manifesto was issued in 1890 by the late President Woodruff, and it was accepted by the General Conference of the Church of Latter-Day Saints. According to Mr. C. M. Owen, who has made a study of Mormonism, this is how that manifesto was observed:

Of the fifteen leaders who pledged their faith and honor for the future compliance with the law by the members of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," eleven have been actually guilty of the transgression of the law; one is undoubtedly morally so; and three, two of whom are exceedingly old and feeble men, have complied with the pledge given to the people of the United States through their president.

The truth is that the Mormons—the leaders and some of the led—perjured themselves when they promised to abandon plural marriages. The official organ of the Church of Latter-Day Saints

(the "organ of the Lord") admits new polygamous marriages since President Woodruff's manifesto was published, and none but the Mormons know how numerous are these horrible alliances. There have been no serious efforts on the part of the leaders to force their dupes to give up plural wives taken before 1890. Uncle Sam made the law: it was for him to enforce it. The Mormon church, by its acknowledged code, sanctions the crime and shields the criminal. The declaration that Lorenzo Snow's manifesto is a repudiation of plural marriages past and present is simply a hoax. Polygamy is one of the very foundation-stones of Mormonism.

Nothing could be further from the truth than that Mormonism is dying out; on the contrary, it is reviving. It was never more aggressive than at the present time. The number of "converts" enrolled in 1898 was 10,000; and the church now numbers as many as 2500 "missionaries," 1000 of whom are laboring in the United States; the others roaming in foreign lands, "seeking whom they may convert." It is now a law of the church that every youthful elder shall go abroad and endeavor to propagate the system. Even young women go out to toil and suffer for the faith. In one of our Eastern cities where the Mormons have established their headquarters, a house to house proselytizing canvass is being made. The Mormons are colonizing through Idaho, Arizona, Wyoming, and Colorado. The politics of these States and of Nevada, too, are largely Mormon. The admission of New Mexico to statehood would add one more Mormon State to the West; the admission of Arizona would add another Utah. This latter State is wholly theirs; and Salt Lake City is the capital of a nation within a nation whose new religion, not less degrading than fanatical, already numbers more than a million

of adherents in the United States alone.

The Mormon organization is not only a moral cancer: it is a treasonable conspiracy, of which polygamy is the outward and visible sign. The Mormon prophet claims to be above all governments, as God is. Said Brigham Young: "I am God to this people." According to Apostle Pratt, quoted by Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February: "The kingdom of God [that is the Mormon church] is the only legal government that can exist in any part of the universe. All other governments are illegal and unauthorized." The Mormon system is quite as much political as religious, so far as the leaders are concerned; and there is as little likelihood that they will ever abandon polygamy as cease to interfere in politics. They have been forced to suspend polygamy for a time as a practice, but they have never abandoned it as a belief. The writer just quoted said to the "holy apostles" in Utah: "Suppose, sirs, the federal government should absolve you from your pledge: what then?"—"Then," replied the "holy apostles," "we'll go straight back to polygamy."

Mormonism opposes itself at every point to the establishment of law and justice. Taxes assessed on Gentiles in Utah are from two to four times what they are on Mormons, and in many instances are mercilessly collected. The Saint pays when he gets ready. Every public office in the State, from justice of peace to governor, is held by a Mormon. He controls everything—schools, business, law, politics, and newspapers.

The Mormon church owns all the public schools in Utah, and wherever it can it inculcates the gospel of lust. One who had occasion to make a thorough investigation of these hotbeds of crime assures us that the very idea of purity is removed from the minds of the young.

What we have been told of one school in particular is not to be repeated. Suffice it to say that a worse condition of things could hardly exist among Turks. And this in America at the end of the century! And our representatives in Washington talk about the providential mission of this country to carry civilization to the Filipinos! And the preachers, quoting St. Paul, tell of a great door open to them in the Lord!

Except Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah is practically unknown. These two cities are always in trim for the inspection of Gentile visitors, but the moral status of settlements in the interior is indescribable. Purity hardly exists, and then it is an object of hatred. Polygamy is unrestrained, and polygamy embodies every crime that can be named against the home and womanhood. Purity is crushed to earth. Woe to the Gentile who would dare to cry out against Mormonism in a remote Mormon settlement!

Mormons are to be treated as enemies of the State, not only because their main cohesive force is a crime against society, but because the church has become the Utah government. The Mormon theocracy is an absolute monarchy. The spread of Mormonism—its enormous scheme of colonization has already met with wondrous success—would mean the disruption of the Union. "I attack Mormonism," says Mr. Hartt, "because it stands for treason and crime sanctioned by fabricated revelations." The Saints are not citizens of this country at heart. By their own confession they sought statehood because they "could better redress their grievances inside of the Union than outside of it." Says Mr. Hartt further, touching their patriotism:

These Utah patriots refused for two years to recognize the territorial government, and impudently convened their own congress instead. For many a day they took oath of vengeance upon the United States government. They drove out the first

territorial officers. They called Lincoln's assassination the justice of God. They refused admission to Johnson's army. The nation's flag has floated at half-mast in Salt Lake City on Independence Day; it has been dragged in the dust by a Mormon mob.

It is charged that the women of Utah are being reduced to a condition of absolute and involuntary slavery; that they are, so far as existing laws are concerned, turned over to unchecked lust, except in those places where there are a majority of Gentiles or "apostate" Mormons, who uphold the honor of the home; it is held that 50,000 Gentiles in Utah are exasperated by existing conditions, and live without the safeguards of life and property guaranteed them under the Constitution; it is maintained that the general sentiment of Mormon communities is criminal and treasonable, that the moral trend of the intermontane principality is vile and low.

If the truth of all this be questioned, especially the oft-repeated assertion that in Utah no woman dares to raise her voice against the utter debasement of her sex, then let a committee of women, standing so high in public estimation that they can not be injured by the slanders of Mormon politicians, be given authority to investigate the condition of the sex in Utah, and let their report be published to the whole country.

The secret of Mormon cohesion is polygamy, and Mormonism will flourish until stringent measures are taken for the suppression of polygamous marriages. "Let us make short shift of polygamy," says Mr. Hartt in concluding his study of the Mormons. "Let us promptly cease winking at crime and at treason; for there is no mercy in temporizing sentimentality. 'He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow.' We must immediately frame a constitutional amendment, prohibiting polygamy in every part of the Union. That will throw all such cases squarely upon the federal courts, where they belong."

Notes and Remarks.

It is to be deplored that facilities for estimating the yearly leakage among Catholics are wanting. Our directories and annuals make a brave display of accessions, new churches, schools, etc.; but it would be wholesome to see the reverse side of the medal occasionally. Herr Pieper, the Lutheran pastor of Gerresheim, Prussia, shows by statistics that in that country only forty-six per cent of the children of mixed marriages under sixteen years of age were Catholics; five years later the rate had fallen one per cent; after another five years there was another drop of one per cent. Pastor Pieper rejoices because "an ever-increasing majority of the children of mixed marriages is becoming Protestant." American Catholics—prelates, priests, and people—have long since realized the evil consequences of such unions; but it would doubtless quicken the consciences of all if the statistics regarding this matter could be gathered. In Prussia, it is curious to find, the number of Catholic men who contract mixed marriages is much larger than the number of Catholic women who do so; yet the offence is far less excusable in the stronger sex.

Mr. Everett P. Wheeler has written for the *Atlantic Monthly* a thoughtful study of some of the charitable institutions which greatly help to facilitate the government of large cities. In the public hospitals and asylums, Mr. Wheeler finds, "something is lacking of that personal tenderness and thoughtful care which ought, if possible, to attend ministrations to the sick, to the insane, and especially to young people." The mortality among infants in public institutions "is certainly greater" than in Catholic asylums. "Any one who is at all familiar with the

feeling of the plain people," continues this writer, "must be aware that, as a rule, they are more willing to be sent to a private hospital than to one managed by the public. Yet a vigorous agitation to abolish all aid to private charities has been lately set on foot by many well-meaning citizens, who look at the subject too exclusively from a theoretical standpoint." We fear that the phrase, *theoretical standpoint*, must be regarded as a euphemism; it is too clear that a petty sectarian spirit actuates the movements mentioned by Mr. Wheeler. Surely *theorist* is a mild name for one who aims at killing off Catholic institutions which, according to Mr. Wheeler's own admission, give the use of their grounds, buildings, and equipment to the public without charge; and, besides, do their work cheaper and better than it can possibly be done in public institutions.

The amount of money collected for the missions among the Negroes and Indians in this country last year was \$59,247.37; and no one who reads the hopeful reports sent in from the missions can doubt that, even considering assistance from other sources, this meagre fund yields surprisingly large results. How meagre the fund is may be inferred from the fact that the collection is expected to support 81 schools and 40 churches among the Negroes, and 183 schools and 73 churches among the Indians. The princely sum of about \$157 is, therefore, expected to keep one of these institutions going for twelve months. But our self-sacrificing missionaries and Sisters know how to make a dollar go the full length of one hundred cents. In some places the Sisters give their services gratuitously, determined to face gaunt starvation before permitting the girls under their charge to return to the conditions from

which they have been rescued. And now that the money formerly voted by Congress for the education of the nation's wards has been withdrawn, Catholics must face the question, What is to become of the Catholic mission schools and their charges? After a hundred years of apostolic labor among the Indians, 90,000 of them are now within the shelter of Mother Church, while other tribes are "well-disposed and almost half converted." There is material for an epic poem in the life of every priest and nun who has labored in tears and blood to bring about this consummation; but these are the epics that remain unsung. Now, as the Report of the missions this year puts it, "men have come upon the scene with wealth and every material weapon that can aid them in laying hold upon the souls of the children of the red men whom the Church has spent generations in rescuing from paganism." A few of the schools have already been closed, because the Sisters absolutely could not continue them, and sectarian Money seems about to reap the harvest which Catholic Heroism planted and watered. Shall this be?

Few men have had the opportunity—and fewer still the desire—to pass through thirteen epidemics of yellow fever; yet that is the noble record made by "good old Father Duffo," who died at Selma, Ala., recently. Father James Duffo, S. J., was born near Lourdes in 1826; and, whether they measure age by years or by epidemics in New Orleans, this venerable priest must have seemed a patriarch. In 1853, when 15,000 people died in the Crescent City within six weeks, Father Duffo went the rounds steadily from one death-bed to another, hardly ever pausing for food or sleep; for almost all the other priests in the city were themselves stricken with

the plague. And when, in other years, other Southern cities were visited by the dread disease, Father Duffo asked and obtained permission to minister to the stricken people. His sacrifice did not shorten his life, evidently; for he lived fifty years in the priesthood. His holy memory, let us hope, will live much longer among those whom he served. *R. I. P.*

Ministers of the Gospel are generally credited with goodness, but they do not, as a class, enjoy a reputation for good sense. It is astonishing how foolish pious men can sometimes be—without trying hard. (We do not, of course, refer to that kind of folly which is wisdom in the true sense.) These religious leaders are forever complaining of empty pews, and yet they themselves are the cause of it. It may be true that many persons have no use for religion, and, seemingly, no belief in a hereafter. It is unquestionably true, on the other hand, that grace is superabundant—like water and air and sunshine. And preachers ought to remember that grace is oftentimes wondrously swift in its action. Like St. Paul's jailer—who was ready to commit suicide one minute and was on his knees the next, crying, "What must I do that I may be saved?"—countless persons who are entirely taken up with worldly affairs for six days of the week are sometimes eager to hear the Gospel preached in all its sternness when the seventh comes round. But, instead of taking advantage of these good dispositions, and reminding their flocks of the hereafter and the judgment, too many ministers discourse on secular subjects, thus emptying the pews which they complain are not full.

During the past week a non-Catholic gentleman of our acquaintance sent us a clipping from one of the Chicago papers of Monday having this headline in bold type: "Five Leading Pastors

on Foremost News Topics of the Day." Dr. Jackson talked on politics, Rev. Mr. Salter discoursed on strikes, Brother Lazenby expounded his views on the Boer war, etc. Not one of these pious men preached on the Gospel; and they are a sample lot. The wonder is not that so many people seldom go to church, but that they go at all. They may not be hungering for bread; but if they were, the preachers have only a stone to reach them. It was said to the Pharisees of old, "This people honoreth Me with their lips, but their hearts are far from Me." Whatever the hearts of many modern preachers may be set on, they do not honor God with their lips, even in the pulpit, even on the Lord's Day.

We are not disposed to find fault with the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the Protestant minister who has been conducting a newspaper out in Kansas as he imagines Our Lord would have this work done. There are plenty of people, notably preachers, to throw stones at Brother Sheldon. We will not join them. If he were not doing good, we doubt whether the devil would stir up so much opposition against him. His methods may smack somewhat of sensationalism, but there are strong reasons for thinking that at heart he is honest and sincere. The energy and earnestness of the man are admirable. He is another John Wesley in this respect, and we wonder that devout Methodists have not noted the resemblance. But Brother Sheldon has more than Methodism to recommend him. He must be best known to those who have seen most of him; and a prominent citizen of Topeka, General J. K. Hudson, says:

Mr. Sheldon is not the average preacher: he is the extraordinary preacher. He practises what he preaches. Every undertaking he has, large or small, is done with the intention of doing good.... He strives to reach the poor, the needy. I know

that, for I have seen him at work. He went to the Santa Fé shops, worked there, mingled with the men, visited them in their humble little homes, simply that he might better know their trials, sympathize with them in their afflictions, and sustain them with practical comfort. All this he did without ostentation; indeed, no one knew he had done it until long afterward.

This is high praise, and we like to believe that Brother Sheldon deserves it. One serious charge against him it is a pleasure to combat. His opponents accuse him of being a money-grabber, but those who have had business relations with him declare that no man could care less for filthy lucre than he. Believing that the Rev. Mr. Sheldon is a minister among many, and rejoicing to hear that he has "a marvellous power for good," and is disposed to exercise it in every possible way, we say, Long life and more power to Brother Sheldon!

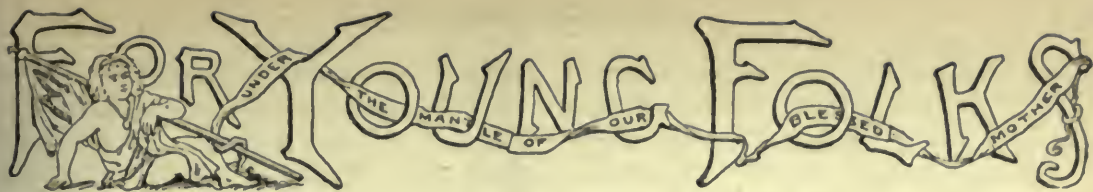
Mr. John W. Keleher has introduced a bill in the legislature of Massachusetts which provides for making Good Friday a legal holiday in that State. Alabama, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Tennessee have already done what Massachusetts proposes to do. Mr. Keleher declares that "the bill should not be regarded in a sectarian sense." This pleases us greatly; for it is not so long since Good Friday was as exclusively "sectarian" as a celibate priesthood now is. Since the ministers have deserted the Gospels to talk politics, we cordially welcome any device that at least once a year brings our countrymen face to face with the great fact of Redemption.

At a recent meeting of the Federation of Woman's Clubs in Detroit, which was presided over by ex-Senator T.W. Palmer, plans were devised for the marking of all the city's historic spots. A committee was appointed, and the success of the movement is almost assured. The

places to be marked include the spot where Cadillac first landed, the site of the house of the first priest, the old jail, etc. These landmarks will be of great value to future generations. The lack of them in many places has been a serious misfortune, allowing many notable spots to be forgotten. In a reference to this movement, the *Chicago Tribune* remarks that the example of Detroit should be followed in every city, town, or village of the country, however small.

The name of Father Albert Lacombe, a venerable Oblate missionary, will be "writ large" in the history of Canada. Many have heard something about his arduous missionary labors among the Indians of the far Northwest, his travels, his literary works; of the part he took in preventing a serious uprising of the Indians at the time of the last Riel rebellion. But it is not generally known that the vast district of Alberta was so named in honor of Father Lacombe. He was its first explorer and missionary. Although the Golden Jubilee of his ordination was celebrated last year, Father Lacombe is still vigorous, and has no thought of retiring from the field where his labors have been so wondrously blessed.

The silver casket which enclosed the first of the 50,000 Lafayette dollars presented to President Loubet was made in Chicago. It is described as a splendid piece of workmanship. No expense was spared in its ornamentation, the details of which are almost microscopic. It was a pretty sentiment which prompted this presentation to the President of the French Republic, and no sensible person could object to it. But many people would consider it an utter waste if so much money were expended on a tabernacle or reliquary.



The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

XII.—THE TWINS' ACCOUNT.

AS soon as Tommy and Mary had somewhat recovered from the excitement attending their joyful and unexpected return, when they had been kissed and embraced and cried over by every member of the household, they were bathed and sent to bed for another long sleep, for which they seemed not at all reluctant.

This fact appeared strange and even alarming to their elders, who divined from what the children told them that they had already been asleep for many hours. But the grandfather did not find anything out of the way in such a condition.

"They were drugged, of course," he remarked,— "probably with something harmless in the main, but sufficiently strong for a lingering effect. They will be all right after they have had a good night's sleep."

Their grandmother had ordered two large bowls of bread and milk, which they ate with appetite. But when they fain would have told their tale, young Mr. Winstanley interrupted.

"No," he said. "You are tired and sleepy still, children. You need a good rest. In order to have it you must try to have your minds as free as possible from the recollection of what has taken place during the past twenty-four hours. To-morrow we will hear all about it."

In half an hour they were lying sound asleep in their own little beds, while the

household once more began to resume its normal state.

As soon as the flight of the gypsies had become known, Mr. Winstanley decided not to summon detectives from the city, but to send fleet horsemen, of which there were many in the neighborhood, in pursuit of them. But this pursuit had not been according to any definite plan; and, moreover, the gypsies had expected it. Consequently they had avoided the main roads, and had ceased travelling altogether as soon as daylight came. According to agreement, they had turned off into various sequestered spots, where they waited for the coming of night before setting out again.

Late in the evening the horsemen returned, with the information that the gypsies could not be found,—to be met by the glad news that the children were at home and uninjured, though no one seemed to know exactly how they got there. There was no talk of further investigation, that night at least: it was quite forgotten in the joy of the recovery of the lost darlings.

The little ones awoke next morning refreshed and happy, with the elasticity of youth. Their recent experience already began to seem like a dream. When they had breakfasted, Mr. Winstanley called them to him, and, taking one on each knee, he began to question them.

"How were you taken away, Tommy dear?" he asked.

"We went over to the hill. We were waiting for grandpapa," replied the boy.

"And then?"

"Just in a minute they threw black cloaks over us and ran down the hill with us."

"And where did they hide you?"

"In a wagon—a big wagon with a roof; like a bed it was. An old woman shut down the roof on us, and stayed in the wagon."

"Yes, papa," put in Mary, "we heard her groaning, as if she was sick. She made us lie down on a mattress."

"We couldn't have sat up, when the roof was on," continued Tommy. "We *had* to lie down."

"The old wretch!" exclaimed Mr. Winstanley. "Probably it was the very wagon I examined so carefully. I was there, looking for you."

"Yes, we knew you were, papa," said Tommy. "At first we cried; but not loud, for we were afraid. And then the old woman lifted up the roof and she said that you were coming, and if we spoke a word or cried, she would kill us, and you too. Oh, she was a very awful old woman, papa! And then afterward—a long time afterward—when it was dark, the man came—"

"No: first a woman," interrupted Mary, "and gave us some stew."

"No, the man came first," persisted Tommy; "and he told us he would send us home; that some bad people had brought us there, and he did not like it, and he was going to send us home—"

"And he said—"

"Let Tommy tell it, Mary dear," said Mr. Winstanley. "You will both get confused if you interrupt that way."

"He told us we must tell you about it," added the boy; "we must be sure to tell you he did not want the bad people to take us down there; but he was afraid to let you know he had us in the wagon, when you were looking for us, because you would not believe him and would be angry. And so we said we would do it."

"Would do what?" questioned the grandfather.

"Be sure to tell you he did not mean to do it."

"Was he unkind to you?"

"No, papa,—no. No one was bad to us but the ugly old woman with the little black eyes," said Mary. "They gave us some good stew to eat."

"But did they give you anything to drink?"

"No, papa."

"Evidently they drugged the food," observed Mr. Winstanley, addressing the grandfather.

"And then what followed?" asked the old gentleman, leaning forward from the semicircle in which his wife, daughter-in-law, and Monica were gathered around the children, and taking Tommy's hand in his. "What did they do to you then?"

"Nothing, grandpapa. We just lay down again, we were so sleepy."

"And what next?"

"I woke up, and it was so very, very dark. Then I put out my hand to feel if Mary was there too. Oh, I was so lonesome and afraid!"

"And just then *I* woke up too," added Mary. "I saw a teeny bit of light, and I sat up. And I said: 'O Tommy, we are under the haymow!'"

"Yes, she did," continued the boy. "I don't see how she knew it, but she did. I put up my hand and felt the hay, and then we squirmed out. Oh, but we were glad, papa! And I never, never, never want to see a gypsy again."

"Well, I should think not," said the grandmother, with tears in her eyes.

"My heart is so full of gratitude this morning that I almost love them for sending you back," said the mother.

The twins left Mr. Winstanley's knee and ran to nestle in her lap.

"And now how best to punish those fellows, father?" queried the younger man. "They certainly ought to be made an example of. If I had sent for the detectives as I meant to do yesterday morning, we should have caught some of the band at least by this time. I

can't for the life of me see how they managed to get away so as to elude discovery."

"No doubt they went away by twos and threes, and in different directions," answered the old man. "The gypsies are a wily people."

"Let them go," said the grandmother. "Of what use will it be to apprehend them, now that we have the children back again? It would only be a needless worry; and they are so revengeful I should always fear that they would injure us or the little ones in some way. We have them back, thank God, and that is enough."

"I believe you are right, mother," rejoined her husband. "Although their motive in stealing them was of the blackest—to hold them, no doubt, for a ransom,—and while that of returning them was, I doubt not, prompted only by fear of discovery, as you say, we have our little ones again, and let that be sufficient. They will have punishment enough in the uncertainty in which they must live for some time to come. Let them go their way."

And thus it was finally decided to let the matter rest.

For some time, after the first joy of home-coming had subsided, Tommy and Mary were quite timid, fearing to be alone, and never leaving the garden unaccompanied. But this also passed, and in a few weeks everything went on as before.

Meanwhile the Gormans had vainly endeavored to shake off the persistent old woman who had so suddenly and mysteriously appeared among them one autumn morning. But any suggestion on their part that perhaps she would soon feel like resuming life among her own people would be followed by a dreadful attack of rheumatism, during the continuance of which she would groan and moan so terribly, and require

so much attention, that they soon ceased to allude to her departure.

While they remained in the vicinity of Vaneton, where the county fair was in progress, she kept in the background; though she was never tired of prying and asking all sorts of questions of the gypsies who frequented the fair and the town. At last, having heard no mention of any children being stolen or missing, she arrived at a pretty correct solution of the affair in which she had taken so prominent a part. She became convinced that, afraid of discovery, the gypsies had in some manner returned the children to their home.

But she could not understand why they had also decided to get rid of her in such a heartless manner, unless they feared that she might give information against them,—a thing she could not have well done without incriminating herself. She felt it was to her interest now to get as far away from the scene of the occurrence as possible; and she knew no other way of doing so than by remaining with the Gormans, who were now on their journey South for the winter. The fact also that there had been no inquiries made in their camp concerning the children made her feel certain that they had been restored to their parents. She was entirely without means, unable to work; and, feeling that eventually there would come a day when she must perforce leave the gypsies and seek shelter in the poorhouse, she preferred to have the closing scenes of her varied and miserable life-drama take place in as genial a clime as possible.

There were many moments of solitary reflection, when she wondered whether it might not be to her interest to return and tell the Winstanleys all that she knew about the children. Perhaps in that way she might secure a competence for the rest of her life. They could not be aware of the children's origin; it

would be a great satisfaction to them to learn all that she knew about them.

After turning this project in her mind for some time, she determined to take counsel upon it. But then the objection arose that she might be recognized by the gentleman who had searched the wagon, and that might lead to dire consequences. So she decided to wait a little longer before doing anything. Just at present she was quite comfortable—albeit not as welcome as she might have been—among the gypsies.

Finally she concluded to write a letter to the Winstanleys after she should have put a longer stretch of country between herself and them; for the consciousness of her share in the abduction scheme made her timid lest in some manner the Winstanleys might have become aware of it. Once more, tired of bearing the burden of uncertainty alone, she resolved to speak some of her thoughts to one of her companions,—a young woman who was especially kind to her, and who happened to be the Eileen Gorman of a previous chapter.

"There's something I want to do," said the old dame one morning, as they sat together plucking chickens; "and I ought to do it soon. It may be good for myself as well as others."

"What is it, granny?" asked Eileen.

"Back there where we were a few weeks ago, I saw two little children—accidentally. I used to know them when they were babies."

"Well?"

"When I knew them they were in an orphan asylum. They looked like twins, and—and a rich family adopted them afterward."

"What orphan asylum?"

The old woman named it.

"How long ago was it?"

"Several years ago,—maybe four or five or six."

"I saw them once, granny. They were very pretty little things. It was a good thing that nice people took them."

"I knew them before they were taken to the asylum at all," said the old dame. "I could tell something about them. They were taken there at different times and in different ways; but they are twins,—*really* twins."

"How do you know it?"

"They were born in my house."

"Did their mother abandon them?"

"She died."

"And did you have the care of them?"

"Yes, but I couldn't keep them."

Eileen leaned forward and looked into the face of her companion.

"I thought I had seen you before!" she said. "You are the very woman who came to our camp some years ago with a baby which you said was your granddaughter. You would have stolen away and left her there, too, if you were not suspected and watched."

"I don't deny it," was the rejoinder. "I had to give up the both of them: I wasn't able to keep them. I only meant to do them good, Eileen, and that's the Gospel truth."

"Well, maybe so. Who were their father and mother?"

"I don't know myself."

"I think you ought to write and tell the people all you know about them."

"Will you do it for me, Eileen?"

"I've no taste for writing. But there's a schoolmaster at Princesburg who is a fine writer and a good friend of ours. He'll do it for you. We'll be there soon."

"Well, I'll wait, then. But do you think they'll give me anything for the information, Eileen?"

"I can not say, I'm sure. It's your duty to tell what you know, and *all* you know, anyway. I'm afraid you're not very honest, granny," said Eileen; "I'm really afraid you are not honest."

The Story of St. Patrick.

—
BY FATHER KENNEDY.
—

IV.

When the false priest was burned and the beautiful boy Benignus saved, the king was very angry. It seemed to him that in the eyes of the people St. Patrick would appear to be a greater person than he himself. He could not think of the Saint as anything but a swineherd; and to be overcome by a swineherd was a humiliation that he looked upon as unbearable. He, therefore, determined at all risks to put Patrick to death.

With this purpose the king gathered round him his warriors and Druids and bards, and asked their advice; and they all declared that St. Patrick should be murdered. So a large number of them, desirous of gaining the king's favor, hastened to be the first to gratify his wishes. The old books that tell the life of St. Patrick relate the wonderful thing that happened as they rushed toward the place where the Saint was. The ground opened and swallowed them alive; and not only those that were running to commit the murder, but everyone that had given consent even in thought to the evil deed. Then did terrible fear come upon the king, and he begged St. Patrick to instruct him. But the Saint found that after spending some months in teaching him the truths of our holy religion, he still refused to receive baptism. So the missionary understood that God, as He once did to Pharaoh of old, had hardened the cruel king's heart; and St. Patrick, declaring the evils that were to come upon him, went into other parts.

As he was journeying he came to a large plain where was raised up a great idol. This idol was made of stone, but had a golden crown on its head and was ornamented all over with silver.

It was very costly, and the people held it in great reverence; coming from far and near to worship it, to obtain blessings and cures, and to be told what was going to happen to them. It was called "the Father of the Gods"; and around it were twelve smaller idols, to show, as it were, how much greater was the large idol.

It chanced to be a day of solemnity, and the whole plain was filled with crowds of people. The Saint had great pity for this multitude of innocent people; for he saw, by the Spirit, that if they knew what was right they would follow it. They were, in the words of our Blessed Lord, "as sheep without a shepherd." So he went to the side of a hill over against the idol, and, kneeling down, raised his hands to heaven in prayer; he next looked toward the idol standing on the plain beneath, and pointed toward it the "Staff of Jesus" which he held in his hands. The people kept gazing at him, and in astonishment they saw the huge idol fall down, all the gold and silver drop from it to the ground, and the print of the sacred staff was impressed upon it. Then while they wondered the earth opened, and swallowing down the smaller idols, held them there as if by the neck. In terror the vast multitude begged St. Patrick to instruct them. And when he had spoken to them, he made the Sign of the Cross on the ground: a fountain sprung up, and he baptized them in its waters.

The Saint continued his journey to the palace of the king's brother, Carbery. The latter, setting little value on the blessings of the Gospel, sent his servants against the Saint. They met him as he was crossing a river, and beat him and his followers. The man of God cursed Carbery and his descendants, and not one of the chieftain's children ruled in his kingdom.

Patrick then went to visit Connell,

another of the king's brothers. Now, he was good; and as soon as he heard that the Saint was coming, he sent out his carriages to bring him and his disciples. And when the holy man reached the palace Connell came forth, and, casting himself at the Saint's feet, humbly begged that his people and himself might be received into the household of the faith; and St. Patrick baptized them all. But Connell, deeming that nothing could compensate for the gift he had received, offered the Saint a portion of land for a town in which to build a church. Patrick accepted the present, and that day he laid the foundation of Downpatrick, in the County Down.

The queen of the cruel King of Tara believed in St. Patrick, and lived a holy, edifying life; greatly assisting the infant Church by her example and donations, and dying at length a peaceful Christian death. She had two daughters whom she greatly desired to see baptized; but St. Patrick told her to leave all to God.

Now, it chanced one summer morning that the Saint and his disciples were praying by the water's edge; and the two young princesses, with their retinue, came to that place. They were surprised at the modesty and recollection of the servant of God and his companions, and sent to know to what prince they belonged, or whether he was young and rich and glorious. St. Patrick responded that the Prince to whom they belonged was young and could never grow old; that He was rich—so rich that all in the world could not add to His riches; and so glorious that never a prince in this world had such glory.

The sisters were enchanted at this, and desired to hear more about Him. Then St. Patrick told them of our Lord Jesus Christ, adding that holy baptism would unite their souls to Him forever. And then the princesses begged to be baptized, that they might go to His

rich and blessed kingdom. St. Patrick, however, informed them that before going to His kingdom they should receive the adorable Body and Blood of the King; for He said: "Unless you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you." At their earnest prayer, then, the Saint offered up the Holy Sacrifice and gave them the adorable Body and Blood of the Lord. And as soon as they received Communion, they were filled with such heavenly joy and longing that, like the old priest Simeon, they died of gladness, and were taken by angels to the young, rich and glorious King beyond the skies.

(To be continued.)

Left Untold.

There was once in Florence a gentleman who was noted for his love of talking. No one but himself ever had a chance to speak when he was present. A companion of his, declaring that he had grown weary of listening to the voluble one's speeches, made known his intention of putting an end to them.

One evening after supper, when the discourse had progressed for an hour, he interrupted the speaker by saying:

"Where did you hear that story?"

"From So-and-so," was the reply.

"Well, apparently he didn't tell you all of it."

"Well, he certainly did."

"But I am sure he did not."

"Which part do you think he failed to tell me?"

"The *end* of it."

The company laughed or smiled, while the talkative gentleman retired from the room in confusion. We hope *all* the others did not laugh or smile, and that some of our young readers will think that the victor was more witty than kind or polite.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Father Didon, the famous Dominican preacher and author of a popular "Life of Christ," passed away last week in France. *R. I. P.*

—A fifth edition of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman" has just been issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Considering the price of the work, this is a remarkable sale; but it is accounted for by the fact that Mr. Ward's book is one of the best of modern biographies.

—Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, includes among his spring announcements a new edition of "Our Lady's Tumbler." The translation of this quaint legend is done out of old French by Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed. The booklet will be issued in antique style with headbands and rubricated initials.

—Another translation of "The Imitation" is in press. It is the work of a well-known English penman, Dr. Copinger, who is also publishing a separate volume on the various English renderings of A Kempis already existing. The hundreds of divergent translations in English are reduced by him to thirty-three main readings.

—There is to be a "Players' Edition" of the acted plays of Shakespeare. The actors who have most perfectly interpreted the leading part in each play are to write the introduction to that play. Miss Ada Rehan, Mme. Modjeska, Miss Julia Marlowe, and Sir Henry Irving are among the players who have already fallen in with the plan. Each volume will be richly illustrated. The publishers are Messrs. Doubleday & McClure.

—Real charity burns warmer the more helpless its object becomes, and perhaps that is why there is so much sympathy in good hearts for deaf-mutes. But true charity is also practical, and we regret to learn from the *Voice of the Deaf* (Chicago) that the support accorded to Catholic institutions for the care and instruction of deaf-mutes is distressingly inadequate. Children placed in State institutions, as the *Catholic Deaf-Mute* (Brooklyn) convincingly shows, are at the mercy of itinerant and often unsaintly gossellers, whose visits are in some cases a menace to both faith and morals; and, besides, "State" institutions are notoriously sectarian in reality. We can not believe that Catholics will permit this deplorable condition to continue when once it has been exposed. Sympathy may be useful by interesting people of means in the deaf-mutes; but all should remember that hard cash is also a

desideratum, no matter how small the amounts. One small sum will pay one small debt. It is often the great number of small debts that embarrasses those in charge of charitable institutions.

—We regret to announce the death of the Rev. W. D. Kelly. Our readers will remember that Father Kelly's pen has often brightened the pages of this magazine, and we trust they will pray for the repose of his soul.

—Pitman's "Commercial Correspondence and Commercial English," "Shorthand Commercial Correspondence," "French Commercial Correspondence," and "German Correspondence," are four books that can be highly recommended to those for whom they are intended. They contain all that students would expect to find in them, and it is set forth in a way that could hardly be improved upon. Printing and binding, too, leave nothing to be desired; indeed, Messrs. Pitman's text-books are models of good taste and good sense in book-making.

—The following advertisement appears in the *London Tablet*:

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Limited, desire to express their deep regret that the *Catholic Year Book for 1900*, through the carelessness of an employé, was issued by them containing pages copied from the "Catholic Directory," edited by the Right Reverend Monsignor Johnson and published by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. have withdrawn their book from circulation, and have consented to its destruction.

It would be well, perhaps, if copyrights were oftener vindicated in this way; for the traditions of literary honesty seem to have reached the vanishing point. It is only a short time since a precocious school-miss copied an AVE MARIA story on nice paper and had it accepted as original matter by another editor. The pleasures of literary work must have seemed less delightful when she was told shortly after that she had made herself liable to legal prosecution. And last week one of the best-known publishing houses in New York announced that it had been imposed upon by a nameless scoundrel who laboriously transcribed a story that was popular with our grandmothers. As regards our esteemed contemporaries, we have found that in proportion as they have merit of their own they are scrupulous about giving credit to others.

—The new biography of Ambrose de Lisle is responsible for the delicious story that Cardinal

Manning made Purcell his biographer to atone for the virtual suppression of a newspaper once edited by Mr. Purcell. Of course, Manning never really did suppress Purcell's newspaper; but the idea that his Eminence would have righted a wrong by inviting the injured person to dance jigs upon his grave appeals to one's sense of humor. As Purcell's work seems destined to remain for long the only ambitious attempt at a record of Manning's life, it may be well to state the facts authentically. Purcell had been half-hostile to the Cardinal and he was also in reduced circumstances; so when he appeared at the Archbishop's house one day saying that he had been commissioned by a publisher to write Manning's Anglican life, the great-hearted prelate furnished him with a certain amount of material; none of which, however, was confidential. Then Manning died, and Purcell "appeared before the executors of the Cardinal as his appointed biographer." In this way the private papers and the most sacred confidences of the great Archbishop passed into unfriendly hands to be used in the manner now familiar to the public. It was simply a case of literary outlawry, and the less said about it by Mr. Purcell's friends the better.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.

The Dark Ages. *Dr. Maitland.* \$2.25.

The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Culbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Slarr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, net.

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, net.

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1.10, net.

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., net.

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, net.

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., net.

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

In Chimney Corners. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.50, net.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, i., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 31, 1900.

NO. 13.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Dream-Song.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

LAST night in the silvery moonlight
I walked in the fields alone,
And heard in the murmuring pine-trees
The wind's low monotone.

The river that leaped from the mountain
Ran smiling 'neath the sky,
And sang, 'mid the green of the meadows,
A soothing lullaby.

The voice of the breeze above me
And the river at my feet
Uprose in a tender dream-song,
Like music pure and sweet.

Then joy was alive in the valley,
And danced o'er the bursting sod;
While high in the azure the moon shone,
An argent shield of God.

The Plague of 1847 in Montreal.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

AT Point St. Charles, a crowded district on the outskirts of the city of Montreal, where railroad lines converge, and where the whistle of many a factory summons a laboring population to its daily toil, the passer-by may observe a little plot of ground, enclosed by a railing, in the centre of which is a huge boulder taken from the bed of the river St. Lawrence and converted into a monument. Upon it is inscribed a touching and, it may be said, astounding inscription.*

The Victoria Bridge is the monumental piece of engineering work which spans the broad river of the North; but who are that silent multitude, six thousand in number, over which the generous-hearted workmen of half a century ago placed that memorial stone? It is their sad story which is here to be told, briefly compressed into a few pages, and hallowed by their patient suffering as well as by the heroism it called forth. The whole matter has been brought into prominence of late by the efforts of a wealthy railroad corporation to purchase this piece of land and divert this holy earth of a consecrated burial-ground to other purposes. It is unnecessary here to enter into the merits of that controversy; though it may be said in passing that Irish sentiment has been sorely wounded, and that there is a conviction among people of Irish origin that this spot, with its sacred memories, should be respected, and the encroachments of mere business be arrested.

That Ireland has been in the past a martyr nation is a fact which has become a truism. It is certain, however, that the clouds are lightening, and that the present union and good-will amongst the people gives promise of a future

* TO PRESERVE FROM DESECRATION THE REMAINS
OF 6000 EMIGRANTS WHO DIED OF SHIP-FEVER,

A. D. 1847-8,

THIS STONE IS ERECTED BY THE WORKMEN OF
MESSRS. PETO, BRASSEY AND BETES,
EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE
VICTORIA BRIDGE,

A. D. 1859.

era of brightness and prosperity. But the past shall always remain, with its shadows, to cast that brightness into stronger relief. Yes, patience, endurance, piety,—all those qualities which go to form the moral sublime are represented in the history of Erin, pale mother of a hecatomb of martyrs and confessors. Material splendor has not been hers; wealth has never lighted on her green shores; her sons have earned distinction in every land but their own; her soldiers fought on a hundred battlefields,—

For though heroes I've number'd, unblest was
their lot,

And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of
Fame.

Though proud was thy task, other nations un-
chaining,

Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy
own.*

But never were the qualities of faith, resignation, and fortitude brought more conspicuously into play than in the sad years succeeding the drama of 1798 and the iniquitous Act of Union. "The horrors of that period can never be forgotten," says a recent writer; "and the frightful famine and the terrible plague which followed and made Ireland desolate can never be forgotten. The beautiful green hills of that ordinarily fertile country this year, 1847, refused food to the population. Death in its most frightful form stalked through the land, and thousands died in their coffins or lay uncoffined along the roadside; while thousands of others fled across the sea to seek on a foreign shore that peace, plenty and happiness denied them in the land of their forefathers." Of those who went down to the sea in ships in those fatal years of 1847-8, many were landed on the coasts of Canada, infected with typhus in its most malignant form. The shores of the St. Lawrence were converted at various points into grim charnel-houses.

* Moore.

On the 8th of May, 1847, after a six weeks' passage, rough and stormy, the *Urania*, bound from Cork for Quebec, arrived at the quarantine station of Grosse Isle on the Lower St. Lawrence, with countless fever patients on board. They were landed to find a common grave on that wave-washed island. As the *Urania* was but the first of many plague-stricken ships, it is stated that some twelve thousand of the children of Ireland lie buried there, and that five thousand of them sleep in unknown graves. Subscriptions have been taken up in recent years, through the exertions of prominent Irishmen, to place a suitable monument on this spot.

But it is with the colossal grave at Point St. Charles and the incidents connected with that spot that the present narrative is concerned. The fever spread rapidly. Those who had deserted the green land of their birth with the hope of escaping contagion brought the germs of that deadly malady in their system. The sheds at Point St. Charles, sad remnant of a then recent visitation of cholera, were utilized for the fever patients, and word was brought to the ecclesiastical authorities that hundreds of emigrants were dying there alone and unattended. Bishop Bourget, of holy memory, took steps to ameliorate their hapless condition. He himself became a daily visitor to the fatal spot, until, suddenly stricken down, he lay at the point of death. A novena was made for his recovery, and a picture in the Church of Bonsecours still gives a glimpse of those pestilential sheds, and records the cure of Montreal's chief pastor by the intercession of Our Lady of Good Help. The city clergy were from that time onward in constant attendance, many of them losing their lives. Priests from the country, professors of seminaries, volunteered their services,—all eagerly sharing the fearful risk, and performing

the sacred duties of their ministry under circumstances the most revolting.

The priests of St. Patrick's were the very first to be called upon, as English-speaking clergy were in request. Only two survived: Father Connolly, who was later attached to the Archdiocese of Boston, where he died some years ago, at Salem; and Father James McMahon, afterward pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, who is still living. On one occasion Father Connolly, his eyes streaming with tears, begged the people of the parish to spare him as much as possible in the matter of sick calls, as he was finally left alone. Shortly afterward four Jesuit Fathers arrived from New York for duty at St. Patrick's. Of these, Father Dumerle fell a victim to the plague.

On the 17th of May, 1847, news of the condition of affairs at the Point was brought to the Gray Nunnery, the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity familiarly known as Gray Nuns, the daughters of Madame d'Youville. Sister McMullen, who was then superior, took with her Sister Ste. Croix, secretary of the community; and, proceeding to the sheds, found that matters were far worse even than had been reported. With characteristic promptitude, Sister McMullen collected the facts, and sent them in, under the form of a report, to the emigration agent, and asked to be empowered to act. The request was granted, and at recreation that same evening the superior said:

"Sisters, I have seen a sight to-day that I shall never forget. I went to Point St. Charles and found hundreds of the sick and dying huddled together. The stench emanating from them is too much for the strongest constitution. The atmosphere is impregnated with it, and the air filled with the groans of the sufferers. Death is there under its most appalling aspect. Those who cry aloud

in their agony are strangers, but their hands are outstretched to us for relief. Sisters, the plague is contagious." Here the venerable superior burst into tears; then, with a broken voice, continued: "In sending you there I am signing your death-warrant; but you are free to accept or refuse."*

The whole community, without one exception, unhesitatingly offered their services. Eight were chosen, and gladly set out the next morning for their new and indescribably arduous field of labor. They found there "three large sheds, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet long and about fifty wide, containing heaps of human beings, with distorted faces and discolored bodies, lying upon the ground, heaped together as so many corpses." One of the Sisters relates that, "nearly fainting herself," she feared to advance lest she might step upon some of the helpless victims. At length attracted by the frantic gestures of one poor man, she managed to reach him, and found that he was pillowed upon corpses.

The first care of the Sisters was to remove the dead, and strew fresh straw upon the floor for the living. New sheds were at once erected; and cots, or even packing-boxes lined with straw, were prepared for the reception of eleven hundred victims, most of whom were to rise no more. The hearse could scarcely carry away the number of dead. An effort was made to separate the men, women and children, hitherto mingled indiscriminately,—the latter having in most instances escaped the contagion.

Many of the children lived; and the story of their adoption, at the instance of Bishop Bourget, into French Canadian homesteads throughout the land, where,

* The foregoing account is taken verbatim from the appendix to the interesting life of Madame d'Youville, published by the distinguished Canadian convert, Mgr. D. S. Ramsay.

in many cases, there was already a numerous family, is still another stirring page in these heroic annals. It deserves to be written in letters of gold, proving that Catholic charity is omnipresent and all-embracing, knowing no distinction of race. The magnanimous conduct of the French Canadians at that time has formed a link between the two Catholic elements in the Dominion which can never, and should never, be broken. It is gratifying to add that many of these ship-fever orphans, as they were called, reflected in their future career the greatest credit on their adopted parents. Members of the liberal professions, holy priests, successful merchants, sprang from the ranks of that doleful multitude left helpless upon an alien shore. One of them, an eminent Queen's Counsel, was for some years mayor of Montreal.

The Gray Nuns continued their sublime work of mercy, apparently unscathed, until the 25th of June, when two of the band were unable to rise. Before long thirty lay at the point of death. Now, the community at that time numbered but forty professed religious, and it was beyond their power to continue the attendance at the sheds and care for their own sick. The twenty novices, however, volunteered and were enlisted in the work, which was ever increasing with each ship that came across the Atlantic. Thirteen Gray Nuns upon that occasion lost their lives in the service of suffering humanity.

The Sisters of Charity of Providence now came to the rescue; and the black nuns replaced the gray or were mingled with them at the couches of the dying. The same heroic story of self-immolation and dauntless courage was repeated in their case. But even these two large communities did not suffice. Then the Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph, from the historic Hôtel Dieu, which is coeval with the history of the colony, asked

to be dispensed from their cloister, and came on the same mission of charity. Each day their little close-curtained black carriage passed and repassed, conveying the nuns to the fever sheds. The people, awe-stricken, pointed this out to one another; for it seemed to bring home to them in a peculiar way the terrible needs of the hour and the marvels of heroism that were being accomplished at their very door.

The city of Montréal lay under a pall. Gloom was everywhere; business was practically suspended; a shuddering fear and horror possessed the people. In the churches prayers were offered for the cessation of the plague. Each hour the names of nuns or priests or doctors were added to the death-roll. The mayor of the city, Mr. Mills, a Protestant gentleman, went to the sheds in his professional capacity; and it is recorded that hardly had he reached the door when the fetid atmosphere overpowered him: he was seized, as it were, instantaneously with the malady, and returned home to die; thus being enrolled among that noble phalanx of victims to duty.

But whilst all this heroism, and much more impossible here to record, was shown in their behalf, what of the poor emigrants themselves? A near relative of the present writer, who lived through those harrowing scenes and has much to tell of the saintly courage of the clergy and the nuns, and of the many remarkable incidents of that memorable time, relates that on one occasion she was present in St. Patrick's Church. Into the pulpit came a venerable figure, an aged man with long gray hair and calm and earnest face. It was Father Richards, a convert from Methodism and a priest of St. Sulpice, that devoted body which did such yeoman service during that dread time. Father Richards had come to Montreal in his Protestant days, full of good faith, zeal, sincerity,

to convert the seminary. A very brief residence there transformed him into a priest, and eventually won for him the crown of martyrdom.

Upon the occasion referred to above the plague was at its height, and the aged priest, with tears rolling down his cheeks, spoke of the sufferings and death of these heroic children of Ireland; of the faith, piety, and resignation with which they suffered and died. "O my brethren!" cried he, "grieve not for them. They did but pass from earth to the glory of heaven. It is true, they were cast into the earth in heaps, their place of sepulture marked by no name nor epitaph; but I tell you, my dearly beloved brethren, that from their ashes the faith will spring up along the St. Lawrence; for they died martyrs, as they lived confessors to the faith."

Such was their epitaph, emphasized by the fact that only a few weeks later the news spread through the city, and was received with lively sorrow, that Father Richards himself had died of the plague.

More than fifty years have passed away since then, and the memory of those hapless six thousand is growing dim to the present generation. The stone placed over their remains to mark their burial-place by the hard earnings of workingmen, many of whom belonged to an alien race and creed, is still there. Perchance the time is at hand when not even this memorial will remain; or, remaining, will have lost its tender interest, since the sacred earth shall be trampled by the heel of Progress, and in course of time the site of this once holy ground be matter of conjecture.

But surely it is a page in the history of the "faithful Irish," as the French Canadians of that time loved to call them, which should be perpetuated somehow, and which can not easily be forgotten. It is part of the long story of wrong and suffering; and it has a

deep significance, economic, historical, political; but, most of all, Christian and Catholic. It proves the marvellous heights of heroism to which the most obscure country priest, the humblest nun in her cloister, may rise under the divine influence of Catholicity and of a sublime vocation. It confirms the truth of that faith which alone can point to glorious and innumerable examples of devotedness. It offers, on the other hand, the spectacle of thousands of sufferers on their sick-beds displaying, as their compatriots have done on a hundred battlefields, the courage and fortitude of the Irish Celt; the patience, piety, and resignation of the Irish Catholics. In the New Ireland such episodes, it may be hoped, shall be unknown; therefore should the memory of those past endure forever.

The Master of Wola.

—
BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XIX.

THE following morning, when the sun was already high in the heavens, there was a loud rapping on Jean's door. He was sleeping uneasily, the victim of a horrible nightmare. He seemed to be wandering through a strange, deserted house containing a succession of dark rooms, each of which he found locked. By main strength he succeeded in opening the huge doors, but they closed upon him as soon as he had passed through. Large drops of sweat stood on his brow; then he seemed to hear a familiar voice calling his name; in fact, two men stood over him, shaking him by the shoulders. He tried to reply, but his lips remained closed, as he was still under the influence of his dream.

At last he was able to sit up on his bed; his eyes opened and he recognized

the faces of Prus and old Felix, who was paler than usual.

"Is that you, Sigismond?" he asked, in astonishment. "What time is it?" he added after a moment.

"Nearly eight, sir," replied Felix, in a trembling voice.

"Only eight? I thought it must be noon."

He rose quickly from his bed and endeavored to smooth the wrinkles out of his clothing.

"I came home so late," he said, not a little mortified at being discovered in such a plight, "that I lay down without undressing."

The silence of the two men surprised him. He looked into their faces and was struck by their expression. Prus nervously twisted his mustache and kept his eyes on the floor; Felix, less master of himself, sobbed until his bent frame shook.

"You have come to tell me of some misfortune!" exclaimed the young man, with staring eyes. "It concerns my father. What is it? Tell me at once!"

They could not, for tears filled their eyes and choked their voices. When Jean saw Sigismond weep, the sight pierced his heart.

"My father is dead!" he said, burying his face in his hands.

"He is dead, my friend," answered Sigismond, gently; while behind him the sepulchral voice of the faithful Felix echoed:

"Dead!"

A deep, solemn silence followed this announcement. The sunshine flooded the room with its radiance, as if mocking at the grief of human beings.

Prus threw his arms around his friend and remarked, sympathetically:

"Be a man, Jean, and bear up under your affliction."

For a moment Jean rested on the firm, solid breast, then lifted himself up. His

face was deadly pale and his eyes were dry, as he said calmly:

"Let us go to him."

On the threshold of the chamber he turned and asked abruptly, as if he did not wish to spare himself:

"When did he die?"

"He must have died in the night," was the reply.

"Why did you not tell me before?" he inquired further.

"I did not know it. It was fate, or rather his spirit, that came to warn me that he was no longer in this world. Last evening the mirror on my dresser cracked from top to bottom. During the night I saw your father standing by my bedside three times; each time he said to me: 'Come! I am dead!' I rode over the first thing this morning; at the door I met Felix, and he repeated the words I had heard in the night."

When Sigismond ceased speaking, he made the Sign of the Cross on his breast. Felix murmured a prayer, terrorized at the thought of death. He could not comprehend Jean's apparent impassibility. He had expected a violent outburst of grief, and to his surprise his young master seemed perfectly composed. A wave of bitterness swept over his heart.

"When one gets old," he muttered to himself, "the best thing to do is to die. Children, indeed! They never return the tenth part of the love that is bestowed upon them."

Felix was suddenly roused from his reflections by a question from Jean, who said, sternly:

"Do you know at what hour my father died?"

"It must have been about eleven or twelve, I think, sir."

"Did he eat his supper as usual?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he ask for me?"

"Pardon me, sir, but the poor man

said sadly: 'You see, Felix, I have two children. One has suffered everything for my sake; the other—the other—'

"Well?" questioned Jean, as the old man paused.

"He said no more; sir, only made a gesture with his hand and began to drink the tea I had just brought in. I turned to go, but he stopped me, saying: 'Stay, old friend! It will be less lonely. I want to see some one. Who knows how long I shall be among you?'"

Jean trembled, but his eyes were still dry, the intensity of his grief manifesting itself only by wrinkles on his brow.

"What more?" he asked.

"Then I stayed. He said nothing more, poor old man! When he had emptied his cup, he had me light his pipe; it went out, and he let it fall on the floor. I wanted to pick it up. 'Leave it there!' he said, with the same gesture as before. I noticed then that his hand was as white as wax; his face was bloodless and his eyes shone. I dared not disturb him for a long time.

"Are you not feeling well to-night, sir?" I said finally.

"He sighed, and after a pause said: 'Felix, do you know where Jean goes?'"

"What did you reply?" asked Jean, growing still paler.

"I said that you probably went to Wolka to pass the evenings with Sigismond. He only shook his head. I went out then; it was about ten o'clock. My heart was heavy, for I had never seen my master so sad before. I remained in the pantry, within reach of his voice. Half an hour later I heard him rise from the table. I went in and he was just about to go to his chamber. He bade me good-night; but I followed him to his room and busied myself about, so as to have an excuse for staying, as I was not easy in my mind. He seemed to notice this, and he said: 'You may go now. I have some writing to do; then I

will say my prayers and go to bed.' As I paused again on the threshold, he added, smiling: 'You are frightened, I see. You need not be. I am not going to die to-night.'

"These were the last words I ever heard him speak. That was the last time I ever saw him smile. I wanted to wait for you, sir, to tell you of my fears. Midnight struck—then one o'clock. I turned down my lamp and lay down, and, forgive me, sir! but I fell asleep. I did not wake up until morning, when the superintendent rushed in, shook me and said: 'Get up! Something dreadful has happened. The master is dead!'

"I was on my feet in an instant. I followed the man out, entered the chamber, and there I saw him. He lay, still dressed, near his bed. He had died while saying his prayers, without doubt. We lifted him on his bed and tried to restore him, but it was of no use. The superintendent thought we ought to go for a doctor. I was hurrying out to do so when I met Master Prus. We came in and knelt beside him for a moment, then went to break the news to you. Now, sir, you know all. May God have mercy on his soul, and may the light eternal shine over him forever and ever!"

"Amen!" said Prus, reverently.

They now entered the death chamber, Jean going first. The Councillor lay on the bed, his head propped up with pillows. He seemed to be asleep; his eyes were closed, but a luminous line between the lids gave his face the appearance of smiling. Jean stood looking at the corpse; and, strangely enough, the presence of death impressed him with a certain sense of deliverance.

"Poor father!" he thought; "you are happier now than the rest of us. Where are you? Into what unknown region have you been led by the law of our destinies? Does your spirit still hover around us, or has everything ceased to

exist for you? Has a second of time sufficed to destroy all? Is this the end awaiting the masterpieces of creation? I can not believe so."

Then to these speculative meditations succeeded the consciousness of a great sorrow—the tenderness of the child for the being from whom it sprang, whose blood coursed through its veins. The father! the one toward whom converged all his remembrances; the father! something of his own life, of his own mind and thought, taken away forever!

His heart was filled with an infinite tenderness and compassion. He was no longer the man, wearied with life; the thinker, trying to understand its mysteries: he was the orphan, mourning for him who gave him his being. Tears gushed from his eyes, and the unfortunate youth, the tortured lover, the rebellious one, over whom the breath of impiety had passed, fell on his knees, with the almost forgotten words learned in childhood on his lips:

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord! If Thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, Lord, who shall stand?"

XX.

Great griefs seldom fail to ennoble and perfect character. Death is like a torch by the gleam of which the living are able to see into the depths of their souls. On his knees, beside his father's dead body, Jean judged himself. He saw clearly how useless, wicked and cowardly his life for the past few months had been. He reproached himself for his unforgiving attitude toward his sister. Who could tell whether or not this death was the presage of new misfortunes; whether he should not have to blame himself, too late, for having tortured Wanda, as he now did for not having surrounded his father's last days with tenderness and filial respect? He felt, too, that the blow that had fallen upon him like a

thunderbolt, consumed all other passions in his heart. He was cured of his love for Rachel. His torments of yesterday, his desires, scruples,—all those contradictory sentiments that had agitated and torn his heart, seemed childish in his eyes. New duties now claimed him. Grief, honor, filial gratitude,—all forbade him to think longer of his love; while everything commanded him to devote his future life to moral regeneration and to labor.

At last all three men rose from their knees. The glances they exchanged were full of resignation. They did not speak for a time, as if afraid lest the sound of their voices, broken by tears, should weaken their courage. At the end of a few seconds, however, Jean said:

"We must make arrangements for the funeral, and we must rely solely upon ourselves. Sigismond, you must assist me in sending out invitations; and, Felix, you must see that the house is in order. The first thing to do is to send for the priest. We will take turns in watching beside the dead. I claim the sad right of beginning. Do not fear for me: I am strong. The child has wept for his father; henceforth the man will act."

As Prus was about to leave the room, followed by Felix, Jean added:

"It is proper that my sister should be informed. It will take three hours by rail to reach the station nearest her. Dispatch a trusty messenger at once."

The door closed behind the two men, and Jean was left alone with the dead. He lighted two candles and set them on a table beside the bed; he then placed a crucifix in his father's hands, and closed the shutters. Little could be seen in the darkened room except the bed, illuminated by the candles, on whose white cover lay the form of the Councillor robed in black. Jean was about to take his place beside the couch, when his eyes fell on the first words of an unfinished

letter on the writing-table. "My dear Wanda," he read, his heart oppressed by emotion.

All the surroundings indicated that the penning of this letter was the last act of his father's life. Jean could easily picture the scene. The supreme moment had come while he was writing. He had knelt by his bedside to invoke the mercy of the Saviour, whose ivory image stretched out its arms above the bed; and Death had come to him while in this attitude.

Overwhelmed with remorse, Jean looked at the sheet without reading it. He recoiled before it as if it were to be the revelation of some terrible secret. But he must know the truth, no matter how terrible it was. His future, perhaps, depended upon what this unfinished letter could reveal to him. He at last took it up and read the following:

"MY DEAR WANDA:—I intend to come to pass a few days with you during your illness. You have sacrificed yourself for me; I forced you to do it and to suffer so cruelly. I, too, suffer, and I feel that my days are numbered. Remorse consumes me. I fancied that I was about to assure the happiness of my children. I thought that riches would compensate for everything. Alas! as soon as I had yielded to my fatal temptation, as soon as you had consented to sacrifice yourself to save me, I would have given my life to atone for my sin. It was too late; now I am dying because of it. I should like, at least, to have your brother know what he owes you. Has he guessed the truth, and does he judge and condemn me? I can not think so; and yet, although he lives with me, our hearts are far apart. I desire, my dear child, to find consolation in your presence. I shall go,—"

Here the letter ended. "I shall go!" He had gone to a world where all care is effaced and forgotten. The young

man's eyes wandered from the words to the hands, rigid now, that had penned them. Oh, the futility of human plans! He gazed down on the features which stood out in relief with a wax-like clearness. The receding brow, the hollow eyes, the undecided lines of the nose, the full, irregular lips,—were not these all indications of the man's character? Generosity carried to excess, appearances and illusions taken for realities, self-deception by degrees urging honor to doubtful compromises,—the type of the last of a race! Jean comprehended it all now. In the dead man he saw himself; in judging him, he judged himself, and shame for his weakness involuntarily caused him to blush.

But what was the sin to which his poor father had referred? A debt to the Lewins, a promise he had not been able to fulfil, and for which he had given up his daughter? Was it at this price he had been able to keep Wola, to die at home, where his father and grandfather had died before him? Why had not his sister consulted him, and why had she avoided all explanation? Had she not thought him capable of providing for them all? But how else could be explained those extravagant hopes that had always been based upon him?

Evidently, he did not possess the key to the mystery; what, then, could the terrible secret be? There had been a sacrifice, and that sacrifice had been necessary. Wanda had gone to her death that he might not condemn his father. How plainly he recognized his sister in this! It was indeed the Wanda of former days,—the charming, sweet protector of his youth, the angel of the household. How could he have doubted and accused her and shut his heart against her? And yet he must respect the memory of his father and believe his honor spotless. This was his duty; and, with his eyes fixed on the cross above the bed, he said,

with arm raised as if taking an oath: "Father, I swear to you that, whatever my future trials may be, I shall not let a day pass over my head without blessing your name and honoring your memory!" He then buried his face in his hands and wept silently.

Sigismond at length entered the room to take his place as watcher beside the dead. Neither spoke a word. The hours passed by; night came on, and the candles burned low in their sockets, filling the room with a weird light.

Suddenly the sound of wheels on the sands outside was heard. Jean raised his head and said in a low tone:

"Go and see who it is, Sigismond. It must be they."

They! Prus knew well enough who were meant; his massive form began to tremble and his knees shook beneath him. Before he had time to reach the door, it opened, and on the threshold stood Leopold Lewin, correctly attired in black; his small, dull eyes blinking behind his gold-rimmed glasses; his face bloated, sallow, and prematurely wrinkled.

Jean rose at once, all his blood surging toward his heart. Behind her husband, without a doubt, was Wanda. O, poor, poor sister! But the door closed softly after Leopold: no one followed him. He approached the bed and gravely bowed his head, dominated in his turn by the majesty of death.

Two or three moments passed in dreary silence. Finally Jean approached his brother-in-law, and said close to his ear, in a tone choked with emotion:

"Where is Wanda?"

A bitter smile curled Leopold's lips as he answered:

"Wanda will not be here."

Jean drew back; he could not comprehend. Had he indeed heard aright? His sister not coming to pay her last sad respects to their father!

Leopold's eyes, fixed upon him, pierced his heart like poisoned arrows.

"She will not be here," he said at length; "for she is dying!"

A groan from Sigismond's lips echoed dolefully through the quiet room. Jean clasped his hands and repeated, as if the meaning of the words escaped him:

"She is dying!—she is dying!"

"Yes," replied Leopold haughtily, his brow contracting; "she is dying. You refused to respond to her appeal. When she entreated you to console and lessen her sufferings by your presence, you remained deaf. Ah, that is the sort of heart you have! May the responsibility of the calamity rest upon you—and you alone!"

Above the corpse of Jean's father, the glances of the two met like two blades, whetted by hatred and sullen anger on the one side and by despair on the other.

(To be continued.)

Pegasus Redivivus.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI REGNIER, BY M. E. M.

BESIDE the fountain on a flute I played,
And through the ebony pipe my fluttering breath
In laughter entered, to come forth in sobs.
I watched the leaves as through the spray they
fell;
Forgetting, idle shepherd that I was,
The eternal verdure of the laurel old;
While, midst my flock, plundered by sylvan gods,
With drooping pinions browsed the steed divine.
But came an eve when piece by piece I threw
Into the fount my flute of ebony;
Took the steed by the bridle as my hand
Plucked from the gnarled trunk the kingly branch,
Heavy with Destiny and green with Hope.
And thus we wandered through the forest dark,
Toward mead and river from the woods afar,
Till, in broad sunlight, haunches high upsprung,
Scenting the laurel branch which still I held,
Verdant with bloom that day as ne'er before.
I saw the steed outspread his golden wings,
Prance toward the Day and spurn the things of
Night.

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

VII.

CHESTER is just such a quaint "lost" place, a backwater along the swift tide of Progress, as would have delighted the heart and moved the genius of Hawthorne or Whittier. It is not particularly noted for anything human or historical, if we except the plain yeoman virtues of its good people—honesty, frugality, simplicity, a contented spirit. Its waters seem to have gone almost unchronicled in the voluminous writings, French and English, that hold the story of American mankind in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In those days stalwart Micmacs hunted and fished from mainland to islands. Vague traditions are still handed down of massacres of French sailors and missionaries by the heathen savages; still clearer tales are told of the visits of New England fishermen to these shores, swarming with fish; or of pirates plying their nefarious trade along a coast especially suited for successful attack and rapid flight.

The political confusion and anarchy of Europe in the seventeenth century were reproduced in these waters, and the "free lances" of the deep were neither few nor far between. Sir Peter Easton and his "ten stout sail" were no rare sight along this desolate line of shore, where every headland marked a safe refuge, and every port was dotted with wooded islands or cruel ledges, under whose lee the pirates soon found shelter. The world was their oyster, and with their swords they proceeded to pick its pearls. Solemn Spanish galleon and fine-drawn Gloucester smack,—it was all one. And if a vessel of the line, French or English, fell in their way, there was

often evil courage enough to offer battle more grim and desperate than ever Viking offered to the helpless men of Ireland or England; for those who escaped the sword must walk the plank. The pirate had no room for prisoners, where every inch of space was needed for booty.

Eventually, on the heels of commerce follow the commerce-protectors, the great war-frigates; but for a long time an absolute *Faustrecht* prevailed at sea. Even such strongholds as Port Royal trembled at the sight of the Black Flag. Sir Peter Easton, just mentioned, a kind of naval Sir John Hawkwood, after committing many "pyracies," applied to James I., about 1612, for pardon and employment. His patience being tired out by slow James and his peaceable court, he left the coast of Barbary (where his congeners still flourish) and entered the service of the Duke of Savoy, who was then beginning to cut a figure in European politics. In 1688 a Portuguese vessel was robbed of three thousand seven hundred Spanish hides between Liverpool and Shelburne.

In this wilderness of waters such minor things as truces and treaties were not heeded. The struggles of French and Spanish Bourbons, of Roundhead and Cavalier, of Protestant and Catholic,—all the angry carving and re-carving of European sovereignty, were carried on in the short intervals of peace, as though to keep hate seething and the sword whetted against the next rising of the bloody curtain. For that matter, the pirates of the sea were but little more ferocious than the pirates of the land, those outlaws who infested the interior of Nova Scotia. In the year 1695 the French governor complained of the four D'Amour brothers; they were denounced as "licentious, independent, seditious, disobedient, *soi-disant gentilhommes*," who held vast grants in the finest parts

of Nova Scotia, but had hardly a place to lodge in, and lived a vagabond life with the Micmacs.

The creation of Halifax about the middle of the eighteenth century, at the petition of New England, not only gave a death-blow to piracy in these waters, but made possible the colonization of many valuable ports from St. Mary's Bay to Chedabucto. Within ten years of that event, hardy men from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, had taken up land along the shores of Mahone Bay. The diary of their minister, John Secombe, is still preserved, and offers an interesting glimpse into the abundance of game and fish, the hardships of the pioneers, the charms of the forest life, the fatalism of white contact for such child-men as the Micmacs. The town meeting, the respect for the law as above all power, the self-determining freeman on his farm, the common pasturage and hunting and fishing rights, are there; and every one must admit that they offer a striking contrast to the feudalism of the Acadian settlements.

The absence of good roads through the primeval forests compelled the colonists to take to the ocean, and developed soon a race of hardy seamen not inferior to those of Cape Cod, from whom, perhaps, like the men of Yarmouth, they are largely sprung. A sprinkling of Royalists after the Revolution left but little trace. They were once men of wealth and prestige, and the hard conditions of life around these waters were ill-suited to them. They drifted elsewhere or returned to the "States." The Revolution had its echo among these islands as in all similar colonies along the coast westward. It had, indeed, not a few sympathizers; some, like the Germans of Lunenburg and the Yankees of Yarmouth, pleading the right to remain neutral; while others openly advocated the cause of the

revolted colonies, whose overflow they were. Great Britain had more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* in those decades; especially was this the case when a little later Thomas Addis Emmett proposed to lead an army of seven thousand Irishmen to the capture of Nova Scotia.

The failure to secure the peninsula was a sore disenchantment to the patriots who had strained every nerve, through Franklin and John Quincy Adams, to round out their new State with a territory whose strategic and commercial value was known to no one so well as to the men who had so long fought for it, and whose sons and daughters had first peopled it for England. In the chapter on "Windsor and the Far West" Haliburton, with a fine malice of genius, has made his inimitable "Clockmaker" express the feelings which long animated the New Englander when he looked at the map of Nova Scotia:

This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the globe, and right alongside of the salt water; but the folks want three things—*industry, enterprise, economy*. These Bluesnoses don't know how to valy this location. Only look at it, and see what a place for business it is—the centre of the Province, the capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy; the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States; the exports of lime, of gypsum, freestone and grindstone, the dykes—but it's no use talkin'. I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock maple tree—stick 'em in anywhere, butt end up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a real good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin' fast,—that's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make another place of it from what it is.

The "psychological moment" passed, perhaps never to return; and with the Acadian peninsula the United States lost the mouth of the St. John, the devolution of Newfoundland, and the control of the rich lands and richer waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It may have been an act of Providence; for now, by an iron law of necessity, the teeming popula-

tion of the Northern Atlantic coast was driven ever westward, following a mysterious law of empire, until it met the distant barrier of the Pacific. In this progress every human faculty was strained to overcome the difficulty of transportation; endless fields, made fat by the action of countless ages, yielded food inexhaustible to the hungry and abused millions of Europeans who poured in through the golden gates of liberty and justice; the problems of state and municipal life were rendered easy of solution by absolute internal security and the superabundance of food and opportunity; to an unexampled motley invasion of men from every rank of life, every stage of personal development, corresponded territories so vast and desirable that the social friction was reduced to a minimum. To the fundamental American spirit was given that margin of time which it needed in order to interpenetrate these masses of humanity, and create a strong framework of intelligent unity of views and hearts.

Had we been driven, *en masse*, to the forests of the Northwest and the fogs of the Great Banks, we should still have been, like mediæval Frederic, a *stupor mundi et innovator admirabilis* among the nations. But other traits and other problems would have arisen, and the mighty political unit that rests on the two great world-seas would perhaps be only a dream of the statesman, a velleity of the patriot. There might have been wanting to the American State, thereby to the popular character, that diversity of climatic influences whose action is now so recognizedly great on the thoughts and ideals of men. Finally, there would have been absent that useful pedagogical element of fear, a strong psychological factor; since fear begets caution and prudence, as well as respect of others. Untrammelled control of the continent

from the beginning might have rendered us foolhardy; might have aroused long ago, in our weakness, European cupidity, and resulted in a division of the North American continent analogous to what we see perpetrated upon Asia and Africa.

Our unwilling and compulsory partnership with England in the development of North America has, perhaps, worked us an incalculable service, inasmuch as it made her the policeman of the Atlantic, interested in warning off all would-be adventurers or conquerors from her own preserves, and thereby from all that lay contiguous. We have been very jealous of each other, and some great wrongs have been done. Still, is it forbidden to see the hand of Divine Providence in this overruling of two peoples by which a unity of language, political ideals and literature, has been created from icy Labrador to the palm-groves of Florida? Long ago, at the dawning of Christendom, the Spaniard Prudentius saw the hand of God in the long and marvellous series of events by which the ancient world was merged into the Roman State, and a common language and culture secured against the coming of Christ. What convulsions and shatterings, what wild passion of resistance and protest, preceded this yoking of East and West, of Greek, Latin, and Kelt! Yet the day came when men sang in one common Latin the benefits of this splendid blending; and as the meaning of it was unveiled to the eye of the poet's spirit, he cried out in rapture:

Christo jam tunc venienti,
Crede, parata via est.

Is it presumption to think that the Holy Spirit has created this vast unification of the English-speaking world for future purposes known to Himself? The Teutonic Franks, still dripping from the waters of baptism, sang mystically of their calling through the shadowy

ages to come: "*Gesta Dei per Francos!*" And this high and holy insight has been reckoned to their honor by historians, poets, and philosophers. Be it permitted to us to believe that what is now going on before our eyes is the direct work of God, and that its final outcome will be the restoration of unity in the higher world of religion.

(To be continued.)

Stephen Dangerfield's Granddaughter.

IT was with strange and conflicting feelings, of which perhaps astonishment was paramount, that Frank Dangerfield for a second time began to read the letter in his hand. He had turned to his morning budget of letters, expecting to find, as usual, a few bills, a number of advertisements, prospectuses, and so forth; with probably a line or two from Constance Fleming. However, instead of a letter from his betrothed he had found one from his distant kinsman, Stephen Dangerfield; and it was this letter that again claimed his attention. The writing was stiff and cramped, but not difficult to decipher:

"SIR:—I presume you are aware of the relationship existing between us, and no doubt you are also aware that you are my only relative bearing my family name. I know something of your character and habits, otherwise I should not now be writing this letter. My purpose in doing so is to bring about a marriage between you and my granddaughter, who will one day be my successor here.

"You have heard, doubtless, that my daughter married against my wishes. Her husband died some months after his marriage, and his widow did not long survive him. I was present at her death-bed; and I—perhaps foolishly—promised that her little daughter should

be placed in the charge of her husband's sister, and that the lady should be allowed full liberty in bringing up the child and educating her. Having given that promise, I kept it; but my granddaughter has now reached the age of twenty-one, and her mother was willing that when that age was reached she should take up her proper position at Dangerfield Hall.

"For years back I have thought that a marriage between you, the only male relative I have, and my heiress would be a proper thing. I know you are unmarried, and I hope unengaged. My granddaughter has been very quietly brought up, and she is unaware of the fact that she is an heiress. The lady with whom she has lived has no idea that I intend to leave my property to her. Indeed, by my desire, this lady has kept my granddaughter ignorant of her relationship to me.

"If you are willing to fall in with my plans, I shall expect to see you at Dangerfield Hall on this day month. By that time my granddaughter shall be installed as mistress here; and I trust, from her upbringing, that she will be ready to agree to my wishes. I have a dread lest she, like her mother, should be married by some fortune-hunter."

There were a few words more; but the young man, on his second perusal, read no further. He laid the letter down, and for some minutes stared across his breakfast table at the wall opposite.

Frank Dangerfield had worn the silk of the law for some years; but his briefs were few, and it was by his pen that the greater part of his income was earned. In the previous summer he had met Constance Fleming and her aunt, Mrs. Easton, at a country house; and before his visit had ended he had asked the girl to be his wife. Her answer was an affirmative one, but Mrs. Easton would not hear of an engagement. In a year,

if both were so minded, her consent to it would be given. In the meantime the two young people considered themselves engaged; and if, at times, Frank reflected that he had acted too impulsively, he had never seriously repented of his proposal till the day he received Stephen Dangerfield's letter.

Presently his charwoman bustled in and cleared away the breakfast things, talking volubly the while. Contrary to his custom, Frank remained on in the apartment; and when at length the woman had taken her departure, he lit a cigar and again read his kinsman's letter. He had once seen Dangerfield Hall from the public road; and a vision of a grey stone mansion, thickly covered with creeping plants and roses, came before him. He was aware that its owner was one of the wealthiest men in the county; and the thought of the position offered him, and the impediment that prevented him from accepting his cousin's invitation, was growing more irritating every moment. After some reflection he threw his unfinished cigar away.

"What a fool I was!" he ejaculated bitterly. "Of course I must answer the letter without delay. Mrs. Easton was quite right when she refused to sanction the engagement between Constance and myself. I sincerely wish I had listened to her!"

A girl's face looked down at him from its place on the mantelpiece. For the first time Frank seemed to find no charm in the delicately-carved oval face and smiling eyes.

"It is an injustice to Constance, too,—this engagement," he murmured. "My income must always be uncertain, and I doubt if Constance Fleming would manage on a small one. Yes, the whole thing was foolish. However, I suppose there is no help for it now. I'll think the matter over, anyway."

An hour later Frank Dangerfield had decided that by breaking off his engagement he would be acting as much in Miss Fleming's best interests as his own; and the only point he had to consider was the method he should employ in doing so. There were reasons for an interview with the girl, and reasons also against one. It is quite easy to say things that do not look well on paper, and Frank's tongue could be both fluent and vague. Nevertheless, he at length wrote a long letter to Mrs. Easton, and a shorter one to Constance; while by the same post a courteous letter went to Stephen Dangerfield, assuring him of the writer's willingness to accede to his proposal.

Four weeks later he was on his way to Dangerfield Hall. A carriage was in waiting at the little country station, and a short drive brought him to his journey's end. The old grey house was looking its best in the sunshine of a June afternoon, and his kinsman gave him a warm welcome. He expected Mr. Dangerfield should be somewhat eccentric in appearance and manner, and in this he was disappointed.

Frank was taken over the house and through the stables before the elder gentleman mentioned the matter that lay near his heart.

"Constance is a charming girl," he said. "She—"

"Constance—is that her name?" said Frank, whose attention had been momentarily turned to something else.

"Yes,—my granddaughter. I admit that her good aunt has proved a most efficient guardian. The girl is exceptionally well educated and accomplished, yet simple and unaffected."

"And beautiful, of course?" inquired Frank.

"And beautiful. Her poor mother was a very handsome woman, but she is beautiful."

"And—have you informed the girl of your wishes?"

"Certainly. I really don't understand her. It is for you to win her, though," said Mr. Dangerfield. "She has driven over to see Mrs. Crofton, so you shall not meet till dinner."

Frank made a careful toilet. He was in high spirits; and if an occasional remorseful thought of the girl he had been engaged to crossed his mind, it was quickly driven away by other and more agreeable reflections.

A few minutes later the young man was descending the broad staircase to the lower regions. A little burst of laughter that sounded strangely familiar came from the drawing-room, and it was with a vague sense of uneasiness that he opened the door.

The drawing-room was occupied by Mr. Dangerfield and a young girl. The old gentleman turned quickly on Frank's entrance.

"This is my cousin, Frank Dangerfield," he observed, addressing the girl. "Constance, my dear—"

"I have met Mr. Dangerfield before," the girl interrupted, rising to her feet. She bowed to the bewildered young man with perfect self-possession, and made some ordinary remark concerning the weather. His surprise and discomfiture in finding that Constance Fleming was Mr. Dangerfield's granddaughter were too great to allow him to adopt an equally civil and indifferent tone.

The dinner passed over in some sort of fashion; and early next morning Frank Dangerfield returned to London, if not a wiser, certainly a sadder man.

It is a narrow and hide-bound criticism which refuses to see great qualities in the defender of a bad cause, which will not admit that superstition may sometimes be united with lofty moral ideals.—*Samuel Dill, "Roman Society."*

With Correspondents.

Why is the Blessed Virgin generally represented as dressed in blue?—*Child of Mary.*

In the language of color, blue expresses purity, love, and loyalty; hence "blue blood," "true blue," etc. The Mother Most Pure and Most Amiable, the Mirror of Justice, is therefore "clothed in mantle blue." The sky is called, poetically, heaven; and the color of the clear sky is blue, and the Blessed Virgin is invoked as Queen of Heaven. The "blue firmament" is the region where the sun, moon, and stars appear; and there St. John saw the sign of "a Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." The sign refers to the Church of Christ, and by allusion to the Help of Christians. The use of blue-colored vestments on feasts of Our Lady is permitted in some countries, and vestments of this color were once common in England. In Spain sky-blue vestments are always used on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. This color is also the symbol of eternity and signifies faith. It is exquisitely appropriate, therefore, to the Mother of Him whose reign shall be without end (*cujus regni non erit finis*). Her faith endured when that of Apostles failed, and she is saluted Virgin Most Faithful.

..

I should like to know precisely what is meant by the expression "odor of sanctity." It occurs several times in a book I have been reading. I know about canonization, but is there any difference between an ordinarily good man or woman and a saint uncanonized? Could you refer me to any book that explains these matters?—*A Reader.*

The odor of sanctity means the divine fragrance of holiness. It is what St. Paul calls the "good odor of Christ,"—a participation of His spirit and of His life. As one whose example is vitiating is said to be in "bad odor," so the atmosphere that surrounds a Christian

who has imbibed the spirit of his Divine Master is described as the odor of virtue. Those who die leaving behind them a reputation for great holiness are spoken of as being in the "odor of sanctity." But there is a vast difference between an ordinarily good person and an uncanonized saint. Canonization is something accidental, sanctity is the essence of sainthood. The difference between a saint and one who is not a saint is admirably explained by Coventry Patmore in that little book of his called "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower." We are pleased to quote the passage in full:

There is nothing outwardly to distinguish a "saint" from common persons. A bishop or an eminent Dissenter will, as a rule, be remarkable for his decorum or his obstreperous indecorum; and for some little insignia of piety, such as the display of a mild desire to promote the good of your soul, or an abstinence from wine and tobacco, jesting and small-talk. But the saint has no "fads," and you may live in the same house with him and never find out that he is not a sinner like yourself, unless you rely on negative proofs, or obtrude lax ideas upon him, and so provoke him to silence. He may impress you, indeed, by his harmlessness and imperturbable good temper, and probably by some lack of appreciation of modern humor, and ignorance of some things which men are expected to know, and by never seeming to have much use for his time when he can be of any service to you; but, on the whole, he will give you an agreeable impression of general inferiority to yourself. You must not, however, presume upon this inferiority so far as to offer him any affront; for he will be sure to answer you with some quiet and unexpected remark, showing a presence of mind—arising, I suppose, from the presence of God,—which will make you feel that you have struck rock and only shaken your own shoulder.

If you compel him to speak about religion, he will probably surprise and scandalize you by the childishness and narrowness of his thoughts. He will most likely dwell with reiteration on commonplaces with which you were perfectly well acquainted before you were twelve years old. But you must make allowance for him, and remember that the knowledge which is to you a superficiality is to him a solid. If you talk to him on such matters, he will kindly approve your pious expressions, and you will conclude that you had better drop the subject; for you will not find that he has that ardent interest in your spiritual affairs which you thought you had a right to expect, and which you have perhaps experienced from persons of far inferior reputation for

sanctity. I have known two or three such persons, and I declare that, but for the peculiar line of psychological research to which I am addicted, and hints from others in some degree akin to these men, I should never have guessed that they were any wiser or better than myself or any other ordinary man of the world with a prudent regard for the common proprieties. I once asked a person more learned than I am in such matters to tell me what was the real difference. The reply was that the saint does everything that any other decent person does, only somewhat better and with a totally different motive.

Could anything be keener or more informing than this? The little book from which this passage is taken deserves to be better known. We do not believe in the best hundred books for everybody, any more than the best hundred dishes; but "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" is a book for which Catholic readers should have an affinity.

..

I receive regularly your publication. I am well pleased with your campaign against anti-Catholic reviews and for Catholic publications. I am a subscriber to twenty American reviews, of which two only are Catholic. But you have converted me to receiving a greater number of Catholic periodicals. Could you not give a list of Catholic reviews that are commendable to a Catholic subscriber? It is not sufficient to be a man of good-will: that good-will has to be enlightened.

The editorial life always seems better worth leading when letters like this come to hand. Our correspondent is a professional man residing in the Province of Québec. May his kind increase! There is a lack of reviews. A Catholic monthly like the *Nineteenth Century* is something we have long been pleading for. There are two quarterlies of which we may be proud—the *Dublin Review* and the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*; but in our opinion the day of the quarterly has gone by. The *London Month* used to be a magazine and review; now, we see, it calls itself a magazine. It is an excellent periodical, as all who read it regularly can testify. If it were a review pure and simple, and had American agents who could be induced to remind the public of its existence occasionally,

the *Month* would be one of our most useful publications. The *New Ireland Review* is intended especially for Irishmen, and we mean no disparagement in saying that it is none too good for them. Father Heuser's admirable review, though published for ecclesiastics, has many educated laymen among its readers. Our correspondent would probably find the *American Ecclesiastical Review* indispensable to him, if he were to read a single number. Then, there is the *London Tablet*, which is a review as well as newspaper. Whatever may be thought of its politics, it is unquestionably one of the ablest publications of its kind in the world. English-speaking Catholics have reason to be proud of it. Would there were even one journal like it in every language. A Catholic *monthly* review like the *Nineteenth Century* is a great *desideratum*. We shall never tire of repeating this; and we venture to add that there are other needs which might well be lost sight of for the nonce until this was supplied.

**

If the Filipinos are such good Catholics, and the friars in the Philippines have been grossly calumniated—if they are generally good priests, and the black sheep among them exceptions,—how do you explain the fact of the opposition to the latter on the part of the former? There must be "something rotten in Denmark."—J. H.

Our correspondent may rest assured that good people are not opposed to good priests anywhere, though bad Catholics and nominal Catholics are often found in opposition to the clergy. Generally it is for the reason that led Herod to oppose St. John the Baptist. When a man has resolved on having two wives, his first step is to set himself against priests, because they represent the moral law. No doubt there are stray black sheep among the clergy of the Philippines, and they are opposed by good Catholics there for the same reason that good Catholics everywhere

oppose renegade priests. We have strong reasons, however, for thinking that the number of these unfortunates is smaller in the islands than in many other countries. A correspondent in Manila, whose occupation brings him in daily contact with the clergy, assures us that the Franciscans and Dominicans there are just like the Franciscans and Dominicans in the United States. But let us quote our correspondent's own words. He has an explanation to offer for the opposition to the friars of which we have all heard so much:

I am in daily contact with all classes here. I visit each of the convents regularly. There are no finer bodies of men, as a whole, in monastic life anywhere in the world. I meet Archbishop Nozaleda every few days, and oftentimes I have seen this noble man in tears over his unhappy charge and unsettled country. He is spoken of as the best friend of Americans.

There is opposition to the friars, it is true; but whence does it come? First, from the leading merchants among the natives, who are Chinese mestizos (half-breed Chino-Malay). These men are supposed to be Catholics, but became Catholics to get native wives, the Chinese female being excluded. The friars have been in most part the preservers of peace under Spanish rule, because they "got on" to the rebellious schemes. Aguinaldo does not want the friars for the same reason, thinking that native priests will be more zealous for native independence. Another class of men who are opposed to the Spanish friars (among them many Europeans and also American merchants) are those who are not satisfied with one wife. No wonder this last class do not like the friars; for when a *fiesta* comes along the woman, unknown to the man, goes to confession and must cease the concubinal state. All these classes have reason to hate the friars.

No doubt there is rottenness in Manila, but most of it is imported. To the calumniated friars the Filipinos owe all the civilization they possess, as well as their stanch morality. Bigoted profigates have been forced to admire the one and the other.

**

I expect to graduate at — next June, or the year following at latest; and as we have had some experience in writing poetry, I have made up my mind to do fifteen sonnets, even if I have to work during vacation to complete the number.... Please define a sonnet in THE AVE MARIA some-

time; but please do not give my name or even my initials. The dictionary doesn't tell enough about the sonnet, and there seem to be several kinds.

There are, but they may be reduced to four—good, fairly good, bad, and very bad. All these kinds appear in print. It is good of our young correspondent to want to know exactly what a sonnet is before attempting to produce one. Well, a sonnet is a sort of literary tart, very hard to make unless one has the requisites, the chief of which are—some measure of poetic genius and long experience. Fifteen sonnets would be a big job even for a professional sonneteer. Any one who has seen a tart knows that this product of culinary art is a little round box, without a lid, made of something that looks like pie-crust and filled with jelly. Whether the jelly is baked with the tart or put in afterward we can not say. Jelly, however, is a *sine qua non*; so, of course, is dough; otherwise there could be no tart to speak of.

It is the same with the sonnet. You must have a thought adapted to the form, or the fourteen lines are no more a sonnet than a common bun is a tart, though the bun be topped with a pyramid of delusive jam. After the thought is secured, the rest is easy work, provided one has learned how to do it. The lines may not come in order, but they can be arranged when the requisite number has been completed. As to its outward form, a sonnet is simply a poem in fourteen lines, the first eight having only two rhymes, and the last six lines three rhymes. The rhythm should be the pentameter iambic—that is, ten syllables, the stress of the voice being thrown on the second syllable. The eight lines ought to be the premise; the six, the conclusion. The first part of the sonnet is called the octave; the second, the sextet. In some of the sonnets of Petrarch, who borrowed the sonnet from the Sicilians, the sonnet ends with a

rhyming couplet; as a rule, however, the Italian sonnet—on which the best English sonnets are modelled—rhymes the first line of the sextet with the fourth, the second with the fifth, and the third with the sixth.

We advise our youthful correspondent, not to think of working at sonnets during vacation, but to learn how to make tarts instead. It is an art in which every young lady should try to excel. The best judges of tarts—are small boys. They may not say much when tarts are submitted to them, but they can always be trusted to know perfect tarts as soon as they have tasted them.

.

In your Notes and Remarks (which I always read with pleasure and profit) there is frequent reference to the Negro and Indian. While the word *Indian* is always dignified with a capital letter, *Negro* sometimes has a small *n*. This is the general practice, I know; but to my mind there does not seem to be a good reason for the distinction. In the country there are merely a handful of Indians—a few hundred thousand. The Negro population is about nine millions. I called one paper's attention to this fact, and now they spell both words with a capital letter. May I beg of you to do the same? It seems a trifle, but it signifies a great deal.—L. A. D.

To our mind, there is a good reason for making the distinction between Indian and negro. Indian is from the geographical name India. Columbus, you know, identified America with India, and called the natives of the New World "Indians." Negro is from the common adjective *black*, and there is no reason why it should be capitalized any more than redman or redskin. When the negroes are called Africans, the case is different: then a large *A* is demanded. However, our compositors are most obliging as well as highly intelligent; and as a small *n* for negro would seem to indicate race prejudice—from which, if we say it ourselves, we are wholly free,—in future we shall take great pleasure in spelling both words alike—that is, a big *I* for Indian and an equally big *N* for Negro.

Notes and Remarks.

Mormon missionaries seem to be more successful than other sectarians in one respect at least: they succeed in maintaining the thickest kind of silence regarding the results of their propaganda. We have been severely shocked by the discovery that, of the eleven Northern States for which statistics can be procured, Indiana is the one in which the Mormon propaganda has been most successfully pursued; and only in one other State, our neighbor on the west, have the emissaries of Mormondom been more energetic. In Illinois there are now fifty-one Elders seeking to make Latter-Day Saints of the country people, and in Indiana there are forty-two. Yet, in spite of unusual opportunities, we have known only one priest who seemed to be aware of the presence of the apostles of polygamy in these States. There is something uncanny in the secrecy which enshrouds these people and their work,—a secrecy all the more remarkable since Indiana alone furnished 275 “converts” to Mormonism last year. The Saints ought to be looked after more sharply than they are.

The great pontificate of Leo XIII. will again be distinguished by the beatification, on May 24, of the Blessed John Baptist De la Salle (b. 1651; d. 1719), founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. This eminent servant of God will be raised to our altars on account of his signal holiness; he has long since been canonized in the popular affection on account of his services to Catholic education. De la Salle was the real founder of the primary school. He introduced the modern method of class recitation; he established the first normal school for teachers; and, best of all, he was the spiritual father of

innumerable children who, in many languages and in the humblest as well as the best-equipped schools, have continued his ideals and his Christlike work in the world. The Brothers are now established in France, Belgium, Spain, England, the United States, Canada, and several countries of South America. The Institute counts 14,913 members, while its schools shelter and instruct over 326,579 pupils. The blessing of John Baptist De la Salle has not waited upon his canonization, in the celebration of which the whole Catholic world will heartily join with the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

..

The disciples of De la Salle are not to be confounded with the “Christian Brothers” established in Ireland in the year 1803 by Edmond Ignatius Rice, a merchant of Waterford. The two institutes have no organic connection, and the recent decision of the Propaganda regarding the teaching of the classics does not bear upon the colleges of the Irish brotherhood.

The *Chicago Times-Herald* makes a timely suggestion which we should like to see taken up by Congress. The advertisement bestowed on a notorious play by the arrest of the actress and manager that produced it has led a publishing house to issue a “rush edition,” in cheap paper covers, of the unsavory novel on which the play is founded. Venders are hawking this yellow nastiness about the streets of all our cities, and the news-stands are stocked with it. A glance at these books shows that they were entered at the New York post-office as “second-class matter”; that is, the government hauled them across the continent for a cent a pound. It costs the government eight cents per pound to haul them; but, on account of an Act of Congress passed to

facilitate "the dissemination of popular intelligence," Uncle Sam pays seven cents out of his pocket for every pound of the nasty and half-nasty books that are used in corrupting the youth of the land. It costs the government \$20,000,000 every year to disseminate this sort of "popular intelligence," the gross body of which, if put on exhibition, would astonish the people both by its quantity and quality. "It is time to stop this fraud," says the *Times-Herald*; and so say we. The sort of books we refer to are not second-class matter or any other sort of fit matter for the mails; but they are first-class matter to promote degeneracy, to sap morality, and to hurry our country into a cataclysm,

The people of Philadelphia have recently submitted to a religious census, and some of the results are interesting. Out of a quarter of a million of families only twenty-two were willing to stand reported as atheists or agnostics, which seems to show that if there are many unbelievers in Philadelphia they are not inordinately proud of the fact. Almost four thousand families refused to give the information requested of them, and more than fifteen thousand declared they had no religious preference. Counting all those who refused to identify themselves with any spiritual organization, the aggregate amounts to less than eight per cent of the whole population of the City of Brotherly Love.

Just two months ago the statistics published in sectarian journals credited all the sects with a comfortable increase in membership last year; now the chief organ of Methodism, the *Christian Advocate*, declares that during 1899 there was "a decline of 25,595 in those avowed and accepted members known as candidates." The other day Governor Rollins,

of proclamation fame, went down from New Hampshire to Boston to address the Ministers' Union, and this is what he told the brethren: "You clergymen are no longer the spiritual guides of the people, who now follow the religion of the newspapers." The Governor also repeated his assertion that rural New England is being deserted by the sounder class of people, but that immigration may yet save the country districts. "The increase of foreign population is a gain rather than a loss to the country town," he said; "for it brings in new blood, so greatly needed; and the people are usually strong Catholics, not irreligious. Their increase is a favorable element."

Le Moniteur Acadien reports an interesting and most edifying fact which, we believe, had never been published before. According to our contemporary, when Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal, visited Saint Jacques de l'Achigan in 1898, he addressed the people on the subject of religious vocations, and requested all those who had given a son or a daughter to the service of God to rise from their seats. Immediately the whole congregation rose as one man! There are other parishes in Canada that could claim a record almost as glorious.

Whether for good or for ill, the Board of Education of Chicago celebrated St. Patrick's Day by dropping English history from the school curricula of the city. In some of the parish schools of the City of Zephyrs Irish history is now regularly taught as a class. The cult of Anglo-Saxonism seems not to have infected the great Western Metropolis as yet.

"What the Universalist church needs is the ethical passion," says the Rev. J. M. Pullman; and he ought to know, because

he is a minister of that sect. As a means of exciting this passion, he advocates an increased observance of Lent. "The church should make itself into a school of spiritual and moral culture, whereof one of the great means is observance of this season made by God for this very thing." The interesting statement is afforded that as many as five hundred Universalist churches are now observing Lent. It is an affliction of spirit to read the literature of the Universalists, but it is a sweet and abiding joy to have their own assurance that they keep Lent and feel the need of the ethical passion.

Max Nordau, who may be regarded as the spokesman of the Jews, has written to the apostate Hyacinthe: "You are greatly mistaken if you think that the Antisemites persecute us for religious reasons. If every Jew in the world could be baptized, their hatred would, nevertheless, pursue us as long as we are different from other Europeans." This is an agreeable admission from Max Nordau, and, if our memory serves us faithfully, a novel one; it has also the merit of being strictly true. Antisemitism is political and commercial, not religious; and all attempts to make capital out of it against the Church are the acts of unscrupulous men.

In view of the decline in membership of their sect, the Methodist bishops have issued a circular calling upon their flocks to consecrate the week ending April 1 to prayer and penance. It is earnestly hoped that the brethren and sisters will respond to this pious call; for prayer and fasting are most wholesome practices. Some of the church papers, however, think that the trouble is with the pulpit, not with the pew. "The so-called 'practical sermon,'" says *Zion's Herald*, "that simply seeks to lead people to be decent

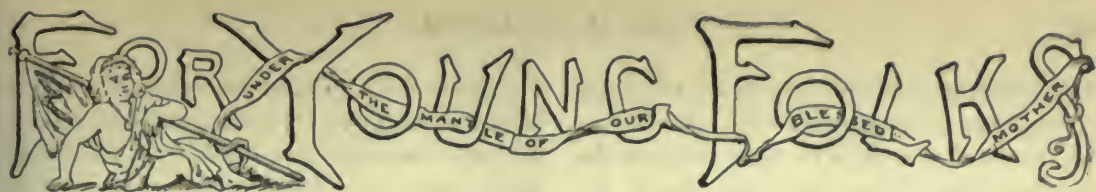
or charitable, has about driven people out of the churches. In too many pulpits the great underlying truths of revelation, which give birth to elemental convictions that are to character what beams and posts are to a house, have not been proclaimed.... A genuine revival of religion without a doctrinal basis is unthinkable."

The good old Methodist adjuration, "Amen, brother!" best expresses our entire concurrence with our esteemed contemporary. Religious life without a doctrinal basis is just as unthinkable as a statue without form or a picture without color. *Zion's Herald* edifies us by saying so and "speaking out bould." We are also edified by a remark of the *Congregationalist*: "If the Methodist bishops had postponed this week of prayer two weeks, it would coincide with the time when a large part of the Christian Church will be meditating on the scenes of Our Lord's suffering and crucifixion for the sins of the world."

If there are any typographical errors in Anna T. Sadlier's fascinating sketch published in our present number, we shall not hold ourselves responsible for them. We found it necessary to wipe our glasses more than once in reading the proofs. The sketch recounts a thrilling though little known episode in Irish-Canadian history. It will have many appreciative readers in three countries at least, but we feel certain that no one will find more pleasure in reading the sketch than we do in publishing it.

Is it not a very remarkable situation—Protestantism, the great distinguishing feature of which is reliance on the authority of the Bible above and without any other, surrenders the keeping of the infallibility of that authority to the Church against which it protested and from which it separated in the sixteenth century, as a fountain of religious error!—*The New York Sun*.

Yes, a very remarkable situation.



Little Tradesmen.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

THE swallow is a mason:
With mud and hay close prest,
Upon the highest gable
He builds his solid nest.

The woodpecker's a carpenter:
His work is deft and strong,
With "tap, tap, tap" of hammer
The forest trees among.

And there is master bulfinch,—
A basket-maker he;
Than his light little dwelling
Naught could more shapely be.

The robin is a weaver,
And wondrous is his art;
His warp and weft of mosses
One scarce can pull apart.

The cuckoo laughs: "Dear wifie,
When these fine nests are new,
Where'er thou wilt, thou layest
An egg,—cuckoo! cuckoo!"

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

XIII.—GRANNY'S LETTER.

IT was Saturday, the usual holiday. The schoolmaster sat in his school-room, with pen, ink, and paper before him.

"I am ready to begin," he said.

Old Granny Woods—for as such she had introduced herself to him—was seated on a bench beside him.

"Shall I say it in my own words? I'd rather," she replied.

"Just as you please, ma'am," he said. Then the woman began:

"DEAR SIR AND MADAM:—This is to tell you that, having been travelling in your part of the country last summer, I saw two little children—a boy and a girl—that I heard you had taken out of the orphan asylum and adopted. Some people said they were not real twins, but they are. I am the person that knows all about them. If you will make it worth my while, I can give you some information concerning them that will be of interest—"

"I don't like that," interrupted the schoolmaster, dropping his pen. "If you know anything about the children, it is your duty to tell it, whether you get a reward or not. If the people are half-way human, they will not need to be asked for any reward."

"I think you're too smart," replied the old woman, moving her chair away.

"And I believe you're a blackmailer," said the schoolmaster, angrily throwing the unfinished letter on the table. "I believe you're a blackmailer, old woman, and I'm not going to have anything to do with you."

He got up abruptly and stood in the open doorway, from which he could see the white tents of the gypsies dotting the commons not far distant. He was not a patient man,—he had never been a patient man. He had been a wanderer on the face of the earth,—a man who had broken many laws, human and divine; but for some years past he had creditably filled his position in Princesburg. Though kind, he was not sociable; though respected by his pupils, he was not beloved by them; he neither visited nor received visitors. Something of the wandering spirit that had been born in him caused him to have a kindly and

fellow-feeling for the gypsies, especially the Gormans, who came to the town about once a year. It was evident he considered the old woman dismissed. He did not turn round or speak to her again. After a short period of fruitless waiting, she took the paper from the table, concealed it in her bosom, and hobbled past him into the road. When she had disappeared in one of the tents, he went in and shut the door.

Just four years later the Winstanleys were gathered around the library table, playing the game of "Musical Authors." Tommy and Mary had grown finely, but had lost much of their former resemblance to each other. They did not go to school: were taught by a capable governess, who was not only a successful teacher and an excellent woman, but also a most delightful companion. The Winstanley household was a happy one. The only cloud on the domestic horizon was that which had lately loomed up when the family discussed the question of sending Tommy to a good school, where he would have the advantages of instruction from male teachers and the example of boys of his own age.

"Turn down hands," said Miss Belden, the governess. "Tell me something of Berlioz," she added, looking at Tommy.

Some one knocked at the door. It was Peter, the old coachman, who always went for the mail when the gentlemen were otherwise engaged.

"No letters at this hour, Peter?" inquired Mr. Winstanley.

"One letter, sir," answered Peter, in a peculiar tone. As he spoke he handed it to Mr. Winstanley. It was addressed to him, in an unformed, irregular hand. "Look at the postmark, sir," Peter went on, in a hesitating voice.

Mr. Winstanley did so. It was from a town several hundred miles distant, and dated some four years back.

"Why, what does this mean?" asked Mr. Winstanley. "It looks clean; there is only one address on it: it can not have been travelling about, and yet it was written four years ago. This is very strange!"

All had now ceased playing, interested in the unusual occurrence.

"That is what I came to tell you, sir," said Peter, after clearing his throat desperately. "I was settling my old clothes to-night, thinking to give some of them to the ragman, when I found this between the two linings of a coat. There was a tear in the pocket: the letter must have slipped down. I hope it won't be any loss to you, sir, having kept it so long."

Mr. Winstanley made no reply. Hastily tearing open the envelope, he found the unfinished letter of the schoolmaster, which the old woman had enclosed and directed to him, just as the schoolmaster had left it. Glancing over it rapidly, he returned it to the envelope and put it into his pocket.

"There has been no harm done, Peter, I hope," he said; for he was a kind master, and the old man had been a faithful servant. Peter went away quite satisfied. During the rest of the evening, however, Mr. Winstanley was absent-minded and thoughtful.

When the governess and the children had retired, he disclosed the contents of the note to his wife and the old couple. They were all of one mind: there was but one course to be pursued—to write immediately and inquire if the person who had sent the information was still at Princesburg.

The desired information soon came. The old woman was in the almshouse at that place, bedridden and likely to die very soon. Mr. Winstanley decided to go there at once. He found her very ill, but her mind was as clear as it had ever been. When the gypsies went off in the

spring, she had remained at Princesburg, hoping to receive an answer to her letter. Finally she had been admitted to the almshouse, which had been her home ever since. She could give no information other than that which we already know. It was a gratification for Mr. Winstanley, however, to learn that the children were really brother and sister. He sat by her bedside a long time; and, after placing a piece of gold in her hand, was about to take leave of her when she remarked:

"I've something else to tell you, sir."

"What is it?" he inquired.

"I want to tell you all—I may as well. It was I that coaxed the gypsies to steal the children that time. I thought you would be willing to pay a good sum for getting them back."

Mr. Winstanley sat down again: this revelation promised to be interesting. But she could tell him nothing that he had not already suspected regarding it. While they were discussing it a man passed the window. He seemed to be feeble, and was leaning on a stick.

"He has been very good to me," said the old woman, whom he had saluted in passing. "He hasn't long to live either. It's a race between us, but I shouldn't wonder if he'd go first. It's a pity he's here, sir. He has seen better days."

"Could I relieve him in any way?" inquired Mr. Winstanley.

"Maybe you might, sir. He's proud, though.—Come right in, Mr. Martin!" she said, raising her voice, as the man repassed the window.

He came, breathing with difficulty and leaning heavily on his stick. He was about forty years of age, very pale save for two bright red spots on either cheekbone. He was frightfully thin. He wore a mustache and a long beard.

"Evidently in the last stages of consumption," thought Mr. Winstanley.

"This is Mr. Winstanley," said the old

woman. "He's the gentleman that had the twins at his house."

The sick man bowed, regarding the stranger long and earnestly. He leaned on his stick with both hands, which were trembling violently.

"Take this seat," said Mr. Winstanley, rising and giving him his chair. "You seem exhausted."

The man sat down.

"I beg pardon, sir!" he said, after a moment. "I sometimes get these spells. I have difficulty in breathing."

"I've just been telling the gentleman it's a race between us," said the old woman. "This is the one who wrote that letter," she continued. "You never knew I sent it; did you, Mr. Martin? You didn't like it: you thought I was trying to raise money, didn't you?"

"No matter, no matter!" he replied, with some irritation.

As we said before, the schoolmaster—for it was he—had never been a patient man. He seemed disturbed and ill at ease, but the old woman did not notice it. She went on to explain that the letter had been carried about in the coachman's pocket for several years.

"I came here, hoping to obtain some definite information as to the parentage of the children we have adopted," said Mr. Winstanley. "But Mrs. Woods does not know much about it. Their mother came to lodge with her some time before they were born. She died in her house, leaving the children quite unprovided for. She seemed to be a very respectable woman. I am glad of that. However, there was some mystery about her, the nature of which old Mrs. Woods never learned. She is not perfectly sure even of her name."

"As near as I could make out, her husband's name was Thomas Wilson, and that's all I know about it. Hers was Margaret Augusta. She had been a schoolteacher, and she told me her

father and mother were dead. Until she married she had always lived with an old maid aunt. This aunt wasn't pleased with her marriage at all."

"You have nothing that belonged to her?" inquired Mr. Winstanley.

"Nothing but an old button I found in a little box on the table. I kept it, thinking it might be gold; but it turned out to be only brass."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Winstanley.

"It's right here, in a little bag that I keep under my pillow, with a few little trinkets I've got."

Raising herself on her elbow, the old woman soon produced the bag, which she opened, spreading its contents on the coverlet. They consisted of some curious pebbles, a breastpin and two carnelian finger-rings, a pair of bogwood cuff buttons, and the brass one of which she had spoken. It was much discolored.

"Can you make anything out of it?" inquired Mr. Winstanley, handing it to the schoolmaster.

"I will rub it with some flannel and ammonia that I have in my room here, and bring it back to you in a few moments," he said, receiving it with a shaking hand.

"Poor man! he is very feeble," said Mr. Winstanley as he left the room.

"Yes, sir," answered the old woman. "He is unusually so this morning. He can't live long."

"I fear not," said Mr. Winstanley. "He seems very respectable. I would like to be of some assistance to him, but I hesitate to offer any. Did he teach school in this place formerly?"

"Yes, sir: for several years. He was much respected too; but consumption was in him. He worked as long as he could, and spent all he had on doctors. At last he had nothing left, and came here to die."

"He has no friends or relatives?"

"I think not. He is a very close man,

sir. No one knows a thing about him."

The schoolmaster did not return. A boy, the son of the almshouse-keeper, soon brought back the button. It had been brightened, and the polishing had showed it to be a United States Army button, with an eagle bearing a laurel branch in one claw and a bunch of arrows in the other.

"One would hardly consider this of great importance," said Mr. Winstanley, giving the button back to the woman. "However, it would furnish some clue if I cared to pursue an investigation."

After saying good-bye to the old woman, and holding a short interview with the almshouse-keeper, who seemed to be a humane man, Mr. Winstanley was about to depart, when he felt a timid hand on his arm. Turning, he saw that it was the schoolmaster.

"Can you give me a few moments?" he said.

"Certainly," was the hearty answer. "Thank you very much for cleaning that button. It disclosed one thing at least: that it had belonged to an army uniform,—probably the one worn by the woman's husband, who, we may infer, was a soldier. Do you know anything of such insignia?"

"I was once in the army for a short time," replied the schoolmaster. "That button means nothing, as you say, except that the original owner may have been a soldier. Will you come to my room? Thanks to the kindness of the superintendent, I have a little corner to myself. It makes life here endurable."

Mr. Winstanley followed him into another building. They were soon seated at either side of a small table. The schoolmaster was very much agitated—a circumstance which Mr. Winstanley attributed to weakness, and resolved to send him a case of wine that very day.

"I hope you will excuse me if what I am going to ask you seems intrusive,"

began the schoolmaster; "but let me assure you that I have no unworthy motive in what I shall say. How did you happen, in the first place, to adopt those two little ones? Had you no children of your own?"

"We had had two—twins also," was the reply. "They were lovely children; our hearts were wrapped up in them; but God took them to Himself. While visiting in F—, not far from where we live, my father saw a photograph of twins that had been inmates of the orphan asylum since their infancy. They were not taken there at the same time; and it was not known that they were brother and sister, though the fact was always suspected. They bore a wonderful resemblance to our children, and we adopted them at once. They have become as dear to us as our own. To-day I learned from old Mrs. Woods all that she knew of their birth. It was she who left them at the asylum, as you may have already heard. I am glad to know that they are really brother and sister. As to the rest, I shall not bother. It is often best not to try to penetrate deeply into such mysteries. It is sufficient for us to know that they are good and lovely children."

"You say they look like those you have lost?"

"Yes, very much. It is strange."

"And you are not aware of any possible relationship between you?"

"There could be no relationship. As a family, we are almost extinct," answered Mr. Winstanley.

He ceased speaking. The eyes of the schoolmaster seemed to pierce his very soul. In them there was something that appealed to his memory. Where had he seen eyes like these before? Of whom did they remind him? And while he gazed, seeking an answer to the inward questioning, the schoolmaster murmured slowly, still looking at him intently:

"They are *my* children."

"*Your* children!" cried Mr. Winstanley, starting to his feet. He thought the man had lost his senses. The other rose also, stretching forth his hands.

"Arthur! O Arthur!" he exclaimed. "Don't you know me? Don't you know Tom—your brother Tom?"

Then he fell back in his chair, and, leaning his head upon the table, sobbed out bitterly.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Story of St. Patrick.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

V.

Now, St. Patrick had ever before his mind the mysterious vision in which he had seen the children from the verge of the wood in Connaught call out to him, "Come to us, O holy youth, and teach us!" and he longed greatly to go there. At length, finding himself free, he left Ultonia (Ulster) and proceeded thither.

As he reached that country, it chanced that the seven sons of the chief king, with all their retainers, were holding a council in a large open plain. The Saint came toward the place, and, presenting himself to the princes, spoke of the faith and doctrines of the Saviour of the world. The princes and people willingly listened to him. The Druids, or false priests, however, were very angry; for they felt that if the assembly listened to Patrick, their minds would be convinced and their hearts would be converted. And these men of evil did not wish the people to be converted, for fear that they themselves might lose their honor and their living. One of them, therefore, snatching up a weapon, rushed forward to slay the missionary. The wretch had his hand raised in the air to strike, when, in the midst of a terrible burst of thunder, a lightning flash was seen to

strike the uplifted arm and burn the man to a cinder. Then the princes and the people, awestruck by the sight, fell on their knees before St. Patrick and asked to be baptized. On that very day over twelve thousand persons embraced the true faith.

Then another false priest, a relative of the one that had been stricken by lightning, hearing of the death, was filled with malice and determined in his heart not to cease till he had murdered the Saint. So he pursued him with this end in view. One day, thinking that he had the wished-for opportunity, he rushed on Patrick with the intention of murdering him; but the ground between them opened and the man was swallowed down to his neck. In this extremity he begged pardon of the Saint and besought him to help him by his holy prayers. Patrick prayed for him, and took him by the hand and lifted him up. The man, therefore, asked to be baptized, and ever afterward lived a most exemplary life.

Coming to a castle, where the king's men were trying to lay the foundation-stone of the building, Patrick stopped to rest. A great many had gathered with the king for the festivity. But the men could not by any means raise the huge stone, nor could any of the instruments they had help them in lifting it. St. Patrick had pity on them when he saw them straining all their power to no effect. He told them to stand aside while he prayed; after which he laid his hand on the stone and, without any effort, put it exactly in the place prepared for it. All present were deeply impressed, and, from the king down, listened patiently to the words of the Saint. They were converted unto Christ, and baptized in the name of the Most Blessed Trinity.

While St. Patrick was on his journey through Connaught it happened that

a good, charitable lady died suddenly. She was beloved by her friends, was very dear to the poor, and all lamented her loudly. A suggestion was made that they should carry her dead body to the Saint; and so the funeral procession set out, not to bury her, but to beg that she be restored to life. When they came to St. Patrick he asked the poor what they had to say of her; and they told him of all her good deeds, and showed him the clothes she had put on them and on their children. Then he took the dead woman by the hand and, looking up to heaven, called on her to arise. To the joy of all, she arose and looked upon them. Then they laid her on her bed; she recovered her health, and afterward received holy baptism at the hands of the Saint.

VI.

From Connaught St. Patrick passed through Meath, on his way to Dublin. At that time there lived on the northern side of Dublin, near Finglass, a chieftain who had but one son, and it chanced that just as the Saint was approaching the place the young prince died. The grief of the father and of all his retainers was very great; but while they were lamenting over the death of the youth, word was brought of the arrival of the man of God.

The name of St. Patrick, and the account of the wonderful works he did, were by this time known to all in the kingdom. He could raise the dead to life if he wished; and, oh, what joy would it not be to all of them if he would raise *their* dead to life! It was a good thing to raise the dead of others; but to raise their own dead, for whom their hearts were sore and grieving,—this was an especial blessing, a joy that might almost be compared with the joys of heaven itself. The king sent messengers with gracious presents and an invitation. The Saint saw in

this the divine will, and gladly turned aside to preach the good tidings to the chieftain and his people, whom God had by sorrow led into the True Fold.

Humbly on their knees, outside the castle fortifications, they addressed the missionary. In response, he spoke to them for a short time, in order to prepare their hearts for the grace that was to follow; then, taking the father and the nearest relatives with him, he went to the apartment where the young prince lay dead. He knelt down beside the bier and prayed; after a time, standing up, he took the young man by the hand and called on him to arise, and forthwith, by the mercy of God, "he that was dead rose up and began to speak." There was no need of further preaching. Their Irish hearts grasped all. They knelt down, and that hour saw thousands gathered to the faith, rejoicing and glorifying God.

While St. Patrick and his brethren were staying at the house of a wealthy lady in Dublin, the water served at table was brackish and undrinkable. The good lady hastened to explain to her guest that this happened not from carelessness, but from want of a spring of fresh water; that the river-water was salty when the tide was in, and very impure when the tide was out. The Saint arose from table, and, calling for his "Staff of Jesus," went out on the lawn. By order of the brethren the servants followed, taking with them empty vessels. After chanting some psalms, the holy man planted the staff in the ground three times, in honor of the Most Holy Trinity; and suddenly a beautiful fountain of water appeared, from which the servants drew as much as they needed; and to this day the spring is called St. Patrick's Well.

There was at the Wicklow side of Dublin a chieftain whose daughter had been drowned. As soon as the people

heard it, they rushed to the place and rent the air with their cries. She had been very dear to them, and they were greatly attached to her. In a mournful procession, they brought the body to the father's castle, lamenting her loudly all the time. Messengers were dispatched by the sorrowing people and chieftain, entreating the missionary to come and console them. The Saint came, and, speaking to them of the power of God, the Creator and Ruler of all, the Lord of life and death, called upon the damsel to arise; and when she had arisen, he gave her to her father and mother. They all with grateful hearts received the holy Gospel.

One man, however, refused to see the servant of God or even to hear of him. The Saint, desirous that no sheep should be lost, sent him word that he was coming to see him. The churlish and stubborn-hearted man replied that he did not want him. The Saint dispatched another messenger with the same word, and the man returned the same answer. The Saint sent a third messenger. Now, it was a very warm day; the unhappy man, after a sumptuous repast, was nodding asleep in his chair, so he said, grumblingly: "Isn't it a wonder he won't let me take my sleep!" When this reply was brought to the Saint, he was angry for the glory of God, and, breaking forth in the Spirit, he cried: "Let him sleep, but from that sleep he shall never wake." Nor did he. After some hours the attendants went to call him, and found him dead in his chair.

(To be continued.)

IN Rome alone nearly one hundred churches are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, from the great basilica, Santa Maria Maggiore, to the little circular chapel, Our Lady of the Sun, which is supposed to be an old-time temple of Vesta.—*K. E. Conway.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, author of the words and music of the famous ballad "Annie Laurie," died last week in London at the age of ninety-one.

—An unscrupulous newspaper man in a Western town aspires to share in the Sheldon boom by publishing his paper "as the devil would run it." The experiment is wholly unnecessary. There are plenty of newspapers in the United States that have been "run" that way for years.

—"When I reach the Alps," Ruskin once said, "I always pray." Now, Ruskin abhorred affectation of sentiment more than anything else in the world except bicycles and cast-iron churches; hence one is not surprised to learn from his publisher, Mr. George Allen, that the words were literally true. Mr. Allen, who once climbed the Alps with Ruskin, says: "He would betake himself to some quiet corner among that grand scenery and fall on his knees. He was praising and adoring God in the work of His creation—the Alps." And some of our esteemed contemporaries are discussing the moral honesty of this man!

—When Thackeray was at work on "The Virginians," he was extremely anxious to get a concrete idea of Washington's personality. So he sought out a well-informed American historian, Mr. Kennedy, and asked what manner of man was the Father of His Country. Mr. Kennedy launched out into an elaborate and pedantic description, which Thackeray impatiently interrupted. "No, no!" he said; "that's not what I want. Tell me, was he a fussy old gentleman in a wig? Did he take snuff and spill it down his shirt front?" The episode is a capital illustration of the difference in methods between history and historical fiction.

—"Joseph Slattery: the Romance of an Unfrocked Priest," and "Mrs. Slattery: the Romance of a Sham Nun," are two new pamphlets whose titles sufficiently explain their contents. Both are from the pen of the Rev. H. W. Cleary, editor of our excellent contemporary, the *New Zealand Tablet*. Those to whom his work on the infamous Orange Society is familiar need not be told that the exposure of the precious pair of impostors who are now operating in Australasia, seeking whom they may deceive, is in every way masterful. These pamphlets are printed from stereotype plates, and can be forwarded in any quantity at the shortest notice to any part of the world. It is probable

that the Slattery slanderers will soon return to the United States—we learn that their "mission" in the British Colonies has not been successful, financially or otherwise,—and there could be no better way of anticipating their visits to rural districts than by distributing Father Cleary's pamphlets. His general remarks on the ex-priest and ex-nun campaign; lying for filthy lucre, anti-Catholic literature, etc., apply to all such creatures as the Slatterys, and will remove mountains of prejudice wherever they are read.

—A contributor to the *Bookman* writes: "A writer extremely well known speaks in one of his books of 'a rudderless chaos.' If a chaos can be rudderless, which may be open to doubt, this expression might be well applied to the novelist who attempts studies either of the Roman Catholic religion or of Italian life." It is a satisfaction to note that even Protestant critics now insist that novelists shall know as much about the Church, her rites and her nomenclature as they are required to know about Buddhism when they touch upon that theme. In this respect Mrs. Humphry Ward has set a notable example.

—No. 3 of the new series of historical works published by the Burrows Bros. Co. under the general title of "American Explorers," is a translation, with copious notes by Dr. Elliott Coues, of an official contemporaneous copy of Padre Francisco Garcés' diary and itinerary in his travels through Sonora, Arizona, and California (1775-6). Dr. Coues says: "Of the high historical value of the Diary of Garcés there can be no adverse opinion among those qualified to judge of such matters; and this narrative of adventure will have all the charm of novelty to most persons. Garcés requires to be interpreted to a generation which wots not of this martyr missionary."

—The Abbé Dimnet, who recently visited Father William Barry, contributes an admiring and admirable account of the distinguished priest-writer to the *Revue du Clergé Français*. It is reproduced in the *London Catholic Times*. The extraordinary variety of Father Barry's intellectual interests amazed his visitor, as well it might; for he found a treatise on the veterinary art cheek by jowl with Kant's "Critique" and the "Summa" of St. Thomas. The following paragraph is worth quoting:

He is not content with second-hand knowledge in the difficult but most important questions which give apologetics to-day a base-line position in all theological studies. In his

library he has a complete collection of the Fathers of the first three centuries, and one can see that they have been used a good deal. His knowledge of exegesis is surprisingly extensive. For several years he held the post of professor of Hebrew at Oscott, and since then he has added to his acquirements an acquaintance with Arabic and Persian. On the table whereupon "The Two Standards" was written I noticed a magnificent copy of the "Divana." His judgment on such subjects is so highly esteemed that for works relating to them that great paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, seeks no other reviewer. In fact, all the best authors are well represented in his choice library. There are editions of Plato in profusion and one of his recreations this winter has been the reading of the fragments of Bacchylides. Works in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Irish jostle one another. And this philosopher and *savant* is a true minister and a singularly impressive interpreter of religion. The simple beauty of the sermon which he preached in his church upon the Gospel of the sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost was such that it touched the hearts of all who heard it. Would that those who do not regard with favor departures from the beaten track could hear Dr. Barry preaching! They would recognize that the beaten paths are not the only good ones,—that there are others by which one can proceed whilst keeping within the lines of the most thorough orthodoxy.

Dr. Barry is at work on two new novels, for which his other works have created a very large public. One is "Arden Massiter," a story of Italian life; the other bears the attractive title "The Wizard's Knot," and has a strong Celtic flavor. They will be published soon.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.

The Dark Ages. *Dr. Maitland.* \$3.

The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, net.

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, net.

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1.10, net.

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., net.

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, net.

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., net.

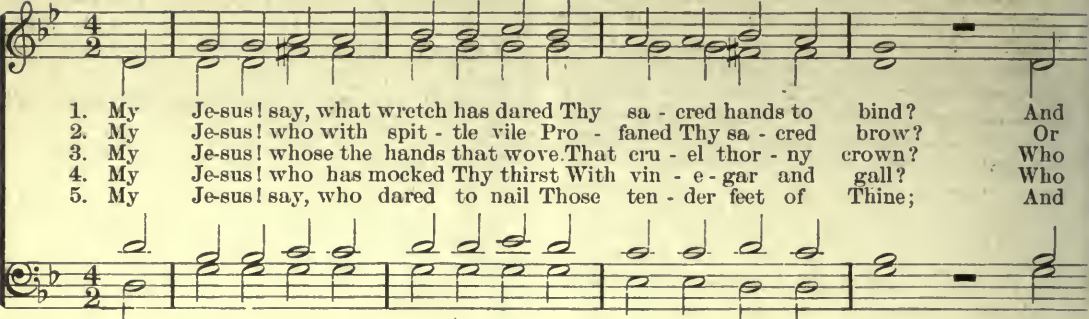
The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago, Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

MY JESUS! SAY, WHAT WRETCH HAS DARED.

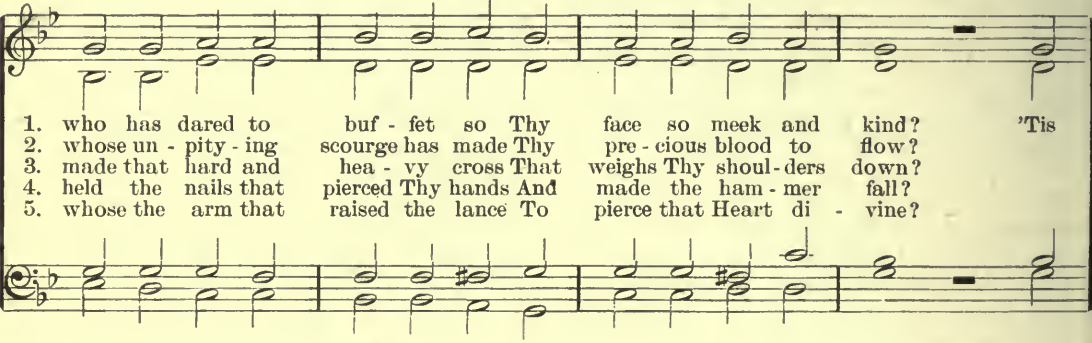
(A Lenten Hymn.)

Slowly.


Music by REV. H. G. GANSS.



1. My Je-sus! say, what wretch has dared Thy sa - cred hands to bind? And
 2. My Je-sus! who with spit - tle vile Pro - faned Thy sa - cred brow? Or
 3. My Je-sus! whose the hands that wove That cru - el thor - ny crown? Who
 4. My Je-sus! who has mocked Thy thirst With vin - e - gar and gall? Who
 5. My Je-sus! say, who dared to nail Those ten - der feet of Thine; And



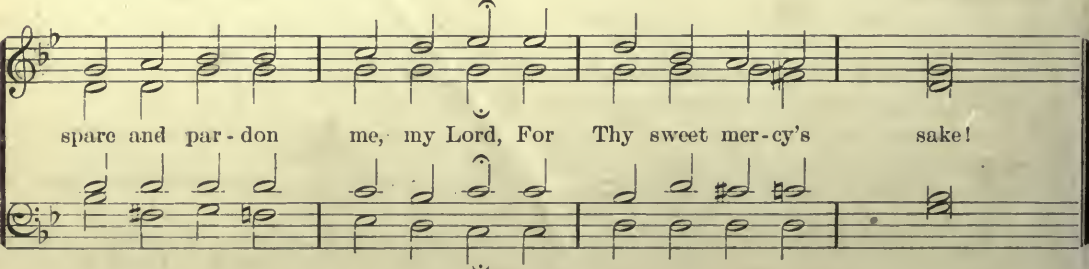
1. who has dared to buf - fet so Thy face so meek and kind? 'Tis
 2. whose un - pity - ing scourge has made Thy pre - cious blood to flow?
 3. made that hard and hea - vy cross That weighs Thy shoul - ders down?
 4. held the nails that pierced Thy hands And made the ham - mer fall?
 5. whose the arm that raised the lance To pierce that Heart di - vine?



I have thus un - grate - ful been; yet, Je - sus, pi - ty take! Oh,



spare and par - don me, my Lord, For Thy sweet mer - cy's sake! Oh,



spare and par - don me, my Lord, For Thy sweet mer - cy's sake!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 7, 1900.

NO. 14.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

My Patient Palm.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

I.

MY patient palm that through the gloomy winter
Cheers my faint heart with promise of the spring,
Tell me the secret which I fain would gather
Out of your life of silent suffering.
Whence do you draw this peace so uncomplaining?
Where is the source of all this quiet calm?
What is the balsam that, hidden from all others,
Brings you its blessing, O my patient palm?

II.

Are you not homesick for familiar places?
Do you not pine for Syria's warmer sun?
Other poor exiles droop in hopeless sorrow
Long ere the trophies of their lives are won.
But from the window where your brave demeanor
Speaks to the soul like some triumphant psalm,
You teach our hearts a lesson they remember,—
You are God's messenger, my patient palm.

III.

Why should a palm, I gather from your silence,
Care where its days of pilgrimage are passed?
Many long years have followed one another
Since the green branches in His way were cast.
But the dear mem'ry of that scene abiding
Brings to the exile benison and balm;
Age can not wilt the martyr's shining emblem,
Time can not steal the glory from a palm.

PIETY for the needy and suffering is a virtue widely cultivated to-day, even by those who profess no religious faith. This unquestionably beautiful feature of our age is doubtless an afterglow of the Gospel where its direct radiance has been lost.—*Abbé Hogan.*

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

V.—OUR LADY IN PASSIONTIDE.



PASSION SUNDAY introduces us into a special season of the liturgical year. This Sunday always falls after the new moon, which regulates the date of the Easter festival; and in consequence of its lunar connection it is frequently known in ancient writings as *Neomania*, or the Sunday of the new moon.*

In earlier ages much importance was attached to the Paschal moon, owing to the prevailing controversies regarding the correct date of the celebration of Easter. The gravity of the issues at stake, connected with this question, can hardly be realized by Catholics of the present day, when the Paschal controversy has been set at rest centuries ago; but there was a time when uniformity in this matter had to be vigorously striven for.

VEILING THE CROSS.

The veiling of the crucifix and the images and pictures of our Blessed Lady and the saints is one of the most striking observances of Passiontide. This rite is intended to give some indication of the profound grief which the Church is wont to experience at the approach of the commemoration of the death of

* Liturgical Year, "Passiontide."

our Lord and Saviour. The date of the introduction of this observance is not easy to determine. In the Middle Ages it was usual at the beginning of Lent to remove from the church all the most precious ornaments; those which could not thus be taken away were veiled.* About the same period liturgical writers speak of a "Lenten curtain," which was regarded as an approved institution in England, France, and Spain, as also in most of the Northern countries. The Lenten curtain was sometimes made of purple stuff; at others (especially where the Sarum rite was in vogue), of white linen or silk, marked with a red cross.† It was suspended on the first Sunday of Lent between the sanctuary and the chancel; or between the sanctuary and nave, where no chancel existed; and it was lifted only to bring the altar into view on special occasions, and then but for a limited time.‡ The Lenten curtain is still in use with the Cistercians.§

According to the Roman rite, the veiling of crosses and images does not take place till Passiontide, when, on Passion Sunday, the concluding words of the Gospel, containing a reference to Christ departing from the Temple and hiding Himself, afford an appropriate occasion for performing the ceremony. The present rubric orders the veiling to take place before the Vespers of Saturday begin; but in the Papal Chapel it was the custom to postpone it until the words of the Gospel had actually been read at Mass on the day following.||

The crucifixes, pictures and statues in churches are now required to be covered with purple cloths, which may not be removed even should a solemn feast

occur.* The pictures of the Way of the Cross are not considered to be included under the rubric; therefore they remain exposed all during Passiontide.

Several explanations may be given of the practice of veiling the crucifix at this particular season.† (1) The obscurity of Christ's life during the time immediately preceding His Passion is thereby symbolized; (2) A sorrowful aspect is thus given to the Church, which can not fail to assist the faithful to realize the solemn mysteries about to be commemorated; (3) By thus hiding the cross for a time, the full significance of the Good Friday ceremony is secured; for on that day the crucifix, newly brought forth and exposed to the devout gaze of the faithful, by its very novelty possesses a special power to draw hearts to compassion and veneration. For just as the Church would have us cherish sentiments in harmony with those of the ancient prophets during Advent, so during Passiontide the faithful are invited to follow Jesus step by step through all the sad events of His sufferings, till at length He is seen dying on the cross at noon on Good Friday.

THE MASS.

The Mass during Passiontide has its own special observances. The *Gloria Patri*, so familiar in the daily services, is entirely omitted at Mass, as being too joyful an expression of praise; in the Divine Office, however, it still retains its place at the termination of each psalm,‡ until the last three days of Holy Week, when it is altogether laid aside. The psalm *Judica*, which forms part of the priest's preparation at the foot of the altar, is also omitted, as some of its

* Martene, De Antiq. Monach. Rit.

† Ch. of Our Fathers. Rock, vol. iii.

‡ Ibid. and Martene. De Rit.

§ Rituale Cister. (Lirinæ, 1892.)

|| Gavantus—Meratus, vol. iii, p. 232. The clerics, by means of cords, drew up the veil already prepared on the altar.

* Kal. perp. A Carpo, p. 236.

† The pictures and images of Our Lady and the saints are also veiled, as it would not be seemly to veil the image of the Master and leave exposed those of His servants.

‡ Except the invitatory psalm at Matins.

verses are expressive of joy; nevertheless, its opening words form part of the Introit of the Sunday Mass.

The Gospels for almost the whole of Passiontide are extracts from St. John, and contain references to the plot made by the Jews to bring about our Saviour's death. The Preface of the Cross is substituted for that of Lent. The Communion antiphon of Passion Sunday, beginning *Hoc corpus quod pro vobis tradetur* ("This is the body which shall be delivered for you"), in former times was intoned by the celebrant while actually holding Our Lord's body in his hand before communicating; the deacon and subdeacon joined in the chant. At that moment in many monasteries it was customary for the community to fall prostrate out of reverence for the Passion of our Redeemer.* This antiphon still retains its ancient melody in the Plain Chant service-books.

The Office of Passiontide is characterized by its pathetic selections from the prophecies of Isaias and Jeremias, which predict the sufferings of Our Lord. At Matins, Lauds and Vespers are sung the ancient and far-famed hymns, *Pange lingua*, *Lustris sex*, and *Vexilla Regis*,† composed in the sixth century by Fortunatus in honor of the Cross. At Vespers, when the verse "*O Crux ave, spes unica!*" is chanted, all are required to kneel, out of veneration for the instrument of our redemption. Lastly, in order to concentrate the minds of her children on the one great subject of the Passion, the Church suppresses the familiar commemorations of Our Lady and the saints, commonly called "suffrages."

Although the liturgy thus passes over the ordinary veneration of Our Lady, it was not deemed fitting that the com-

memoration of her sorrows should be omitted. Hence on the Friday following Passion Sunday a festival is celebrated under the title of the "Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

There can be no doubt concerning the fact that Our Lady assisted in person at the sacrifice on Calvary: St. John himself tells us so.* Much has been written on the part assigned to Mary during the Passion of her Divine Son. Conjecture and devout reflections, as well as the revelations granted to holy people, have filled in with many details the picture drawn for us in the pages of the Gospel.

Father Coleridge says the early hours of the first Good Friday were spent by Mary in some retired spot near at hand in Jerusalem, whence she could be called by the Beloved Disciple when the time came for that of which it was ordained she should be a witness. From the scourging onward she witnessed almost all that passed, except, perhaps, when Jesus was alone with Pilate.†

Tradition, as embodied in the Way of the Cross, makes the meeting of Jesus and Mary one of the most sorrowful events of the journey to Calvary. As Christ was passing along the streets of Jerusalem, a woman of mild and beautiful countenance, yet overwhelmed with grief, pressed through the jeering crowd. It was the Mother of God. Men made way for her, and she hurried on toward Him who was burdened with the cross. Her eyes, full of anguish, were at length fixed on that humiliated form dragging Himself along, bleeding and half clothed, beneath so heavy a load. We are told that Our Lady would have died of grief at that moment had not a special divine intervention supported her. Mary followed on to the summit of Calvary; there she heard the dull strokes of the hammers fixing her Son

* Martene, *Rit. Antiq. Eccl.*, p. 186; *De Rit. Monach.*, p. 356.

† *Vexilla Regis* is a processional hymn, composed to be sung at the solemn reception of a relic of the Holy Cross into France.

* St. John, xix, 25, et seq.

† "Mother of the King," ch. iii.

to the cross; and finally, when He was raised aloft, she stood during the three hours assisting at and sharing in the awful sacrifice.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother. . . . When Jesus, therefore, saw His Mother and the disciple standing whom He loved, He saith to His Mother: Woman, behold thy son. After that He saith to the disciple: Behold thy Mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own."*

Our Blessed Lady remained near the cross through the time of darkness, till the sacred side had been riven by the lance, and Jesus, with a loud voice, had given up the ghost. At length the dead body was taken down from the cross and laid in her arms; this sorrow forms the subject of the thirteenth Station of the Way of the Cross. The entombment, at which the Immaculate Mother also was present, brought to a close that dreadful day of grief.

No Christian heart can ever forget the dolors of the Blessed Virgin; therefore year by year, as Passion Week comes round, the faithful clients of the Queen of Martyrs celebrate with feelings of compassion the Festival of the Seven Sorrows.

In her liturgy of Good Friday, the Church is so absorbed with the one thought of the mystery of our Saviour's death that she is unable to give full expression to the deep gratitude and veneration she feels for all Our Lady did and suffered on Calvary; hence by anticipation she commemorates all on the eighth day preceding the anniversary of the crucifixion.†

Although the feast is designated *Seven*

* St. John, xix, 25-27.

† A corresponding sentiment at Christmastide has dedicated to Our Lady a feast eight days before the Nativity, and a commemoration on the eighth day after. Compare also the relation of St. Gabriel's Day to that of the Annunciation, eight days after.

Dolors it is remarkable that the offices contain no reference whatever to any other sorrow except that which Mary felt during the Passion. And therefore, notwithstanding its liturgical title, it is in reality a festival in honor of the *Compassion* of our Blessed Lady.*

The well-known hymn, *Stabat Mater*, sections of which are chanted at Vespers, Matins and Lauds on this feast of our Blessed Mother, has been attributed to the pen of Jacobus de Benedictis, who lived at the beginning of the fourteenth century; but complete certainty regarding the authorship has not been arrived at.† This same beautiful hymn is also used at Mass as a sequence, its Plain Chant melody being one of extreme pathos. The *Raccolta*, or book of indulgenced prayers, tells us that Pope Pius IX., being desirous that all the faithful should often call to mind the sorrow endured by Our Lady when she stood at the foot of the cross of her Divine Son Jesus Christ, by a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, June 18, 1876, extended to all those who shall, with at least a contrite heart and devotion, say this hymn, the indulgence of one hundred days, every time; which had been granted by Pope Innocent XI., by a brief, September 1, 1681, under certain conditions, to the Confraternity of Our Lady of Sorrows only.‡

At Mass the Introit is somewhat unusual in construction, inasmuch as it deviates from the ordinary form handed down from antiquity, according to which the verse of a psalm is invariably inserted.§ The Introit of this feast is

* The festival in September, instituted by Pius VII. in 1814, on the contrary, embraces all the dolors.

† The matter is discussed fully in *Dict. Hymnology*, Julian.

‡ The New *Raccolta*, p. 317.

§ The one verse is a remnant of a more ancient custom which required the chanting of an entire psalm as the celebrant entered the church.

entirely composed of a portion of the Gospel of St. John referring to Mary on Calvary. The *Offertorium* is also unusual in form. Its singular beauty as a prayer deserves to be known by the faithful. It runs as follows: "Be mindful, O Virgin-Mother of God, when thou standest in the sight of Our Lord, to speak good things for us, and to turn away His anger from us."

There exists in the Church a religious order especially devoted to honoring the Dolors of Mary; it is known as the Order of Servites, or Servants of the Blessed Virgin. It was founded by seven holy men in the thirteenth century, at Florence. The Seven Founders were canonized by Pope Leo XIII. in January, 1888, and their festival is kept in the universal Church. St. Philip Benitius and St. Juliana of Falconieri are well-known saints of this order. The Confraternity of the Seven Dolors, in connection with the Servite Order, is widely spread; the members wear the black scapular and use the rosary of the Dolors.

There is a subject associated with Our Lady's Dolors which seems to need a short explanation: it is the dedication of Saturday to the Blessed Virgin. The weekly observance of Saturday in honor of Mary is an ancient practice; by some writers it is attributed to Pope Urban II. It is true this holy Pontiff did much to propagate the devotion, but its germ may be traced to the eve of the first Easter, when Mary mourned the death of her Divine Son.*

The day of martyrdom is the one usually chosen by the Church for celebrating the festival of those who have laid down their lives for Christ, because on that day they won their heavenly crown. Good Friday is the day sacred to the King of Martyrs, and the Friday of each week throughout the year is,

for a similar reason, consecrated to the memory of His bitter passion and death. The martyrdom of our Blessed Lady consisted of suffering in her soul all the cruel torments which her Son endured in His body. Her sufferings lasted all through that first Holy Saturday; nor did she taste of consolation till the moment of the glorious Resurrection of Jesus on Easter morning. Mary's martyrdom throughout that long Sabbath day is one of the chief reasons why Saturday has been chosen to be the day sacred in each week to the Mother of God. May her intercession avail to procure for us a share in the rest of an everlasting Sabbath!

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XXI.

ON pleasant summer evenings, when the setting sun purpled the horizon, the old Councillor had been in the habit of walking out over his domain, his hands crossed behind his back, his cane dragging on the ground. He sauntered along, absorbed by his fancies, dreaming of future political and social restorations, when he, Anthony Raz, would play an important rôle, leaving his name to history, and to his children the triple prestige of fame, fortune, and a spotless honor. He would often go out on the highway, bordered with poplars and willows. Passing peasants greeted him respectfully, but the old gentleman was so absorbed in his meditations that he scarcely heeded them.

To-day he was not alone when he descended the wooden steps of the veranda. A large crowd accompanied him. He lay in a silver-mounted casket, having at his feet the epitaph, sur-

* "Saturday Dedicated to Mary," Cabrini, Introduction.

mounted by the Raz escutcheon, which was to be hung in the rood-loft of the old church, and where, between two crosses, was inscribed his full name, with the dates of his birth and death. Eight neighboring country-gentlemen, relieving one another, were to bear the remains on their shoulders from the village to the church.

It was thus that Councillor Raz left his home for the last time. Twelve priests marched at the head of the procession. Next to the coffin came two canons; then followed Jean, who, with pale face and uncovered head, walked between Samuel and Leopold Lewin. Sigismond followed, heading the throng of invited attendants. Gentlefolk from miles around had assembled to pay their last respects to their neighbor; and, although a few faces among the crowd wore the expression of sincere grief, the majority were smiling, and chatting in low tones.

After leaving the house, the procession halted, and the throng formed in a semicircle around the bier. At one end stood the two officiating canons, between the two ministers, whose dalmatics of watered silk reflected violet hues; next came the invited priests, wearing snowy surplices.

Candles were passed from hand to hand, and their little pointed flames mingled with the glaring daylight, while a warm breeze made the leaves flutter like wings of butterflies. After a few moments, in the silence a grave voice was heard saying:

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

Then, in accordance with the custom of the country, the priest of Wola delivered the farewell address of the dead man to his home, lands, family, and friends. He dwelt on the fact that although the deceased was poor in the goods of this world, he had preserved

intact the precious treasure of Christian virtue. The speaker concluded with these words, addressed directly to the mourners:

"Yes, he has left you a spotless name—a memory whose untarnished brilliancy excels that of burnished gold. To you, his son, who are already walking in his footsteps, to that absent daughter whose tears are now falling, he has left an example of honor and virtue, which, if followed, will secure you the esteem of men here below, and in the regions beyond salvation and eternal glory. So be it,—Amen."

Samuel Lewin listened, his eyes fixed on the ground, accompanying the priest's words with a slow, rhythmic motion of his foot. Leopold's little grey eyes shone with scorn and contempt, but the crowd crossed themselves devoutly; the peasants wept audibly, and their wives fell on their knees, repeating aloud their *Pater* and their *Ave*. The circle was then broken; the bearers and the procession filed away in the same order as before. Candles flickered; the chants of the priests rose and died away, only to be revived and strengthened by the voices of the audience.

Suddenly there was a halt at the head of the long cortege. As the priests were about to leave the grounds and pass out on the public road, a carriage drove up; from it a woman alighted and raised her arms toward the sky. At sight of this gesture, the cross-bearer and choristers came to a standstill, and the priests suspended their litanies. All recognized the newcomer at once, and her name passed from lip to lip.

"It is his daughter!" whispered the peasants. "It is his daughter—Madame Lewin!"

With tottering footsteps, the woman approached the coffin; when she reached it, she threw herself forward as if to cling to it, crying:

"Father! father!"

All this had taken but a few seconds. Jean and Leopold stood riveted to the soil, in dumb amazement. Samuel alone did not for an instant lose his presence of mind. Going up to his daughter-in-law, he took her arm tenderly and tried to lead her away. But Wanda resisted, crying:

"Let me remain! I want to follow him to the very end."

Overcome by the violence of her grief, the remnant of her strength deserted her, and she fell to the ground in a swoon. With a bound Jean reached her side. He tried to restore her and raise her up; while Leopold watched him, trembling with fear, rage, and pity. Around them voices exclaimed:

"Take her away! Take her away! What a shame!"

Then a loud, authoritative voice bade the procession move on. At the same moment, Sigismond laid his hand on Jean's arm.

"Go back!" he said, pointing to the bier. "Your place is there."

He leaned over, took the prostrate form in his arms as if it had been a feather, cleaved the crowd with his precious burden, and disappeared within the door.

The procession then started again, and the chants of the priests rang out across the deserted fields. Jean walked on without consciousness of himself or of surrounding objects,—stiffened, as it were, by a sort of moral paralysis, urged onward by automatic muscular movement. In this state he took his part in the ceremony, and in this state he returned to Wola.

On the veranda he saw Prus, his hair in disorder, his eyes red, his arms hanging helplessly down,—the very picture of despair. The sight of this grief recalled him to the world of reality, and his pale compressed lips opened at last.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"In her chamber."

"Is she ill?"

"Yes, she is ill,—very ill, as you will see." And poor Sigismond beat his breast in anguish.

The crowd for a moment surrounded the two men, asking for news; then, the claims of nature asserting themselves, they entered the dining-room. Samuel did the honors of the feast, seeing that each of the guests received plenty to eat and drink.

The young men still remained on the veranda,—the one held there by his fear of a new misfortune, the other by his timid discretion.

"Come up with me," said Jean at last, taking his friend's hands within his.

"I dare not: she might be displeased. But I will watch outside the door, and listen for the slightest summons."

Jean still hesitated.

"Is she alone?" he inquired.

"No."

"Is she with him?"

"Yes: with him,—with the Jew."

Prus suddenly rose to his feet, and bared his brow as if to calm the anger which was stifling him.

A door at the head of the staircase opened and Leopold Lewin came out.

"Send for a doctor at once!" he said in a tone of command. Then, without glancing in his direction, he remarked to Jean: "Go up: she wants to see you. You will be alone."

Jean hastily obeyed the summons. The shutters of the sick-room were closed and a lamp of polished metal burned in a corner. At the sound of footsteps Wanda opened her eyes.

"Is it you, Jean?" she murmured in a feeble voice.

Jean sat down beside the bed and bent over the sweet face. Ah, how changed it was! She was but the shadow of her former self. Death had already

set his mark on the drawn features.

"Is it truly you?" she asked again; for already a shadow veiled her sight.

"Yes, it is I, poor dear sister! It is I."

He could say no more for his tears.

She tried to raise her head, as she added softly:

"Have you forgiven me?"

He took the little burning hand and carried it to his lips. A smile flitted over the pale face.

"I am dying, Jean!" she continued, more softly still.

"No, you are not! You shall not die! I should curse—" cried Jean, revolting against the injustice of fate.

"Be quiet! Do not speak in that way!" said Wanda, laying her finger on her lips. "It is an offence against God. I am dying: I know it, and I am ready; but before going I want to tell you—I want you—to forgive me."

"Forgive you! O my saintly sister! It is I who should and do beg for pardon. It is I who have sinned and made you suffer so cruelly."

She quickly interrupted him, her voice growing more and more feeble.

"I no longer suffer: I am happy. I shall soon join my mother and father in a better world. We will watch over you and protect you. I have not much strength left and I want you to know all. You were mistaken,—you judged me wrongfully. Now, at this solemn hour, when I expect soon to appear before my Maker, I swear to you that I have nothing with which to reproach myself."

She had risen from her pillow in her earnestness.

"I swear it!" she repeated. "Do you believe me?"

Jean clasped her in his arms as if she had been a child.

"I believe you and I love you, my cherished sister! If I could but atone for my cruel folly!"

She rested her head on his shoulder,

as if drinking in his words. Her eyes were half-closed, their long, silken lashes veiling her cheeks; but a radiant light illuminated her features and a smile hovered around her lips.

"Thanks!" she murmured in a voice as light as a sigh. Almost immediately she added: "Tell Sigismond Prus that I am grateful to him; ask him to pardon me, too. Good-bye!"

Then the lamp seemed to be suddenly extinguished, while from below arose the confused noises of feasting. Wanda drew a long sigh and ejaculated:

"O my Jesus!"

There followed a period of unceasing fervent prayer; then her hands stiffened, and she lay lifeless, a calm and infinite sweetness settling over the pure, girlish features.

Jean laid his burden on the bed and uttered a stifled cry. He rushed out of the chamber, unmindful of Sigismond Prus, whom he jostled on the way; went down the stairs and threw open the door of the dining-room, confronting the grimacing, reddened faces around the tables.

"A priest! She is dying!—she is dead!" he cried out; then, reeling like a drunken man, he fell to the floor in a swoon. Instantly chairs were shoved back and a hundred arms were stretched out to raise him up; and the feast ended in the direst confusion.

XXII.

Night descended, enveloping everything in its shadows. In the dining-room stood the long tables, their white cloths trailing on the floor like winding-sheets. The guests, panic-stricken, had fled in the worst of humor, and the last carriage had disappeared down the avenue.

In the butler's pantry, the serving-men slept on benches, worn out by the labor of the day. Felix alone, in spite of the warmth of the night, hovered over a fire of twigs which burned feebly in the

black fireplace. Seated on a bench, his head on his hands, he sighed deeply from time to time, his old brain busy with unwittingly selfish reflections.

If he could only die in peace under this roof! To tell the truth, it mattered little to him whether it was Jean or the Lewins whom he was henceforth to consider his master. Of course he loved the boy; he had almost brought him up, like a bird that had had to be fed. But what would become of him in his old age if he insisted on following his young master, if it was true that the Lewins had appropriated Wola? It would be better to reconcile oneself to living with the Jews. They were not the ones to lose any time in mourning, either. For the past two hours the father and son had been shut up in the master's room discussing business matters. Only Sigismond Prus had loved his young mistress as she deserved to be loved.

As to Master Jean, one could not tell what to think of him. He had at first caused a lively excitement by falling down at their feet. Ah, well! now one would really think that his father and sister were still alive, so calm did he appear. But as for courage, no one had more of it. He watched beside his sister as he had done beside his father: he must be brave to do that. As for himself, Felix, dead people always went against him. God knows the poor innocent was sweet and good; still, rather than see her now he would have preferred to meet robbers in the depth of a wood. These things were mysteries which his old brain could never solve.

Meanwhile Jean remained in the death chamber beside his sister's lifeless form. A strange resignation filled his soul. Human life seemed to him like a grain of sand rolled about by the waves or tossed about by the winds. What had he to dread in the future? He had nothing more to lose, and from the

other world Wanda seemed to smile upon him.

The door opened; a dark form paused on the threshold for a moment, then approached the bed. Jean knew that it was Leopold, but he felt no anger; on the contrary, his heart was filled with pity for all men. With a spontaneous movement, he stretched out his hand to his brother-in-law.

"Let all be forgotten in memory of her!" he said.

But Leopold passed close beside him without even glancing at him. He looked down at his wife, lying white and rigid before him; and it was not grief, but hatred and vengeance, that his face expressed.

"Forgotten!" he exclaimed, pointing to the dead. "Look there! That is your work. It was you who killed her!"

At first Jean winced under the accusation; then his lips curled in contempt, and he retorted:

"It was you!"

The eyes of the two men flashed forth their repressed hatred, as, over the dead form, they hurled their accusations full in each other's faces. Urged on by their passions, all attempt at self-control was now gone. The despised husband was ready to wreak his vengeance; his pent-up wrath burst forth in uncontrollable fury.

"Listen to what I have to say," he began, in a sullen tone. "She told you nothing, faithful to the end to her rôle of victim. I have no reason to respect her silence. Ah! you shall very soon see whether you have the right to show yourself so scornful. You shall see, too, on which side honor lies between you and ourselves. First of all, I repeat, you killed your sister. Do not try to stop me! Your gestures or your looks do not frighten me. I have controlled myself long enough. Besides, I want you to understand one thing: I am in my own

home. This room is mine, this house is mine. that corpse is mine; I am master of the whole estate. I can drive you out. Let me say it again: I am master here, and I *do* drive you out!"

"Take care!" exclaimed Jean, with a menacing gesture. "Endurance has its limits."

Leopold continued, undaunted:

"Go on, if you will, and finish your work. Kill me as you did her. No, you have not the courage. You have nothing, neither character, fortune, nor honor,—nothing except what I am willing to give you. Your sister might be an example for you. Do you know what killed her? Grief, caused by your suspicions and stupid disdain. I loved her: I had the right to do so. You, it seems, could court Jews, humiliate them to the sorrow of others; but I was not to be permitted to love a Christian. I loved her, I repeat. A word from her would have made me her slave. But she shut her heart against me, and I could not avenge myself for the tortures I suffered. You accused her of cupidity—of having married me for my money. She married me to save your honor. Do you understand? *Your honor!*—so that the world might never know that Councillor Raz was a forger, and that you—you are the *son of a forger!*"

Jean stood speechless, with wild eyes and clenched fists, as if he had not comprehended.

"Perhaps you would like proof of what I say," continued the implacable Leopold; "perhaps you think this is but another Jewish plot. Well, here is the proof. The *corpus delicti*, as they say in law, has been destroyed. But I am not a Lewin for nothing; I have always believed that some day I should need this weapon to avenge myself; so with my own hand I made an exact copy of it. Look at it; read it; examine it at your leisure."

Taking a slip of paper from his pocket, Leopold unfolded it and held it up before Jean's eyes.

"Do you still doubt? Do you recognize that clumsily imitated signature? Those words, 'Samuel Lewin and Son,' were written by your father, the honorable Councillor Raz. We could have dragged him to prison and ruined you all; but I loved your sister, so we made a bargain. It was cowardly, perhaps, to take advantage of an innocent girl; but was it less so to commit forgery? Your sister consented to sacrifice herself; I forced her to marriage. The note was returned to the forger and he burned it. He died an honest man in the eyes of the world. She, the victim, is dead, too; and you were merciless to her, refusing to come when she was ill. At the same time, however, you, her brother, a Christian, and a gentleman without reproach, who despised her because she had consented to become my wife, were courting a Jewess, the daughter of a rabbi. You passed your evenings with her, and permitted my brother, whose happiness you had stolen, to save your life from drowning.

"Now you want me to spare you? It would be too much. You are nothing, you own nothing. We have supported you for six months past. So long as your father lived, we, the usurers, respected his gray hair. If this unfortunate girl had—not loved me—but only given me a smile, I should have kept silent forever. You would have been left with a tranquil conscience, with a few regrets, and tears that would have dried to-morrow. You know all now. Judge yourself, and *go!* Leave me alone with my dead, in my own home. Let their possession at least comfort me. You know, the Jew buys and sells everything. Keep your forgery. I present it to you. But remember one thing: I shall never forgive you! *I hate you!*"

Jean had taken the note and twisted it mechanically between his fingers. He at last held the key to the enigma. A few hours ago he had thought that nothing more could befall him, and now he had fallen, wounded to death, bereft of everything that makes a man care to live. Without honor he could do nothing,—not even avenge himself, not even strangle the man who had heaped insults upon him. His arm would have had no strength; his vengeance would have been nerveless. Everything was gone—courage, will, dignity. He could be buffeted about and he should have to submit, for he was dishonored.

Then, bending under the weight of the ignominy which crushed him, with a last glance at the dead, and the words "Forgive me!" trembling on his lips, he left the chamber, slowly descended the staircase and went out into the night, without a glance behind at the home of his fathers, henceforth the home of strangers.

(To be continued.)

Magdalen's Tears.

Only tears!—

On His garment's hem they fell,
Whose calm and wondrous voice
Had turned to heaven her hell,
And bade her soul rejoice.

Only tears!—

But they dropped upon His feet,
The pity of whose eyes
Had made harsh judgment sweet,
And her sinful folly wise.

Only tears!—

But she wiped them with her hair:
With its gleaming lengths of gold,
Her pride and her despair,
That had ruined men untold.

Only tears!—

But while age shall follow age,
Undimmed the drops will shine,
Like jewels on the page
Of the tragedy divine.

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

VIII.

THE iron horse has not yet invaded Chester. It is therefore still picturesque, after its own fashion. It has not the picturesqueness of some Old World sea-port; rather has it an easy naturalness of its own. The original settlers had broad ideas, and so they made broad streets, and many of them. Chester, as platted out, looks the rival of many a goodly town; as a matter of fact, it contains about a thousand souls when it reckons up sharply all its own. These streets, not being vexed with wide traffic of any kind, have taken to growing grass for more than a century. By constant social repression, this grass has become greensward, so that the visitor is not much troubled with dust. Add to this the absence of mosquitoes, and the sum of idealism is reached for not a few of the tourist army.

"Captain Noah Oak's sloop and Peter Zinck's schooner" still run in and out of the little cove along which Chester lives its public life. An occasional steamer binds this ancient hamlet with the great world beyond by way of Halifax,—the railroad not coming nearer than distant Mahone, some seventeen miles away. It is true there are predictions of profound economic upheavals to follow the introduction of a mythical railroad; but Chester is not unlikely to remain for some years what it has so long been—a haven of rest and peace for the wearied and the life-worn. If one loves the wide and free ways of the sea, there is yachting and fishing of prime quality in abundance; while the more timid can find ever-varying pleasure in the sights and sounds and smells of the vast bay, in the vision of its green and wooded

islands, and in the observation of the simple and quaint life of the place. The Germans of neighboring Lunenburg have overflowed into Chester; hence many a patronymic of the Fatherland, many a blue eye and flaxen poll.

The oxen draw their burden from the forehead, by means of a neat and light wooden yoke to which are fastened broad straps of leather that press upon the frontal bone. Goods are transported on peculiar low drays. Until lately the cows were free to wander at will over the lanes, and dispute their living with the wild roses, the blackberries, and the spruce scrub that adorn thoroughfares which a city might envy. The wharves, usually silent and empty, reminders of departed prosperity, are lined at evening with white-winged yachts back from a day among the islands; from time to time a weather-beaten schooner pulls up alongside, and empties its load of provisions to take on fish or lumber. Those nut-brown sails are the boats of the Tancookers,—sturdy, intelligent, daring fishermen. Only yesterday one escaped being run down in the fog by a great steamer. We saw the men in the tossing shell, dressed in their yellow sou'westers; one held a horn in his hand, and both gesticulated angrily at the steel monster that all but cut them in two. To-morrow they will be again off Green Island or Ironbound, or farther a-sea,—danger is their atmosphere, a daily element of life. They are mostly Baptists by persuasion, and worship in a rude little box of a church, set very cold and plain upon the highest point of their island.

I could not help thinking that if ever men needed the externals of religion, it was just such as they. In a Catholic country they would have had a priest, a pretty church with heirlooms of painting and sculpture; some feasts and processions, some legends and poetic traditions; here and there a wayside

cross, an artistic spot or two of pilgrimage overlooking the ocean. Art and song would have surely sprouted on this lonely island, and the natural instincts would have found many a vent both lovely and quaint. As it is, their spiritual ministrations are rare enough. The faces of the men are strong bronzed faces; those of the women seem worn and melancholy, as though the heart were incapable of reacting against the depression caused by the struggle for existence. If ever Catholicism worked a beneficial change in the social life of a people, it would be here, with its attendant wealth of art and poetry and architecture, its mollifying action upon the human heart, and its idealizing of sorrow and patience.

Does it not always offer just that touch of purely human tenderness which is wanted in religion as a link between the vastness, the austerity, the cruelty of nature, and the vastness, the serenity, the ineffable purity of the Divine Essence? After all, is not the pretty Gothic spire that soars heavenward from every little hamlet along the St. Lawrence a symbol of spiritual elevation, of a constant mystic kinship with the world beyond the skies? Does it not mark for the poor and toilsome "habitant" a spot where his soul can occasionally come in contact with the rarest products of the human mind—painting, sculpture, divinest music? And if he has made many a sacrifice to rear that great roof above his humble cottage, it is still his collective work. In this achievement he is one of a thousand workers; he rises to the level of his happier fellows in the great haunts of men; and he leaves to his children's children a monument of those virtues by which men rise above themselves and conspire to create the state—co-operation, self-denial, the cult of an ideal, the division of labor, all the symbolism of union and harmony.

Never did the disastrous effects, to the poor and the remote Christian, of the divisions of his religion so strike me as in these regions. In one small Nova Scotian village I have seen, almost side by side, six little wooden churches, belonging to as many sects. How can religious architecture, the noblest of the great arts, the parent and support of all the other arts, hope to thrive in such conditions? Was it not well for the world at large that mediæval Catholicism remained so long a compact unit? Or would letters and the arts have ever reached us if the middle times had been torn, like our own, by religious dissension?

IX.

On a green ridge that falls lazily away on one side to an encircling valley, and on the other to the waters of the bay, stands the little Catholic church of Chester. It bears the name of the great Doctor of Grace, and has lifted its slim finger of a spire heavenward for over a half century. In the midst of the green lanes and pastoral peace it seems a very *paradisino* of the soul, such as unworldly monks built for themselves in the golden long ago. Its humble wooden walls cover no artistic treasures; its tired melodeon emits no rushing torrent of heavenly music; its little altar, all white and gold, and its tiny apse, or blue "heaven," dotted with golden stars, owns no marble grandeur, no upward sweep of Gothic mysticism. Yet here the little Catholic flock come weekly out of their retirement and isolation, and know that they are brethren to all mankind; know that they have a place in history and in progress, and are factors in the great problems of life. Here the youth learn of the great questions of time and eternity; of the nature of the body and the soul, their loves and their conflicts, their proper calling. Here the books of the Old Testament and the New—God's

dealings with humanity—are read to them; and they feel themselves units of one cosmopolitan race, and learn that there is a transcendent spiritual oneness among men, and that God sustains it bravely as He sustains the level of the ocean or the continuity of the atmosphere. It may be their lot to toil humbly of weekdays, to gather their sustenance from sea or shore; but on this day they go up to the Mountain of Prayer, that wonderful "Althing" of souls, and realize the consoling universality and identity of religion.

The hearts of men struggle toward unity in religion as the bird struggles from his cage toward the sunlight and the air. It is the cry of the heart upwelling from its depths, the voice of God haunting the conscience, the will of Christ echoing from every page of His Gospel. Happy they who have laid hold on this precious gift, and are sure henceforth that whatever land they visit, they will find in it the altars of bloodless and holy sacrifice, the ministers of salvation, the open road to Heaven! Only those who have known the abyss of unbelief as Jouffroy describes it in an unparalleled page, or the labyrinth of heresy and schism as Newman has sketched it, can appreciate fully the sense of finality, of secure restfulness, that follows the profession of the Catholic faith.

The poorest and the lowliest of these is rich in great views of life and man and society; rich in a perfect moral sense and in fine esthetic feelings; rich in the knowledge of the best and the truest in history and in philosophy. He feels that he can not be easily or long astray in any important matter of the mind or the heart; for he recognizes a living, visible, accessible Teacher, constituted through all Time, by a disposition of the most intelligent and divine love and pity, for just such as he. And is he not, after all, a type of the vast majority of

men? Have they not little time, little training, little opportunity, little desire, to acquire by the way of individual reason the sure grasp of practical and saving truth? And from this view-point is not Catholicism the most sensible of religions for the average Christian man, as well as the oldest and most widespread witness to those doctrines which he knows to be essential?

Around the church, almost encroaching on its walls, are the graves of the dead. Tender hands have trained sweet shrubs and flowers to grow above these silent and narrow tenements of clay. To us who are yet among the quick there is something very solemn in the thought of an

Everlasting mansion

Upon the beachéd verge of the salt flood.

Fierce old Timon was not the only one who loved to lie where the light foam of the sea might beat his gravestone daily. From Patroclus' "glorious heap of funeral" to Chateaubriand's wave-swept tomb at St. Malo, man has loved to sleep his last sleep by the ever-watchful sea. Is it some old lingering pagan sense of kinship with the flood, some relic of animism, some Orphic instinct of our being,

Delighting in the sea serene to play

In ships exulting and the wat'ry way?

Or is it one of those subtle intimations of immortality with which our life is rife; one of those primal sympathies that startle us betimes; one of those shadowy recollections of a luminous sea of Infinitude whence the soul has journeyed into this prison-house of the flesh? It were well and restful could we believe with Plato that the soul is an exile from the skies, stunned and dazed by the gloom of its earthly envelope, forever ill and aching with

Obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized.

Then indeed we should have a simple and rational intelligence of all the finer and spiritual motions within us; then we should know that as dreams suppose real happenings in a real past, so these great, dreamy emotions of our common humanity argue, by their vastness and sublimity, a high and divine source at whose fires they were lit in some incalculable past. Some such second-sight as this it may be which is responsible for the instinct referred to; it surely prompted the noble lines of Wordsworth, that might have been written amid these memorials of the dead:

Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of the immortal sea

Which brought us hither;

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Across the green lane that does duty for a street stands the Episcopalian church; around it lie "the rude forefathers of the hamlet,"—many a worthy and God-fearing man, no doubt, who walked in honesty and uprightness, dealt fairly and kindly with his neighbor, and shed about him the aroma of a pure and frugal life. One Sunday eve, as we walked among the villagers along this ridge, after the simple Vesper service, and gazed in admiration on the golden vapors that flooded the long horizon, it occurred to us how motherly shrewd and prudent the Church is which leaves to our Heavenly Father the names and the number of the elect, and pronounces finally on no individual soul the hard doom by which it shall have neither lot nor portion among the saved.

(To be continued.)

JESUS CHRIST is a God whom one can approach without pride, and before whom one can humble himself without despair.—*Pascal*.

The Crowing of the Cock.*

BY VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM.

THE fortified castle of Pontius Pilate, the Roman Prefect, stood on the side of Moriah; that of the Tetrarch Herod glittered amid porticos and sparkling fountains high on Mount Sion, not far from the gardens of the old High-Priest Annas, the father-in-law of the "Joseph" surnamed Caïaphas, sixty-eighth successor of Aaron, whose great sacerdotal palace was also ranged along the heights of the City of David.

On the thirteenth day of the month of Nisan (April fourteenth) in the Roman year 782 (the thirty-third year of Christ), a detachment of the cohort of occupation—five hundred and fifty-five men lent to the High-Priest by the Prefect in cases of popular sedition—filed silently, at half-past ten at night, across the ascent of the Mount of Olives.

Reaching the road that farther on crossed the Brook of Cedron, Hannalus, leader of the pikemen of the Temple, took counsel probably of the centurions; he was waiting for certain Israelite deputies who alone should be permitted to pass, that they might arrest the well-known insurrectionist, the famous Jesus, the Nazarene magician, who was known to have taken refuge thereabout that night.

Soon in the glow of the Paschal moon there appeared, descending from the suburbs of Ophel, a body of police with cudgels, swords, and ropes; they were led by two emissaries of the Great Council, Achozias and Ananias,—aided by a lanthorn-bearer Malchus, the confidential agent of Caïaphas. For guide, the crowd had the latest disciple of Jesus; a man originally from the village

of Kerioth, in the Tribe of Juda, on the shores of the Dead Sea, at the western end of the buried Gommorrha. The Master had bathed this man's feet before celebrating the Pasch with the disciples.

Hannalus was the same Sar or chief of the guards set for the nightly rounds on the Temple battlements. Forty-two years later, after the sacking of Jerusalem, burdened with chains and without regard paid to his seventy years, he was dragged to Rome and flung at the bloody feet of the Emperor Claudius. As for the guide's prophetic surname, it signifies in Armenian, Syrian and Samaritan, not only his birth-place, but, according as it is pronounced, *Usurer, Man of Lies, Betrayer, Evil Recompense, With the leather belt* (purse-bearer), and above all the *Hanged-one*. The surname is a *résumé* of his destiny.

The crowd returned a little later, leading a very tall man, whose hands were bound. For Jesus was of comparatively great height—as was shown at the finding of the True Cross by the Empress Saint Helena, when the interval was measured between the holes made by the nails for the hands, and of the distance from those of the feet to the central point of intersection of the two cross-beams: these traces bore witness that the Victim must have been taller than six modern feet.

The legionaries of Pilate escorted the throng and the Divine Prisoner to the rich abode of Annas, and then regained the Fort of Antonia. The old High-Priest, no longer possessing authority to judge, was, however, obliged to send the case back to the Senate of Seventy over which his son-in-law presided.

Now, Simon-Peter and Saint John, since the night on the Mount of Olives, have followed those that had seized upon the Son of Man. On reaching the tribunal of Sion, the Evangelist, who was known in the house of the High-Priest, besought

* Translated by Thomas Walsh.

the woman at the door to allow Simon-Peter to enter the square court, or *atrium*, of the palace; then, leaving the Apostle, he hastened to bear the news to Mary, the Virgin-widow, at whose house would be found Saint James, the son of Cleophas and nephew of Saint Joseph. Saint James was one of the orphans taken, according to the Law, under the roof of his dead uncle; and who, reared with Jesus, and of about his age, were later called his brothers after the Jewish custom,—from that hour Saint John did not leave the Holy Mother, who eleven hours later was to become his own.

Between the porticos facing the steps of yellowed marble leading to the cedar-door of the first landing, the hall where they “judged” the Saviour, the adherents of Caiaphas, and the guards and Jewish soldiery, were found seated or grouped around a large brazier of coal; for in the Orient April nights distil unhealthy frosts and chilly dew-falls. Peter also joined them to warm himself; and this instinctively, his thoughts confused, disconcerted, his look troubled; the fire lighted up his face.... He was gazing at the closed door.

And through the door he heard—the sound was heard in the *atrium*—the murmurs, the sonorous vociferations of the assembly; the priests of the Lower Chamber, who alone were declared empowered to offer sacrifices, urging the satellites of the Threshold to strike Him whom they accused; the Scribes—doctors of the Law—with clamoring and the obligatory grinding of teeth, demanding, without ceremony the application of the Law—though at that very moment they were infringing it; for the *Nasi*, the sovereign judge who alone had power to decree death, through defiance, had not been summoned; and the Elders, Arch-Priests of the High Chamber, the creatures of Annas, imposed silence on

Joseph of Haramathaïm and the Pharisee Nicodemus (in Hebrew, Bonaï ben Gorion).

Suddenly was heard, in answer to the formal questioning of Caiaphas, the eternal “Thou hast said it!” It fell calmly across the great hush. Then forthwith the cries: “To death!”...and the sound of the rending of garments.

Meanwhile in the court of the fated palace, near the brazier, where the flame was growing pale in the breaking day,—a few feet away from that terrible door on which he still was gazing, Simon-Peter, to rid himself of the questions persistently put to him by the servants and soldiers, seeking to keep his freedom so that thus he might be able—oh, candor of man!—*to be of use (!)*—had come to the point of a denial, thus far venial, and then to a graver renunciation in the fatal words: “I swear I know not the man!”

And at that instant, according to the Saviour’s prophecy, *the cock crew*.

A long time after the destruction of Jerusalem, during one of the early centuries of the Church, there arose on the subject of these three words—that is, if we are to trust a Latin tradition handed down in ancient cloisters—a strange controversy between some Jews of Rome and certain Christian missionaries who were trying to catechise them.

“A cock crew? You say!...” exclaimed the Jews, smiling. “Whoever wrote that, then, was ignorant of our Law. And you, do you know it? You should be aware that in all Jerusalem it would have been impossible to find a living cock. Whoever would have brought in a live one—particularly on the eve of the Pasch when countless sacrifices were offered in the court of the Temple—would have incurred the penalty of being stoned for sacrilege. For the Law based its severity on the fact that the cock, finding its living in the dung-heaps, which

it pecked and stirred up with its beak, caused numbers of impure insects to arise, which were disseminated on the winds; and might, in spreading—and breeding—in the air, come near enough to contaminate the viands consecrated to God. Now, as in Israelite memory not even a fly was ever known to hover about the flesh of the expiatory victims, how are we to put trust in a Gospel inspired, you say, by the Holy Ghost—especially one in which we show so gross an impossibility?"

This most unexpected objection having somewhat abashed the Christians, who still, however, continued to reaffirm the infallibility of the Holy Scriptures—an aged rabbi was brought from his long imprisonment in order to confound them utterly with his profound learning and integrity which were respected by all.

"Ah!" answered the old exile, sadly, "have, then, the children of Israel, since the ruin of the house of their fathers, forgotten the rites of the House of the Lord! . . . What—*there was not to be found*, you say, *a living cock in all Jerusalem?* You are wrong! There was one! And it is that which Jesus of Nazareth must have intended—for the text reads '*the cock*,' and not '*a cock*.' You have forgotten the great solitary Cock of the Temple, the sacred watcher, fed with the corn thrown him by the virgins, and whose voice was heard beyond the Jordan. His morning cry, mingled with the rumbling clatter of the massive gates reopening at dawn, echoed far into Jericho! . . . With sonorous calls he announced the nightly hours, punctual as the stars!—And the office of this fowl, this timely crier of the instants of Heaven, was to warn the Prefect of the Temple and the armed Levites—whose somnolence was often broken by his calls—of the quarters of the nightly rounds.

"He was the *Fore-Warner*."

Suspected Science.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

THE AVE MARIA deserves the thanks of Catholics, and indeed of lovers of justice and truth everywhere, for the promptness with which it drew the fangs from the venomous article in Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly* for March, entitled "A Survival of Mediæval Credulity." The "screed" is carried over into the April number, just issued, and concluded there in coincidence with the news that the Appletons have failed in business.

It is not strange that some pious people in some countries of Europe believed Taxil's confessions. He posed as a penitent, and his honesty was certified by the fact that his former companions, the host of panderers to vice and calumniators of virtue, disowned him. Catholic critics, who read between the lines, soon saw that he was using the names of Catholic families with an offensive familiarity, and was deriding in pantomime the ritual of the Church; but the unwillingness to distrust, which is almost a vice in many simple, honest souls, sometimes sets against the cardinal virtues of prudence and justice an unthinking charity; and this enabled Taxil to continue his deceit a while longer. With the rope allowed him, he hung himself.

"*Fas est ab hoste doceri*," and to discern that in the poison of a viper's fang there may be some microbe which can be put to better work than slander. The reason of the vogue in Europe of Taxil's slanders is not far to seek. The journals in Europe often take on a sensational aspect in religious matters, and give the marvels of a hagiology a secular use; as a Kansas newspaper has just now taken advantage in a novel

way of a newspaper issue, for a week, to give an object-lesson of its ideas of what is Christian news. What if marvels were believed upon too little evidence? We know that the Church is the teacher of the world, and that the Spouse of Christ is stainless.

We know that the ignorant guess of one age is the light which guides another age to truth. In the words of an English essayist describing the advance of science, "first come hints, then fragments of systems, then complete and harmonious systems." In the interval between the first rude impression and the magnificent completeness of multiplied knowledge, there comes in often that dazed apprehension of the light which we call superstition. "Who dares," says Dr. Rudolph Virchow, the leading savant of the day, in the closing number of the *New York World* for 1899,—“who dares to fix positively the boundaries between superstition and science?”

Take medicine, for example. In the progress of centuries it has often required blind faith on the part of the wisest men who submitted themselves to the doctors. Its history is the history of its errors; yet the mass of intelligent mankind has never lacked faith in it. Even George Washington, upon his faith in medicine, extended his arm to allow his life-blood to be drained by the lancet of an expiring superstition. Well does Virchow say in the article to which I have referred: "Is not every step in the slow evolution of the science of medicine at first seemingly analogous to superstition?" Lord Bacon wrote three hundred years ago that "there is a superstition in avoiding superstition."

Taxil's slanders had been until lately, in this country, a mere incoherent echo of sensational chatter over the ocean. They made their first appearance in America in the pages of Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly* as a morsel of

science. The poet Campbell is authority for the declaration that "star-eyed science" sometimes wanders into perilous places and brings back darkness. The religious novelists of Europe furnish nonsense for spiritual aliment; and in America they assume a scientific rôle, and deal out half-truths in such a way as to slander their fellow-citizens. But why should any professor, or indeed anybody else, seek to impute to our discredit incidents in which we have less concern than he? Why, when the reflection of a far-distant flame reddens our dwelling, should he bring the hose-cart and its rabble of street Arabs to litter our sidewalk—in the name of Science?

Concerning Certain Complaints.

IF we cared more—nobody could care less—about unfair criticism, we should have something to say to those who have accused us of prejudice and injustice in publishing and renewing the appeal of the Bishop of Nagpur and of disregarding appeals of other kinds from other sources. However, it may be well to make a few general observations. It is for us to say what works of charity shall be especially commended to our readers. To take us to task for seeming to favor one good work more than another is simply insolence, the expression of which, we may add, is a waste of energy.

We do not know, nor do we care, to what religious order Bishop Pelvat belongs, or whether he is a member of any religious order. He is a Bishop of the Church—that is enough for us. Nor is his nationality any concern of ours. For these kinds of clannishness we have the deepest detestation. If a considerable amount of money has been sent direct to Bishop Pelvat by readers of *THE AVE MARIA*, besides what we have forwarded, so much the better. It is

all needed, if there were one hundred times as much more.

Long experience has taught us the uselessness of appealing to American Catholics for means to erect churches and charitable or educational institutions in other lands. There is too much of the same kind of work to be done at home, and the generosity of our people is taxed as far as may be. The lack of interest in foreign missions is indeed regrettable—we have deplored it oftentimes,—but it must be remembered that the Negroes and Indians have a first claim on the charity of the faithful in this country. There is urgent need of help to support missions already established among them, not to speak of new ones. Sad to say, missionaries among the Indians and Negroes have lately been obliged to abandon most promising fields of labor because help to carry on their work was not forthcoming. And we are importuned to start subscriptions for the erection of statues and crosses in Catholic countries, and reproached because we will not!

A word more regarding the appeal now before our readers. We shall try to make our meaning clear; and if we say little, it is because we hold reserve to be more emphatic in certain cases than speech. Bishop Pelvat's touching letter was published in these pages, and we drew special attention to it, for the very good reason that it was an urgent appeal for help to feed a starving multitude and to provide temporary shelter for thousands of orphans in need of the barest necessities of life. Had the Bishop appealed for funds to build churches or schools, we should have been obliged to decline his request for reasons already stated, and because similar requests from all parts of the world are constantly presented to us. We can assure certain persons that the money we have succeeded in raising for Bishop Pelvat is

no deprivation to them. An appeal on behalf of starving children or abandoned lepers has a claim on the sympathy of many persons to whom calls for money to build churches and support schools, and so forth, have been rendered exceedingly familiar.

We have our opinion of any one so ungenerous and, we will add, so unchristian as not to rejoice that Bishop Pelvat has received through THE AVE MARIA a large amount of money for the benefit of the famine-stricken natives of Nagpur. If there be any among our readers so selfish and small-souled, we have no wish to enter into correspondence with them. It would be a genuine humiliation to learn that these pages could be read with so little profit. In future we shall spare ourselves the trouble of reading any complaints of the kind to which these remarks have reference, no matter the source from which they may emanate.

The Holy Herb.

THE Vervain (*Verbena*), called the "Holy Herb," was, according to Pliny, one of the sacred plants of the Druids, and was gathered by them in all manner of mystic ceremonies. Wonderful healing powers used to be attributed to it, and it is still in repute as a medicine. This plant was among the charms used against witches by superstitious people:

Trefoil, Vervain, John's Wort, Dill,
Hinder witches of their will.

In legendary lore Vervain is said to be one of the plants that flourished on Mount Calvary, and an old rhyme runs:

Hail to thee, Holy Herb!
Growing on the ground
On the Mount of Olivet
First wert thou found.

Thou art good for many an ill,
And healest many a wound,—
In the name of sweet Jesus,
I lift thee from the ground.

Notes and Remarks.

It is said that over fifty per cent of our public and professional men pass through college, hence the religious conditions surrounding them during student-life can not be a matter of indifference to the public. We wish there were statistics showing the number of college professors who seriously profess Christianity; but, failing that, we are glad to learn that, as regards the students themselves, "religion is gaining instead of losing ground in our great schools." The information is given out by the Hartford Theological Seminary which publishes statistics, compiled after extensive correspondence with the colleges. These statistics have evoked exclamations of delight from many leaders of opinion. One gets an idea of what these state institutions must have been in the bad days, when the cause of this general rejoicing and the proof that "religion is gaining" are to be found in this fact: about fifty per cent of the students in state universities and other non-denominational schools reported themselves to the census-taker as Christians! Yet to many Catholic parents these institutions seem quite the right training-schools for their children during the most dangerous and undisciplined years of life.

Mormon missionaries in different parts of the Union claim to be making encouraging progress. In some places, according to the admission of sectarians themselves, there are more elders at work than preachers. Can it be that the United States is destined to become another Turkey, with a new Mahomet for president? Preposterous as this supposition may seem, Mahometanism rose in a land already given up to lust before the Prophet appeared. It is no wonder

that, with an ever-increasing divorce rate and an ever-decreasing birth-rate, and with Mormonism active and aggressive, some should predict the downfall of the nation. In his annual report to the Board of Public Affairs, Health Officer Seys makes the striking statement that only 502 children were born in non-Catholic families last year at Springfield, Ohio, which has a non-Catholic population of 39,625. And yet some of our Senators talk about the providential mission of this Government in the East; and preachers tell of a great door opened to them in the Philippines! Could folly or hypocrisy go further?

* *

Speaking of the Mormons, the general statement of their growing influence in New Mexico is denied by Governor Otero, who declares that the Latter-Day Saints there are not of what is called the "barnyard" persuasion. He says that public sentiment in the territory would not tolerate polygamy. This statement is borne out by the fact that the Mexican members of the Colorado Legislature to a man voted for the memorial against Roberts. We are assured on reliable authority that, with this exception, our recent article, "The Menace of Mormonism," is incontrovertible.

Trustworthy information regarding the Boer treatment of Catholics in South Africa is now beginning to percolate through the newspapers. A letter written to the *Weekly Register* by Mgr. Jolivet, the Vicar-Apostolic of Natal, asserts that for the last twenty years the Boers have not "persecuted" the Catholics; though he flatly contradicts the statement of Dr. Leyds that there is no law in the Transvaal forbidding Catholics to hold positions under government. Two or three were admitted to office as a result of special influence, and a few Catholic Hollanders whose faith is not publicly

known have also intruded; but the condition is illegal and liable to be changed any day. The pact made with England stipulated that there should be no religious disabilities, but in this matter the Boers have not kept their pledge. Mgr. Jolivet, whose sympathies and prayers are all for England, gratefully acknowledges the Boers' "kindness and hospitality, notwithstanding their ignorant and absurd prejudices against the Church and her ministers." The ordinary Boers religiously preserve the opinions and fears regarding the Church that were current among all non-Catholics two centuries ago. They are, in this respect, completely under the influence of preachers as ill-informed and prejudiced as themselves. Mgr. Jolivet concludes: "Give no credit to reports of 'Boer atrocities' or 'British atrocities' which may find their way into newspapers. War is always a cruel thing, and many irregular and deplorable acts may be committed by both parties; but, on the whole, the Boers are not worse than other people."

The Lenten pastorals issued by the bishops of England and Ireland this year are the best we have ever seen from them, and this is saying very much. Cardinal Vaughan's happy sentence, "The Church is governed by a Hierarchy, not by a House of Commons," is destined to live on Catholic lips; and from the always thoughtful, broad-minded and conservative Bishop Hedley we have this timely paragraph:

Religion and Science can not really contradict each other; but to our partial and limited vision they may at times seem to do so, and we are to cling to religion and authority. Bishops and Roman Congregations may not move as quickly as could be desired, nor employ the precise procedure of a British law court; but the Gospel nowhere teaches that because the pastors of the Christian Church may be in some respects antiquated or behind the age, the child of the Church is absolved from dutiful submission and childlike

faith. Catholics have a duty to persons and institutions as well as to their creed. To behave rudely, in word or deed, to prelates or priests in the exercise of their office is to be wanting in reverence to Christ. This is not the spirit of the world or of the worldly press, but it is undoubtedly the spirit of the Gospel. The discussion, within strict limits, of religious matters is perfectly lawful to the laity; even to express difference from the official utterances of a bishop or a priest may, under many circumstances, be allowed. But when there is any danger of scandal, of fostering disaffection, or embittering the minds of Catholics, even lawful discussion must be avoided. And certainly in no case can it be right to rebuke, to use injurious language, to sneer, or to utter threats or defiance. This may be hard; it may even mean that a Catholic has to sit down quietly for a time under some injustice, and that less wise courses must sometimes go on unchecked. But we can not possibly be mistaken in asserting that it is the spirit of the Gospel.

In a notice of Mr. John A. Creighton, of Omaha, Neb., on whom the University of Notre Dame conferred this year its Lætare Medal, the *Pilot*, with its accustomed discernment, comments on the large-mindedness of Notre Dame in honoring a man whose princely benefactions to Christian education have been wrought through the Jesuits, not through the religious order which conducts the University of Notre Dame. It was well worth while to note the example thus set,—it is more than an example. We hope that the Lætare Medal will be abolished before the honor is conferred even once in a spirit that is not broad and disinterested.

The total population of Belgium is barely six millions and three-quarters, yet the contributions of the Belgian Catholics—most of whom are less advantageously conditioned with this world's goods than our people in this country—support the great Catholic University of Louvain, with its two thousand students, its staff of one hundred professors and lecturers, its laboratories, museums, etc. Twice each year—on the

first and second Sundays of Lent—a collection for this purpose is taken up at all the services in every church and chapel of Belgium. It is to the everlasting honor of this noble people that the collection suffices for the sustenance and development of the University. As the needs of the institution increase under pressure of modern requirements, so do the offerings of the faithful Belgians grow; and so the whole Catholic world, not less than their own country, continues to share in the services rendered by this University of the people.

Franz Heinrich Reusch has just died at Bonn in his seventy-fifth year. He and Reinkens were the ablest of the German ecclesiastics who followed Döllinger out of the Church. When the "Old Catholics" perfected their organization Reinkens became their first bishop, and Reusch was selected for vicar-general. Previous to his apostasy, he had earned the gratitude of German Catholics by his services to exegesis and to the religious press; moreover, his lovable disposition had won for him some distinguished friendships. It is sad to reflect that so promising a life was so hopelessly wasted; and that the grace of final penitence, which all his friends hoped would still come to him, seems to have been withheld.

The obligation of every Christian to spread the good odor of Christ can not be too much insisted upon. It would be the worst kind of heresy to assert that the propagation of the faith is the exclusive work of priests; and until the laity realize that they are in duty bound to co-operate with those who labor to spread the Gospel, countless souls will continue to sit in darkness and the shadow of death. One of the most gratifying results of the missions to

Protestants in our country is the opening of the eyes of Catholics to the vast harvest field in which they are called to labor.

At a mission given not long ago to the non-Catholics of a little town in Massachusetts, the interest was such as to excite the wonder of those of the household of the faith. As early as five o'clock in the morning the church was thronged with non-Catholic workmen, all eager to hear the instructions; and throughout the day there was a crowd at every service. The Methodist minister of the place and his wife were regular attendants, and other non-Catholics were heard to say that they had not missed a single sermon. "No wonder Catholics go to church when they have such preaching!" And these poor people had yet to learn about the Adorable Sacrifice and the lifegiving Sacraments of the Church. It is for Catholics to continue by word and example the work so auspiciously begun. "If only Catholics everywhere were what they ought to be," writes a correspondent in describing this mission, "the kingdom of God would surely come."

The quality of a certain play having revived discussion as to the wisdom of establishing a government censorship of plays and books, the editor of the *Bookman* writes as follows:

As to a censorship, the best censorship is that of the father and the mother. It is not the mature person who is injured by anything that is acted on the stage or printed in the book; but it is the young boy and the young girl whom our careless, easy-going American traditions allow to go almost anywhere and to read and see almost anything. We are rapidly importing much of the literature and the art of the French. Let us also import a little of the strictness and the discriminating control which mark the government of the French household, and we can then leave the police to deal with the grosser violations of decency and order.

We cordially agree, of course, with what Prof. Peck says about parental

strictness in these matters; we are glad he said it. But we are surprised at the curiously unchristian point of view which he takes of "the mature person"; it betokens a lamentable absence of that "sense of sin" which Gladstone found among contemporary non-Catholic ministers and writers. If a play is licentious, it is an occasion of sin to the "mature person" as well as to the green and salad youth. But mere sins are not considered in the philosophy of modern paganism; and, in theatrical matters especially, the descendants of the Puritans have descended pretty thoroughly.

There is general complaint of a growing indifference among young men to the financial needs of their parishes. Many of them do not rent a pew, or contribute in any way to the support of the church. The penny collection is the only one which seems to appeal to them. It is said that graduates of Catholic colleges are particularly remiss in this respect. During the years of school-life they are seldom asked to contribute to any religious or charitable object, and the duty of supporting religion is not practically inculcated. As a rule, students have money for all their needs, and many of them form habits of extravagance during their college days. Regular collections for the Propagation of the Faith and other works which appeal to the generosity of the faithful everywhere should be taken up in all Catholic colleges. No matter how small the amount realized, the lesson would be of great importance.

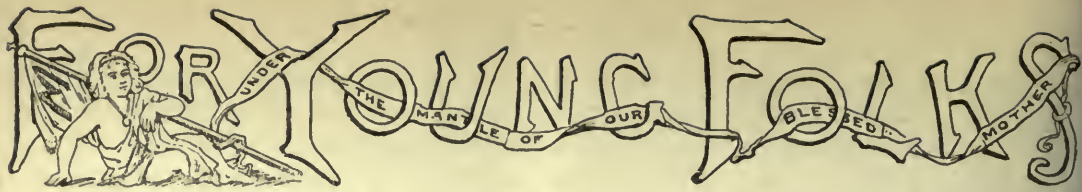
It is strange, but nevertheless a fact, that the music of many sectarian churches, especially those of the Episcopalians, is superior to what the generality of Catholics are familiar with—not only superior from an artistic

point of view, but even more devotional, because of the effort made to create solemnity and to establish harmony between the words sung and the music rendered. A return to the ancient forms of liturgical music would be a blessing. According to Mr. Vernon Blackburn, "the Catholic Church possesses in her treasury-chest some of the finest music that has ever entered the brain of man"; but, if one were to judge by the average musical performance of our choirs, it is securely locked up. The loud shrieks for peace and the thunderous enunciations of the Creed often heard in Catholic churches drive many away from the doors, particularly on great feasts when so many strayed sheep feel the mysterious attraction of sacred realities.

The offerings forwarded to the Bishop of Nagpur, India, for the relief of the famine-stricken people of his district since the renewal of the appeal amount to \$1,121.83; in all, \$3,739.24. In acknowledging the remittances made by us, Bishop Pelvat writes:

Accept our warmest gratitude.... Daily prayers are offered for the benefactors of the mission, and the priests consider it their bounden duty to make special mention of them in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Of the famine I have little to say, except that it is daily becoming worse and worse. All testify that its extensiveness and severity are unprecedented, and that the central provinces suffer most on account of the preceding famine in 1896-97.... I may mention, for the consolation of our kind benefactors and as an additional proof of the terrible calamity, that during the past two months over five thousand children, *in articulo mortis*, and other dying people, have been baptized. We do all we can to save as many lives as possible, and as many souls as receive from our good God the grace of conversion....

Accept once more our deepest gratitude.... On Sunday last I was at the out-station of Amraoti. After Mass over three thousand famished people surrounded the little chapel clamoring for help. We could not attempt to distribute alms in grain or in money until they were separated into bands of fifty and one hundred, as the rush would have been dangerous to women and children. Some days before several women had been crushed almost to death.



The Holy Family's Rose.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

WHERE passed meek footsteps of the Child
Divine,
By glad obedience sent;
Where the Blest Mother, gentle, pure, benign,
On kindly errands went;
Where Joseph walked—his look the truthful sign
Of Duty's just intent,—
A smiling blossom, dewy-eyed and sweet,
Sprang up as on they trod;
It poured fresh incense o'er their sacred feet
And on the favor'd sod,
Gifting with store of ceaseless homage meet
Love's guardians and their God.
And e'en till now, in far-off Eastern land,
Where'er the blossom grows,
Each townsman grave, each chief of desert band,
That mystic flow'ret knows;
Naming it e'er, while pointing reverent hand,
"The Holy Family's Rose."

The Winstanley Twins.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE
EMIGRANT," "THE FOUR MARYS," ETC.

XIV.—UNCLE TOM.

PRESENTLY Mr. Winstanley was lifting his brother's head from the table, where he had bowed it upon his folded arms.

"Tom! Tom!" he cried. "After all these years! After these long years that we have thought you dead! How could you have done it!"

There was reproach in his voice; but no sooner had his eyes rested again upon the pallid, worn face of his brother than every bitter emotion vanished.

"You can say nothing to me that I do not deserve," replied the sick man.

"I meant to brave it out to the end, and would have done so had it not been for your coming here. And the strange happening of it all overcame me. I wanted to let you know that those children had a double claim upon you: that they were your own flesh and blood. I could not die without doing this, now that I know the truth."

Mr. Winstanley did not answer. He was thinking of the poor old mother at home; of the mingled joy and sorrow which would be hers on seeing her prodigal son once more, restored to her only on the verge of death.

"Tell me about it, Tom," he said at last; the silence was becoming painful.

"It will not take long," rejoined his brother. "I shall not go into details; it would not matter, and it is terrible to me to recall the past. Let me say at the start that I am the only one who was wrong—solely and unjustifiably wrong. When my father had paid my debts for the last time, and had assured me positively that it was for the last time, I went to France and was all through the Franco-Prussian war. But even while in Paris I had once more written him for funds, which he refused to send. He wrote me some harsh letters then; and when I recovered from wounds received at Sedan, I resolved to remain in France and be a Frenchman. While there I met a beautiful American girl named Margaret Augusta Deland. She was a governess in an American family, going out in the morning and returning in the evening. She resided with her aunt, in the same building where I lodged. I was then doing a little correspondence for an American paper. I married her against the wishes of her

aunt, who did not approve of the match. Then we came to the United States. At that time I intended to return home and introduce my wife to father and mother. But on the steamer I fell in with a bad crowd, and resumed all my old habits of drinking and gambling. My wife became disgusted with me and threatened to leave me. We had many quarrels; and at length, in a moment of anger, I told her that the name under which I had married her—that of Thomas Wilson—was not my own; but still I did not reveal my real name, though she begged me to do so. She never forgave me for this. Finding no employment in New York, I enlisted. She knew nothing of it until I suddenly appeared before her in my uniform. She reproached me very bitterly. I went back to the recruiting office, and found that I had dropped a button from my coat,—the, same, no doubt, that we saw this morning.

"When I returned home that evening my wife was gone. She left a letter saying that I would never see her again; and that she need not be dependent on me, as her aunt had died in Paris, leaving her a little money, which she proposed spending herself, instead of supporting me with it. This angered me. I never sought her whereabouts. I then went with my regiment to the West, and after some time was made a corporal. However, I fell into bad habits again, and was dismissed from the army. Sometimes I would be for a year without drinking, then I would begin again. Finally I drifted here, and have kept straight ever since. I worked as long as I was able—you know the rest."

"But why did you not communicate with us, Tom?" asked Mr. Winstanley.

"I can't tell you—I don't know. I simply didn't do it."

"You never heard of or from your poor wife afterward?"

"Never. And of the existence of those children I knew nothing."

"Was your wife a Catholic?"

"A sort of one."

"And you? How have you lived of late?"

"Indifferently as regards religion. But for the past few months I have been longing to talk with a priest. Now I intend to do so without delay."

"And you will come home with me at once?"

"Will I be welcome?"

"Tom! can you ask it!" replied Mr. Winstanley. "Your absence has been the one pang in father's and mother's heart through all these sad, wasted years. You will never know all they have suffered."

Mr. Winstanley had been away from home for about two weeks. The children felt that something unusual was taking place. Telegrams and letters had been received; there were long and solemn conferences among the grown people of the household; and the grandmother seemed to be always crying, yet she did not appear to be as unhappy as would be indicated from so many tears. They could not understand either why she looked at them so wistfully, caressing and crying over them whenever there was no one present. For the first time in their happy lives at Winstanley they began to feel that they were debarred from a full share and knowledge of what was going on.

The truth was that their elders did not know exactly how to tell them of what had resulted from Mr. Winstanley's journey to Princesburg, of the object of which they had not the slightest idea. As a condition of his return, "Tom" insisted that the children should not be told he was their father. They must never know, he said, that their father has been so unworthy and so reckless.

"Tell them anything you please, but that," he said to his brother. "Tell

them I am an ^{uncle} uncle, if you will; but they must never have the slightest suspicion that I am their father,—at least while I am alive. When I am gone, if you think it necessary to tell them the truth as they grow older, do so; but not now. I could not bear to look into their sweet, innocent faces and see the reproach that must be there if they knew me for what I really am."

Seeing that he was firm on this point, his brother allowed him to have his way.

One morning, toward the close of the second week, there were great preparations going on in the household. The sunniest spare room was being made ready for a guest; and after Tommy and Mary had filled the vases with flowers at their grandmother's bidding, and everything was in beautiful order, she sat down in the easy-chair which had been brought up from the library, and called them to her. Presently the mother and grandfather came in also, and Tommy and Mary realized from their serious faces that an explanation was forthcoming.

"Children," began the grandmother, with a hand on each curly head, as they nestled on the floor beside her, "we are expecting a guest. You have heard me speak of my son Tom, whom we all think you, Tommy, so strongly resemble. Well, he is coming home."

"Home!" exclaimed the boy, in astonishment. "Why, grandma, we thought he was dead!"

"And so did we," answered the old lady. "There was a misunderstanding and then he went away—" she faltered, hardly able to speak for the tears that choked her voice. "I can't tell you any more about it; but he is coming home, and we are very, very glad. And he is ill,—so ill, your father writes, that he can not get well. Now he has heard of you both, and he will be very fond of you; and you must love him and be

especially good to him when he comes. He is *my* boy, you know,—*my own* boy, and I want him to see my darlings at their very best. Do you understand?"

"Yes, grandma," replied Mary, much impressed; and Tommy asked:

"What shall we call him, grandma?"

"Uncle Tom, I think," said the old lady, looking inquiringly at her husband and daughter-in-law.

"Yes, yes! Uncle Tom, of course!" responded the old gentleman, blowing his nose violently; while young Mrs. Winstanley turned to the window, so that the children should not see the tears in her eyes.

After this they were all expectancy. They hastened to tell their governess the wonderful news, of which she was partially aware; although she had no suspicion that the expected guest was the father of the twins.

The train was late that evening, and the children were sent to bed before the arrival. But they were up very early in the morning, and, after breakfast, eagerly awaited the moment when they should be taken to their uncle. Though warned by Mr. Winstanley that he would be looking very pale and ill, they were shocked at his appearance. The grandmother was beside his bed, where he lay propped up by many pillows. At first he could not speak to them: the tears rolled down his cheeks and his lips trembled. At length he said:

"You know I am your—Uncle Tom?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy. "My name is the same as yours, uncle."

"Strange!" said the sick man, looking at his mother.

For a few moments they stood at the bedside, hand in hand, as was their wont even yet, when they had grown a great boy and girl. They wondered why "Uncle Tom" did not talk more, why he looked at them so sadly, kissed them so tenderly, and then closed his

eyes. Their grandmother, who was also weeping, quietly told them to retire. They ran down into the garden: they breathed more freely in the fresh air. "Uncle Tom" had been something of a disappointment to them.

Afterward there were days when Tommy would sit beside him reading; while Mary quietly sewed on her "crazy quilt,"—always on the watch, however, for any want of the invalid. There were days also when he would talk to them, advise them; tell them that he had not been a good son, and bid them always be obedient and dutiful to their kind parents and grandparents. And there were days, too, when he was irritable and nervous, suffering such pain that they were allowed to visit him only for a brief moment. One day Mary happened to remark:

"Uncle Tom, did you know that when Tommy and I were little bits of babies we lived in an orphan asylum?"

He seemed pained, and shook his head as he replied:

"Don't, don't, darling! I can't bear to hear it!"

Another time, when he spoke of their resemblance to each other, Tommy said:

"Grandma thinks that I look exactly like you did when you were a little boy, Uncle Tom."

"And Mary looks like grandma," said the sick man. "She has her eyes."

"Oh, but you know, don't you, Uncle Tom," added Tommy, "that Mary and I are not really brother and sister?"

"What!" exclaimed the sick man,— "what!" And, realizing fully for the first time that the children were in absolute ignorance of their own origin, he turned his face to the wall, groaning so bitterly that they left him hurriedly, to seek aid for him in his suffering.

That night he said to his father:

"Tell them as soon as I am gone, father. I had not thought what it was

to them not to know they were brother and sister. It will not be long now."

And it was not. Three days later he died; and after the funeral was over, and the household had resumed its usual routine once more, they were told, as gently and charitably as possible, their father's unfortunate story. Sooner or later they must have learned it, perhaps from less loving and pitying lips. It had already become known in the neighborhood that the wanderer who had returned to die was the long lost, erring son of the household.

It grieved the poor old grandmother not a little to see that the revelation called forth no regret from the children that it had not been told them in their father's lifetime. Their adopted parents had won the first affection of their innocent hearts; though they ever cherished most tenderly the memory of dear "Uncle Tom," and prayed for him every day of their lives. Happily, the dead man was beyond the reach of the pang which his mother felt so keenly; and even this pang was softened by the joy it gave to those who loved them, as well as to themselves, to know that they were not only in name but in reality "The Winstanley Twins."

(The End.)

AN ordinary stone-cutter once released a beautiful statue from a block of marble by merely chipping away the stone according to the directions of Michael Angelo. The workman was amazed and could hardly believe his eyes.

"Well, what do you think of it now?" asked Michael Angelo, smiling.

"I think," answered the stone-cutter, "that you have discovered a talent in me which I never knew I possessed."

Then Michael Angelo smiled again, but did not tell the man the reason of his mirth; and the delighted fellow ever after thought himself a great genius.

The Story of St. Patrick.

—
BY FATHER KENNEDY.
—

VII.

It was with intense joy of soul that St. Patrick turned his face toward the remaining province of Ireland, Munster. The Spirit had revealed to him the wondrous and blessed things that were to take place there.

At that time there was a prince of great piety, according to his lights, at Cashel. He believed in a God that made the universe, but wrongfully believed in a number of other gods—all, however, inferior to the Creator-God. And every morning and every evening he went into the temple he had raised to this God to adore and offer incense, and pray for himself and his people. God saw that his soul was innocent, and hastened His servant's steps to come to him. At the same time He prepared the king's mind in the following manner.

One morning when this prince went in before his idols to pray, he saw them all totter on their pedestals and fall to the ground, broken to pieces. His mind was very much alarmed at this strange thing. If there had been reason for their falling, or if only one had fallen, he would not have been surprised; but they all fell, and there seemed no cause for it whatever. He went out, and, in great anxiety of mind, walked slowly till he reached the top of the mount, beside which his castle and the temple of his idols were built; and there, in agony of soul, he cast himself on his face to the ground. How long he lay thus he knew not; but the sound of voices awaked him. On looking up, he saw a crowd of people all singing, and at the head of the procession was carried a cross. In sleep he had seen such a figure. The prince sent a gracious message to the strangers;

then St. Patrick drew near and explained to him and his attendants the doctrines of the Gospel of Christ.

Without hesitation this good prince believed, and joyfully offered himself for baptism; and his people followed his example. While St. Patrick was administering the sacrament he poured the water with his right hand, and in his left hand held the Staff of Jesus. This, without observing it, he placed on the naked foot of the prince, so that the sharp point of the Staff entered the flesh and blood trickled on the pavement. But so great was the joy of the prince for "the glad tidings" and for being received into the True Fold that he did not feel in the slightest the pain of the wound. The Saint, however, was grieved when he saw the blood, and not a little edified by the patience of the prince; and, opening his mouth, he prophesied that the king and all his descendants should enjoy their kingdom in peace and prosperity, and that none of his race save one should be slain in battle. And this, the old chroniclers say, was the case down to the tenth in descent; but their observations reach no further.

At the Saint's departure the prince and his people accompanied him to do him honor. The holy man prayed for them; and, in order to strengthen their faith, he made them stop as they were passing a graveyard. This he did for an additional reason: the Irish found it very hard to believe in the resurrection of the body. As they were standing, and waiting to see what the Saint was about to do, he called forth as many as nineteen persons from their graves, most of whom had been known to all present. These he commanded to speak to the multitude and relate what they knew of the other world. And when, to the awe and terror of the people, they had spoken of the torments of the condemned and the glory and happiness of the elect, St.

Patrick blessed each of the risen ones, after which they again slept peacefully in the Lord. The Saint and the prince then parted, but the latter exacted a promise that the man of God would soon again return to them and confirm them in the faith.

After travelling through several other districts, St. Patrick, remembering his promise to Aengus, returned and was received with gladness and exclamations of joy by the holy prince and his people. He stayed with them many days, which were days of great consolation of spirit to them all. And when at last he was departing from their territory, the whole multitude left their homes and followed him for the space of three days, during which time St. Patrick kept preaching to them; and it seemed to them as if it were but one hour.

At the end of the third day they reached a town where the Saint had placed a bishop on his former journey; and this good bishop lived in great simplicity and holy poverty. Now, St. Patrick felt deep compassion for the people that had followed him for three days, and he asked the bishop if he had anything to give them to eat. The bishop answered that all he had in the world was one lean cow that provided him with a little milk. The Saint ordered the cow to be killed. At that instant came two deer from the forest: these he ordered to be slain. Immediately came two swine from another corner of the wood; and these also, at the request of the Saint, were killed. Then he ordered the multitude to be seated; and the meats, which seemed beautifully roasted though they had never been put near a fire, were distributed among them. All ate their fill, declaring that never before had they tasted meats so sweet and savory.

Even a new wonder was observed on the following morning; for the bishop

who had given his all to feed the hungry was not forgotten by God and His holy servant Patrick. In the bishop's little plot of land was seen grazing a cow just like the other that he had surrendered to feed the multitude.

About this time the Saint reached a castle where lived a chief who had but one child—a daughter. This damsel was now grown up a young woman. St. Patrick preached before the chief and a large company of his retainers. Now, while the Saint was speaking the grace of God touched the heart of the young girl, who was also listening; and after the discourse she begged to see him in private. She told him that God had inspired her to consecrate her life to His holy service; and he heard her with gladness, and encouraged her by his holy counsels.

Her father, however, would in no way give his consent; and though she often appealed to him, he obstinately refused to yield to her pious wish. St. Patrick at length approached him; and, having conversed with him for some time, the chieftain agreed that he would give his consent on one condition—namely, that St. Patrick should promise to open for him the gates of heaven whether he died before receiving baptism or not. The Saint hesitated; but, consulting God in prayer, he finally gave the promise.

The young girl, therefore, went by order of the Saint to the holy woman Ethembria.* Ethembria was the first to become a nun in Ireland; and Cynnna, whom he now sent to her, was the second. This Cynnna was in due time placed over a convent where a great multitude of virgins were serving Christ.

But her father, Eochy, was, after a time, reduced to a bed of sickness; and when he found he was about to depart this life, he sent messengers to the Saint

* In some places this nun's name is written Cethuberis.

to remind him of his promise. He also gave orders that, should he die, he was not to be interred until Patrick came. The Saint was then in his monastery at Gaul, and it was shown to him that the messengers were on their way.

The remains were kept for a day and a night without interment, and in the meantime the Saint arrived. When he saw the dead body of the king he mourned greatly, but he wept especially that he had died without baptism. Remembering the promise he had made him in the name of God, "he prayed unto the Lord, and loosed him from the bonds of double death." Then the king, rising up, begged to be instructed and baptized.

When the Saint had baptized him, he ordered him, as he was accustomed to do, to relate what he had seen in the other world. He told them that he was shown the beautiful land which Patrick had promised; but because he had not received baptism he could not enter into it. The Saint then asked him whether he would prefer to stay here longer or to go to that beautiful country he had seen. He answered that if he were made sovereign of one hundred kingdoms here, and were given a thousand years to rule over them, he would forego all for one glimpse of the happy land he had seen. He added, according to an old chronicler, that all the power, all the riches, and all the delights of the whole world were to him but as smoke compared with those celestial joys which had been shown to him. "But I earnestly entreat," said he, "that I may be loosed 'from the body of this death,' and delivered instantly from this prison-house; for 'I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.' Thus having said, he received the Eucharist; and, falling asleep in the Lord, went 'into the house of his immortality.'"

(To be continued.)

Equine Playmates.

There are in the Tyrolese valley a large number of horses of a certain breed, that perform the most wonderful antics and are quite as playful as the children of their masters. These horses are known as Hafflingers, and are so thoroughly domesticated that they live almost entirely in the company of their owners and are their faithful friends. They are large horses as regards their bodies, and they have big and clumsy heads; but their legs are short, and they waddle along in a very funny manner.

They seem to think that all work and no play would make a Hafflinger a dull horse; and they are always ready for a frolic, even when taking the long journeys where they are so sure-footed and enduring. They love to play tricks, and seem happy if they can make a human companion the victim of a practical joke. They are fond of many kinds of games, entering into the spirit of them as joyfully as if they were school-boys instead of hard-working, slowly-moving beasts. One of the games of which they are fond is a sort of hide-and-seek, and they obey its rules better than some boys I have known. When the master calls "Time!" they wheel into line and are ready for work again.

The Hafflingers are not perfect: they are extremely self-willed, and evidently have very strong opinions of their own, to which they cling as long as possible, and then seem to say, as they shake their big heads, "I have to pretend to agree with you, because I am a horse; but I have my own ideas about this matter, all the same." They are as affectionate as dogs, and their devotion to their masters is like that of a good-natured Newfoundland. The Arab horse has been called the friend of man, and we may call the Hafflinger man's playmate.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new book by W. H. Mallock is announced for publication at an early day. Its title is "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption."

—The death is announced of Mr. H. D. Traill, one of the most estimable of contemporary English writers. He was the real literary god-father of Mr. Francis Thompson, the poet.

—The Boston *Journal of Education* thinks—so do we—that "Bishop Spalding comes nearer being an essayist in education than any other American." "Education and the Higher Life" is now in its eighth thousand; "Things of the Mind" is in its fifth. And these are books that do not have a "run" like popular novels: their sale is slow and steady.

—We hear that the magnificent collection of old books and curios owned by Mr. Charles Gunther of Chicago is to become the property of the City by the Lake. This collection is one of the richest in the United States, and includes among other literary treasures a copy of the "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum," a universal atlas, dated 1573, in which North America is faintly and inaccurately sketched. Copies of this work are exceedingly rare.

—Although the "Exile of Erin" and "Lead, Kindly Light," are among the best-known poems in the language, most persons, it would seem, are under the impression that the former was written by Moore, and that "The Pillar of the Cloud," with an additional stanza, is only another version of Cardinal Newman's celebrated hymn. The fact is that Thomas Campbell, the Glasgow poet, wrote the "Exile of Erin"; and the fourth stanza of "Lead, Kindly Light," beginning,

Meanwhile along the narrow, rugged path,

was written by the Anglican bishop of Exeter. Newman once referred to this superfluous stanza as "an unwarranted *addendum* by another pen."

—"Rather neat" is the San Francisco *Monitor's* characterization of the following commonplace notice addressed to its forgetful subscribers by a Catholic paper in Canada. The reference to Lent and Easter is certainly delicate and discriminating. We think the *Monitor* should have named the exemplar of urbanity who writes thus:

We have a number of friends who kindly encourage us by subscribing for our paper, and who afford us the pleasure of addressing them every week. Throughout the year they are possibly too busy to reflect upon the needs of a newspaper, and they overlook the fact that a subscription supposes the payment of money, of the amount subscribed. Now, while

these good people are overhauling the past, during the Lenten season, we would kindly remind them of our small claim, and of our desire to celebrate Easter with that contentment which is born of security and success.

—Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman" is the latest addition to the Eclectic School Readings published by the American Book Co. The work is slightly abridged and there are no notes.

—Messrs. James Duffy & Co. have issued a new edition of "Fletcher's Prudent Christian," revised by the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P. This little book was a favorite with former generations of Catholics and well deserved its popularity. We welcome a revised edition of so excellent a book. It consists of a series of considerations on the importance and happiness of attending to the great affair of salvation.

—"First Days in School" and "Big People and Little People of Other Lands," published by the American Book Co., are among the most attractive-looking books for primary schools that we have ever seen. Text, illustrations, paper, printing and binding are all that could be desired. Both of these primers are intended for the first school year and are well calculated to interest children of tender age—to interest them in the things of this world only. As regards religion, both books are absolutely colorless.

—From Cardinal Vaughan's Lenten Pastoral—a wholly admirable document, which we have read with singular pleasure—we abstract the following trenchant statement of the rights and duties of the Catholic press:

Catholic journals are perfectly free to take any line they please in matters purely political and national—in literature, science, art, the debatable ground of sociology, and other subjects which have not been decided by the Church. Herein they are free as all are free. There can be no desire to fetter their liberty within these ample domains, when language and temper are kept within the bounds of propriety. But when it comes to questions directly concerning religion, such as the policy of the Church, the character and conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff, of the Roman Congregations, of the cardinals *in curia*, of bishops in their official capacity, of the laws and discipline of the Church, of the clergy in the discharge of their appointed ecclesiastical duties, the case is altogether different. This is holy ground. The Church is governed by a Hierarchy, not by a House of Commons. Her constitution is divine, and not dependent, like a political machine, upon popular agitation and the see-saw of public opinion. Bishops have received a divine mandate to rule and govern their flock. They are teachers and judges in matters of faith, moral conduct, and ecclesiastical discipline. It is chiefly for them to determine the policy to be followed in defence or furtherance of Catholic claims. The appeal against them is

not to the people, but to ecclesiastical tribunals and to the Sovereign Pontiff.

The office and the honor of a Catholic journalist is religiously to follow the lead of the Church in matters that concern the Church; to strengthen her action upon the world; to defend the faith and Catholic interests with skill and with courage; *sentire cum ecclesia* in all things; so to inform and convince his readers that they may intelligently and joyfully co-operate with the episcopate, and thus present to outsiders the spectacle of a Church knit together not only in one faith, but in the discipline of a common spirit. But if a Catholic journal habitually fail in its mission, by weakening respect for authority, by cooling the allegiance of Catholics, by sowing suspicious, doubts, discord, and scandals among the faithful, by opening its columns to the propagation of false and mischievous theories, by fostering a proud spirit of independence and of carping criticism in the sphere of religion, its circulation becomes noxious, like the spread of a plague or a pest. And then what is to be done? If good counsel fail, the priests and the people have the remedy in their own hand by ceasing to support it. . . .

The Catholic press in these days has indeed a high and noble mission, open to the well-instructed Catholic layman as to the priest. It seems to have become a necessary adjunct to the spiritual influences which generate and protect fervor and loyalty among the children of the Church, and spread the light of faith and the just claims of the Church even beyond her own pale. You ought therefore, almost as a religious duty, to value the Catholic press, to exact of it the true Catholic ring and spirit, and to promote its circulation whenever it faithfully fulfils its mission,—and this without being too hard upon it if, through oversight, pressure of time or accident, there occur an occasional slip or an error of judgment.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.
Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.

The Dark Ages. *Dr. Mailland.* \$3.

The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, net.

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, net.

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary P. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1 10, net.

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Rev. J. Rickaby, S. J.* 95 cts., net.

Home Truths for Mary's Children. \$1, net.

Daily Thoughts for Priests. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$1.

The Holy Gospel according to Saint John. *Rev. John McIntyre, D. D.* \$1.25.

The Red Book of Animal Stories. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

Studies in Literature. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 60 cts., net.

The Catechism Explained. *Rev. Francis Spirago. Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.* \$2.50, net.



THE RESURRECTION.
(COROT.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 14, 1900.

NO. 15.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Our Risen King.

FROM THE LATIN OF FORTUNATUS.

HAIL, thou day, through all the ages!

Festal day, when, strong to save,
Jesus, over hell victorious,
Rose to glory from the grave.

Thanks break forth from all creation,
With the all-reviving spring;
Earth her choicest gifts returning,
All to hail her rising King.

At the feet of Him who conquered
Death, and made hell's squadrons fly,
Leaf and blade of plain and woodland,
Buds and blossoms, lowly lie.

Cloud and sunbeam, field and ocean,
Sing to Him who burst those bars,
As above the sky He riseth
To His throne beyond the stars.

When the Crucified, triumphant
Over all His sceptre sways,
Tribute to Him, as Creator,
All created being pays.

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

VI.—OUR LADY IN EASTERTIDE.

QUITE as appropriate as the honor paid to the Mother of God during Advent and Christmas-tide is the veneration we offer her at the joyous Paschal season. If the feast of Easter brought joy to the whole of creation,* Our Lady's share

therein must have been boundless. The prophetic words of David, "According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart, thy comforts have given joy to my soul,"* found their perfect fulfilment in the soul of Mary on the morning of Easter Day. Of all creatures, she had shared most fully in the bitter sorrow of her Divine Son; and thus it was but seemly that she should participate more perfectly than any other in the gladness of His resurrection.

On Good Friday evening, when Christ's sacred body had been laid in the tomb, the devout company of holy women went their way to mourn in secret the death of their Master, and also to rest, according to the command, during the coming Sabbath. But our Blessed Lady, who had penetrated more fully than others into the secret mysteries of God, gave herself wholly to prayer, "looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."† Her sorrow was great even as the sea; nevertheless, she did not fail to realize that weeping shall have place in the evening, but in the morning gladness.‡ On that first Holy Saturday, faith in the future resurrection of Christ was found in one heart only, and that was Mary's.

There is an opinion, apparently of unanimous acceptance in the Church, that Our Lord on rising again went first to visit His Blessed Mother, in order

* "In Thy resurrection, O Christ, heaven and earth shall rejoice!"—At Lauds for Eastertide.

* Ps. xciii, 19.

† Tit. ii, 13.

‡ Ps. xxix, 6.

to gladden her with the sight of His glorified humanity. It is true there is no record of this apparition in the Gospels, but this very silence may be regarded as a homage paid to Mary's unshaken faith. The several appearances of Our Lord after His resurrection narrated by the Evangelists were intended, firstly, to establish faith in the hearts of the disciples; secondly, to afford a means to the Apostles of bearing unquestionable testimony to this great truth in their preaching afterward. But in Our Lady's case these reasons had no place. It is deserving of notice, too, that St. Mary Magdalene was not sent to the Blessed Mother, who already knew the fact, but to the disciples, who were incredulous.

As far as we know, our Blessed Lady did not actually witness the resurrection of her Divine Son; but no doubt, at the moment when the sacred body framed in her virginal womb put on immortality, she experienced such an inundation of joy, and an assurance more certain than sight itself. Language can not paint the transport of Mary's heart when first she saw her risen Son. There was probably ample time before the coming of Magdalene to the tomb for long and loving converse; and it is reasonable to think that the band of the blessed redeemed who accompanied Our Lord were visible also to Our Lady.* The uncatholic idea that Christ had no dealings with His Blessed Mother after the resurrection is irreverent and disrespectful in the highest degree.

The tradition of the Church regarding Our Lord's apparition to Mary is perpetuated in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, in which a special chapel, used by the Franciscans as their choir, is said to stand on the spot where this greeting took place.† Before the altar of

this chapel it is customary to chant the antiphon *Regina Cœli* early on Easter morning, as a memorial of the event.

It would indeed be difficult to surpass the honor paid by the Church to the solemnity of Our Lord's resurrection yet even on this greatest of days Our Lady's name appears over the Introit of the Mass in the Roman liturgy. Her principal church in Rome, St. Mary Major, is the one selected for the place of "station" on Easter morning. This is evidently another expression of the ancient tradition to which allusion has just been made. This basilica, to which the faithful are invited in order to worship their risen Saviour, stands in the very centre of the Eternal City, and its foundation dates back to the fourth century.

One of the most prominent features of the veneration of our Blessed Lady during Eastertide is the frequent use in the Divine Office of the well-known antiphon *Regina Cœli*. This Paschal antiphon is repeated at the conclusion of the canonical hours from the eve of Easter till the octave of Pentecost. It also takes the place of the Angelus during the same period. A venerable tradition attributes the origin of this antiphon to an episode during the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great. A fearful pestilence was raging in Rome, and, in order to appease the divine anger, St. Gregory arranged that a picture of the Blessed Virgin should be carried in procession through the city. As the procession drew near the road which leads immediately to St. Peter's, where a famous bridge now stands, angelic voices were heard chanting above the image of the Queen of Heaven, and this was their song: "*Regina cœli, lætare, alleluia. Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia. Resurrexit, sicut dixit, alleluia.*" When the heavenly harmony ceased, St. Gregory, regaining confidence,

* "Mother of the Church," Coleridge.

† "Pilgrim's Handbook," Hamme.

added: "*Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.*"*

Thus originated Our Lady's Paschal anthem. Forthwith the Pontiff raised his eyes toward heaven, and high above the Mole of Hadrian he beheld the destroying angel sheathing his sword, thereby signifying that the plague had ceased. The statue of an angel above the famous Castle Sant' Angelo perpetuates the memory of this miracle.

The Roman Missal provides a special votive Mass in honor of Our Lady, which may be said during Paschal time. The Gospel of this Mass contains the account of the commendation of Mary to the Church in the person of the Beloved Disciple. Should it happen that the Saturdays are free during Eastertide for the office *De Beata Maria Virgine in Sabbato*, the *Regina Cœli* would form the antiphon of the *Magnificat* at Vespers, and of the *Benedictus* at Lauds.†

A further proof of the Church's veneration of Mary at this season is evinced by the fact that on all days which happen to be below the rank of a double feast, the rubrics prescribe that the second collect in the Mass should be the familiar *Concede* in honor of our Blessed Lady,—the reason alleged by Gavantus being that the feasts of the Son are also feasts of the Mother.‡

During later ages a pious custom has been introduced among the faithful, with the sanction of the Church, of keeping the entire month of May as sacred to the Blessed Virgin. It need hardly be noted that May invariably coincides with the Paschal season. This devout practice of honoring Our Lady during the beautiful month of May, although highly commended and indulged by ecclesiastical authority,§ forms no part of the Church's liturgy.

Our Lady's spouse is also venerated by a special festival during the glad season of Easter. This celebration of the Patronage of St. Joseph originated with the Carmelites toward the close of the eighteenth century. The permission to keep the feast, originally granted to the Order of Mount Carmel, was afterward extended to several dioceses; and finally, in 1847, the festival was ordered to be kept throughout the universal Church. Sunday was chosen as its fixed day, so that the faithful might be compelled, in a sense, to observe it.* In most countries the obligation of hearing Mass and resting from servile works has been removed from the feast on the 19th of March. Then again, as the Feast of St. Joseph invariably falls in Lent, it is somewhat shorn of its proper solemnity; whereas the new Feast of the Patronage is blended with the joys of Easter.

Although no festival of Our Lady is to be found inscribed in the general calendar at this particular season, there exist several feasts of local observance, which have been sanctioned by our holy mother the Church with the object of increasing devotion to her who is essentially the "cause of our joy." Chief among these, on account of its more general celebration, must be ranked Our Lady Help of Christians, which falls on May 24. Its object is to commemorate all the favors which Christendom has received through Mary's intercession; but more especially the victorious entry of Pope Pius VII. into Rome, in 1814, after five years' captivity under Napoleon. This restoration of the pontifical sovereignty was regarded as an almost miraculous answer to prayer, hence the institution of the festival.†

When the Pontiff re-entered Rome, the entire population went forth to meet him, holding palm-branches and shouting hosannas of enthusiastic joy. All this is

* "Liturgical Year," Paschal Time, vol. i, p. 111.

† Brev. Rom. pars Verna.

‡ Gavantus—Meratus, vol. i, p. 101.

§ New Raccolta, p. 251.

* "Liturgical Year."

† Ibid.

beautifully expressed in the Vesper hymn of the Office. The title Help of Christians, so dear to the faithful, had been added to the Litany of Loreto many years before by St. Pius V., as a memorial of the Christian victory at Lepanto.*

Another feast of the Mother of God falling, as a rule, in Paschal time, is that of Good Counsel.† The sweet picture of Our Lady under this title is familiar to every Catholic, and the devotion toward it has borne fruit in many hearts.

A very ancient commemoration of Mary during the Easter season is to be found noted in the Roman Martyrology on May 13, and is usually known as *Sancta Maria ad Martyres*. The celebration was instituted by St. Boniface IV., in memory of the dedication to Christian worship of the Pantheon, a heathen temple built by Marcus Agrippa. The following is a translation of the commemoration in our Martyrology: "At Rome the dedication of the Church of St. Mary *ad Martyres*. This church, formerly a pagan temple called Pantheon, was consecrated by Blessed Boniface IV., during the reign of Phocas, in honor of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary and all martyrs, after it had been purified from the worship of all the gods."‡ This must have taken place about the year 610. The fact is an important one, as it celebrates the final victory of Christianity over paganism; and the Mother of God is rightly associated with so glorious a work. It may be noted that this dedication contains the germ which ultimately developed into the Feast of All Saints.§

Our own day has witnessed the institution of several minor feasts of Mary during Paschaltide. These are peculiar to certain dioceses and religious congregations; and, notwithstanding the fact

that they are not of general observance, they furnish ample evidence of special devotion to our Heavenly Queen. The following are mentioned in the appendix of the latest Missals: On the first Sunday of May, the Mother of the Divine Pastor. This feast has probably been suggested by the Gospel of the Good Shepherd, read on the second Sunday after Easter. The Humility of the Blessed Virgin, which feast occurs on the 12th of May, and Our Lady of Grace, on the 15th of May, suggest the thought of a desire to make the liturgy harmonize with the honoring of Mary during the month of May.

Lastly, reference may be made to Our Lady *de Misericordia*, a title which has furnished certain churches with reasons for instituting a special feast, to be kept on Rogation Monday.

Clients of our Blessed Lady will gather from the foregoing notice that even during this most solemn period of the ecclesiastical year, when the Church is so much engaged in celebrating the triumphant resurrection of her Redeemer, the honor due to the Mother of God is not neglected. While expressing gratification on account of this veneration, may we also learn to realize more deeply than ever before that Jesus and Mary are inseparable in the sacred liturgy!

IF a little money is taken from us we make ourselves miserable, and all the while we are permitting the wealth which enriches the mind to slip from us as though it were the dirt from which the gold has been sifted.

—Bishop Spalding.

THE Resurrection banner of triumph over death is freely met with in old pictures representing the Risen Lord. It is of pure white, very long in proportion to its width, and has a red cross upon it.

* Ibid.

† 26th of April.

‡ Martyrol. Rom., 13 Maii.

§ Martene, "De Antiqua Eccl. Discip." p. 587.

Among the Lilies.

A YOUNG girl was kneeling in front of a great sheaf of lilies, tying them together with a piece of fish cord. She was tall and dark, with Oriental eyes, deep, pure and solemn. But her mobile lips, half-parted over small, beautiful teeth, were almost childlike in their sweetness.

"Persis," said a voice beside her, "you would make a pretty picture so. Lilies in front of you, lilies in the background—lilies everywhere. Lady of the Lilies—that would be a good name for it."

She did not move, but looked up at him, smiling.

"What a faculty you have always of appearing in unexpected places at unusual times!" she said. "I thought you were in London."

"So I was this morning; but I found I couldn't stand it any longer, and so decided to come down for Easter. I knew you had come home; of course that influenced me."

He was smiling down at her as she looked up at him.

"Who told you?" she asked.

"Nora wrote me."

"Did she?" inquired the girl, a slight expression of annoyance clouding her bright face as she stood up, her work finished. "Nora has changed toward me, Herbert."

"But you know why."

"Yes, but I thought her more sensible."

"She probably thought the same of you, Persis."

"Call me Mary," she rejoined.

"Is that your new name?"

"Not my *new* name," replied the girl.

"I was baptized Mary."

"Oh! were you? At the convent?"

"No: by your own father, at St. Wilfrid's. And I like it best."

"It sounds strange, but I don't object

to it. It seems to suit you. You would make a typical Madonna."

"Herbert!" exclaimed the girl, a pink flush suffusing her cheeks. "It seems almost a sacrilege to hear you talk so."

"Not at all," he answered, gravely. "I meant it. Give me those lilies: I will carry them for you. What are you going to do with them?"

"Decorate the altar for Easter."

"St. Wilfrid's?"

"No: St. Bridget's."

"Oh!"—with a slight gesture of impatience—"I might have known it, of course. But I keep forgetting. Why did you do it, Mary?"

She gave him a swift little smile, in acknowledgment of his deference to her wishes, as she replied:

"I could not have helped it. At first I rebelled—that is, when I was becoming convinced. Afterward, when I had given in, I was happy. And I am happy still: I feel like a new creature."

"How long have you been a Roman Catholic?" he asked.

"Just six months. But I have been thinking of it nearly three years."

"How long were you at the convent?"

"Four years."

"Didn't they influence you?"

"Not a bit, except by example."

"It is hard to believe it. Of course, being very young and inexperienced, you would not know," he said.

She laughed joyously.

"Herbert! The same old cut-and-dried arguments! And the only ones. Well, everybody says the same thing."

"It is a wonder Aunt Emily gave you house room," he went on, with a comical wrinkling of the brows.

"In her place you would not have done it, perhaps," she remarked, with a mischievous smile.

His face grew suddenly grave.

"I! Nothing in the world would make me so happy as to believe that we were

always to spend our lives under the same roof. Surely you know that I love you—Mary.”

She stood still, her arms full of lilies.

“Love me!” she cried. “O Herbert!”

She was distressed and pained.

“Yes, love you,—I have always loved you. I did not mean to speak until I had finished reading for orders. But this fad of yours has upset me very much. It complicates matters.”

The girl frowned, a trifle vexed at his manner.

“Do not speak of it again,” she said.

“It is impossible.”

“Impossible! Why?”

“Until this moment I never dreamed of such a thing. If I had, the situation is now entirely changed. Herbert, fancy a clergyman of the Church of England with a Catholic wife!”

“I won’t fancy anything of the kind. Of course this delusion of yours will not last long. After the madness has spent its course, everything will be all right again,—I am certain of it.”

“You do not lack assurance, Herbert,” she replied, proudly. “I am sorry this has occurred, however; we have always been such good friends,” the girl added, slackening her pace; for they were now in sight of the little Catholic chapel.

“Persis—I shan’t call you Mary,—won’t you even think of it?”

“No, not for a moment,” she said.

“You seem just like my brother.

“There is no tie of blood,” he pleaded.

“Your stepmother married my father. But for that legacy of your Catholic great-aunt which condemned you to a convent school for all these years, everything would have been in my favor.”

“Never!” she rejoined. “Even on your side I believe it to be nothing but a fleeting fancy. *Don’t change everything* for me, Herbert!”

She looked at him with a soft glance of supplication in her dark eyes.

“It is you, Persis, who have changed everything!” he said, sadly. “Here, take your lilies! I’m not going in *there*.”

And, pulling his cap over his eyes, he strode rapidly away.

Easter again, and Mary Brenton is standing in the midst of the lilies in the rectory garden. The young man beside her is her companion of a year ago.

“I think it is so lovely in your father to let me have these lilies for the chapel,” she observed. “I am almost ashamed to take them.”

“You needn’t be,” answered Herbert. “He gives them with a good-will.”

“He feels your decision very much,” said Mary, a little timidly.

“But *you* know why I made it, don’t you?” he asked.

“No, I do not,” she said. “Had you religious doubts?”

“Religious fiddlesticks!” he responded. “Once I thought that a man ought to be *called*, so to speak. But I think so no longer. It is a profession, that is all. I can save my soul as well at the law, with the chance of having you for my wife, Persis.”

She grew pale.

“Herbert!” she said, slowly. “A year ago I told you it was impossible; and I thought you had quite given it up.”

“But I haven’t. I shall not interfere with you in the least. You can be a Mahometan, if you please. But I can’t live without you.”

“Herbert!” she said. “I did not think you cared so much. I can not bear to hurt you, but I must. Next month I am to enter the novitiate at Abbanhurst. Your father and Aunt Emily already know.”

“And they are willing to let you go?”

“They may not like it, but they can not help it,” she replied. “They are both too good not to be just. They have been very kind.”

He covered his face with his hands, for he was young—not more than twenty-two. It seemed to her that he would never look up again; for she, too, was only past nineteen.

"Herbert!" she exclaimed, after some moments. "Herbert! Won't you say a word to me?"

He lifted his head and looked at her, standing, pale and slender, amid the lilies blooming about her on every side.

"You will do it, Persis!" he said, in a strange, suppressed voice; "you will do it! Living and dying, you will be what you have always been since the day we saw you first—gentle as a dove, but firm as iron."

And so he left her.

Twenty times the Easter lilies have bloomed and faded since that morning in the quaint old English garden. It is Holy Saturday, and Sister Theodora is arranging with deft fingers the pure white, yellow-hearted flowers into soft pyramids of beauty for the altar of the Spouse and King. Her name befits her well; for in the Southern American city where she has lived for many a year she has been a veritable gift of God, not only to her fellow-workers, but among those to whom she so cheerfully ministers. Time has scarcely touched the clear olive complexion nor dimmed the lustre of the deep dark eyes.

At the same hour, while God's pure white, living jewels grow into shapes of beauty beneath her hands, each touch a benediction, each loving glance a prayer, a man is walking slowly down a shaded path in a rectory garden, thousands of miles away. He is tall and straight and strong,—at once a worker and a scholar. He is an ideal Protestant clergyman, adored by his flock. This is the rector's favorite walk, and he enjoys it undisturbed; for the Rev. Herbert Chenoweth has never married.

An old gnarled bench stands against a tree; he moves it forward, and, sitting down, remains for some moments wrapped in thought. Not sad, it may be supposed, for his eyes are smiling; not regretful, for his brow is unclouded and serene. And yet was that the stirring of the breeze among the leaves, or the faintest echo of an unconscious sigh? At length, half poising his cane in midair, he says:

"It was there she stood,—just there; pale, solemn, radiant, among the lilies, that no hand shall disturb from this quiet corner while I live. And she was the sweetest, fairest, purest lily of them all!"

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

X.

Gold, gold, gold, gold,

Bright and yellow, hard and cold!

—Hood, "*Miss Kilmansegg*."

WHO has not read those delicious pages of Washington Irving in which he vents a gentle satire on the treasure-hunters of Sleepy Hollow? Would that the Wizard of the Hudson could live again, to look upon Oak Island and see how the ancient passion of hidden wealth still holds in its grasp the hearts of men! What sweet mirth, what deep human sympathy, what golden words he would find to put before us the little island just off Chester on which, for nearly a century, men have groped and excavated in search of the mythical treasure of Captain Kidd! Company after company has been formed to solve the mystery of the "money-pit,"—a great hole in the ground which seems to offer traces of former human labor, of an effectual design to hide from all others some precious possession. The countless efforts to discover the buried wealth of that old Scotch Scourer of the Seas have

ceased along the shores of Connecticut and Long Island only to concentrate on Oak Island, where all that modern ingenuity can devise has been brought into play in order to extract from its obstinate retreat a supposed hoard of coin and jewels, whether the robberies of Kidd, or of Spanish and Portuguese congeners, no one knows surely.

Engines, dredges, men and horses, work ceaselessly at this yawning gap, clearing out mud and sand, yet never lowering a certain level of water,—or if they do, still condemned to see a fresh flood pour in suddenly and compel them to resume their weary task. Here are Tantalus and Ixion in modern guise; here the mediæval hunt for the Rheingold; here the pursuit of the Golden Fleece. The pastures of the Rand, the frozen soil of the Klondike, the hills of Montana, may tempt the majority of gold-seekers,—this sad remnant clings forever to its delusion with a tenacity worthy of a better purpose. The good money squandered on a few acres would have made a railroad along these inaccessible shores or built up new industries, and caused what is yet a wilderness to blossom into a high degree of prosperity.

As I watched the bootless work of these strange "Toilers of the Sea," I thought of a wonderful series of pictures which I once saw in a foreign gallery, wherein was pictured with naïve and eloquent art the gradual downfall of an alchemist from lettered ease and domestic comfort to poverty, despair, and the mad-house. We smile at the evident folly of the fifteenth century alchemist, some desperate Gilles de Retz, driven to the last extremities of endeavor by that common scarcity of gold, and the incredibly increasing need, which Michelet has so well painted. Yet in what was he more worthy of pity than the grave modern man who hopes to conjure up from the bowels of Oak Island a vague

treasure that he does not know to exist?

Can we not imagine old Timon of Athens digging aimlessly with his poor mattock for the daily food which Nature loaned him, and coming suddenly upon a glittering hoard of Spanish doubloons and rare jewels of Mexico or Peru? Would not his heart swell with fierce wrath at the sight of this false root of evil, the handiwork of man, this "ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer," "this visible god that solder'st close impossibilities, and makes them kiss"? With what loud irony he would declare that this god is worship'd in a baser temple than where swine feed, and that its saints merit forever to be crowned with plagues!

What is here?

Gold,—yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods! I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this will make black white; foul, fair; Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

Ha, you gods, why this? What this, you gods? why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides; Pluck stout men's pillows from beneath their heads; This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd; Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves, And give them title, knee and approbation With senators on the bench!

Here are extremes. And it would be hard to say that the fierce flouting of money from the lips of ex-spendthrift Timon was less blameworthy than the adoration of the "yellow slave" by Harpagon. In both cases we have a violent selfishness, and a total absence of that spirit of moderation common alike to the Christian religion and the best Greek philosophy.

O blessed Equity, mankind's delight,
The eternal friend of conduct, just and right,

Hating excess, to equal deeds inclin'd;
Wisdom and virtue, of whate'er degree,
Receive their proper bound alone in thee.*

Money is the condition of progress and civilization, the symbol of human

* "The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus," by Thomas Taylor. p. 126.

energy and confidence, the whetstone of many a natural virtue like frugality, industry, endurance. The individual, the family, the state, the Church, remain forever "cribb'd, cabin'd and confin'd" without the services of the "yellow slave." In the mystical detachment of an almost angelic nature, St. Francis of Assisi looked askance at money and science,* because of the wretched abuse made of them; yet he could not but know that Jesus Christ had caused St. Peter to pay the coin of tribute for both Master and disciple; that Himself had commanded the payment to Cæsar of his just dues; that He had accepted money alms and given them to a disciple to keep for common use; that He had deigned to see His sacred person sold for thirty pieces of silver.

There is a vast difference between Timon and the "Poverello di Cristo": in the former the contempt of money is equivalent to the hate of mankind for its own congenital weakness and inconstancy; in the latter the contempt of money is equivalent to the setting free of the spirit from all that the abuse of money stands for — materialism, naturalism, the unopposed triumph of pure worldliness, the extinction of charity, the denial of Jesus Christ. An undiscerning approval of Timon would mean the reign of barbarism; a too strict insistence on the example of St. Francis would show how far from the angelic state are our poor human societies; and that their vital sap, though no noble ichor, is still of necessity the current of wealth, the element of private property.

XI.

Standing on the site of La Hève, and remembering the persistent but vain efforts of Frenchmen to create here a centre of trade and civilization, one is led to wonder at the total collapse of French power in Nova Scotia about the middle of the last century. Certainly the fault lay not in the men who led the hopes of France. Her officers, like Villebon and Subercase, were gentlemen of merit and bravery; her soldiers were men of endurance and military skill; her plans were well laid and according to the lessons of experience. Her engineers could build a Port Royal and a Louisbourg, the marvels of the New World; and her mariners could fight with as much desperation as any others. Nevertheless, from the opening of the century, it was plain that her star had set in Acadie.

The neutrality affected by her own children was a near cause of her downfall; it affected every plan of defence or attack in a thinly peopled land, and reduced to a minimum military efforts and expenditures. Trader, merchant, farmer from the beginning, the Boer of the seventeenth century, the Acadian had ever been by descent and inclination a man of peace. The dangers of the forest and the sea he would brave, but aggressive and prolonged warfare was not to his taste. There was much of the Quaker in him, of the primitive anti-militarism of the Christian. The Indian Micmac loved and trusted him, and secured him peace. The sea-power of the English and the "Bostonnais" was overwhelming; his one capital—Port Royal—he could never defend against them; only, behind him lay the deep, majestic forest, into which he could "trek" if he grew weary of their rule. Another serious cause of the French weakness was the paucity of their population. At the end of the seventeenth century there were scarcely

* "Verus amicus et imitator Christi Franciscus omnia quæ mundi sunt perfecte despiciens super omnia exsecratur pecuniam, ad fugiendum ipsam tanquam diabolum fratres suos verbo et exemplo induxit. Hæc enim solertia data erat fratribus ut stercus et pecuniâ uno amoris pretio ponderarent." Fra Leone, *Speculum Perfectionis*, ii. 14. (Ed. Sabatier, p. 31, 1898.) Also in *Legenda Trium Sociorum*. (Rome, 1899; c. xxii, pp. 112, 113.)

1000 French settlers at Port Royal, while all New France could not show much more than 11,000. And in 1755, on the eve of the Battle of Quebec, there were only 50,000 souls in all the French possessions. The English colonies had then a population of about 1,000,000.

It was these aggressive, interfering men of Boston who gave to the Acadian little or no rest, and who decided his fate. For them the English government built Halifax; for them it had long winked at the colossal piracies of its colonial officials,—nothing new for the countrymen of Drake and Vernon. It sheltered them against the responsibilities of many a Jameson Raid whose coarse injustice no Froude or Parkman can successfully enamel. Then, as now, the fisheries drew men from the coasts of New England; the strong envied the weak. A shrewd observer might foretell that only one nation, Albion, could remain mistress of these fruitful seas.

The Frenchman had not lived up to the ideals of De Monts, Lescarbot, and Poutrincourt; he had done comparatively little to break up the vast Acadian forest, to till and fill the land. Hence there was no local backbone to his resistance in the hour of need. Only fish and peltries seemed of value; the eternal law of the soil was unknown or forgotten by the people which in Europe exhausted all its possibilities or suggestions. The lordly moose, the graceful deer, the fleet caribou, the mackerel, the cod, and the lobster,—these were the means of enrichment in a time when modern inventions had not yet lifted mining to the rank of a great science. For over a century the quarrels and bickerings of a few semi-feudatory *concessionnaires* held good arable lands tied up, or prevented a free and unhampered exploitation of forests, fisheries, and mines. D'Aulnay and De la Tour seemed to assert from their graves a kind of

mortmain over all Nova Scotia, and the juridical situation created by De Monts in 1604 was not extinguished until the end of the eighteenth century. The land grants were poorly or never surveyed,—conflicting, overlapping, and their protection in the home courts uncertain or expensive. Stern justice was unknown in the French administration of colonial affairs; hence that great civilian, Nicholas Denys, could say that “mutual envy” destroyed the French power in Acadia; and Broullan asserted in 1701 that it “was ever a land of discord.”

Had the Benedictines of St. Maur accepted (1685) the invitation of the Bishop of Quebec to settle in Acadia, how different the fate of the people might have been! As it was, the missionaries—Jesuits, Recollets, Sulpitians, Priests of the (Quebec) Foreign Missions,—had no permanent centre of settlement, were frequently changed, were few in number, and overworked. The benefits of an orderly religious administration were wanting. Had there been from the beginning a bishop at Port Royal and a local clergy, it is not improbable that the French colonization of Acadia would have gone on at a more rapid pace, and the influences of the Church been exercised in a more beneficial and durable manner.

It is wrong to say that the French were not good colonists. They were excellent material—sober, patient, industrious, ingenious. Long before the end of the seventeenth century the Acadians were famous for the use of the axe and the adze; they were then what the French Canadians are to-day—born carpenters and lumbermen. The *abatteaux* that saved the narrow ligature of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the mighty dykes of the Basin of Minas, show them capable of notable enterprises. Had there been any local centres of free initiative, independent from within and without, the fine brains of the Razillys,

the Denys, and so many others might have evolved a government not inferior to that of New England. But a false view of the function of colonies obtained then in the Latin lands of France and Spain; and indeed in England, so far as the royal prerogative could be enforced. They were held to be markets for the sale of home products, as we now look on the Orient; or penal stations; or, at the best, fortified coigns of vantage for missions or trade or scarcely concealed piracy. It never entered into the mind of the statesmen of Europe that a colony was the legitimate child of the parent nation, entitled to a place in the sunlight, to freedom, to live and prosper. If such a notion existed at all, it lurked in the brains and hearts of churchmen, unable to carry it into civil effect. Europe learned that truth only after the facts which gave rise to the legend of John Bull and his son Jonathan.

While the state-philosophy of England was not superior in regard to her colonies to that of any other European state, the colonies of France suffered what New England escaped through the domestic revolutions of the parent isle—the yoke of oppressive monopolies, sustained by royal favor and by the corruption of the court. In France the extremes of feudalism and absolutism met in one too long and too memorable reign; and few students of history will maintain that the authors of "The Golden Dog" and the "Seats of the Mighty" have overdone the venality and the collusion of officials, the wrongs of the colonists, or the ignorance of economic laws, that mark the century of misrule in which France miscalculated and exhausted her political vocation in the New World.

Withal, the chief cause of the failure of the costly French enterprises in Acadia

was the fatuous policy of Louis XIV. with regard to the Spanish Succession. To this must be ascribed the parsimony of subsidy and the political indifference that ruined the colonial ventures of his subjects. The old Augustan idea of empire, such as it had emerged from the Middle Ages, was never absent from his mind. Through him the Seine should behold a world-empire upon its banks, as great as the Tiber or the Rhine had ever seen. To realize this superb dream he made an illustrious struggle, and carved his name very high upon the pillars of fame, there to shine so long as fame is a monopoly of Bellona. But his ambition was greater than the strength of his people, and was brought low by the same strong hand from the North that was so soon to humiliate the Corsican heir of all his projects. From Turin to Quebec, for half a century, the civilized world was one shambles through this ill-advised and stormy ambition of the Sun-King. When the curtain fell upon the bloody stage, it fell upon an abused, exhausted and impoverished France, the prey of famine, pest, and poverty, of endless vice and corruption; too weak to renovate herself easily and from within, let alone take up anew the "white man's burden" so lightly administered by her amid those *quelques arpents de neige* that the brilliant ignorance of Voltaire caricatured to relieve the conscience of the salons. And so, as at Hastings, one historic battle sufficed to close a century and a half of the great deeds and noble aspirations of illustrious men of France, who failed only because of too close and rigid a connection with an unworthy, distant and incapable government. The career of Frenchmen in the New World is very glorious, a chapter of golden romance; the career of France will long remain an enigma.

The Paschal Flower.

GOOD FRIDAY night, by lanterns' light,
They hid it in the tomb;
On Easter morn, with life new-born,
The Flower was all abloom.

S. H.

The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XXII.

IT was midnight. At the Hôtel Trois-Couronnes, facing the old Gothic cathedral, the gas had been extinguished. At one of the windows on the first floor the flickering light of a candle threw its wavering shadows on the curtain. In this dimly lighted chamber a young man was impatiently pacing the floor, waiting for the dawn. It was Jean Raz, who had aged by ten years seemingly during the three days since he had left his home. Life had ceased to interest him. Death would have been welcome; and if he did not voluntarily seek it, it was because he was withheld by a last remnant of faith and a desire to atone for his errors. He accepted existence, but he could find no consolation. Prus realized this fact, and during the three days that Jean remained at Wolka the two men sat for hours without speaking a word.

Such a situation could not be prolonged. Jean resolved to leave Europe, to cross the ocean and seek in the New World self-forgetfulness in labor. He vaguely felt that a life of toil imposed itself upon him as a law of redemption. Under foreign skies he could shake off his individuality with his name. Jean Raz would be heard of no more; he was dead to his country and to all those who had ever known him.

He confided his projects to no one. He had enough money to keep him from want for a few months. He made the

necessary preparations for his departure; and, profiting by Sigismond's absence, he hired a neighboring peasant to take his effects to the city, going on foot himself. He dreaded the pain of a farewell; and, moreover, he suspected that Sigismond would want to accompany him. He felt that he had neither the right to condemn his friend to exile nor the desire to accept the sacrifice. What he wished was isolation, — absolute forgetfulness of the past.

The train for the frontier left at day-break. Meanwhile he paced the floor, a prey to reflections that would not be banished. He thought of his last night-ride across the country, when, as now, the breezes sighed through the tops of the tall poplar trees. He felt that something had died within him since that time—his heart and his love. Henceforth he could feel no thrill at the thought of Rachel; no anguish, no regret. Ah, why had not the stream borne him to his death? He almost cursed Jacob Lewin for having saved him.

He walked up to the window and looked out on the square. A profound peace enveloped everything. The clock in the steeple struck, and its tones made long vibrations in the night air. When he had been waiting for Rachel under the willows on the river-bank, these tones had fallen upon his ear like music heard from a distance, borne along by the waters of the river. He was astonished at the persistence of these souvenirs of Rachel, brought to his mind, doubtless, by the instinct of habit. He began pacing again, hoping to drive away the haunting thoughts. Then he fancied he heard sounds outside—something like the rustling of a dress, and stealthy footsteps approaching and retreating by turns. He listened, but the sounds ceased. He had evidently been deceived by his senses.

He again took up his station at the window. The moon had risen, and the

two towers of the cathedral threw long shadows on the pavement. Strange thoughts surged through his brain. Was not what was commonly called life in reality death, and did not life begin only with death? The great, silent square, with its bordering houses, seemed to him a necropolis more mournful still than a cemetery. In the latter the body only crumbled within its narrow bonds, while within the walls of these mansions souls were imprisoned, bound by weakness and unworthy passions. These reflections so absorbed him that he did not hear the door open and close softly.

"To die! to die! Then one would be indeed free!" he murmured.

Suddenly he trembled, as he heard a light step behind him. This time he was not deceived. A perfume that he recognized enveloped him with its sweet breath. He turned, and his heart, which he had thought insensible and frozen, bounded in his breast. Before him stood Rachel, just as she had looked the first time he had seen her on that winter's night in the Rabbi's little house, dressed in black, with a white scarf, which she now unfastened, wound around her head.

"It is I!" she said. "I love you and I have come."

Her beautiful eyes seemed to flash into his inmost soul like a burning philter, dissolving his resistance and his scruples. He made an effort to free himself; for she held him fast, rolling her long tresses around his wrists.

"These are my chains!" she exclaimed. "You must either break them or let me follow you."

He would have wished to struggle still. Could it be that the lightning stroke which had fallen upon him had not purified him from all dross!

"What madness, Rachel!"

The girl held his wrists in a tighter clasp; and, speaking softly, choking with emotion, she went on:

"I know all. I do not want you to go away; if you do, I want to go with you. I repeat to you the words of the Scripture: 'Your gods shall be my gods, and your people shall be my people.' I have been watching the road for the past three days, feeling sure that you were going away. To-night I met the peasant with your baggage. I questioned him, and for two roubles he sold your secret. Ah! I would have given him treasures, if I had had them! Then I came here. Without you, all is worthless; with you, life is precious."

She ceased, and tears streamed down her pale cheeks. Poor Jean felt himself vanquished by such devotion. Could he repel it?

"Would you abandon your father?" he asked. "What if he were to come for you?"

"Be at rest on that score," replied the girl, a bantering and slightly scornful expression in her dark eyes, "since you have suddenly become so prudent. Fate is on our side. I had a sick aunt in a village near by. My father had her brought here to receive treatment. She is now at the hotel awaiting admission to the hospital, and I am to take care of her. But what if they do come for me? I should say that I am yours, and you could not deny me. I want to console you, to love you all my life. Oh, say that you have not deceived me—that you do not despise me because I am only a Jewess!"

She knelt before him, sobbing:

"Jean, Jean! have mercy upon me! Do not abandon me!"

A moment of profound silence followed. A human destiny was hanging in the balance. Like a lightning flash, visions passed before his eyes. He saw again the dead forms of his father and sister; he saw Leopold Lewin casting his shame in his face; he saw himself borne in the arms of Jacob from a watery grave. It

was a crucial test sent him from Heaven, the supreme moment in which was to be decided forever his rehabilitation or his infamy. Now he could still choose; a moment of weakness and all would be lost. Seized with an overmastering fear, he almost trampled upon the girl's kneeling form, seized his valise, threw open the door and rushed down the stairs, followed by a cry of despair, rage, and contempt.

He was saved! He ran straight ahead in the darkness until he reached the open prairie beyond the city limits. The night air cooled his burning brow, and, dropping on his knees, he raised his hands to the sky and thanked Heaven for his deliverance. It seemed to him that something like a celestial dew fell like a balm over the wounds of his heart, restoring his self-respect and his faith in a life of possible expiation.

Gradually, above Jean's head, the shadows of night were replaced by the faint whiteness of the dawn. A whistle rang out through the morning air and the rumbling of a train was heard. The young man rose and hastened toward the station, fearing henceforth neither temptation nor surprise. As he was securing his ticket, a giant form carrying a valise strode up to the agent, with the inquiry:

"Have you seen Jean Raz?"

On receiving a negative answer, the stalwart fellow began his search again. He was at last rewarded by seeing Jean crossing the platform in the wake of a porter carrying his luggage. Prus—for it was indeed he—was beside his friend in an instant.

"I am going with you!" he exclaimed, in a choking voice.

"You can not!" replied Jean, firmly. "Where I am going you would be only a hindrance; here you can watch over our interests—mine and yours. Try to save Wola; perhaps God will allow me

to return some day. Then, too, you have a charge. What would become of little Françoise if you were to go away? You must remain, my friend."

"You are right, I suppose," stammered the loyal man. "But it is hard to let you go."

The conductor was already closing the doors of the compartments.

"Good-bye!" called out Jean; then the train moved away. Sigismond stood as if rooted to the spot until at last it disappeared around a curve; then, with a sob heaving his robust bosom, he reluctantly turned his steps homeward.

(Conclusion next week.)

Cameos.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VIII.—AGNES REPPLIER.

AGNES REPPLIER, unlike Mrs. Meynell, has none of the quality of the *precieuse*. She is as little of the *precieuse* and the poet as was her literary great-mother, Miss Austen. There are only two first-rate woman essayists in English literature to-day, and they are Miss Repplier and Mrs. Meynell. You think, of course, of Vernon Lee; but she has not the lightness of touch or the play of humor of Miss Repplier, or the insight into the depth of reality and the poetic feeling of Mrs. Meynell.

Mrs. Meynell's prose is now and again suspiciously like poetry, which is exasperating; Miss Repplier writes prose, and she intends to write prose. She does not appear to hunt for exquisite words or "purple effects" or jewelled phrases or unusual cadences. She is always in prose, but she is never prosy. To be *precieuse* is to look for the flavor and the color of words as well as their actual meaning. Miss Repplier is content with the meanings of the best usage.

And, by the way, it may be said that, without any affectation of pedantry, Miss Repplier is one of the most correct prose-writers we have. She has the perfume of the English classics, which is like the scent of the leather of morocco lingering about one who has almost lived in a fine old library; and yet she is, in her choice of words, careful of the best modern usage.

Everybody knows that she is a Philadelphian, but the localisms of her native town do not appear in her sentences. If she seem English in her point of view, it is because nothing was so much like the air of an English town as that of the little coterie of "the best" in Philadelphia fifteen or twenty years ago. Dr. Johnson might have lived next door to anybody; and if Miss Mitford had suddenly appeared in Chestnut Street and ordered a new bonnet, everybody would know her. People who say that Miss Repplier is too English, forget that the best Americans in her town were fed almost solely on the English classics. Even now John Kenrick Bangs has not displaced Charles Lamb; and, if to-morrow, "*Hohenlinden*" were printed as an "elegant extract" in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, everybody would know its author!

Miss Repplier was, I believe, instructed at the Eden Hall Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and Miss Irwin's school. Where she was educated, perhaps she does not herself know,—probably in the old drawing-room of her father's house, of which she gives us a quaint picture. Probably Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford and Miss Austen had as much to do with it as Miss Irwin, to whom "*Essays in Idleness*" is dedicated, or the stately and tender Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Charles Lamb certainly had a hand in it; and Shakespeare taught her history, and old Froissart taught her what she knows of integral calculus.

There are indications, too, that she learned her animated nature from "*Alice in Wonderland*." She was born with her point of view and her sense of humor.

And how she loves books! And while there is a good book in the world Miss Repplier will have material for a delectable essay,—for all her essays are delectable, and we can not have too many of them. "There is a story told of the Russian poet Pushkin, which I like to think true, because it is so pretty. When he was carried home fatally wounded from the duel which cost him his life, his young wife, who had been the innocent cause of the tragedy, asked him whether there were no relatives or friends whom he wished to see summoned to his bedside. The dying man lifted his heavy eyes to the shelf where stood his favorite books, and murmured faintly in reply: 'Farewell, my friends!'"

This is the literary point of view with a vengeance. Only the real lover of books can say what a wrench it costs to leave them. Your Benedictine, after all, who leaves the world for a library, only sacrifices much if he has no passion for the silent friends that speak forever. "When we remember," Miss Repplier adds, with a glint of humor, "that the poet lived before Russian literature had become a great and dispiriting power; when we realize that he had never been ordered by critics to read Turgeneff, never commanded severely to worship Tolstoï or be an outcast in the land, never even revelled in the dreadful gloom of Dostoyefsky, it seems incredible to the well-instructed that he should have loved his books so much. It is absolutely afflicting to think that many of these same volumes were foreign, were romantic, perhaps even cheerful in character; that they were not his mentors, his disciplinarians, his guides to a higher and sadder life, but only his 'friends.'"

There is nobody who can say things as Miss Repplier says them, unless it be some other sane and cultivated woman with a sense of humor as spontaneous as it is disciplined. "Ever since the first printers, with mistaken zeal, dipped an innocent world in ink, those books have been truly popular which reflected faithfully and enthusiastically the foibles and delusions of the hour. This is what is called keeping 'abreast with the spirit of the times'; and we have only to look around us at present to see the principle at work. With an arid and dreary realism chilling us to the heart, and sad-voiced novelists entreating us at every turn to cultivate indecorous conduct and religious doubts, fiction has ceased to be a medium of delight. Even nihilism, which is the only form of belief that true earnestness permits, is capable of being overstrained, and some narrowly conservative people are beginning to ask themselves whether this new development of 'murder as a fine art' has not been sufficiently encouraged."

When Miss Repplier wrote this the present reaction in favor of romanticism and reverence had not set in. But hers has always been a healthy taste; and there is not a morbid or unwholesome line in her—alas! too few—essays. You remember her paper on "The Children's Poets"? She speaks of the "empty little verses" (very prettily illustrated) written for the child:

"The painful lack of distinction in most of the poetry prepared especially for him, chills his fine ardor and dulls his imagination. Subtle verses about moods and tempers, calculated to make healthy little readers emulate Miss Martineau's peevish self-sympathy; melancholy verses about young children who suffer poverty and disaster!

"I once asked a friend who had spent many years in teaching little girls and boys, whether her small pupils, when

left to their own discretion, ever chose any of the pretty, trivial verses of new books and magazines for study and recitation. She answered: Never. They turned instinctively to the same old favorites she had been listening to so long; to the same familiar poems that their fathers and mothers had studied and recited before them: 'Hohenlinden,' 'Glenara,' 'Young Lochinvar,' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'Rosabelle,' the lullaby from 'The Princess,' 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' 'Annabel Lee,' Longfellow's translation of 'The Castle by the Sea,' and 'The Skeleton in Armor.' And what child does not love Newman's little lyric to a little girl on St. Valentine's Day?"

Sanity and cheerfulness, permeated by good ethics, are rare in modern literature; the essayist who does not pose, who has humor, common-sense, and lightness of touch, is almost unique. Miss Repplier is sane and cheerful; she has humor, wit, common-sense, a great power of synthesis, and she knows how to write. Her essays are to the tired mind what a sea-breeze in August is to the weary body; she is the delight of all who love good literature, and a model for all who want to love it. She is of the salt of the literary earth; and when I add that her Catholicism makes her more catholic than any of her contemporaries, whose doubt makes them narrow, and that she never loses her grasp of the fundamentals of faith and life, it seems like a painting of the rose with carmine to add anything more.

Of a Dead Priest.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

LEAD him, ye Holy Angels, to your choirs;
 Quench, with your prayers, the purgatorial fires;
 And win for him, who honored you below,
 The "Rest in peace." God's own beloved know.

MARCH 27, 1900.

A Specious Fallacy.

—

THE rejection of the sacramental system by non-Catholics gave rise to the fallacy, never so general as now, that instead of being a link with Christ, a visible ministry is rather an obstacle to union with Him. Outside of the Church the need of a priesthood is not recognized, and pious Protestants are often heard to say, "I go straight to God." If they still attend religious services and listen to sermons, it is through force of habit, or because they do not wish to be classed among unbelievers. And none know better than preachers that, if it were not considered the "proper thing" to go to church on Sunday, their occupation would be lost. Hence the unceasing efforts to provide attractions: the best music, the richest decorations, and discourses that will at least set people talking. But these attractions often fail. Good music is costly; the church having the greatest number of wealthy attendants will put the others in the shade; and "powerful speakers" are hard to find and hard to hold. The result is that a great many persons leave off going to church, and content themselves with reading the religious department of their Sunday newspaper.

Catholics who come in contact with this class of Protestants—a growing class—are often at a loss to account for their evident interest in religious questions in spite of their neglect of religious services. We are apt to forget that fundamental truths, which are perfectly familiar to us, are only vaguely comprehended by those outside of the Church. Anything, therefore, that helps us to understand the position of our separated brethren, and that affords a solution of the difficulties they experience, and are always willing to discuss frankly, is not to be lost sight of.

It is, of course, impossible to call

attention to all the good features of the many excellent books we recommend to our readers. But before letting Bishop Hedley's new volume ("The Light of Life") go out of our hands, we want to say that it explains in the happiest way many of the objections to Christian doctrine current among non-Catholics; and that it contains capital answers to questions which, though often asked, are not always satisfactorily answered. The question upon which we have touched—the need of a sacramental system—is thus elucidated in an admirable chapter on "The Ministers of the New Testament." It will be seen that clearness and modernity are marked qualities of "The Light of Life":

The ministry of the New Testament is a divinely devised means of leading men to Christ and to God. And yet there are those who will assert that every priesthood must necessarily come between a man and his God. "No priests for us," they will say: "we go straight to Christ." This is one of those specious but flimsy fallacies which fall to pieces when you touch them or disappear when you approach them. The very reason of all external religion, the very purpose which God's supreme wisdom has had in His external revelation and action, is precisely to bring man into nearer relations with his God. What is the Incarnation itself, as planned and carried out by God, except a divine effort to arrest man's attention, to hold his powers, to make him approach his Maker?

Can you conceive a man who would say sneeringly, "I want no Babe of Bethlehem; I want no Man of Nazareth, of Galilee, or of Calvary: I go straight to God"? Straight to God!—with your blindness, with your weakness; with your interest in this world; your instability, your difficulty as to things out of sight; your natural callousness to the supernatural, the spiritual and the eternal! Let us not deny that a man *may* go straight to God; let us not deny that there is in the heart of the least of us a strong and natural turning to our Father and our last end. But is it not the experience of all ages and races that there is no human heart but may in this regard be led and drawn and helped?

God knoweth our frame—and He thinks so. Therefore hath He spoken by the prophets and by His Son; and therefore hath He willed that, until the very consummation, His Son should live and act among us by a visible ministry. By that ministry the invisible becomes visible; the things of the soul take rank among earthly interests; our salvation becomes a matter that may be fixed

and set down by earthly time; our relations to God are made so much the more certain and secure because we can walk to the church to attend to them, and can have recourse to a minister for divine gifts. Time, place, and visible presence make men remember: they are exhortations; they rouse many touching associations; they fight against that sloth which is so natural in things of the spirit. And therefore it is in the church, and when the priest is prepared for his work, and when the moment of a Sacrament draws nigh, that you see rapt forms and bowed heads, and the silence of the occupied heart. It is then that sorrow for sin, love and union with God, and Christian charity are hottest and most alive. And what means this except that men are, in reality, never so truly drawn to God as in sacramental dispensation? The priesthood, as an institution, operates precisely in this direction; that is, in joining men with God.

To the man who rejects the help of a sacramental system, and says that he seeks God directly, I say, Let that man beware! To stop outside a church is not, in itself, to seek God. To rest and idle on the Sunday, when other men kneel, is not to seek God. To gaze up in empty vacancy to the skies, to entertain stray good thoughts or utter pious sentiment, to substitute work for prayer,—none of these things is a true seeking of God; and those who protest against a sacramental system are too often such as are here described. If I found a man in good faith who really prayed, who prayed frequently, who habitually lifted himself up to God in belief, adoration, petition, and contrition, and did all this caring nothing for external ministrations, I would say that in all probability he was rightly seeking God; but I would try to teach him that humility and obedience to Christ's dispensation would certainly deepen and intensify his prayer a hundredfold. And I would say that for one who might, perhaps, by temperament find it easier to approach God without a ministry, there are a million who could or would hardly approach Him at all. And God legislates for the multitude.

When Christ withdrew His visible presence from the world He left a Church to supply His place, to enlighten and uplift, to instruct and govern, to sanctify and save mankind. Her authority, her strength, her unity,—all come from Him. Her ministers are the heralds of His Gospel, the expounders of His law, the dispensers of His grace. Through them we are led to God and brought into nearer relations with Him. To a Catholic this, of course, is plain; but the vast majority of those outside the Church have no realization of it.

A Sad End.

THE sudden death of Dr. Mivart, all things considered, is one of the saddest and most solemn events of the year,—one, too, upon which no Catholic writer at least can in decency enlarge. To refer to him now as a man of puny intellect, to declare that by his last acts and writings he deliberately nullified any good he may have done in the world, and to assert positively that he died in malicious antagonism to the religion of Christ,—this is ungenerous unwarranted and unchristian.

Dr. Mivart was a man of remarkable intellectual power, and the high honors conferred upon him were proof of the esteem in which he was held by the learned. Besides being a Fellow of the Royal Society, the Linnæan Society, and the Zoölogical Society, he was a prolific writer, a doctor of medicine, a doctor of philosophy, and he had been admitted to the English bar. He was the only scientist in deference to whose criticisms Darwin made modifications in his well-known work on "The Origin of Species." Dr. Mivart's services to religion, when his mind was most vigorous and his physical power unimpaired, were of the highest importance.

It need not be said we can have no positive assurance that he died at enmity with the Church, even though his taking off may have been as sudden as the newspapers report. People may say what they will about this sad case, but we shall always cherish the conviction that in the last year or more of his life Dr. Mivart was the victim of some mysterious mental derangement, which prevented him from seeing what once was clear, from comprehending as far as mortals may the great mysteries of our holy religion, and from realizing the destructiveness of his criticisms.

The prompt action of Cardinal

Vaughan in regard to Dr. Mivart's shocking articles is one wholly comforting circumstance of a most deplorable event. It was not possible to undo the harm already done, but the course adopted by his Eminence immeasurably lessened a great scandal, and was a lesson to the world, which we are happy to say has not been lost.

It is not generally known that the late Dr. Mivart was a Tertiary of St. Francis. We may hope that in his last moments the gentle Saint of Assisi won for his client any grace of which his soul may then have been in need. Only in the other world shall we learn of the victories of divine love won even after consciousness has apparently been lost—in that mysterious interval when the soul is about to appear before its Judge, and while prayers for needed graces can still avail to render the sentence favorable.

Notes and Remarks.

If by some accident Bishop Potter, the sectarian dignitary of Gotham, were to appear in public in an unclerical collar, we feel sure he would never cease to bewail his negligence, or to fear that strangers might have thought he was not a bishop. But this considerably reverend man seems to have had no scruple about spreading evil reports against Catholic missionaries on his return from the Philippines. His stay was limited to a few days passed quietly at Manila. He repeated the usual accusations against the friars and added a few more. These accusations are refuted by the Rev. J. P. McQuaid, of San Francisco, who spent more than a year in the islands; and by the Rev. Father Alque, director of the Observatory at Manila (now in Washington, D. C.), in a dignified though indignant communication appearing on the editorial page of the *New York Sun*

in its issue for the 4th inst. Either one of two things: Bishop Potter prevaricated or himself has been imposed upon. However, his duty in the matter is perfectly plain. Any honest man—any gentleman—could tell him what to do, and would urge him to do it with as little delay as possible.

After the bishop has withdrawn his false charges and expressed regret for making them, we advise him to retire to his study and read and ponder what the President of Berea College, down in Kentucky, had to say last month about a large class of the Protestant natives of that State—their illiteracy, cruelty, vindictiveness, etc. If the bishop and the Rev. Percy S. Grant do this, they will probably regret that their communication to the Joint Commission on the Increased Responsibilities of the Protestant Episcopal Church ever found its way into print.

In a letter written in 1869, to be found in the second volume of "John Henry Newman: Letters and Correspondence to 1845," the great convert says: "I am not a good speaker." In the popular sense, he certainly was not, and nothing could be more ridiculous than to class Newman among the pulpit orators of the nineteenth century. And yet he was a most eloquent speaker, as the late Anglican Archbishop Benson, who could not resist going to hear him preach after he joined the Church, bears willing testimony. "He spoke with a sort of angel eloquence. Sweet, flowing, unlabored language; in short, very short, and very pithy and touching sentences." Dr. Benson tells how awed he and the whole congregation were on one occasion when Newman pronounced the adorable name of Jesus Christ. "His eye glistened and his whole face glowed, as he turned round to the altar, lifting his priest's cap

and bowing low, while he pronounced His name; and with such a voice!—you could not but have felt your heart yearn toward him; and when you observed what a thrill ran through the congregation, you must have said: ‘Surely if there be a man whom God has raised up in this generation with more than common powers to glorify His name, this man is he.’”

The Rev. Alfred Young, a zealous, self-sacrificing priest of the Congregation of St. Paul, who passed to his reward on the 4th inst., was one of the best known members of his community. He had won distinction as a missionary, author, and musician. Before entering the ecclesiastical state he was a practising physician. He was an enthusiastic promoter of congregational singing and a zealous advocate of Gregorian Chant. The excellent manuals he prepared for the use of the choir of the Paulist church in New York, of which he was director, are proof of his thorough knowledge of liturgical music. His most important publication, however, is “Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared,”—a work of learning and painstaking research, which has been of great service to the cause of truth. May he rest in peace!

Certain English exchanges which we usually admire complain that the Irish people nurse their grudges in an unchristian manner. They remind “Paddy dear” that the shamrock is no more forbid to blossom on his coat lapel; they urge him to forget bygones; they declare that he has a long memory for past grievances. But the Irish people have never been given a chance to forget. Almost on the very day when her Gracious Majesty announced her intention to visit Ireland—and, considering her age and infirmities, it was a noble

compliment to her Irish soldiers to undertake such a journey,—the English government announced its intention to withhold a Catholic university from the people of Ireland, whose taxes, however, are still industriously collected for an anti-Catholic university. Also, when the Queen arrived in the most Catholic country in the world, she was welcomed by a Protestant lord-lieutenant, because no Catholic is allowed by law to hold that office. As Mr. Redmond put it, “he may wear the shamrock, but he dare not profess the faith St. Patrick planted in Ireland.” The viceroy of pagan India, may be a Catholic, but not the viceroy of Catholic Ireland. The Irish are a wonderful people: they can do almost anything; but they can not forget so long as England keeps jogging their memory in this fashion.

There is pathos as well as manly dignity in the way in which Thomas Arnold refers to his temporary defection. He is a convert, joint author of the scholarly “Catholic Dictionary,” the son of “Arnold of Rugby,” and the brother of Matthew Arnold, and (though that did not count then) he is the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward; hence when he lapsed from the Church which he had entered shortly before, there was grief among all earnest Catholics. In his autobiographical work just published, “Passages in a Wandering Life,” he writes of that sad experience in this edifying way:

From what has been said it will be seen that I could never condemn Liberalism in *politics*; but its extension to religious questions, of which I did not in 1865 discern the mischief and the danger, I should now repudiate and reject. But I had been weakened by a succession of illnesses; for weeks together it had been impossible, or very difficult, for me to approach a Catholic altar; the Protestant clamor about the Mortara case drew from me a certain amount of involuntary sympathy; and the misgiving which had long slumbered in my mind that no clear certainty

could be obtained as to anything outside the fields of science, again assailed me. Again the mists of Pyrrhonism, of which I spoke at a former page, closed round me. Nevertheless, I can not doubt that this period of uncertainty would have passed away in due time if I had adopted the means proper for dealing with it. One of those means indeed—labor—I did not put from me, and this was my salvation in the end; but the weapon of prayer—being attacked by a certain moroseness and disgust and weariness of existence,—I began, unhappily, to use less and less. I did not, like Milton, “still bear up and steer right onward”; but wavered—doubted—and fell back. Only after a long time, and with much difficulty and pain—pain, alas! not mine alone,—was I able to return to the firm ground of Catholic communion.

Upon these matters, however, having made an avowal which, I need hardly say, it has cost me much to make, I shall no further enlarge. The instability and weakness of my proceedings I do not mean to palliate or underestimate. The only plea that I can urge is, that I acted in good faith, and that the taint of selfinterest never attached to what I did. With folly, weakness, obstinacy, piousness I may be charged, and more or less justly; but no one can say that any one of my changes was calculated with a view to worldly advantage. If it were not so, I should not feel that I had a right to hold up my head amongst honest men.

The name of Leary of Guam is destined to be immortal in American history. Guam is one of our new Pacific Islands. It is exactly thirty miles long and twelve miles wide, and its first governor was Leary. It is a small island, but it must have shrunk considerably when it came to know the sort of man President McKinley sent to rule over it. Leary is the Don Quixote of statesmanship, a decidedly humoristic governor; and, like some other humorists, he takes himself very seriously, as Mr. Milton E. Smith shows in the *Midland Review*. Leary's first official act was to divorce Church and State, and after the divorce naturally came the division of the household furniture. He collected all the statues and other religious emblems in the schools; and when his secretary advised him to hand these articles over to the Church, Leary of Guam answered: “It would be a bad example. We will keep them a short time and destroy them.”

Leary next forbade any of the natives to get drunk; for, after all, the mere natives must not be allowed to feel too much like the invading American. One morning, when the governor was late abed, the church-bell disturbed his slumbers. He questioned a sentinel, who told him that the bell was ringing “for a dead man.” Then up spoke Leary of Guam: “To — with the dead man! Stop that — ringing at once!” Later a delegation of the natives waited on him to ask permission to have the usual Corpus Christi procession; for Leary had annulled all holydays and forbidden all religious processions. “Who is this Corpus Christi, anyhow?” asked Leary. “Do they have any Corpus Christis in the United States?” An intelligent subordinate answered in the negative. “Then there shall be none here!” quoth Leary of Guam.

But Leary has strutted his brief day upon the stage, and the press dispatches say his successor has been appointed. We do not know who selected Leary for the post, but we suspect it was some astute Democrat, with an eye for the defeat of President McKinley at the next election. The governor of Guam is politically beheaded, but he is not dead. He deserves a certain kind of immortality, and he will have it.

A Spanish priest who has spent many years as a missionary in China is the subject of an interesting letter from Mexico, contributed to the *Boston Herald* by Mr. F. R. Guernsey, a writer often quoted in these pages. “How intense is the faith of these Catholic missionaries who have been in many lands!” writes Mr. Guernsey. “In an age of superficiality of conviction, of widespread incredulousness, they tower up like great cliffs of adamant rock, impregnable to all assaults of skepticism.”

Notable New Books.

Religion and Morality: Their Nature and Mutual Relations, Historically and Doctrinally Considered. By the Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D. William H. Young & Co.

Our notice of this book has been too long delayed; and even now we can hardly do more than call attention to it as a work of great merit, both in its exposition and its defence of Christian ethics. The arguments advanced for independent morality are not only ably answered, but they are met more directly than in other apologetical works, on account of the author's original method of treatment. A glance at the authorities consulted in the preparation of the second part of the book is sufficient to show that the historical side of the problem, too, is adequately dealt with. Altogether, the work is an admirable refutation of errors constantly met with regarding the relations of religion and morality. The importance of this subject can not be exaggerated, and the need of just such a book as Dr. Fox has written has been felt by many persons who were at a loss to find satisfactory answers to the specious objections sometimes advanced by those who deny the divine origin of the moral law and maintain that religion is not necessary to the welfare of the human race. We regard this book as a highly important addition to Catholic literature. The author is to be congratulated on the choice of his dissertation and the ability and thoroughness of his work.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? An Inquiry. By the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. Marlier, Callanan & Co.

A most enjoyable and learned volume recently reviewed in these pages sought to show, among other things, that Savonarola was the victim of self-deception regarding his alleged prophecies and visions; and that in any case he alienated the sympathies of all conscientious men by ignoring the Papal excommunication, and thereby giving grave public scandal. Father O'Neil's latest book seems to be a direct answer to these contentions. Beginning with a statement of the facts of the case, and the teachings of canonists regarding censures, Father O'Neil contends with much force and adroitness that the Florentine friar never was excommunicated, and that he never really gave scandal in any honest acceptance of that term. There is something more than plausibility in the case which Father O'Neil advocates so

enthusiastically; and many persons who have hitherto rested in the belief that judgment had been finally rendered against the great Dominican will feel constrained to reverse their decision after reading this extremely clever defence. That the question will ever be settled in a way to satisfy all readers is most improbable; but at least it must be said that Father O'Neil has greatly helped to clarify the atmosphere that surrounds this foggy subject. Hitherto Savonarola has been generally condemned: some day he may be canonized, in spite of the alleged excommunication.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. By Mary E. Mannix. Ave Maria Press.

This is the story of a plucky little Irish boy landing friendless and almost penniless in California at the age of thirteen. He met many kind people, but he also had much to suffer and many chances to go wrong; but he sticks to his principles and emerges triumphant out of all difficulties. There is no preaching in this delightful story, but the "ethical force" of little Michael's contagious and inspiring example makes it an invaluable book for boys. We may add that the youngsters will not find it difficult to read; it is brimful of "scary" adventures as well as more pleasurable experiences; and we have the testimony of our readers to its popularity when it was published serially in this magazine. Girls as well as boys will be interested in it. Its gifted author, Mrs. Mannix, does many different sorts of literary work amazingly well; but she gives some of her best work to the children, as this book shows. It is written in a sprightly style, and is published after the best manner of such books.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. By Frank H. Spearman. Harper & Brothers.

This is a book for young and old of the sterner sex, and every reader will be sure to enjoy it and recommend it to his associates. The stories are so graphically told that one gets the impression that the writer must have experienced, or at least witnessed, all that he describes. Each story is full of incident and always moves. Mr. Spearman knows when to "slow up," but there are no "dead stops," and he never leaves the track. A collection of railroad stories is a novelty; and if it was the writer's intention to adopt a distinct style in telling them, he could not have chosen a better one. Indeed it would be hard to name among recent works of fiction a book so well-wrought and in many passages so well-written. The best of the stories, perhaps, is the one which

gives the volume its title; but "Sankey's Double Header" is a very close second. There can not be too many books of this sort. As to externals, the publishers have left little room for improvement; and the few illustrations are of the kind that illustrate. Stories so realistic and artistic as these do not require the adjunct of pictures.

My New Curate. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P. Murlier, Callanan & Co.

Few Catholic stories, if any, have ever met with the instant popularity that greeted this noble work on its first appearance in book-form last December. Its success, however, is perfectly natural, due solely to the judicious mixture in it of all the elements that go to make up an ideal story of Catholic life. But it takes a very genuine man as well as a skilled writer to produce such a story. Father Dan is delicious, a lovable *soggarth*, lovingly drawn; he and Father Letheby are noble figures to stand before the world as representatives of the priesthood of Ireland. Hardly less beautiful are the lowlier lives depicted in Father Sheehan's pages, especially that of the little martyr. The whole book is a transcript from real life,—every page of it precious, and every page palpitating with interest, sympathy, wit, humor, and pathos.

Oxford Conferences. By Father Raphael M. Moss, O. P. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

These conferences were delivered at Oxford University during the summer term of 1899. They are eight in number, and they may be briefly described as an exposition, based on the teaching of St. Thomas, of such subjects as free-will; the necessity, nature, action, and cause of grace; predestination, and the application of grace to the souls of sinners. The attempt to discuss so large a subject in so little room was a hazardous one, but Father Moss has accomplished it with a considerable degree of success. The necessity of compression has, of course, had its effect on the readableness of the book; but a certain freshness of phrase goes far toward annulling the disadvantage. Strictly dogmatic treatises on grace are few in English, and this one will have its own work to do.

Passages in a Wandering Life. By Thomas Arnold. Published by Edward Arnold.

The conversational qualities—froth, fluency, and freshness—abound in these pages, as they should abound in all personal memoirs. It is true, one wonders why a life so favorably circumstanced as

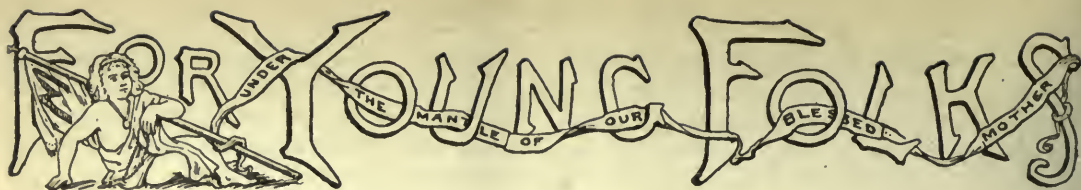
Arnold's has yielded so small a store of first-rate anecdote and reminiscence. But there is one very charming property of this book: it tells you nothing that you already knew. The solid matter in it may be rather scanty, but it is—every line of it—matter that can be found in no other printed volume. The Arnolds have always preserved a well-bred reticence regarding themselves,—a practice which other writers might profitably imitate. Thus the account of the conversion of Arnold and of the process by which he fell away from the faith for a time (we refer to it elsewhere in this issue) has never been published before; and there are equally valuable glimpses of celebrities and scraps of social and historic information freely scattered over every chapter.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. Compiled by the Rev. Thomas E. Cox. W. H. Young & Co.

An excellent idea underlies this work. The questions and answers of the Baltimore Catechism are printed in bold-face type, and under each question are grouped all the Scripture texts bearing on it. The work, therefore, amounts to a Scripture concordance for the use of catechists, and by them will be found most useful. It will also be of great service to priests engaged in instructing converts from Protestantism; for it shows "how ample is the Scripture basis of Catholic belief." Finally, and in spite of the fact that many of the collated texts bear only mystically or allegorically on the dogmatic questions to which they have been appropriated, Father Cox's work will, for obvious reasons, be helpful to theological students in seminaries. It is neatly published and is convenient in size.

Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Newman. By Caroline Vinton Henry. J. S. Hyland & Co.

The title of this book is a misnomer; for nearly all that the writer has set down in it is derived from sources other than personal. But every scrap referring to the saintly Cardinal has a mysterious interest: hence this book, too, has its value. There are some notable sayings gathered within its scarlet covers, and there are new glimpses even if there are not new vistas. So great is the fascination of Newman's personality that any one might well be pardoned the ambition to make a book about him. However, it might, perhaps, be better if those who are in possession of valuable material could be persuaded to relinquish it into the hands of a capable biographer. This does not prevent us from being grateful to the author of the present volume for whatever is good and new in it.



An Easter Gift.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

IF simple rhymes were only dimes,
 If verses were but gold,
 My gift would wear a form so fair
 'Twould cause you joy untold;
 But poets, sure, are always poor,
 So kindly wish and thought
 Must make amends to youthful friends
 For gifts more richly wrought.
 May peace abide, this Eastertide,
 With you and yours, I pray;
 The Risen Lord to you award
 His grace from day to day!
 May true content your joys augment
 Throughout the springtime fair,
 And the beauteous mien of May's bright Queen
 Win your hearts to praise and prayer!

The Florist's Mother.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

FAY was drawing to a close. The florist gave one lingering, loving look at the long row of blooming lilies, and turned away. He had already said "Good-night" to them. Do you think it a strange thing to bid a flower good-night? Mr. John Griffith did not. He always had a cheery word when he shut the door of the rose-house. To the violets he spoke more softly, fearing to awaken them. The carnations always seemed like naughty children,—too full of fun to go to sleep; and so he would shake his finger at them and say, "My pets, it is bed-time!" then turn to the lilies for the very last word.

Ah, the lilies!—how he loved them. From the time the first bud appeared they were his pride and joy; and they had been unusually beautiful this year,—strong, too, and graceful. And soon he must part with them, for he must live. On the next day all but a dozen of the stalks would be carried away, he knew not where. All but a dozen—those he had reserved. They were for the altar on Easter Sunday. They had seemed to droop for a day or two, and what wonder? How could Our Lady's flowers be gay when the whole world was under the shadow of the Crucifixion?

He went back to his poor little room and thought and thought. He was not an old man, but life had been a sad one, as lives go; and yet—and for that he thanked God—there had been times when he had been able to make the lives of others less sad. But his mother—his dear, hard-hearted mother—he dared not think of her. "Take your superstitions and go!" she had said; and he had gone, and gone far. "Superstition!" So had she called the beautiful faith that had brought to him the first peace he had known since he lost his father, who had been all the world to him.

He might have starved if it had not been for the flowers; but he, who had had no need to toil, had so loved them that he knew their ways and wants and habits, and had in their service at last earned the little store of greenery and bloom that brought him a frugal living. His mother he had never seen again.

So John Griffith sat and thought until drowsiness overtook him, then said his prayers and went to bed. It must have been about two o'clock when he awoke. There was a strange smell in the room,

and some one was pounding on the door and calling him.

"Master," cried a childish voice, "the flowers are burning!"

It was good little Joseph, his helper, who called. The tiny greenhouse was in flames. The burning cigarette of a careless customer had lighted the pile of leaves, that had smouldered until the world slept.

"My lilies!" exclaimed John Griffith.

They were as yet unharmed; and ere the smoke found them out, his strong arms bore away the fair twelve which were to deck the altar. Nothing else was saved; and the sun of Saturday looked upon a cruel scene of tangled vines and shrivelled palms and dead blossoms; while in his little room adjoining—he had no other home—the poor florist lay still,—quite still. His right leg was broken, and a large piece of timber had struck his head.

"Concussion of the brain!" said the doctor, sadly.

Little Joseph sat by him, and now and then some neighbor, to whom he had given of his hoard of flowers, or whose life he had gladdened by hopeful words, came in, wiping her eyes and trying, in a clumsy way, to be of help; but there was little to do. The injured man knew no pain, heard no sound, and responded to no inquiries. A priest softly came and went; the day wore on, and little Joseph kept his watch.

At last something happened. Into the peace of the quiet street a great clatter came, and at the entrance of the half-burned greenhouse a dignified coachman stopped his horses.

Little Joseph, as was his habit, hurried to the carriage door.

"This is very annoying!" said a lady with gray curls who sat within. "I hope the lilies are not injured."

"All killed, ma'am," answered Joseph. "We had a fire last night."

"Yes, yes: I heard of it. Are all the lilies destroyed,—every one?"

"All except—"

"Except what?"

"Except some he was saving for the church, ma'am."

"Church!" said the lady. "I don't fancy he can afford to be very generous to churches at this season. Of course he must fill the order I sent, if possible; and, considering the circumstances, I am quite willing to pay extra. So you may send around all you have. My address is given in my order."

"I'm very sorry, ma'am, but we can't sell them."

Then the lady, who evidently was not in the habit of explaining, began to expostulate.

"Why—but I *must* have them! I am visiting a friend in the city—Senator Churchill's wife; and I begged her to let me furnish the flowers for her dinner Monday. Everything is arranged with a view of having lilies for decoration."

Joseph—loyal little Joseph—shook his head and said nothing.

"How many were saved from the fire?" asked the lady, indignantly.

"A dozen plants, ma'am."

"I will pay a double price for them."

Joseph was still as stone and silent as the Sphinx.

"Where is Mr.—whatever his name is?" she inquired.

Joseph pointed mutely to the little room near by. She opened the carriage door; and the lad, divining her purpose, put his smoky, trembling hands upon her silken skirts.

"He's so sick—" he began; but she did not hear and loftily brushed by him.

A woman opened the door of the small apartment, half office, half bedchamber, where the injured man lay among the rescued lilies.

"I want to see the proprietor," she said, "about some flowers I ordered."

The kindly neighbor put her hand upon her lip.

"Hush!" she said.

The intruder stopped, awed by she knew not what.

"I'm sure I don't wish to disturb him. I didn't know he was ill," she began, speaking in a whisper. "But when he wakes up, will you please tell him it is important that I have these lilies?"

"He may never wake, madam," said a priest, stepping out of the gloom.

"Why, I am sure I am very sorry to have rushed in here as I have!" she answered, abashed at last. "I hope you will pardon me; but, you see, I was so very anxious, and I didn't know. I am a stranger in the city. But can I do anything for the poor man?"

"There is nothing to do but wait."

"But I can send a physician."

"One has been here. At present he lacks nothing. If he comes out of this stupor we shall know whether he can live or not." And there was that in the priest's voice which plainly uttered: "And kindly be quiet now."

"I will say good-morning!" the lady responded; "and if there is anything I can do, please let me know. And in case he shouldn't need these lilies—merciful heavens! it is John!"

She threw herself upon her knees beside the poor bed and called him her darling boy, her lost son, her heart's delight; while the women and Joseph sobbed out, and the priest wiped his spectacles. Most strange and sweet of all, the sick man turned his head.

"Mother!" he said,—only that. He was a child again, her own dear lad.

"I have found you!" she went on, and would not be stopped. "Oh, if you knew how I had searched!"

"Mother!" he said again.

"Do you know me, dear one? Tell me, who am I?"

Then she saw that he did not know she

was there. He opened his eyes and gazed afar, and from the tangled thoughts which bewildered his injured brain he evoked a vision which was not of earth.

"Our Lady of Sorrows!" he moaned, and said no more that day.

She did not leave him. Through what was left of the day and through the night she sat there among the lilies,—hopeful at times, despairing at others, but a happy woman and a changed one.

At the Easter dawn he awoke, out of pain, and conscious.

"What day is this?" he inquired of the doctor.

"The Lord is risen!" answered that good man.

Then John turned his poor head, swathed in its bandages, and, between two stately stalks, saw his mother's face,—saw it and knew it and loved it, and was her boy once more.

So on the blessed day when Our Lord burst the chains of death the heart of John Griffith's mother was conquered.

The Story of St. Patrick.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

VIII.

As was remarked elsewhere, while the Irish people were faithful and docile, there was one thing they found great difficulty in believing—namely, that the dead should rise again. And this article of the Creed Patrick took especial pains to teach them.

He was on a journey, and happened to pass by a churchyard; and the man of God, as was his custom, took his disciples in to pray for all the dead who rested in the Lord. It was shown to him in the spirit, as he was praying, that among those who followed him were many who were slow to believe in the resurrection of the body. While he

was on his knees, some of his companions walked through the graveyard and came upon a tomb that was extraordinarily long, and they could not believe that it was a human being that lay buried there. While they were speaking with one another the servant of God came up, and, bidding them to remove the slab that rested on the grave, he called on the dead man to come forth. When the huge figure, covered with flames, issued from the tomb, the disciples were all horrified and fled for safety behind their master. But they were still more amazed when, bowing to St. Patrick, he thanked him for having given him an hour's release from pain.

The Saint asked him what had been his belief while on this earth. "I was a hundred years and more," the man replied, "when I was called to death; and for ninety of these years I watched the sun rise in the east and sink in the west, and next morning rise again and in the evening sink again, without ever missing a day. I saw, moreover, the tides of the ocean come and go, and come and go; and for ninety years they never missed their time. Besides these I saw the seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter—follow one another in their course. One never outstepped the other, nor did one ever lag behind. Now, for ninety years I watched these, and I said to myself: 'They must have a Master.' And I worshiped that Master morning and evening, with the coming and going tides, and through all the changing seasons."

And St. Patrick, wondering much in his mind, cried out, quoting our Blessed Lord's own words: "Amen I say to you, I have not found such faith in Israel!" Then did he take the man and teach him about the Blessed Trinity. And when he asked for baptism, St. Patrick baptized him in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and he

fell asleep peacefully in the Lord, and was buried in the same place.

On another occasion a man came to St. Patrick secretly at night, and it was not anything of the heavenly kingdom, but of an earthly, he wanted to receive. His brother had died without leaving any children, and he would not be raised to the chieftaincy of his clan because he was ugly and mean-looking in the features; and he besought the Saint that he would change the appearance of his countenance. St. Patrick, desiring the conversion of this individual and his people, called him next day, and asked him to look round upon his companions and say which of them he would wish to resemble. And the man looking on a handsome and holy youth, said he would wish to be like unto him.

St. Patrick took the two men apart, and, putting them on the ground, caused them to fall into a deep sleep; then crossing his hands, he laid them on their heads and prayed. After a time they awoke, and the disciples were unable to distinguish one from the other, except by the tonsure which the holy youth had on his head.

The man, being then made beautiful, rejoiced exceedingly; yet he had another cause of sorrow. He was small, hunch-backed, and a dwarf. Once again he besought the servant of God; and when St. Patrick had asked him how tall he wished to be, he took hold of a spear-handle and stood on his toes, stretching up his hand as far as he was able, and replied that he wished to be so tall. And St. Patrick laid the Staff of Jesus on his head, and he was made so tall. The man went back to his people, and was received and elected to office; and calling on the venerable servant of God, he asked him to preach among them. And the man that had been ugly and a dwarf but had become beautiful and shapely and tall, was much more improved in

the grace of the Holy Ghost; and he and all his people were baptized by Patrick and received into the faith.

There was a chieftain who refused to receive St. Patrick, and he was a hard, stubborn man against the call of God. He had but one child—a bright, handsome boy; and it so happened that this boy in his gambols went playing among a herd of swine. The swine being as stubborn in their ways as was the chieftain, threw him down and began playing about the boy, and lifting him with their snouts and dragging him about, until the poor child was torn from limb to limb. And the father, hurrying out at the noise of his crying, saw the animals rush about and disport themselves in a frightful manner,—carrying a bleeding arm or a bleeding leg in their mouths, crunching the bones and rending the flesh.

The man was distracted at the sight, and after a moment of weeping, sent a messenger straight to St. Patrick. In the meantime he gathered the fragments of the child's body and all that could be found, and brought them together into a little heap, that would make the hardest heart melt with pity. Here the father and his servants anxiously awaited the holy man. Patrick, touched with deepest compassion at the tale, and praying to God, hastened to the sorrowful scene. He knelt down, laid the Staff of Jesus upon the bleeding limbs, and in an instant a beautiful child, comely and sweet, held the sacred Staff in his hands. Then, looking toward his father, he rushed to him and flung his arms about his neck in a tender embrace. That day the chieftain and his people received baptism.

(To be continued.)

THE first Easter Day made a bridge from this world to the next.—*Father Joseph Rickaby, S. J.*

Food for Jesters.

It is no new thing to make a jest concerning the honesty of a lawyer. As long ago as when Peter the Great was in England and visited Westminster Hall, he inquired: "What are all these people swarming around here for?"—"They are lawyers, your Majesty," some one replied. "Lawyers!" he exclaimed. "I don't think much of lawyers. I have only four in my kingdom, and I intend to hang two of them when I get home."

A lawyer was once brought before Lord Mansfield charged with stealing a silver ladle; and, on account of his profession, was dealt with very severely by the counsel for the crown. "My good fellow," said his lordship, "don't be so sure,—don't be so severe. If the prisoner here present had been an attorney, he would probably have stolen the bowl as well as the ladle."

Notwithstanding these time-honored slurs upon the legal profession, we must remember that it is no crime to be laughed at in this inconsistent world, and that the wisest judges have usually been lawyers before they wore the judicial ermine.

A Strange Bequest.

Volumes might be written concerning the strange bequests whose provisions are to this day carried out in various parts of England. There is in the town of Biddenden an endowment of which none knows the origin. Some hundreds of years ago a well-disposed person left twenty acres of land, in several sections, known as the Bread and Cheese Lands, the income from which has ever since been devoted to the purchase of cheese and cakes for those who attend the Easter services.

With Authors and Publishers.

—If Mr. Milton E. Smith's retirement from the *Church News* means that he is to take up such work as his timely account of Leary of Guam, the severance of his connection with our Washington contemporary is not to be deplored.

—From the memoirs of Mr. Thomas Arnold, we learn that the baptismal name of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Humphry Ward, is Mary. Mr. Arnold is so staunch a Catholic himself that one wonders where the author of "Robert Elsmere" imbibed the agnosticism pervading all her work.

—The Rev. Joseph Tonello, of Galesburg, Ill., has favored us with a copy of a new musical publication that deserves wide circulation. It is a devotional *Ave Maria* arranged for soprano and chorus. Father Tonello's compositions, we are pleased to notice, are meeting with appreciation in the best musical circles.

—The publishing house of Schupp, in Munich, has issued a reprint of all the papal Bulls regarding the charges of "ritual child murder" which some unscrupulous or hysterical writers fling against the whole Jewish people—a new sort of A. P. A. movement. There are, in all, two Bulls of Innocent IV., and one each of Gregory X., Martin V. and Paul III. All these papal writings severely condemn the unjust and cruel charges formulated against the Jews.

—Ruskin's admiration for Scott was as unbounded as it was sincere. He owned the manuscript of several of the Waverley novels, notably "Woodstock," which he always used to point a moral in Sir Walter's favor. He once said to a friend: "Scott was writing this book when the news of his ruin came to him. He was about here where I have opened it. Do you see the beautiful handwriting? Now look as I turn over the pages toward the end. Is the writing one jot less beautiful? Are there more erasures than before? That assuredly shows how a man can and should bear adversity."

—No one who has read can ever forget a little book entitled "Gropings after Truth: A Life Journey from Congregationalism to the One Catholic and Apostolic Church." It was from the pen of the late Dr. Joshua Huntington, and was written for the benefit of his sister who followed him into the Church. In a notice of Dr. Huntington contributed to the *Church News*, Dr. A. J. Faust says that this venerable convert "walked in the

ways of the saints." He was often confounded with the Rev. Jedediah Huntington, an Episcopalian minister who embraced the faith,—a brother of the distinguished American painter, Daniel Huntington, and the author of a volume of poems and several novels. Jedediah Huntington died many years ago.

—"Like a Sun to Illumine the World" is the title of a daintily published poem by Mr. Thomas F. Devine, of Waterbury, Conn. The sentiment of this production is to our liking, and it is sometimes felicitously expressed. Mr. Devine is a teacher by profession, and it is natural that he should be more learned than poetical.

—There is to be an authorized biography of Ruskin, containing the letters, never published, written by the lamented author to his parents. Most probably there will be no biography of Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone." Blackmore specially begged that he be spared. Thackeray, as is well known, also solemnly requested that no biography of him should be prepared, and the request has so far been respected. It is announced, however, that a life of this great novelist by a popular writer will soon be given to the public.

—Considering how often and how thoroughly the creature calling herself Margaret L. Shepherd has been exposed by the Catholic and secular press, it is astonishing to find that she is still in the lecture field, posing as an escaped nun. She was never a Catholic, and her name is not Shepherd; but it is true that she was once an inmate of a reformatory for fallen women under Catholic auspices. A five-cent pamphlet (100 copies, \$1.50) giving a record of this shameless defamer of our Sisters has been published by the Catholic Truth Society, Flood Building, San Francisco.

—There is many a good laugh, as well as precious stores of wisdom, in the first booklet of the Boy Savers' Series, by the Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. Its title is "Organizers and their First Steps," and it could have been written only by a noble priest and a genuine lover of boys. The purpose of the booklet is to assist both the clergy and the laity toward the best method of organizing the boys in their "teens" into a religious sodality; and the four hundred bright-looking little fellows who constitute Father Quin's sodality at Troy, N. Y., are credentials enough surely. We can not attempt

to analyze the contents of this extremely readable and eminently useful little book, but we do not hesitate to say that it will be worth several hundred times its cost (25 cts.) to any one who has responsibility for the souls of the future men.

— Cheap editions, in paper covers, of John Mitchel's "Jail Journal" and "Last Conquest of Ireland" have been issued by the firm of Cameron, Ferguson & Co., of Glasgow. For the fiery spirit and the brilliant genius of Mr. Mitchel we have much admiration, but intensity such as his must be expected to warp the judgment occasionally. Here, for example, is a sentence from the otherwise excellent "Introductory" to his journal: "The [Catholic] Church has ever been the enemy of Irish Freedom." And this is from his history of the "Last Conquest": "O'Connell was, next to the British Government, the worst enemy that Ireland ever had—or rather the most fatal friend." (p 136.) Surely no one need be told that John Mitchel was not vulgarly prejudiced against the Church, but patriotic intensity sometimes plays strange tricks with all men. Mr. Mitchel's books, however, will do vastly more good than harm, if they are read by persons who can make allowances for intensity.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3.50.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.

The Dark Ages. *Dr. Maitland.* \$3.

The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1.00, net.

A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Saints. *St. Ambrose. Duc de Broglie.* \$1.

The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II. *Comtesse R. de Courson.* \$1, net.

The Young Puritans in Captivity. *Mary F. Smith.* \$1.25.

Clement of Rome, and Other Tales of the Early Church. *Rev. John Freeland.* \$1.10, net.

Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources. Paper, 3 copies, 10 cts.; cloth, 30 cts. each.

REGINA COELI LÆTARE.

Moderato. ♩ = 100.

G. RUDOLF.

f

Re - gi - na coe - li læ - ta - re, al - le - lu - ja, al - le - lu - - -

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

ja; qui - a quem me - ru - is - ti por - ta - re, al - le - lu - - - ja, al - le -

This system contains the next two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics continue below the upper staff.

lu - - ja; re - sur - rex - it, si - cut dix - it, al - le - lu - ja, al - le -

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the upper staff.

Andante. ♩ = 80

p

lu - - ja; o - ra pro no - bis, De - um; o - ra pro

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The tempo changes to *Andante* (♩ = 80). The upper staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the upper staff.

THE AVE MARIA.

f *Tempo I*

no - bis De - - - um, al - le - lu - ja, al - le - lu - ja, al -

al - le - lu - ja

le - lu - - ja, al - le - lu - ja, al - - le - lu - ja, al - le -

al - le - lu - ja

lu - ja, al - le - lu - ja, al - le - lu - ja, al - le - lu - ja, al -

rit.

le - lu - ja, al - le - lu - - ja, al - le - lu - ja, al - le - lu - ja.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 21, 1900.

NO. 16.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

In Thy Likeness.

BY A. E. J.

EMBLEMS of death around us lie.

Sleep, and the darkness, and the night,
The falling leaf, the fading light,
The simplest brook that murmurs by,—
All speak decay and change and seem to say,
"Passeth the fashion of this world away."
And one more change awaits the just—
The change to splendor out of dust:
The glorious body from the vile,
Which no decay can touch or sin defile.
Thou great Unchangeable, who didst create
Man in Thine image, so wilt Thou provide
That man, from sleep to his eternal state,
Wake in Thy likeness, blest and satisfied.*

The Last of the Plantagenets.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

THE month of May, into which we are soon to enter, brings round the anniversary of one of the noblest of the English martyrs. On the 27th of May, 1541, Blessed Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, a princess of royal birth, the last descendant of a long line of kings, laid down her life for the faith amid circumstances of peculiar horror. With the exception of a few short years of happy married life, her destiny was a tragic one. Her desolate childhood was spent among scenes of bloodshed; her

middle life was saddened by public and private sorrows; and her venerable old age was crowned by a martyr's death.

Margaret Plantagenet was the only daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, younger brother of King Edward IV. Her mother was Isabel Neville, daughter of the great Earl of Warwick surnamed the "King-Maker," who played a most conspicuous part during the terrible civil war (known in history as the War of the Roses) that raged in England during the latter part of the fifteenth century.

Our heroine's elder brother was born at sea, between Calais and Dieppe, at a time when Warwick and Clarence, having bound themselves to serve the party of the Red Rose of Lancaster, were pursued by the victorious Yorkist fleet. Margaret came into the world under more peaceful circumstances the following year, 1471. She was born at Farley Castle in Somersetshire, one of the strongest and finest castles in England. Its great halls were enriched with trophies brought from Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; while far and wide around the lordly pile extended woods of oaks. Of the past glories of Farley nothing now remains but dismantled towers and ruined walls, standing out in pathetic loneliness against the wooded slopes. Six years after the birth of her daughter, the Duchess of Clarence had another son, who died in infancy; soon afterward she herself fell into a decline, and passed away before her little girl had reached her seventh year.

* When I awake after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.—Ps.

Edward IV., Margaret's uncle, was now in undisputed possession of the English throne. His brother Clarence, with characteristic inconstancy, had some years previously returned to his allegiance. But the two were seldom on cordial terms; and finally, alarmed at his brother's rapacity and ambition, Edward caused him to be arrested for high-treason and condemned to death. Hardened though he was to deeds of blood, the King hesitated before bringing his own brother to the block; but ten days later Clarence was found dead in his prison in the Tower. According to popular tradition, he was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine.

Edward and Margaret, his orphan children, lived for a time at their uncle's court. But in 1483 Edward IV. passed away; and, after the untimely end of his son Edward V., Richard, Duke of Gloucester, seized the crown. His reign was a brief one. In 1485 the first Tudor king, Henry VII., ascended the throne; and by his marriage with Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV., he seemed to unite the rival claims of York and Lancaster.

Nevertheless, there existed one whose right to the English crown was, strictly speaking, more direct than his own; this was Margaret's young brother, Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick. The mere existence of this unfortunate boy was a cause of anxiety to Henry. For safety's sake he kept him a close prisoner in the Tower, whose grim walls were fraught with gloomy memories for one of his name and race.

His little sister, Margaret, found a safer refuge under the wing of her first cousin, Henry's Queen, Elizabeth of York; and it is possibly owing to the influence of this kind-hearted princess that, in spite of her royal birth, she was treated with comparative favor. Henry VII. was, however, keenly alive to the possi-

bility of the young Plantagenet princess proving, as well as her brother, a dangerous rival; hence his resolve to give her in marriage to a man of too obscure a rank to dream of bringing forward her claims to the crown, and too much devoted to himself ever to thwart his plans. In the end the King's calculations, prompted by jealousy and suspicion, were conducive to Margaret's happiness; for Sir Richard Pole, on whom her hand was bestowed, was an honorable Welsh gentleman, of ancient lineage, a brave and good man.

The marriage took place in 1495, in presence of the King and Queen. Margaret was then twenty-four. A contemporary portrait in the possession of her descendant, Lord Donnington, represents her at this period as a tall, dignified, aristocratic-looking woman; but the close-fitting Tudor *coiffe* conceals the "golden tresses" which a poet of the day celebrated in flattering verse.

The comparative obscurity to which her marriage to a plain knight of honorable but by no means illustrious origin condemned the royal daughter of the great Plantagenets brought her safety and happiness. Only four years later she realized by a cruel experience the peril that her possible rights to the throne might have entailed upon her. Henry VII. had set his heart upon an alliance between his eldest son Arthur, Prince of Wales, and Catherine, daughter of the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella; but the wily Spanish monarch considered Henry's title to the throne as precarious so long as a male representative of the Plantagenets was alive.

The objections raised by Ferdinand to his daughter's marriage sealed the fate of Margaret's unfortunate brother, who, on the vain pretext of an imaginary conspiracy, was executed on Tower Hill. His life had been spent in captivity, and his mental condition precluded the

mere possibility of his conspiring against the King. The fate of this innocent and unhappy boy, whose only crime was his royal birth, excited pity throughout the entire country; and in after years the remembrance of the judicial murder that had brought about her marriage weighed heavily on the tender spirit of Catherine of Aragon.

Margaret's married life was certainly the happiest phase of her long career. It came, with its peaceful joys and sweet domestic duties, as a welcome interlude between the perils of her childhood and the tragic sorrows of her later years.

Sir Richard Pole's fine old mansion of Lordington, where he lived with his royal bride, is still in existence. It stands on a slope above the valley of the Ems, almost within sight of the cathedral of Chichester, where the Bishop St. Richard still sleeps under the Gothic arches.

Margaret's children—Henry, Geoffrey, Arthur, Reginald and Ursula—were born at Lordington. At rare intervals their mother was summoned to court and required by the Queen to take part in some state festivity. Thus, in 1501, when Arthur, Prince of Wales, married the Spanish Infanta, Sir Richard Pole and his wife accompanied the newly wedded pair to Ludlow Castle, on the borders of Wales, where the young heir of England held his court. On this occasion there sprang up between Margaret and Catherine a close friendship, that lasted through sunshine and storm till death severed the bond. The Plantagenet princess was older than the future Queen, but Catherine's earnest nature, her deep piety, and Spanish gravity made her appear older than her years.

Some two years after his marriage, in February, 1503, Prince Arthur died. His mother survived him only a year; and in 1505 the death of Sir Richard Pole destroyed our heroine's wedded happiness. Henceforth the education of

her children became her chief care. She continued to live in retirement: the court had lost its charm since the death of the Queen had deprived her of an affectionate kinswoman; and it was noticed that the King's natural avarice increased after the influence of his sweet and generous consort was removed. During his latter years the people suffered from his exactions, and it was with enthusiasm that in 1509 the whole nation hailed the advent of his youthful successor. It is hard to believe that the handsome and popular prince of eighteen who then ascended the English throne was to develop into that monster of cruelty, Henry VIII.

Two months after his accession Henry married his brother's widow, to whom he had been affianced for some years,—the necessary dispensations having been granted by the court of Rome. In the new Queen, Margaret possessed a true friend. Besides the natural affinities that drew together two noble-hearted and high-minded women, Catherine had been painfully impressed by the fact that her marriage to Prince Arthur had indirectly caused the death of Margaret's unfortunate brother. With characteristic delicacy, she strove on all occasions to benefit Margaret and her children; and it was possibly through her intercession that in 1514 Margaret Pole, as sole heiress of the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, was put in possession of her ancestors' lands and titles.

When, after the loss of two baby boys, Queen Catherine gave birth to a daughter on the 15th of February, 1515, it was to the care of the Countess of Salisbury, as she was now called, that the heiress of England was entrusted. Three days after her birth the princess was baptized in the church of the Grey Friars that adjoined Greenwich Palace, where the King and Queen resided. Carpets had been spread from the palace

to the church and a stately procession was formed, of which the Countess of Salisbury, who carried the royal infant, was the central figure. On each side walked the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Princess Catherine Plantagenet, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the King's lovely and favorite sister, Mary Tudor, Queen Dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk, after whom the baby was named.

When the rite had taken place at the silver font used for royal christenings, the child was confirmed according to the custom of the period, and this time the Countess of Salisbury was her sponsor. From that day, during seventeen years, the life of Margaret was closely linked with that of the young princess, from whom she was hardly ever separated. Thus, in 1525 King Henry decided that his only child and heiress should be established in legal state at Ludlow Castle, where her Uncle Arthur had spent his brief married life. At the head of her little daughter's household, Catherine of Aragon placed the Countess of Salisbury as state governess. It was she who was responsible for the moral and physical well-being of the princess.

Mary, on whom sorrow and ill health were to bring premature old age, was at that time a bright and blooming child, untouched by suffering, singularly intelligent and accomplished for her years. The rare good sense of her mother comes out under its quaint phraseology in the rules that she laid down for her daughter's training:

"Above all things, the Countess of Salisbury, being lady governess, shall... give tender regard to all such things as concern the person of the said princess, her honorable education and training. That is to say, at due times to serve God, from whom all goodness and grace proceedeth. At seasons convenient, to use moderate exercise for taking open air in gardens, sweet and wholesome

places and walks, which may confer unto her health, solace and comfort, as by the said lady governess shall be thought most convenient."

When she thus provided for her child's comfort and welfare, the Queen was pursued by forebodings as to her own future. She knew that Henry's affection for her had long since worn off; and that, by putting forward a pretended scruple of conscience, he hoped to obtain the dissolution of his marriage. No official step in the matter had yet been taken; but the question was already discussed in England, and many anxious thoughts as to the subsequent fate of her royal mistress and of her young charge must have haunted the "lady governess" as she paced the "sweet and wholesome" gardens of Ludlow.

Whatever may have been the political errors of Mary Tudor, even her worst enemies are forced to acknowledge the unblemished purity of her private life, her strong adherence to what she believed to be her duty, her deep religious faith, and boundless charity toward the poor. May we not believe that these sterling qualities were fostered and developed by the noble woman with whom during the first seventeen years of her life she lived in constant and loving intimacy? No record remains to us of the conversations that must have passed between Margaret Pole and Mary Tudor at a time when gathering clouds foreboded the storm about to burst over their devoted heads; but we love to think of the wise counsel and motherly sympathy that the elder princess gave to the inexperienced girl, for whom she foresaw much trouble and many perils.

After a residence of eighteen months at Ludlow, Mary and her household joined the King and Queen. About the same time Margaret's youngest son, Reginald, who had but lately returned from abroad, was a frequent visitor at

the English court. It was reported that he intended to enter the ecclesiastical state, but as yet he had not received holy orders. In the flower of his youth he presented an ideal of manly beauty. His noble face and figure strikingly resembled the portraits of his ancestor, Edward III.; and this circumstance, combined with his high character and intellect, made him universally popular with the people, who cherished the memory of their Plantagenet sovereigns.

At one time Catherine of Aragon had seemed to favor an alliance between her daughter and her own nephew, the Emperor Charles V., the most powerful monarch in Europe. But this plan had been thwarted by the mighty Emperor's recent marriage to Isabel of Portugal; and the Queen, more than ever anxious to secure a wise and kind protector for her only child, thought of Reginald Pole as a most desirable suitor for the Princess Mary. The Queen's friendship for Margaret and her partiality for Reginald were not her only motives for desiring this alliance: she was pursued by the haunting wish to make amends for the unjust execution of the Earl of Warwick. Since her own troubles had begun, her feeling on the subject had become more acute; and she was heard to say, alluding to herself, that "a marriage founded on murder could not be expected to prosper."

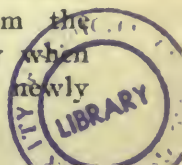
Mary was ten years younger than her handsome cousin, for whom she manifested a childish affection. It might have developed into a warmer feeling had her mother's matrimonial projects been suffered to take a definite shape; but the fair fabric was overthrown by the King's despotic violence. He had by this time resolved to obtain, at any cost, a divorce from his blameless wife, and he was eager to gain Reginald Pole to his cause. A stormy interview took place between the two men in the Gallery

of Whitehall,—Henry urging his point with an obstinacy that failed to conquer his young cousin's uncompromising resistance. When Reginald ventured to plead for the helpless Queen, the King's anger burst forth and his hand sought the hilt of his dagger; but neither his threats nor his promises could bend the noble spirit of one who had inherited the fearlessness of his royal ancestors. Finding, however, that he was unable to serve the Queen, Reginald returned to Italy, where he took holy orders and eventually received the Cardinal's hat.

Henry VIII. had made up his mind to trample under foot all opposition to his iniquitous project. In 1532 Princess Mary was cruelly separated from the loving mother whom she was never to see again; and the following year, 1533, Anne Boleyn was married to the King and crowned Queen of England.

At this trying time Margaret Pole was Mary Tudor's chief support, and the injured Queen found great comfort in the knowledge that her daughter was still under the wing of her devoted and affectionate friend. In a beautiful letter written to her child in August, 1533, she sends a message full of pathetic significance to Margaret Pole. "I pray you," she writes, "recommend me unto my good Lady Salisbury; and pray her to have a good heart, for we never come to the kingdom of heaven but through troubles."

Shortly after the date of this letter Anne Boleyn gave birth to a daughter, the future Queen Elizabeth; and in consequence Mary was at once disinherited, deprived of her title of princess, and transferred to Hunsdon, where she was to occupy a subordinate position in the household of her infant sister. Her own magnificent establishment was broken up, and she was separated from the noble woman who, from the day when she had borne in her arms the newly



baptized heiress of England, had never left her side.

The Countess of Salisbury then went to reside at Warblington, near Havant, in Hampshire, a fine mansion, which she inherited from her ancestors. But here new troubles awaited her. Henry VIII. had never forgotten Reginald Pole's championship of his injured wife, and had sworn to be revenged on him and on his kindred. He put a price on his cousin's head and endeavored to seize his person, dead or alive. His plans to destroy Reginald having failed, he vented his anger on Margaret's eldest son, Henry, Lord Montague, who was put to death in 1539 on the flimsy pretext of having conspired against his sovereign. Then, to add to the mother's anguish, Geoffrey, her second son, turned traitor and was the chief witness against his brother. Thus in her quiet country home Margaret drank the cup of sorrow to the dregs: her eldest son was murdered, her second was a traitor, the third an exile and an outlaw; the princess, whom she loved as a daughter, was passing through a fiery ordeal; and the country where her great ancestors had reigned had been torn from the bosom of the Church. She knew too well the bitter, revengeful spirit of the King not to feel sure that her own turn must come.

In 1538 it was reported that had Lady Salisbury been a younger woman, she would ere this have been burned by the King and his council. A few months later, in November of the same year, Lord Southampton, acting upon instructions, arrested the Countess on the false charge of high-treason. He transferred her to his own residence of Cowdray, in Sussex, where he put her through a close examination that, according to his own avowal, lasted several days and nights. The letters still exist where Southampton complains that "never have we met with such a

woman. She will confess nothing....It is impossible to succeed with her, so great is her obstinacy." The spirit of the brave Plantagenets asserted itself in the venerable prisoner; her enemies confess to having treated her "roughly," but they own that they failed to discover proofs against her of any sort of crime. "We suppose," writes Southampton, "that there hath neither been seen nor heard a woman so earnest, so manlike in countenance. We may call her rather a strong and constant man than a woman....Howsoever we have used her, she hath shown herself so earnest, vehement and precise that more could not be."

Although proofs were wanting, she was attainted for high-treason. The only distinct charge brought against her was that she had "maintained and comforted" her sons in their imaginary treason against the King; and the only substantial proof of her crime was a silk tunic, probably a sacred vestment, embroidered with the royal arms of England and with a design representing the five sacred wounds of our Blessed Lord. This Cromwell triumphantly produced before the assembled parliament in testimony of her guilt!

In spite of the evident iniquity and absurdity of the whole proceeding, an act of attainder was passed against the Countess; and in April, 1539, she was transferred to the Tower of London. We are left to imagine what tragic memories must have filled the aged prisoner's mind as she crossed the grim threshold of the fortress, so fatal to her race. Here her father, her cousins, her only brother, as well as her eldest son, had perished; here she herself was to gain the martyr's crown.

But a long and weary time of trial must be undergone first. During two years she was kept a close prisoner in a damp cell, without a fire or even

sufficient clothing. We are told that, deprived of every comfort, the venerable princess endured her sufferings with uncomplaining and dignified patience. Not a murmur passed her lips: the spirit that had astonished Lord Southampton and his satellites at Cowdray remained unbroken to the last. She spent her time in prayer; her enemies had allowed her to keep her Latin book of prayers, and a gold crucifix and beads that had been given to her by the King's mother, Elizabeth of York. These, to use her own words, she valued more than "fine dishes or good fires"; and with their assistance she beguiled the long days of unbroken solitude.

Toward the end of her second year of imprisonment she received a supply of warm clothing: a "furred night-gown," a "petticoat," a "bonnet," a "worsted kirtle," and several other articles, which were sent to her by the young Queen, Catherine Howard, Henry's fifth consort, who was shortly afterward to meet with a violent death within the gloomy precincts of the Tower.

It is a fact that Margaret's execution would have taken place sooner if a certain fear of public opinion had not deterred the King from sending to the block a princess of her age and rank. Her peculiar position as the last of the Plantagenets, her spotless character, and her white hair rendered her an object of interest to the English people. But with characteristic revengefulness, the King had sworn that Cardinal Pole's relatives should pay for his opposition to the divorce. After two years' delay, he kept his word and signed Margaret's death-warrant.

On a fair spring morning, the 27th of May, 1541, the venerable prisoner was carried in a chair from her miserable cell to a scaffold erected within the walls of the Tower. In spite of the Queen's tardy benefactions, the hardships she

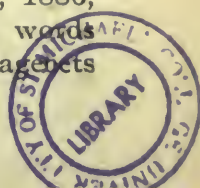
had endured completely crippled the Countess; but an heroic soul animated that feeble and infirm frame, and the last of the Plantagenets went to the block with the same indomitable courage, the same fortitude, that England's warrior kings, her ancestors, had displayed in many a battle.

The scaffold was erected on a spot that even now may easily be recognized, close to the little Church of St. Peter in Vincula, within the precincts of the fortress. Beyond those gloomy walls, that had witnessed the agony and death of the princes of her race, the prisoner's eyes sought the fair blue sky, that spoke to her of the home to which she was hastening.

On reaching the scaffold, unusual vigor seemed to animate her frail body. She ascended the steps, stood upright, and distinctly refused to kneel and lay her head on the block. "So should traitors do," she said, "and I am none. I have committed no crime, I have had no trial. My head never committed treason; if you will have it, you must take it as you can." And, standing erect, calm and dignified, the royal victim waited for death. The executioner, trembling and bewildered, struck at her almost at random, until her bleeding form fell at his feet. Her lips were heard to murmur as she fell: "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake!"

The mutilated remains of Margaret Pole were laid in the little church of the Tower, far away from the beautiful chantry tomb which in happier days she had prepared for herself in the priory church of Christchurch.

When Reginald heard of his mother's death, he exclaimed: "I am now the son of a martyr!" Three hundred years later, on the 29th of December, 1886, Pope Leo XIII. confirmed these words by raising the last of the Plantagenets to the altars of the Church.



The Master of Wola.

BY COUNT WODZINSKI.

XXIII.

TEN years had passed by. At Wolka, the little house of Sigismond shone white in its fresh coat of paint. The portico had been replaced by a broad veranda, shaded by an awning; blossoming vines twined around the four columns supporting its corners. The velvety lawn was adorned by urns and boxes of geraniums, and the interlaced branches of the gigantic trees forming the enclosure made a grateful shade.

It was a beautiful evening near the close of August. The country fairly rang with the sounds of labor, as the harvest was being gathered in. A young girl came out of the door of the Prus home and sat down on the top step of the veranda. She wore a white dress and a red apron which fell to the bottom of her skirt. A large straw-hat covered her forehead and shaded her eyes. By the brilliancy of her complexion and the rose-pink of her cheeks, one would have thought that the hair concealed by the broad-brimmed hat must, when unbound, have rolled in waves of gold over the shoulders worthy of Diana. The color of her eyes was uncertain under the play of lights and shadows cast on her cheeks by her long silken lashes. Sitting in a frame of verdure—a half-open, inverted umbrella in one hand, the other armed with a pair of pruning-shears that flashed in the slanting rays of the setting sun,—the white and red figure seemed the embodiment of youth and grace.

The girl sat for some moments looking over the peaceful landscape, to which the approaching evening gave more luminous contours and more distant

horizons. She rose at last and was about to descend the steps, when a voice behind her caused her to pause. In the doorway stood old Magda, who still exercised the despotic functions of cook and housekeeper. The aggressive manner in which she addressed the girl furnished proof of this fact.

"And where might you be going now?" she asked, curtly. "As if there could be any sense in starting out for a tramp just when honest folks are going to supper!"

The person addressed—who was no other than Françoise Prus, Sigismond's little sister, grown-up now,—answered pleasantly:

"I wasn't going out for a walk at all, Magda. I was only going to cut a few roses."

"Roses, roses!" grumbled the old woman, half-appeased. "Wouldn't it be better to let them grow and flourish where they are? What are you going to do with them, *moja panienka*?* Are you expecting some handsome cavalier to-night?"

"Who knows, Magda dear?—who knows?" rejoined the young girl, with a mischievous smile.

The servant, however, was not to be deceived.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders. "You refuse them all. I don't mean to reproach you, but at your age I was a widow."

"Thank you, Magda!" replied her companion, bursting into a merry peal of laughter. "I must confess that I do not envy you."

"Well, never mind," continued the old woman. "Let the roses bloom as long as the Lord wants them to, and come in to supper."

"But I want to wait for my brother," insisted Françoise.

* My young lady.

"That means the same as if you had said you were going to bed with an empty stomach. Your brother, indeed! He has never known how to regulate himself by the hours of the sun. Long ago, before he had charge of Wola, it was the same thing. He wandered to the right and the left—no one knew where. And I often said to Master Jean, 'Take his coffee,' or 'Eat his dinner: it will teach him to be more prompt.' Ah, yes! but the poor, dear man never heeded me; for he had other cares on his mind."

At the mention of Jean Raz's name, Françoise went back up the steps. A curiosity she could not control caused her to listen to all the stories Magda told about the young man. When she spoke of him, the old woman always sighed with an air of mystery that appealed strongly to the girl's imagination. In the active monotony of her life, it was like a romance, in which her fancy supplied stirring and original chapters. One day she questioned her brother as to the absent man; but he had given her no satisfaction, bidding her not to be curious about the affairs of others.

She knew that he had been unfortunate; that he had lost his father and sister at a single stroke; and that he had left his country, as letters had come to her brother dated from different cities in America. She knew, too, that he must have earned a great deal of money, since he had charged Sigismond to cancel the mortgages on Wola and to get control of it at any price; and that then everybody had looked for his return. She herself had dreamed of it; she had pictured him as a nabob wearing a long robe sparkling with jewels. Finally all hope of his coming had been abandoned, and for the past two years the nabob had given no sign of life. Sigismond's letters had remained unanswered; and this mystery had further excited her

imagination, adding a new aureole to the head of the unknown.

She did not question Magda, being prevented by a feeling of modesty, which she could not explain to herself; but the old servant was not deceived by this silence. Now again, she knew that it was not the announcement of supper, but the allusion to the young man, that had induced Françoise to come up to her. So, blinking her little grey eyes, she continued:

"Shall I tell you something, *panienka*? If you are waiting for Master Jean, if it is on his account that you have refused your three suitors, if it is for him that you gather roses, well, upon my faith, you are right. You don't know how handsome he is. How old were you—six or seven—when you saw him last?"

She paused for a reply. Françoise remained silent, however. She dimly remembered the tall young man who had smiled down upon her, and who in nowise resembled a nabob; but she kept that image jealously guarded in the depths of her heart, with her dreams and undefined hopes. Magda went on, interpreting the girl's silence in her own fashion:

"No, I don't think you could remember him. Well, he was more beautiful than the son of a king, and so good and generous! A Jewess cast a spell over him; great misfortunes fell upon him, and that is what made him cross the seas and go on a pilgrimage to a foreign land. There he found hidden treasures. If you burn a candle every Sunday before the altar of Saint Joseph, I am sure that he will come back some day and marry you. Ah, my little dear! on that day I would go myself to gather roses to scatter over your pathway."

"How foolish you are, Magda!" said Françoise, running down the steps; but when she reached the lawn the color of the roses themselves was on her cheeks

and a wave of joy flooded her heart.

"What if he were really to return!" she said to herself in a low tone.

For a time she clipped roses from the bushes, dropping them one by one into her umbrella. Then, hearing voices out on the road and distinguishing that of her brother, she walked down to the low hedge enclosing the grounds. A short distance away, under the statue of Saint Martin, were two men, one of them a stranger, whom the setting sun surrounded by a nimbus of gold. She could see his features plainly. He had a broad brow and soft eyes, in which was an expression of melancholy; while his hair and beard were streaked with grey.

He raised his arm toward the statue, as if he were greeting an old acquaintance; and, moved doubtless by some past memory, the two men clasped each other's hands. Now she could no longer doubt, and a subdued excitement filled her breast. She would have liked to run back and announce the good news to Magda, but she seemed to be rooted to the spot. She leaned against the trunk of the tree, thinking she was hidden from view. They saw her, however, and Sigismond called out joyously:

"Frانيا! Frانيا!* I am bringing you a guest for supper. Come and invite him yourself."

She left her hiding-place and walked over to the two men. On reaching them, she removed her hat and offered her brow to her brother to kiss. Her hair was not golden, but of an ash-blond color, which took greyish reflections in the sunlight; while in her eyes were the green hues of the waves of the ocean.

"Do you recognize this gentleman, little one?" asked Sigismond.

"I do not know that I should have recognized him, but I know very well who he is."

Then she held out her hand, forgetting the sentimental ideas of her childhood, feeling now only a sisterly sympathy for the friend so long and so patiently waited for.

"Ah! on seeing you so grown up, Miss Françoise," said Jean, gravely, "I begin to feel the weight of the ten years that have passed over my head since I went away."

Françoise smiled, and Prus began to talk with unwonted volubility.

"He literally fell down from the clouds upon us. On reaching Wola, I saw a carriage standing before the gateway. Upon inquiry, the driver told me that he had brought a traveller from the station. Then Danielak came running toward me as fast as his old limbs could carry him, crying: 'Sir, sir! he has come back!—he has come back!' The truth flashing over me, I began to run too; a moment later and we were in each other's arms."

As they came near the house, Françoise ran ahead, and soon returned leading Magda. Fresh effusions followed, after which all sat down to supper, served on the veranda. After the repast they still sat outside, talking of the past.

"Do you know what decided me to return?" inquired Jean, while Françoise seemed occupied in reading her horoscope in the multitude of stars shining in the heavens. "It was the news of the death of Leopold Lewin. It was wrong, I must confess, but it seemed to me that there was not room for both of us in the same land."

"And such a sudden death as it was!" said Sigismond. "A flash of lightning struck him dead just as he was alighting from his carriage at the door of the palace he had built in Varsovia."

"Is Jacob his heir?"

"Yes, and he is now on the way to becoming a power in the country. His wife has been able to inspire him with

* Diminutive for Françoise.

some of her ambition. She has had him elected to the Senate; and she has still higher aspirations, I am told."

"He married Rachel, did he not?" asked Jean, sending a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Yes," replied Prus. "But why speak of those people?"

"It does not affect me in the least," said the young man, with a gesture of indifference.

Françoise had placed two shaded lamps on the table around which they sat; moths hovered about the flames, and the warm breeze, laden with the perfume of roses, gently fanned the brows of the group.

"Ah, how delightful it is to feel the air fresh from our harvest fields!" said Jean. "How many times I thirsted for it when I was far away!"

Then, in a grave voice, he told of his adventures, his labor and final success. First, there was the rude existence of the squatter; then the discovery of mines of precious metal, and the spread of the gold-fever, until even he was seized with it. Following his profession of engineer, wealth was soon his. Then homesickness had fallen upon him. In spite of the incomparable grandeur of the scenery, the plains of untold fertility, the mountains with their precious ores, the gigantic forests thousands of years old, cities of stone and marble, he thought day and night of the banks of the Vistula, where blossomed the buck-wheat and ripened the rape-seed; of the babbling brooks, bordered by bare hills; of the pine woods; of the miserable hamlets, and the ragged children rolling in the dust of the road,—of all that constitutes the inexplicable charm of one's native land. If he had not come back he would have died of longing. But his trials and years of exile had developed and educated him. He no longer cherished hatred and class preju-

dices. He recognized "Union and Labor" as the secret of social renovation.

"Once," he went on, "I despised Jews; but there was much of pride, folly, and vanity in my contempt. As for those leeches, the usurers, by our toil we must render them useless. We might even learn a lesson from them. Solidarity, a practical spirit, continuous, indefatigable labor, which never despairs and in the end conquers everything,—these are what should henceforth bind us to the lands we possess."

He ceased speaking. Prus smoked and made no reply. Then the clear voice of Françoise was heard from the shadow where she was sitting:

"Yes, you are right, but on condition that we are ever present,—we, your mothers and sisters, to point out the way to heaven."

She did not add "your sweethearts and wives," but she thought it; and what woman wills God wills.

(The End.)

A Saint's Scorn.

BY MARION MUIR.

SAINT MAGDALENE of Pazzi, saith a tale,
 Wrapped in divinest thought, beneath her veil,
 In her still shelter knelt alone at prayer,
 When loud a furious foot upon the stair,
 A cloud of darkness and a bitter cry:
 "The Lord hath given me power—even I—
 To drag thee, woman, by the hair, along
 Through the steep street, where all may see thy
 wrong!"

"Indeed," she answered, "sayest thou so, in sooth!
 Then hasten: it shall never cost me ruth.
 What the Lord wills, who made me, that shall be,
 Even the crown of blessedness to me."
 Swift as he came, the Enemy had fled
 Ere the last word his smiling foe had said.

Trust Him, my soul, whose "everlasting arms"
 Abide through forty centuries' alarms;
 Huge swelling phantoms are the powers of ill,—
 Face them unflinching: He is ruler still!

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.

XII.

THE Catholic writer, at least, must recognize one transcendent merit in the old French state: its efficient goodwill for the zealous Catholic missionary. Debauched princes and high-born dames of shadiest reputation held still to religion and morality, if only by the hem of the missionary's coarse garment. The rights of the *roturier* might not exist, and the dogs and horses of the noble might trample the peasant's grain; but these great ones of France were really concerned about the souls of the savages. The charter of Henry of Navarre to De Monts opens with a preamble of this character, as pious as the invocation of any Merovingian diploma. And the first words of the "Voyages" of that shrewd and hard-headed but very Catholic man, Samuel Champlain, the real founder of New France, are: "The salvation of a single soul is of more consequence than the conquest of an empire."

The teachings and example of the noble missionaries inspired the Indians of Acadia with a lasting attachment to France and French interests and institutions, whereby they became the most effective allies of the golden lilies. Nor did French civil officers fail to co-operate with the fathers, so that from end to end of Acadia the service of the French king had no more faithful henchmen than the dusky children of the forest. The wigwams of the "Miggumaghee," or the "Land of the Micmacs" (then called Souriquois by the French), were always open to their white brother; their infinite knowledge of forest, river and portage, of land and sea, always at his disposal. Through many a long decade Frenchmen like Biencourt, the

D'Amours and the Castines, the first *coureurs des bois*, threaded the forests of Acadia, loved and trusted by the tribes, who would have died for them to a man. Something very humane, warm and frank in the French character appealed to these children of the forest, as well as to Huron and Algonquin, and fastened them forever to its fates. A competent writer, M. Rameau de St. Pierre,* says of them (and he is sustained by Murdoch):

Certainly, of all the Indians, the Abnakis (Micmacs) most nearly approached the European, and especially the French character; above all other tribes, the Abnakis were docile and faithful. Endowed with a brilliant courage and a loyalty rare among Indians, they displayed an unwavering fidelity to the men and to the ideas to which they became attached.... Those savages always lived in perfect accord with the Acadians. We have seen from the interesting narrative of Lescarbot that their relations with the French were friendly from the beginning; this reciprocal attachment failed not for a single day. The Acadians complained of the Indians living so near to them and of their importunity; but never during the century and a half of French rule did one hear of altercation, of aggression, of pillage, nor of a single act of violence. Perhaps the history of no other colony presents a similar phenomenon.

Their religion was simple. Champlain, indeed, says that they neither worshiped deities nor performed any devotions. The earliest Jesuit missionary, Father Béard, tells us that their only prayer was: "Our Sun, or our God, give us something to eat!" In his "Legends of the Micmacs," Dr. Rand has collected—at a late date, it is true,—many details of their former belief, evidently a rude cosmogony that centred about their hero and benefactor, Glooscap.

The Basin of Minas was the favorite home of Glooscap, the Hiawatha of the Micmacs, whose traditions described him as an envoy from the Great Spirit, who had the form and the habits of humanity, but was exalted above all peril and sickness and death. He dwelt apart and above, in a great wigwam, and was attended by an old woman and a beautiful youth, and "was never very far from any one of them" who received his counsels. His power, which was unbounded

* "Une Colonie Féodale," Paris, 1876.

as well as supernatural, was wielded against the enchantments of the magicians; while his wisdom taught the Indians how to hunt and fish, to heal diseases, and to build wigwams and canoes. He named constellations in the heavens and many of the chief points on the Acadian shores. The Basin of Minas was his beaver-pond; Cape Split was the bulwark of the dam; and Spencer's Island is his overturned kettle. He controlled the elements, and by his magic wand led the caribou and the bear to his throne. The allied powers of evil advanced with immense hosts to overthrow his great wigwam and break his power. But he extinguished their camp-fires by night, and summoned the spirits of the frost, by whose endeavors the land was revisited by an intense cold, and the hostile armies were frozen in the forest. On the approach of the English, he turned his huge hunting-dogs into stone and then passed away; but will return again, right Spencer's Island, call the dogs to life, and once more dispense his royal hospitality on the Minas shores.*

Other, and perhaps no less poetic, traditions they had, which the venerable Memberton may have told to Lescarbot and his companions when gathered about the hospitable board of the famous "Order of Jolly Times" at Port Royal. Never very numerous, they were well described as "scattered and shifting tribes at the mouths of the rivers that emptied into the Bay of Fundy, or living in isolated families under the shadow of the granite hills on the eastern shore of the peninsula, where the rolling surf of the wintry ocean dashes forever in furious white breakers on the iron-bound coast." We are told that their language is exceedingly expressive, flexible and musical; this power arising from a quick and lively sensation of visible objects which prompted them to express, as it were, in a moment ideas that would take time and reflection in us to paint to the life; while their surprise or imagination gave birth to thoughts or expressions warm and astonishing and sublime.† In personal appearance, the

Micmacs were "of a reddish-brown color with high cheekbones, large lips and mouths; long, black, coarse hair; and fine, intelligent, penetrating eyes. They were often of surprising size, strength, and quickness."

In his valuable work on the labors of the (Quebec) Priests of the Foreign Missions, the Abbé Casgrain has collected many curious and pleasing traits of this singular people,—their inborn artistic taste and skill, their love of music, their sweet and haunting execution of the church-song. Even yet, the judicious historian Campbell tells us, "their wigwam has a place for everything, and everything is in its place. Every post, every bar, every fastening, every tier of bark, and every appendage whether for ornament or for use, in this curious structure, has a name; and every section of the limited space has its appropriate designation and use."

The Micmac made elegant canoes,—light, shapely, portable, water-tight; his snow-shoes and moccasins, his portable cradle and fish-spear, were all models of graceful and handy work,—all fitted for the necessities of frequent removal. He had clothes of skin, neatly tanned, soft and pliable. At a later time, his greatest satisfaction was to wear on feasts or solemn days some silver cross or medal that the missionary or the king's officer had brought from bishop or court to his ancestor; or to parade in a ceremonial dress of scarlet or blue, and of antique pattern.* By a tardy and scanty bit of idealistic equity, the Micmac of Nova Scotia is free of the forest, the lake and the sea. No hunting or fishing laws apply to him, and certain chosen coigns are reserved to him along the noble fish-ways of this pleasant land. May no sordid jealousy ever rob him of this fitting remnant of freedom and comfort!

* Sweetser's "Maritime Provinces," p. 106.

† The Present State of Nova Scotia, 1787; cf. Campbell's Nova Scotia, 1873, p. 20; and the writings of the learned and laborious Sulpitian, Father Cuoq.

* Murdoch, "History of Nova Scotia," i, 39.

May he live, Nature's monk or hermit, so that we may always measure the follies and excesses of society against an original pattern of frugality, contentment, simplicity!

Such, in brief, were the Micmacs, and their many noble traits have won the homage of skilful modern romancers like Gilbert Parker and Charles Roberts. It was not a rude or ungentle race: they seem to have gained at once the hearts the missionaries; for all who write of them have kindly words for these neophytes whose widespread branches covered Maine, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton. In their day the right arm of France, they are now few, quite degenerate; compelled to live, in part, the unnatural white man's life; yet still hunters, fishermen, trappers, guides; still clinging to the deep places of the forest, the lonely lake, the haunts of moose and caribou, of the beaver and the wild duck. Their proper and musical names are lost to them: to the unromantic citizens of Nova Scotia they are known as Penalls, Gloags, Soulnows, Labradors, and the like. But one eternal monument is theirs as surely as the rivers and mountains of Europe give witness to the wanderings of the peoples of old Arya, and that is the names of places throughout the Maritime Provinces.

Let this lovely tribute from the pen of Richard Huntington, once editor of the *Yarmouth Tribune*, stand as a memento to their inalienable interest in the soil of Nova Scotia, as well as to their steadfastness in the Catholic faith. Every name here chanted recalls some leafy tabernacle, some gentle "Christus" looking down from His bed of pain upon the chasubled priest, the golden cup of His memorial, the brown men and women and children to whom He came, late indeed, but in fulness of love and tenderness; a greater than Promethean

Glooscap,—Revealer, Renewer, Redeemer, Healer of ills, Pilot amid the shallows and ledges of life; Guide to the celestial land so long and so ardently yearned for, so dimly seen, before He shone upon their way, and told them truly the secret of life, the world, and the heart of man:

The Memory of the Red Man!

How can it pass away,
While their names of music linger
On each mount and stream and bay?
While Musquodoboit's waters
Roll sparkling to the main,
While falls the laughing sunbeam
On Chegoggin's fields of grain.

While floats our country's banner
O'er Chebucto's glorious wave;
And the frowning cliffs of Scatarie
The trembling surges brave;
While breezy Aspotogan
Lifts high its summit blue,
And sparkles on its winding way
The gentle Sissibou.

While Escasoni's fountains
Pour down their crystal tide,
While Inganish's mountains
Lift high their forms of pride;
Or while on Mabou's river
The boatman plies his oar,
Or the billows burst in thunder
On Chikaben's rock-girt shore.

The Memory of the Red Man!

It lingers like a spell
On many a storm-swept headland,
On many a leafy dell;
Where Tusket's thousand islets
Like emeralds stud the deep;
Where Blomidon, a sentry grim,
His endless watch doth keep.

It dwells round Catalone's blue lake,
'Mid leafy forests hid,
Round fair Discouse, and the rushing tides
Of the turbid Pisiquid;
And it lends, Chebogue, a touching grace
To thy softly flowing river,
As we sadly think of the gentle race
That has passed away forever.

What the missionaries of Acadie endured in this dawn of American civilization is known only to Him who sustained them. It is surely owing to their merits that Catholicism never perished in Nova Scotia, and that their spiritual conquest is still intact. Some

echo of their enormous toil may yet be heard out of the pages of the "Relations," in which often vibrates that note of archaic freshness, sweetness, grace, and tender human sentiment which charms us in Homer. Here is a paragraph from Father Lalemant's description of the journey of Father Druillettes in 1647 from Sillery, near Quebec, to the Abnakis of Maine. It breathes at every word an epic devotion and the highest abandonment of sacrificial mysticism:

I shall say nothing of the difficulties he had to undergo in a journey of nine or ten months, where one meets rivers paved with rocks, where the boats that carry you are made only of bark; where the dangers to one's life succeed each other more quickly than the days and nights; where the forests of winter change the whole face of the country into a sheet of snow and ice; where one has to carry on his shoulders his dwelling, his provisions, and his supplies; where you have no other company than that of savages, as far removed from our ways of living as the earth is removed from the skies; where the strength of body with which the savages are abundantly supplied far excels all the beauties of the spirit; where one finds neither bread nor wine, nor any kind of food that one is used to in Europe; where one would say that all the roads led to the abyss, so frightful are they, and yet they lead to paradise those who love the crosses with which they are strewn. It was in his sufferings that the Father found repose, meeting more often mountains like those of Thabor and Olivet than that of Calvary.*

(To be continued.)

* *Catholic World*, vol. xii, p. 636.

FAITH has not only a special function with reference to the justification of the individual, but is also the universal bond between the redeemed race and God. It must therefore affect the whole soul, and be the health of every part, penetrating all the virtues, and imparting to them its own unity and stability. It is an adamant which God diffuses through man's whole being. It must enlighten the mind, erect the will, warm and purify the heart, live in every affection, kneel in our humility, endure in our patience.

—Aubrey de Vere.

The Unwilling Guest.

OLD Archibald sat in the kitchen for a last smoke before going to bed. It was a cold, slippery night, and the public room of the inn, of which he was the proprietor, had been deserted for more than an hour. He was meditating. He had decided that, instead of seeking his bed on this night when opportunity offered for sleep, he would sit up and watch for the thief who had lately been paying attention to the pantry. From time immemorial it had groaned beneath its burthen of cold meats and other articles left over from the various meals, without having been disturbed; but during the past week something had been taken nearly every night.

True, it would have been easy to lock the pantry window, thus putting temptation out of the way of nimble fingers; but old Archibald preferred to catch the thief,—an offender till then unknown in the vicinity of the "Friendly Neighbor," the hospitable house of call which had stood for over a hundred years at the entrance of the hamlet of Noskirk, and which had been presided over in turn by the father and grandfather of the present host.

He was just sinking into a doze when a noise in the pantry aroused him. He had extinguished all the lights, so that his presence might not be suspected. Rising noiselessly from his seat, he went on tiptoe to the door, which he had purposely left ajar, and saw the little window cautiously opened, while a hand was thrust through the small aperture.

"Aha! he has taken the two-pound roll of sweet butter Mary put there just before she went to bed!" mentally soliloquized Archibald.

He strode softly through the public room and quickly unlocked the door which opened on the courtyard. As he

did so a man who was silently making his way along the side of the house from the direction of the pantry hastily took off his hat, put something under it and replaced it on his head.

"Ho! who is there?" cried Archibald, who had seen the movement, though unseen himself.

"It is I!" replied a familiar voice,—that of a comparative newcomer in the neighborhood; a man without visible employment, yet who always contrived to find enough to eat. He had been suspected: here was the proof.

"Oh! is it you, Jed Brown?" asked mine host. "Whither away so late?"

"I am just back from Winton," said Jed. "I came across lots and took a short cut through your yard."

"Oh, I see!" answered Archibald. "Come in and get warm," he continued. "Come right in and have a glass of something hot."

"Thanks!" said Jed, in an embarrassed tone. "I've sworn off: I don't drink anything, and I don't feel very cold."

"Nonsense, man!" persisted Archibald, stepping outside and catching him by the sleeve. "Come right in. I'm kind of lonesome to-night. I shut up early on account of no one being in; and the missus went to bed an hour or so ago. But I'm not used to lying down this early. Come in; we'll have a chat by the fire and a glass of lemonade."

Jed did not know what to think; for old Archibald had not always been so friendly. What if this were only a trap? What if he had suspected? But no: in that case his way would have been to take summary vengeance at once. He hesitated: the thought of the bright fire and hot drink was tempting. He turned about and went in. The host led the way to the backroom. The fire had gone down; he replenished it with several lumps of coal. In a few moments it was burning brightly.

"Sit there, close to the stove," he said. "I will make some lemonade."

Jed did not take off his hat,—indeed, at Noskirk it was not essential to do so. But he did not forget that the roll of butter was underneath it; and, cold as he was, he did not approach the stove.

When Archibald returned, bearing two large glasses of steaming lemonade, he drew forward a bench.

"Come, come!" he said. "Sit here,—sit right here: you are too far away from the fire."

But Jed declared he was quite warm; whereupon his host proceeded to fill the stove with coal until it glowed red-hot.

"Don't you think it is stifling here, Archibald?" timidly asked Jed, as he felt a tiny stream beginning to flow down his forehead.

"I! No," answered old Archibald. "It is just comfortable. It is a very cold night outside."

So saying, he stared long and meditatively into vacancy; while Jed made hasty gulps of the hot liquid, which he was very desirous of disposing of, so that he might get away. His forehead grew menacingly wet. Drawing a large handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped it furtively. Archibald suddenly roused himself. Opening the door of a cupboard in the wall, he brought forth several slices of brown bread.

"Here, eat this!" he said, laying the bread before Jed. "You can butter it yourself."

Jed looked about him. He saw no butter save that which was beginning to trickle down his temples. He grew frightened. Did Archibald suspect? But no: that was impossible. Jed dared not speak. Once more the host seated himself by the fire, and again he seemed lost in contemplation. Jed began to munch the dry bread. Neither uttered a word. So passed several moments.

Once more, as though rousing himself

from a reverie, old Archibald cast a glance in Jed's direction.

"Sure enough, you are perspiring dreadfully, Jed!" he observed. "Take off your hat, man, and hang it up on the rack behind you."

"No, no!" said the unhappy thief. "I really must be going. It is very late."

But his entertainer pushed him back in his chair.

"Finish your lemonade," he replied, hospitably. "We'll have another glass in a moment. It is a fearfully cold night. It would be a shame to leave this rousing fire. If we had a goose now,—a hot goose," he continued, fixing his gaze on poor Jed, from beneath whose battered hat great drops were falling on the table. "As I was saying, if we had a hot goose now, how delicious it would be with baked potatoes and butter—fresh, sweet, melted butter!"

Old Archibald smacked his lips, as though he already felt the toothsome viands between his lips.

Jed could stand it no longer.

"I must go,—I must go!" he said, springing to his feet. "This room is suffocating. I am ill. I must go."

Archibald also rose.

"Very well, then,—if go you must. I will say good-night, Jed. I have had a pleasant half hour in your company, and I trust you have had the same in mine. As far as I am concerned, the joke has been worth half a dollar—the price of the butter; and on that account I shan't charge you anything for it. On that account also—because I have enjoyed it so much—I shall not say anything to the police this time."

Then he lifted up his great voice in a merry laugh, in the midst of which he heard the sound of hurrying feet and a clanging door. His unwilling guest had departed, but needless to say the pantry of the "Friendly Neighbor" remained unmolested thereafter.

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

A CONSTANT source of error in reading Church history is the fact that we always mistake the clergy for the Church.

If the shoulder-joint gave rearward, some men would be constantly patting themselves on the back.

After a bitter struggle for a lifetime a few men acquire fame. The fame consists in one of three honors: a new brand of cigars is named after the hero, or his portrait is put on a dollar bill, or a party of professional patriots vote that the taxpayers erect a statue to the hero and his horse, whereupon the sparrows may roost. A week after his triumph, if he makes a rash remark or marries a "papist," he will be called a rascal by the public.

"I forgot" and "I did not advert" are foolish excuses in friendship. Never to forget and ever to be watchful are of the essence of this affection.

Evil is like cold: a negative, not a positive, thing.

When a homeopathist would give a dose of a liquid drug, he puts a drop of the drug in one hundred drops of alcohol, then a drop of the one to one hundred dilution in another one hundred drops of alcohol; after this, a drop of that one to ten thousand dilution in another hundred drops of alcohol; and so on up to the thirtieth dilution—the homeopathic mystical number; finally the patient receives a sip of the ultimate attenuation. There the drug, in intention at the least, is present as one part to a number represented by a unit

with sixty ciphers—an English decillion or an American undevigentillion. This operation is like letting fall a drop of whisky into Lake Superior at Duluth and thereafter taking a teaspoonful of Lake Erie near Buffalo for your cold punch. To make the Buffalo punch more palatable, a bit of lemon peel might be rubbed on the rail of a Duluth wharf. Solid drugs are raised to spirituality with sugar of milk in a similar manner. Christian Science is gross materialism compared with such telepathy.

**

Serious flattery is a method of lying whereby you make persons believe you deem them much more clever or beautiful than you really think they are. It tricks by treachery; it is like a Roman comedian sneering behind his grinning mask. When it takes trouble to be skilful it says: "You are a fool in vanity, but you know you are." When it is gross it says: "You are a fool in vanity, and you do not know you are." When it speaks poetically it says: "You are vain and a fool, but you will serve as well as any other puddle to reflect the beauty of my speech."

**

A man should first establish a reputation for bravery before he talks of forgiving his enemy through Christian charity. Those that forgive through charity and not through cowardice, do not talk. Physical pluck, which is a matter of nerves and is shared with bulldogs, occasionally writes for the magazines after a battle, if pluck has been at college in its youth; but courage is silent. Courage often sweats with fear, but it does not falter; pluck frequently does not know enough to sweat. You can find absolute pluck among twelve-year-old boys on a football field.

**

If you use blank cartridges you will never fill your game-bag.

Notes and Remarks.

While innumerable pestiferous Oriental "isms" are invading the Western nations, it is somewhat surprising to be told that Mohammedanism is winning many new converts in the East. The religion of Islam has hitherto been propagated so exclusively by the sword that one wonders why Jews, schismatic Armenians, and even Catholics should so easily fall away in these days of universal tolerance; yet the *Journal de Bruxelles* says: "It is impossible to deny the large number of conversions to Mohammedanism among Jews and Christians both in Constantinople and in the Ottoman provinces." It is also said that Moslem preachers number their recruits by thousands every year in Africa, in Asia, and especially in China, where Mohammedanism is daily gaining ground. Southern Russia and even some of the other European countries have also been affected by the new propaganda; and this at a time when Turkey, Persia, Morocco, Afghanistan—all the Moslem states—are decayed or decadent.

As we noted in an earlier issue, the decline in membership in the Methodist denomination inspired the M. E. bishops with the pious design of dedicating a week to prayer, fasting and humiliation. It was hoped thereby to secure a return of the spiritual power of the church. The appeal of the bishops was reverently received by most of the Methodist leaders and journalists, but *Zion's Herald* suggests darkly that an erroneous diagnosis has been made. Our contemporary refers to certain gross money scandals (we are glad it is not the Catholic press which keeps these unpleasant memories alive); to political scheming in the Methodist body; and to the fact that "our bishops, book agents, general sec-

retaries, editors, and other representative leaders in the church, do not carry the fragrance of holy living to the people." Then comes this startling admonition: "If we are to get right before the Lord, and not be guilty longer of hypocrisy and unrighteousness, the church must be purged at its fountain-head. Unholy ambition, business dishonesty, impure thinking and speaking, must be put away." This plain-spoken editor evidently believes in helping our Methodist brethren to the "humiliation" which the bishops asked for.

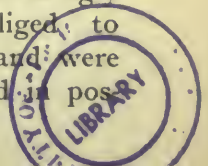
It would be the rankest sort of injustice to apply these charges to the Methodist leaders as a body, but it seems to us that Protestants generally ought to learn a lesson in broad-mindedness from them. Precisely these same charges are made against the priests in the Philippines by a small clique of agitators, and it is not to the credit of our separated brethren that they have approvingly repeated those charges. Right reverend prelates like Bishop Potter do this thing, as well as mere preachers; and when we protest, they wag their heads at us and refuse to examine our testimony. We prefer not to discuss the mental integrity of people who proceed on the assumption that Catholics can not possibly tell the truth and non-Catholics can not possibly bear false witness.

Among the pleasant reminiscences of Queen Victoria aroused by her visit to Ireland is the story that she once gave a horse and carriage to a servant at Balmoral Castle, who could not get to Mass without it. The Queen's mother, it is pretty well known, died a Catholic; and in Germany there are many Catholics among the near relatives of Queen Victoria and her deceased prince consort. The prince himself, in his last illness, once pointed to a Madonna by Raphael (which he had formerly presented to

the Queen, and before which he often stood in admiration) and said: "It helps me through half the day." And during the "No Popery" riots provoked by the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England, nearly fifty years ago, Victoria, then a young queen, expressed her "deep regret at the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings." In the same letter, written to her aunt, she said: "I can not bear to hear violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is painful and so cruel toward the many good and innocent Roman Catholics."

It is also pleasant to learn—on the authority of the London *Tablet*—that her Majesty once admitted Father Ignatius Spencer into her presence for the purpose of hearing from him "a respectful statement of the claims of the Roman Church on her obedience." Let us hope that the ineffectiveness of Father Spencer's statement was in nowise due to the consideration that if she acknowledged the "claims" of the Church she could not remain a queen. The sovereigns of England do not enjoy freedom of conscience.

It is a hard thing to say, but there are some Protestant ministers who would still tell lies about the Church if their heads were held under salt water. One of these persistent men—we shall not give his name or tell to what denomination he belongs—was very much taken back to find that the Bible is an open book among the Filipinos,—so open that the copies he saw with his own eyes bore traces of thumbs and of tears. Here was a stubborn fact that would have embarrassed an honest man, but the preacher knew how to get round it. The islanders had shown him their Bibles "in confidence"; so he unhesitatingly asserted that they are obliged to preserve secrecy about them, and were in mortal dread of being found



session of the holy book by a wicked friar. This explanation will, of course, be accepted only by persons with heads and hearts like the domine; but, unfortunately, there are many such—people with a disposition to believe lies about the Catholic religion and an abnormal propensity to repeat them.

Protestants who are honest and enlightened will admit that the Filipinos got their Bibles just where they themselves did, and will conclude that the holy book is held in greater reverence by the Filipinos than by many preachers. The calumniated missionaries of the Philippine Islands have not neglected the religious instruction of the natives, whatever may be asserted to the contrary. Proof of their devotedness is abundant. In a catalogue of books for sale by Martinus Nijhoff, La Haye, which we were reading the other night, we found mention of a Catechism of the Christian Religion in the Batan language (92 pp., 12mo), and of another in the Gaddan language (228 pp., 12mo). Both of these books were printed in the Philippines in the early part of the century. It will be a long time before Protestant missionaries are found who will tarry there long enough to learn languages and write books. The climate of those islands is so torrid as to afford the natives a certain immunity.

Our oft-expressed theory that as soon as a preacher becomes prosperous his orthodoxy is apt to get shaky is again illustrated by the case of Dr. Hillis, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. When Brother Hillis was an humble Presbyterian minister in Chicago he was content to give out each succeeding Sunday pious pastels and sand-papered lectures on the ethical aspect of the great seers. Now that he stands on the rostrum once occupied by Beecher and the unrestricted Abbott, Brother Hillis angrily repudiates

the Presbyterian confession and threatens to 'shake his fist' in the face of the God whom Presbyterians adore. We have no fondness for Calvinism, but we may be permitted to say that 'shaking one's fist' in the face of the Deity is a Luciferian occupation. If the defiant Doctor has discovered that the creed of Presbyterianism is not sacred truth, it is so far to his credit; but why blame the Deity, who had nothing whatever to do with the making of Presbyterianism?

**

We observe that Dr. Hillis has resigned from the presbytery, and that a committee of clergymen are hurrying on to Brooklyn to remonstrate with him—to urge him to withdraw his resignation, promising that the offensive Confession shall be expurgated. In view of the promptness and vigor with which the unfortunate Dr. Mivart's blasphemous utterances were taken up, this readiness to part with a creed rather than to part with a preacher who indulges in such horrible language, is significant. This shiftiness of Protestantism has drawn from Major Brownson one of the best paragraphs in his valuable Life of his father. We quote it:

If the more reputable sects were the real bulwarks of Protestantism, and there were no lower depths to which the Anglican and Episcopal sects could retreat when driven from their more elevated position, there would be little difficulty in the case. But the real strength of Protestantism is in the most advanced sects,—those which have moved furthest from Catholicity, and nearest to the natural terminus to which the dominant tendency of the Protestant world leads; and that is rationalism, transcendentalism, pantheism, atheism, nihilism, agnosticism. Even men who are up to the level of their age in science and erudition admit, at best, only the natural-supernatural order, and seek to explain all the phenomena of man's religious life by means of what may be termed natural as distinguished from Christian mysticism. If so-called orthodox Protestants profess to hold some things that are also held by Catholics, it is not by virtue of their Protestantism, but in spite of it, that they so hold; and they will give up, or consent to hold those doctrines simply as opinions having no objective validity, rather than abandon the Protestant movement. Hence it

follows that there are and can be no questions debatable between Catholics and Protestants but such as pertain exclusively to the province of reason. If reason finds sufficient evidence that God has instituted a church to teach all nations whatsoever He has revealed, it pronounces her infallible, and acknowledges its obligation to accept, without questioning, whatever she teaches.

Chicago has wrought wondrous things, it must be confessed; but it is still unequal to the production of a luncheon menu for Holy Week perfect in all features. Our æsthetical sense was shocked last week on reading the following paragraph in one of the Chicago dailies. It may be admitted that the writer is well-intentioned, progressive, and not lacking in those intuitions so essential in a hostess. She has evidently profited by visits to Eastern cities; but she has many things to learn that are of the highest importance, though they may as yet be considered trifles in Chicago. Here is the offending paragraph:

Hospitality should not cease even in Holy Week; and in case it is necessary to entertain, the menu should be selected with full observance of the season. Only the simplest china should be used. An acceptable menu consists of Little Neck clams served on the half shell on chopped ice; cream of oysters served in cups, with thin bread-and-butter sandwiches; shad roe broiled with garnish of smelts; Tartare sauce; quartered tomatoes with a French dressing; artichokes with Hollandaise sauce; vol-au-vent of lobster with fresh mushrooms; grape fruit salad, mayonnaise, cheese croquettes, crackers, omelet soufflé, coffee.

In the first place, the china used in Holy Week should be old as well as simple,—the older the better, since Lent is a very venerable institution. A ribbon of some sombre shade, say purple, tied round the Little Neck clams is positively indispensable. The conscience of guests always derives comfort from this concession to religion, and no considerate hostess will neglect it. Only one born and bred in Chicago would think of French dressing for tomatoes in Lent. Whether they are quartered or sliced, the only dressing to be thought of for

a moment is Roman. The soulfulness of the function would be greatly enhanced if the mushrooms were to be gathered by moonlight near some churchyard. As bright spring flowers, emblematic of new life, are out of the question, the table decorations should be confined to candles, with shades of a subdued mouse color, and a few cat-o'-nine-tails set in a tall, transparent vase. Ordinarily, of course, candles would not be lighted at such an hour; but this may be done with the utmost propriety if the weather happens to harmonize with the Lenten gloom. It is with a view to this contingency that candles should always be in readiness—

But what's the use of trying to give correct ideas of form to people who have not learned to avoid the word "cracker"? Let the children of the best society in Chicago be taught to say *biscuit*; and when they are old enough to entertain, it will be quite time enough to discuss the prerequisites for a Holy Week luncheon.

It is astonishing how many public men are willing to relieve President McKinley of his burden next March. Of course there can be only one chief executive, but the prospects are that the candidates for that office will be numerous enough to enable the people to make the best possible selection. There are even rumors of the formation of a new political party. Judging from present indications, our next presidential election will be one of the most hotly contested elections ever known; and, needless to say, it will be watched with intense interest by foreign nations. To the Filipinos in particular it will be of special importance; and if they are still opposing our troops only five miles from Manila, they will probably be able to prolong the contest until the White House has another occupant.

Notable New Books.

Crashaw's English Poems. Two volumes as one. Edited with Introductions, etc., by J. R. Tutin. Published by the Editor.

Richard Crashaw, it may be well to recall, was born in London in 1612, and was educated at Cambridge, where he received Anglican "Orders," and soon became known as a preacher of remarkable power and richness. Later he became a Catholic, and for a time served as secretary to Cardinal Palotta. At the age of thirty-eight he was made "canon of the Lady-Chapel of Loretto"; and after living a few weeks at the famous shrine he died of fever in 1650. His friend, the poet Crowley, who mildly deprecated Crashaw's conversion, genuinely lamented his death in some noble lines, of which we may quote these:

How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great Mistress' Arms! Thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t'expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the famed chapel there
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air;
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

To attempt to determine the place of Crashaw in English literature, after all that the critics have said, from Coleridge to Palgrave, would be an obvious impertinence. He is one of the fixed stars. Yet until Mr. Tutin produced these volumes, nothing like a complete edition of Crashaw was in existence, strange as it seems. That whole-hearted lover of Crashaw has our full thanks, therefore, for a distinguished service rendered to all who relish the best poetry; and as his edition of the poet is limited to five hundred copies, those of our readers who want to possess themselves of this wholly admirable work would do well to communicate with Mr. Tutin at once.

Bruges; an Historical Sketch. By Wilfrid C. Robinson. Bruges: Louis de Plancke.

This is one of the most enjoyable studies in history that have come under our eye for some years. Wilfrid Robinson is an author whom our readers will instantly associate with relishable writing; yet we confess that we did not expect to find in the history of Bruges itself a fraction of the interest which he has actually put into it. The Athens of Belgium has had its full share of vicissitudes during the thousand years of its existence, and it has had more than its share of

good rulers and holy ecclesiastics. The doings and sayings of these personages, the record of the successive periods of glory and partial decadence, the rise of the social, political, intellectual and religious customs and institutions peculiar to the Low Countries, have furnished Mr. Robinson with most excellent matter, which he has used with most excellent effect. Historic lore, often of uncommon quality, dramatic force, local color, and good writing are the elements that lend to this volume a distinctly superior interest.

Led by a Dream. By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson). Published by the Author.

A perfect specimen of bookmaking, yet its readers will think it all too small. Its seven stories—a few of them are sketches—are among the most delicious tidbits of literature we have chanced on for long. Mrs. Hinkson knows the Irish peasant as only one gifted with her fine insight and sympathy can know him; and the poetry and pathos of his simple life find in her a worthy historian. "Led by a Dream" and "An Irish Peasant Woman" are the pieces we have most enjoyed in this most enjoyable volume. Mrs. Hinkson's contributions to this magazine have created among our readers a craving for her work; and to this little book we send them, in the confidence that they will find it as fresh, as imaginative and as charmingly wrought as anything she has hitherto done.

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. Translated from the Greek, with Notes, by J. N. W. B. Robertson. Thomas Baker.

The Synod of Jerusalem, sometimes referred to as the Council of Bethlehem, was a synod of the Orthodox Schismatic Church held in 1672, on the occasion of the rededication of the Basilica of the Nativity at Bethlehem, to consider and condemn the confession of faith ascribed to Cyril Lucar, a patriarch of Constantinople. The importance of these acts and decrees arises from the fact that they were held by the Easterns to be tests of orthodoxy. The present translation is probably the most faithful that has ever been made. In an appendix Mr. Robertson presents the condemned Confession, a careful reading of which is necessary to the right understanding of the confession put forth by the Synod.

The Life of Father Haskins. Angel Guardian Press.

Father Haskins was a convert from Episcopalianism, in which sect he served some years as a minister. He was a man of good parts, a graduate of Harvard College, and he was received into the

Church about the same time as Archbishop Bayley. After his ordination he entered on the great work of charity with which his name will ever be associated in the memory of the Catholics of Boston—the founding of the House of the Angel Guardian. This admirable institution has been from the beginning a model of its kind; and the visitor who sees the happy boys transformed, under the eye of the Brothers of Charity, from street waifs into printers, binders, and tradesmen of every craft, gets a proper impression of the good accomplished by Father Haskins and his worthy compeers. This volume tells of the labors of these noble men in a simple, straightforward way; but the story would have been more effective if the color, the little and big heroisms, and, in brief, the human nature, had not been so austere cut out of it.

Leaves from St. Augustine. By Mary H. Allies. Edited by T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G. R. and T. Washbourne.

This is a new and revised edition, with a welcome index, of the translator's selections from the works of one of the greatest saints of the Church and her most renowned doctor. The passages are arranged under four heads: Personal and Philosophical; Doctrine in Daily Life; the Kingdom of Our Lord on Earth; and Eternity. The selection is so excellent that if one were to read no more of St. Augustine than is contained in this volume, he would have a correct notion of the personal character, the genius, the holiness and the influence exerted by the man who ranks among the Fathers of the Church as St. Paul among the Apostles. The edition of St. Augustine used by Miss Allies is that of the Benedictines, Paris, 1671. Her work has been reviewed by her venerable father, to whom we are indebted for "The Formation of Christendom," one of the most important publications of the century.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? By the Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L., Provincial of the Dominicans in England. Art and Book Co.

This is one of the most useful books of its kind that we know of. It is well arranged, has a good index, is clearly printed and substantially bound. The name of the author is sufficient guarantee of sound teaching. He dwells at greater length upon points of Catholic doctrine which are generally misunderstood by those outside the Church and oftenest misrepresented by her opponents. His explanations are clear, and a certain distinction

of style renders them very readable. Father Procter has read so many books that the value of his own is greatly enhanced by quotations, which are always appropriate and effective. Innumerable works have been published in explanation of the Catholic Creed, but the present one has a special purpose besides excellences all its own. It contains thirty chapters, the last of which, entitled "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee," is an eloquent appeal to the non-Catholic reader.

The Room of the Rose. By Sara Trainer Smith. John McVey.

Those who have become acquainted with Miss Smith's stories through different magazines will be glad to welcome them anew in book form. Fourteen stories, varied in plot but uniform in excellence, are grouped under the title of the opening story, "The Room of the Rose," in the development of which we find the charm of mystery. "My Old Gray Plaid" borders on the patriotic; "Strung on a Silver Chain" shows the influence of even a reminder of our Blessed Lady; "By no Means an Average Woman" presents the valiant woman of Scripture rather than the so-called strong-minded woman of to-day; but our favorite is "A Boy and a Balcony," a pathetic little story, which first appeared in these pages, though there is no mention of the fact. It is told in the author's best style.

Vespers and Compline. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. Burns and Oates; Benziger Bros.

Fluency and unction are the marked characteristics of Father Russell's sacred verses. Indeed many of the pieces in this volume are really versified prayers, and will therefore be prized by those who like to pray in hymns. The book naturally falls into two divisions: the first comprising poems on various religious themes, the second being devoted to particular saints. In fact, a very pretty little volume could be made of these rhythmical tributes to the saints, and we do not doubt this volume is destined to be liberally drawn from by future anthologists of the servants of God. The short poem entitled "A Young Priest's Thought" shows the quality of Father Russell's muse:

The childlike faith, the wistful awe
Which used my breast to thrill
Whene'er the vested priest I saw—
The love and trust that fill
And ever filled the Irish heart
For God's anointed priest.
Toward my own self must I in part
Feel thus—I am a priest!
O God, Thy last and least!



The Three Wishes.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THREE beautiful children, aged respectively eight, seven, and five years, were playing by the roadside under a large oak that had grown there when the highway was the heart of the forest. They were waiting for the return of the mother, who had gone to town to make some slight purchases. She had come to the place, a widow, about three years before, and had rented the little cottage on the edge of the wood,—a dilapidated place when she took it, but now a beautiful spot, covered with vines set in a garden of luxuriant bloom. Still, although she loved beauty, Mrs. Sheridan was a very poor woman, who sewed for her neighbors in order to earn her livelihood.

Their landlord, an old bachelor, who was generally called "Cousin Sprague," treated them most kindly. He had a warm heart and was fond of children. After the Widow Sheridan had been in the place a few months, he became so interested in her and her little family that he would have asked her to marry him and allow him to adopt the little ones, but he was so bashful he had not the courage to do so. There were many ladies, both widows and spinsters, who would have been most happy to say "Yes" to such a request from "Cousin Sprague." But, being a man without vanity, he was entirely unconscious of the fact.

Mrs. Sheridan, on her part, had never dreamed that her landlord gave her a second thought, except in regard to the

payment of her rent, with which she always contrived to be ready.

While Freddie, Mollie, and Jessie sat playing under the tree they saw an old woman advancing from a distance.

"Oh, see the gypsy!" cried Freddie. "She's from the camp up yonder. Will she hurt us?"

"No," replied Mollie. "Mamma says they are good people: that we mustn't be afraid of them."

The old woman came nearer.

"Playing, children?" she inquired, as she approached.

"Yes, ma'am," answered all three in a breath.

"Have some hickory nuts, please?" said Mollie. "They're all picked."

"Yes, I'll take a few, seeing they're all ready for eating."

She sat down beside them, and Mollie put a handful in her lap. The old woman munched them slowly. The children were silent, not knowing what to say; and, to tell the truth, feeling somewhat in awe of her.

"Well, you're real good little things," she remarked, when the last scrap had disappeared between her lips. "Would you like me to tell you a story?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the trio.

Then she began to tell them the story of the Three Kings. It was the Feast of the Epiphany, and they had heard it that morning; for their mother was in the habit of explaining the feasts of the Church as they came round. But they listened with great attention; for the old woman told it in her own peculiar way, with several interesting additions which were new to them. In conclusion she said:

"The reason I'm telling you this story

to-day is because you can get any three wishes you wish for on the Feast of the Three Kings."

"Oh! is that so?" inquired Freddie, eagerly. "That would be nine wishes for us, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know," answered the gypsy. "Maybe nine would be too many for one family. Suppose you each make one wish?"

"Yes, that would be enough, I think," said Jessie. "Do you get anything you wish for on Three Kings' Day?"

"Oh, no!" responded the old woman. "It's only sweet, innocent children that get their wishes."

"Oh!" said Mollie. "Let's wish," she continued; "and don't let's tell our wish till mamma comes."

"All right!" said Freddie.

No one spoke for a moment. Then the old woman arose, and, with a friendly "Good-day, children, and God bless you!" hobbled away.

She had scarcely disappeared before they heard the sound of wheels, and the next moment "Cousin Sprague's" light cart appeared in view. Their landlord was driving, with their mother seated beside him.

"Hello, children!" he exclaimed, as he reined up. "I met your mamma on the road, trudging home from town, and I made her get into the cart. Now, if you'll all squeeze close together, you can find room in the bottom of it; and I'll drive you home."

Delighted, they climbed into the wagon. When they were comfortably settled, Freddie began to relate the incident of the gypsy woman and the three wishes.

"Well, I suppose you have no objection to letting us know what you wished," said Mr. Sprague.

"No, we haven't," answered the boy. "We were waiting till mamma came to tell them all together."

"Let us hear them, dears," said their

mother, "I am sure they will be good, though you must not believe they will come true."

Freddie cast an encircling glance over the surrounding landscape of wood and field, accompanying it by a very comprehensive sweep of the arms.

"I wished we owned all this," he said. "So then mamma could hire men to plant and mow and raise vegetables, and she wouldn't have to sit up late and sew any more."

Mrs. Sheridan laughed.

"You have large ideas, my little son," she said. "But thank you for thinking of mamma. And what was your wish, Mollie?"

"I wished that you had a horse and cart like Mr. Sprague's, so that you wouldn't have to walk to town every week," said the little girl.

"Bravo, Mollie!" cried their landlord. "That was a fine wish."

"Now, Jessie, it is your turn," said the mother.

"I wished we lived in a big, big white house like Mr. Sprague's," said the baby. "'Cause mamma says she does love beautiful fings so much!"

Mrs. Sheridan looked embarrassed.

"So mamma does," she replied; "but she is very happy in her little cottage, all the same. You were all lovely to wish those nice things; but I should be sorry if you could believe that there was any truth in the old woman's story."

Mr. Sprague leaned forward, letting the reins fall loosely.

"Look here, youngsters!" he said. "Mamma *can* have the lands, and not only a horse and wagon like this, but many others; and she can have that big white house over there for her own, if she will only say so. They are hers from this moment, if she will."

It was difficult to say which was the most astounded, the mother or the children.

"Shall it be so, Mrs. Sheridan?" he continued, turning to her. "Shall the children have their wishes, and a father to boot? Can't you find it in your heart to say 'Yes'?"

"Oh, do, mamma!—do say 'Yes'!" cried the little ones, with one voice.

Her landlord laid his hand on hers beseechingly; the children knelt up in the wagon in front of her, joining their entreaties to his. She could not resist them,—they were too much for her. She said "Yes," and the Feast of the Three Kings is a grand holiday in the family every year.

The Story of St. Patrick.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

IX.

The young Church in Ireland wanted priests and nuns to carry on the work of saving souls, and in various and oftentimes extraordinary ways God provided for the need.

A chieftain with his retinue was one day passing by a graveyard, when they were suddenly startled by a pitiable wail. They stood in wonder to listen, and proceeded to locate the sound. For a time it baffled them, but at length they succeeded in tracing it to a tomb. Opening the gate and removing the door, they turned to a coffin from which the wail seemed to issue; and on raising the lid they found a young infant beside its dead mother. God Himself, according to the legend, had preserved the baby after the death and burial of its mother, bringing forth life from the gates and empire of death.

They took the child and brought it to St. Patrick, who baptized it and sent it to be nursed. The little one grew up to be an interesting boy, and Patrick took upon himself the lad's education.

Finding that he was devoted to God and His love, he sent him to France, to the Monastery of St. Martin, where he himself had been educated. There the youth was instructed by the monks, admitted to holy orders, then sent back to Ireland, where he labored zealously, and later on was consecrated bishop by St. Patrick.

On one occasion the Saint baptized a chieftain and his wife; and, being enlightened from on high, he foretold that a child would be born to them that should be holy and very dear to God. In due time a little daughter came, and Patrick baptized her and prayed long over her. Now, at the age of ten, the girl, eager in her heart to consecrate herself to God under the rule of the Saint, left her parents' house, and all alone journeyed toward where the holy man was. All day she travelled, and at evening, footsore and weary, she sad down on the brink of a wild and lonely marsh, all covered with sluggish water. The only glimmer of hope that was left her was that afar off she could see the houses and the monastery where St. Patrick dwelt. The holy man was in prayer at the time; and, being shown in spirit the pitiable condition of the maiden, he earnestly besought God, and the great marsh was dried up. Then sending two of his brethren, they brought the child; and her young heart exulted for joy in the Lord.

Next day she begged the Saint to consecrate her to the heavenly Bridegroom; and he, seeing the purity and beauty of this young lily, did with gladness perform the sacred ceremony. While he was doing so, behold, an angel from heaven came bearing a veil of exquisite beauty, which he laid on the girl's head; and the veil falling down covered the face to the chin. Patrick wished that during the ceremony her face might be uncovered; but she besought him so

earnestly that he allowed it to remain so. Then did he lift his eyes to heaven, and, being ravished in spirit, prayed God that the modesty of Irish maidens might ever be so.

St. Patrick and his companions were travelling one day toward evening; and as they travelled they recited the Psalter. The blessed boy Benignus was of their holy company; and, lifting his heart and eyes to heaven, he beheld the firmament change, and a beautiful, many-colored light appear, which spread like an eagle's wings over a wooded hill and a lovely glen. Without knowing that he was stopping, he paused and continued to look. Then he heard a multitude of angels singing the Psalter to heavenly music, and he was entranced. This lasted for some time, and the blessed boy was longing to go to them and join their ranks. At last the vision disappeared, and then Benignus saw that St. Patrick and his companions had gone on a long way ahead, where they stood awaiting him. He therefore hastened forward to overtake them, ashamed to have been left behind, but full of gladness in his heart on account of what he had seen.

St. Patrick, knowing what had taken place, called on him to tell the brethren the cause of his delay. He then related what he had seen; and the holy man explained to them that in that very place a monastery would be built, and the monks would lead lives so virtuous, and their singing of the divine praises would be so fervent and continuous, that they would seem to be not men but angels from heaven. On hearing which the brethren rejoiced and blessed God, and continued their journey.

About this time St. Patrick was for three whole days engaged in explaining the Gospel; and he spoke with such grace and holiness that the people, like bees sipping honey, did not stir or make

the least noise; nor did they think the time wearisome or long,—no more than if it had been but a single hour.

St. Brigid of Kildare was among those who listened, and toward the end Our Lord caused her to fall into a deep sleep. Some that were near were desirous of awaking her; but Patrick forbade them, for he saw that God was showing her what was to happen in the later times. When she awoke, the holy man called on her to relate what had been revealed to her. Then she with great sorrow, as if the vision had been to her a cause of grief, began:

"I saw a number of men, and they were all dressed in white, and they were whiter than the snow. I saw beside them ploughs and oxen and standing corn. All were white with a beautiful whiteness; no whiteness that we know on earth could be compared to it. Alas! I saw spots after a time appearing upon all,—first a few and small, but by degrees getting larger and more numerous, until everything was spotted and all began to look hideous in my eyes. And last of all I saw—O my God!—swine and dogs and wolves. And there was nothing but confusion, angry recriminations, raging and tearing, until at last the black almost devoured the white."

Then St. Patrick explained that the beautiful whiteness—men, oxen, ploughs and corn—was the youth of the Irish Church, when all was purity, all was innocence, all was love. Next the spots came, and these were the vices and the false teachings that were trying to creep in; but he added that for a long time the white should prevail. At last superior force and bad laws would help false teachers and false doctrines, and the black would all but devour the white. Then the Saint, raising his eyes to heaven, prayed earnestly, and besought Almighty God that the black might not entirely prevail.

X.

In the northern province, and near Donaghmoyne, in the County Monaghan, there was a chieftain so bad in his heart that he feared to hear of St. Patrick's arrival, lest the Saint should convert him. At length a message was brought to him by his spies that the holy man was on the way thither. The chieftain immediately left his home, rushed into an immense wood, and, seeking out the darkest thicket, there hid himself.

Night was falling as Patrick drew near the skirts of this wood; but he needed no light to guide him, for a wonderful light issued from his own person, so that he and his companions made their way with as much ease as if it were full day. On St. Patrick went,—straight on, turning neither to the right nor to the left, till he came near the thicket where the chieftain had concealed himself. But he, seeing the brilliant light, emerged from his hiding-place and cast himself at the feet of the Saint, offering his castle and all his lands as a peace-offering, and begging only for baptism and forgiveness.

St. Patrick baptized him; and, finding him desirous to serve the Lord in the holy ministry, sent him to Armagh to be educated. Afterward he ordained him priest, and finally consecrated him bishop and appointed him to rule a diocese. There he led a most holy life, instructing many and healing many; and at last slept in the Lord, and was buried in his own episcopal church of Donaghmoyne.

St. Patrick was now growing old; and the false priests, consulting together, decided that it was idle to contend with him as to working wonders; and yet they feared that if they allowed him to go on to the end unconquered, their religion and they themselves would be utterly undone. So they agreed that they would destroy his character.

They watched to see by what way he was travelling. Finding that he was to go in a certain direction, they set out before him. As they went they saw a woman with a "cloving-tongs" cleaning flax. They promised her a purse of money if after the Saint and his disciples had passed she would raise a cry, charging them with stealing her flax. In the meantime they put some of the flax into the hollow trunk of a tree, and hid themselves in the bushes, ready to come out at once and seize St. Patrick when the woman raised the cry.

No sooner had the holy man and his companions passed than this wicked woman shouted that her flax had been stolen; that she was obliged to clean so many "hanks" a day or her master would kill her, and now she could not make her "number." The false priests rushed out at the noise, and pretended to be shocked that such an old man could be guilty of so impious an act; and, binding him, they dragged him to the judge, who was also on the spot, ready to condemn him.

There was a grave close to the place where the judge sat. The Saint, touching the gravestone with the Staff of Jesus, called on the dead man to come forth and give evidence. The corpse arose from the grave before the eyes of all, and taking the judge led him to the hollow tree. Then the woman, frightened beyond measure, showed the purse that had been given her; and, falling at the Saint's feet, implored his pardon.

God led St. Patrick at this time into a wild, lonesome place, inhabited only by robbers. The latter, on seeing him, immediately rushed upon him; but when they found that he and his disciples possessed nothing, they let them go. After they had gone on a short distance, the robbers thought that they should, at least, have had some fun with the miracle-worker. So they made one of

their company lie down, and, covering him with a cloak, they desired him to pretend to be dead; whereupon they hurried to call St. Patrick. But when they drew near he looked on them with a terrible countenance, and told them to return and bury their companion, for that now he was really dead. And they, being frightened when they looked on the Saint's countenance, returned in haste, and found to their terror that the man was indeed dead.

Then, snatching up the lifeless body, they hastened once again after the Saint, and on their knees besought him to restore the dead man to life, declaring that they did not mean mockery, and that their only intention was to divert themselves a little. St. Patrick, moved by their prayers and tears, asked if they would believe the holy Gospel and be converted from their evil ways. They promised that they would; the Saint touched the dead body with his sacred staff, and the man arose.

All were sincerely converted, left their evil ways, and were numbered among the disciples of St. Patrick. The man raised from the dead became, after some years, a bishop, and lived a holy life. But the leader of the band of robbers, bemoaning the wickedness of his past life, asked the Saint to give him a penance. Then the man of God, moved by the Holy Spirit, and desirous to set an example of great penance and mortification, took him down to the sea-shore, bade his iron-worker to make strong chains, and locked these on his hands and feet, then threw the key of the locks into the deep. A boat was made of light wicker-work covered with skins; into it the man was put, without oar or rudder or sail, but commended to the mercy of the winds and waves.

God protected him on the waters, and drove the little *corrach* to the Isle of Man. For some time he wandered on

the island, where he was found by two bishops whom St. Patrick, while on a visit to Britain, had consecrated and placed there. These took the stranger with them. One day a large salmon was caught for dinner, and, lo! when it was being cleaned the key was found inside. The man's chains were then unlocked; he was admitted to the ranks of the clergy, and many years later was consecrated bishop. He lived a most holy life, and after his death there sprang from his grave a well of water. And it is said that all who were sick, or suffering from toothache or headache, from loss of sight or hearing, came to this holy fountain and were cured.

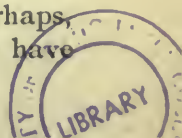
(Conclusion next week.)

How Jennie Won the Cross.

When the Paris Exposition opens it will have among its guests one young girl upon whom especial honors will be showered. Her name is Jennie Creek, and she will wear a five-pointed gold star upon her breast; and upon it will be the words, "Republique Française." She will go to Paris at the invitation of the National Humane Society, which means that she has done something very wonderful.

If you should become acquainted with her and ask her the name of her home, she would say, "I live in Indiana." And if you should further question her and inquire, "And why do you wear the Cross of the Legion of Honor? You are not a great artist or a scholar or even a brave general. What have you done?" she might reply, "I stopped a train."

Jennie was ten years old, and it was the year of the World's Fair. She lived in a little town in Indiana, and was just a dear, merry child; a trifle more thoughtful than most children, perhaps, for she had no mother. That may have



been the reason why the little girl had a motherly care over everyone else; and the reason, too, why she won the five-pointed gold cross; for it was a deed of love that gained it.

She was a pretty child and a good one, but no one had ever thought of her as remarkable in any way. One day in September, after the district school was out, she went to play on the railroad track. The town was only a flag-station, where trains never stopped without a signal. She ran gaily up the track, chasing butterflies, singing, and thinking that the express train would soon be in sight. Just then she thought she smelled smoke—the bridge that crossed a little creek was burning! If the train attempted to cross that bridge hundreds of lives might be lost; for the stream had worn a deep gully underneath the track. There was no time in which to go for help. "How would the station-master stop the train?" thought Jennie, quickly. "He would wave a red flag," was her conclusion.

She was wearing a little scarlet flannel skirt, and in a moment she had taken it off and was waving it frantically. The great train came rumbling on. The engineer, looking ahead, saw the small figure and the waving scarlet signal. The train slowed up and came to a standstill, with the burning bridge ahead of it and all on board safe! Is it a wonder that the men carried the brave child about on their shoulders, and that the women rained upon her tears and blessings?

On board that train were a number of distinguished Frenchmen returning from the World's Fair, and that accounts for the fact that in a few weeks a five-pointed cross found its way to Jennie Creek, of Indiana. Now she is going across the water to see the grateful people whose lives she saved, and to be the guest of the French nation.

The Dutchman's Gift.

A long time ago the people of the Low Countries had the monopoly of the coffee trade, sending the product of their industry in every direction. One day a worthy magistrate of Amsterdam sent to Louis XIV., King of France, a very nice specimen of a young coffee-tree, bidding him plant it among the other curious shrubs of the Jardin des Plantes.

The King, however, was too shrewd a monarch to let so valuable an opportunity slip away from him; so he set his gardeners to work, and in a short time they had a dozen slips of the shrub well rooted and growing. The climate of France was too severe for them; but the mild climate of Martinique was within easy reach, and soon the young trees were on their way to that colony, in charge of a famous botanist. The voyage was long and tempestuous, and the fresh-water gave out.

"I can not supply your precious plants with water," said the captain.

"I myself will go without water," answered the loyal old botanist; and so he did, and had the happiness of seeing the coffee-trees thriving in the genial soil of the beautiful island of the sea.

ON one occasion when two belligerent officers asked permission of Frederick the Great to fight each other, he gave his full and free consent. But when they repaired to the chosen spot, they were startled to find a gibbet erected near by.

"What is this, sire?" they asked of the King, who had promised to be present at the encounter.

"It is a gibbet. I intend to see that the survivor is promptly hanged."

The duel was not fought, and it is said that this stratagem of Frederick was the means of putting an end to the practice of duelling in his army.

With Authors and Publishers.

—In literature as in life, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Of late the Marquis of Bute has been too infirm to go to church. We learn that during his enforced absence he prepared "A Form of Prayers" for the use of persons similarly prevented from hearing Mass on Sundays and holydays.

—It is a little shocking, in view of all that is said about our superior intelligence and the illiteracy of other nations, to learn that there may be twenty counties in one group down in Kentucky which do not boast a printing-press. The average preacher is the representative of enlightenment as well as religion, and he is said to be extremely suspicious of the "book larnin'" which he has failed to acquire.

—William George Ward ("Ideal" Ward) once wrote of Newman in a private letter: "I believe I am correct in saying that before he became a Catholic, he had read through all the works of all the Greek and all the Latin Fathers at *least three times*." Just exactly what that sentence means can be understood only by one who has honestly tried to read even one of the Fathers through once.

—The zeal of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in the cause of religion and education is shown in the number of works published by them. Within a week we have received "Mission Tracts," by the Rev. T. E. Sherman, S. J.; "The Catholic Layman in the American Republic," a lecture by the Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J.; and "Education in the City Schools of New York," a paper read at the invitation of the Quid Nunc Club of that city by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J.

—It is well known that the wife of George Ripley, the acute critic and author and head of the Brook Farm community, became a Catholic, as did also her niece; but we were unaware that Ripley himself came so near to the Church door as Major Brownson says he did in his valuable life of Dr. Brownson. We quote: "Ripley himself never became a Catholic; he hardened his heart on the day when the voice was heard. After he had been for some years one of the editors of the *New York Tribune*, Brownson made a last attempt; but he put it off, saying what his income had been the past and previous years, and that he soon would have a sufficient amount saved to support him when his occupation was gone, as it would be when he

became a Catholic; and that as soon as that time arrived, he would ask to be received into the Church. Thenceforth he seemed to drift further and further away." Mrs. Ripley, however, was a thorough-going convert, and after her reception into the Church she devoted herself almost exclusively to spiritual and corporal works of charity.

—Two new methods of performing the Way of the Cross, both in rhyme, are afforded in a booklet entitled "Uriel's Stations," published by Murphy & Co. As there is no accounting for tastes, some persons may prefer these new forms to standard methods. The best "Way of the Cross" ever written is the one by St. Alphonsus Liguori; and we never knew any one that made frequent use of it to complain of its repetitions.

—"An Every-Day Girl," by Mary Catherine Crowley; "Jack-o'-Lantern," by Mary T. Waggaman; and "Pauline Archer," by Anna T. Sadlier, are three interesting juvenile stories belonging to a new series for young folk published by the Benzigers. The first of the three is a story of varied attractions, and will be sure to find favor with every reader; Miss Waggaman's book is brimful of adventure and will please both boys and girls; "Pauline Archer," which is also full of interest, will appeal more to the latter. The exterior of these books is very attractive, but they are badly bound and not too well printed.

—Mr. Mallock's new book, "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption," is addressed primarily to members of the Church of England who believe that certain supernatural doctrines, such as the divinity and resurrection of Christ, are essential parts of Christianity; but it enters into no discussion of the truth or falsehood of the particular doctrines in respect of which the various Anglican parties so widely differ from one another. It deals solely with the nature of the evidence which, in the face of historical and analytical criticism, is required in order to prove any one of such supernatural doctrines true. The conclusion reached is that scientific criticism, even of the most hostile kind, as applied to the Bible and the history of Christianity generally, does not discredit supernatural doctrines as such, but merely demonstrates the necessity of basing them on a kind of authority that has hitherto been understood in a very inadequate way; and it indicates by reference to biological and sociological science, as set

forth by Mr. Herbert Spencer and others, how an authority of the kind required may be supplied by a Church which is, in the strictest scientific sense, a living and growing organism.

—"A minor mystery of 'Hamlet,'" says the *Bookman*, "seems to be cleared up by a discovery which has just been made at Elsinore (Helsingör), the scene of the play." The mystery is this: Why did Shakespeare lay the scene of the great tragedy in Elsinore rather than in Jutland, as the legend and the older play of Hamlet had it? Well, it appears that a document newly found at Elsinore, stating that a board fence which had just been put up by the honored burgomaster of that ancient seaport, was destroyed by a company of English actors, whose names are given; and some of these names belong to actors who are known to have been of Shakespeare's company. Those who know Elsinore declare that the local color of the play is amazingly correct, but the explanation of this, as of the poet's arbitrary change of the scene of the tragedy, is that Shakespeare must have learned about Elsinore from the strolling English players who were his acquaintances.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.
 The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1.50, net.
 Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.
 Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.
 The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.
 The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith* \$1.25.
 Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.
 Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3.50.
 Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.

- The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.
 Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.
 My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
 The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.
 Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.
 The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.
 For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.
 The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.
 Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.
 A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.
 The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.
 Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.
 Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.
 Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.
 The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.
 New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.
 The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.
 The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.
 The Dark Ages. *Dr. Mailland.* \$3.
 The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.
 Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.
 Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.
 The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.
 The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.
 Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.
 The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.
 The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1, net.
 A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.
 The Saints. St. Ambrose. *Duc de Broglie.* \$1.
 The Best Foot Forward, and Other Stories. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.
 Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 28, 1900.

NO. 17.


[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Thought from the "Fioretti" of Saint Francis.

THE eagle meth high;
But were its wings of lead,
It could not reach the sky
Or scarce uplift its head.
Thus with the soul still more,
That fain would spread its wings:
It can not hope to soar
Weighed down by earthly things.

The Blessed Virgin in the Breviary.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

 O some, among all Our Lady's sweet titles there is none so sweet as Our Lady of Good Counsel. There is such hope for us when, cast down by the thought of our own frailty and want of prudence, we raise our hearts to the Virgin most Prudent in heaven, and whisper, "Our Lady of Good Counsel, pray for us,—pray for us, that we too may be prudent and wise!" Some of us love to keep a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel hanging above the desk at which we usually write; or, nearer to us still, a well-loved little medallion of her; and from time to time, especially in moments of doubt or perplexity, to let our eyes peacefully rest on the Baby-Boy Divine whispering deep thoughts into the ear of the listening Virgin-Mother.

Such turn with a peculiar joy to the sacred feast on the 26th of April, and

are mentally rejoiced by the thought that a very holy order of priests in the Church have made that feast and the quaint Genazzano picture dedicated to it peculiarly their own.

"Holy Mary, succor the wretched, encourage the weak-minded; in thy kindness assist the weak, pray for the people, entreat for the clergy, intercede for the devout female sex; vouchsafe to all who celebrate this thy holy feast the blessing of thy especial protection," so sings mother Church at the first Vespers on the preceding day.

When the bell for Matins peals in the middle of the night, and when the brethren are gathered in choir, and the souls of the just made perfect and the angelic choirs invisibly throng sanctuary and aisle in honor of heaven's Queen, then mother Church takes the Old Bible and reads the second chapter of the Book of Proverbs:

"If wisdom shall enter into thy heart and knowledge please thy soul, counsel shall keep thee and prudence shall preserve thee; that thou mayst be delivered from the evil way, and from the man that speaketh perverse things; [and from those] who leave the right way and walk by dark ways; who are glad when they have done evil and rejoice in most wicked things; whose ways are perverse, whose steps are infamous."

And each of the assembled faithful answers:

"O Virginity, holy and immaculate, with what praises may I extol thee!"



know not; because thou in thy bosom didst contain Him whom the heavens can not contain. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb; because Him whom the heavens can not contain thou didst enclose within thy breast."

The Church now reads from the third chapter of Proverbs:

"My son, let not these things depart from thy eyes. Keep the law and the counsel, and there shall be life to thy soul and grace to thy mouth. Then shalt thou walk confidently in thy way and thy foot shall not stumble. If thou sleep, thou shalt not fear; thou shalt rest and thy sleep shall be sweet. Be not afraid of sudden fear, nor of the power of the wicked falling upon thee; for the Lord will be at thy side and will keep thy foot that thou be not taken."

Recognizing how truly Our Lady kept these things before her eyes, how she kept "the law and counsel"; how she slept and "her sleep was sweet, for the Lord was at her side," the faithful cry out in the words Our Lady herself might have used:

"Congratulate me all you who love the Lord; because when I was little [that is, humble] I pleased the Most High; and in my womb I begot [Him who was] God and Man. All generations shall call me blessed; because the Lord hath regarded His humble handmaid, and in my womb I begot God and Man."

Opening again the Book of Proverbs, eighth chapter, the Church reads:

"I, wisdom, dwell in counsel, and am present in learned thoughts. The fear of the Lord hateth evil; I hate arrogance and pride and every wicked way, and a mouth with a double tongue. Counsel is mine and equity; prudence is mine; strength is mine. By me kings reign and lawgivers decree just things. By me princes rule and the mighty decree

justice. I love them that love me; and they that watch for me early in the morning shall find me."

Bearing these beautiful things in their minds, and admiring how the Bride of Christ attributes to the Mother of Christ that which, by the Holy Ghost, is here said of Divine Wisdom itself; and recollecting also what has been said in the name of Holy Mary in the preceding response, the faithful cry:

"Blessed art thou, O Virgin Mary, who didst bear the Lord, the Creator of the world! Thou didst beget Him who made thee and thou didst still remain a virgin. Hail Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with thee. Thou didst bring forth Him who created thee and yet didst remain a virgin. Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Thou didst bring forth Him who created thee and yet didst remain a virgin."

Three psalms are now recited; and after these the Church calls on the great Bishop of Hippo, St. Augustine, to speak on the sacred festival of the day.

"Elizabeth, my brethren, begot a man, Mary begot a man. But Elizabeth begot a man only, Mary a God and man. It is indeed a wonderful thing how a creature could conceive the Creator. What, then, is to be concluded but that He who made the first man without father or mother, made Himself flesh from Mary alone? For that first fall of ours was when the woman, through whom we have been doomed to death, conceived in her heart the poisonings of the serpent. For the serpent persuaded to sin; and, though persuading to evil, was yet admitted. If, then, our first fall was when the woman conceived in her heart the poisonings of the serpent, it is not to be wondered at that our salvation took place when a woman conceived in her womb the flesh of the Omnipotent. Each sex had fallen; each had to be

raised up. By a woman were we flung to destruction; by a woman were we restored to salvation."

Meditating on the glory of the Divine Mother in being thus chosen by God as the instrument of our salvation, the faithful cry out once more in words that Mary herself might have used:

"As a cedar in Lebanon have I been exalted, and as a cypress tree on Mount Sion. As choice myrrh I have given forth the sweetest of perfumes; and as cinnamon and balsam giving forth odors, I have exhaled the sweetest of perfumes."*

The Church next calls upon the eloquent Bishop, St. Fulgentius. He rises and addresses the faithful:

"Because the devil spoke to Eve, and, through the ears of Eve, brought death into the world; so God, my brethren, through an angel sent the Word to Mary, and thus poured out life on all the ages. The angel delivered the message, and a Virgin begot the Christ. With this splendor is the Son of God conceived; with this cleanliness is He brought forth. From heaven the Healer, passing through the Virgin, after His passage made her still continue inviolate. For He who could by a touch unite the dismembered limbs of human bodies, could He not at His birth preserve inviolate in His Mother that which at His coming He found inviolate? For by His birth the integrity of her body was increased rather than decreased, and her virginity multiplied rather than diminished."

The faithful, listening devoutly to the

* To understand the meaning of this response, one should read all about the cedar of Lebanon: its stateliness, its outspreading shade, the value of its timber, its durability; about the cypress tree growing on the holy mountain of King David; about the extraordinary richness and flavor of the juice that, like tear-drops, exude from the myrrh. The small alabaster box of ointment that Magdalen poured on the feet of Our Lord is said to have been worth about £10.

wonderful argument of the holy Bishop, cry out in amazement:

"Who is she that hath gone forward like the sun and beautiful even as Jerusalem [the city of peace]? The daughters of Sion saw her and declared her blessed; the very queens have praised her; and, like days of spring, the flowers of roses and the lilies of the valleys have gathered round her. The daughters of Sion saw her and called her blessed, and queens have praised her."

St. Fulgentius continues:

"With what three most excellent gifts Mary was exalted, listen, my brethren: the salutation of the angel, the benediction of the Lord, and the plenitude of grace. In this manner do we read: 'Hail Mary, full of grace! blessed art thou among women.' And that there should be nothing but what was sublime in this most Holy Virgin, whom the angel saluted as 'full of grace,' by a divine wisdom did it happen that even images of her were held in the highest reverence, and rendered illustrious by prodigies and miracles. And among these is especially venerated that which, three centuries since, during the pontificate of Paul II., is proved by papal letters and other authentic documents to have appeared on the walls of the church of the Hermit Fathers of St. Augustine at Genazzano, in Italy. On the strength of these documents, Pius VI. conceded to these same Hermit Fathers the privilege of a special office to be recited on the 7th kalends of May [25th of April],—that is, the very day of the apparition itself; and he, moreover, extended the privilege of that office to be recited by the whole order on the day following, under a double major rite."

The Church and the faithful reply:

"The Lord hath desired the daughter of Jerusalem decked in her ornaments; and the daughters of Sion, seeing her, proclaimed her blessed, saying, Thy name

is [sweet as] ointment poured out. The queen stood on thy right hand, clad in garments of gold, decked all round with variety. And the daughters of Sion saw her and proclaimed her blessed, saying, Thy name is as ointment poured out. Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! As ointment poured out is thy name."

The Church and the faithful repeat three psalms more from holy David; and then the spouse "without spot or wrinkle" takes the Book of the Gospels and reads from St. Matthew:

"The Book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, son of Abraham. Abraham begot Isaac, and Isaac begot Jacob," and so on.

She looks to the venerable list of bishops, and calls on St. Thomas to speak to her children about the virtues and dignity of Holy Mary. He breaks forth thus beautifully:

"To me, as I reflected, and for a long time asked myself, why and what was the cause that the Evangelists, who speak at length of St. John the Baptist and the disciples of Our Lord, yet when they come to speak of Mary, who in her life and dignity so far excelled all these, they pass over her history briefly and hastily,—why, I say, was it not handed down to recollection how she was conceived, born, nurtured; with what virtues decorated and with what graces adorned; how she treated with her Son in the flesh, how she conversed with Him; how lived with the Apostles after His ascension? These things were great and worthy of remembrance, and would later be read with veneration by the faithful and welcomed by every generation. For who can doubt that at her birth and during her childhood many wonderful things happened, and that in her tender years she stood forth a monument of virtue for the admiration of all future ages?"

The holy Bishop pauses; and in the pause the Church and the faithful, unable to repress their admiration, cry out:

"Thou art indeed blessed, O most sacred Virgin Mary! and worthy of all praise; because from thee hath arisen the Sun of Justice, Christ our God. Pray for the people, entreat for the clergy, intercede for the devout female sex. Vouchsafe thy help to all who celebrate thy holy festival. From thee hath arisen the Sun of Justice, Christ our God."

The Bishop continues:

"To me, doubting, and inquiring why a book was not composed about the Acts of Mary as about the Acts of Paul,* no other cause could I assign (for I considered it would be as rash as it would be impious to accuse the holy Evangelist of negligence), no other answer could I find than *that thus it pleased the Holy Ghost*; and that by His providence the Evangelists were silent, to intimate that all the glory of the Virgin (as is read in the psalms) is from within, which might be more fittingly meditated on than described; and that for a full history of her this fact alone sufficed—namely, *that of her was born Jesus*. What more do you ask? What further do you want to know of the Virgin? It is sufficient for you to know *she is Mother of God*."

"All nations shall call me blessed," cry out the Church and her children, carried away with holy joy; "for the Lord, who is mighty, hath done great things to me, and holy is His name...."

And the mitred Saint goes on:

"For the Holy Ghost hath not described her in words, but hath left it to you to picture her in your mind; that you may understand there was wanting to her, neither of grace nor glory nor perfection, aught in the purest

* Meaning the Acts of the Apostles, which were written by St. Luke, the disciple and companion of St. Paul.

of creatures that the mind possibly can conceive; that she did most truly surpass the highest effort of the imagination. A part was not to be described in the presence of the whole, lest you should begin to think that what was not described did not in truth exist. And if the handmaids and virgins of His house the most wonderful Lord did wonderfully enrich, and with gifts and graces did most singularly beautify and endow, what kind, do you think, did He make His Mother, His one and only Spouse, whom He selected from among all, and was by Him beloved beyond all? Therefore, not alone before the virginal but even before the angelic choirs did He place her, because she is His Mother; and the Mother of God the highest dignity doth besem. Whatever, then, you desire to know or understand of the Virgin, all is included in the one brief sentence: *Of her was born Jesus.* This is a long and a full history of her."

The sacred orator retires, and the Church and her children intone a glad *Te Deum*. After Lauds the following prayer is recited:

"O God, of all good gifts the bestower, Thou who didst wish that the pleasing image of Mary, the Mother of Thy beloved Son, should, by a wonderful apparition, be made manifest; grant that by the intercession of the same Holy Virgin Mary, we may happily arrive at the heavenly kingdom. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen."

THE Italians have supreme devotion to the Eternal Father, the Divine Creator, who gives the bountiful harvests and the handsome and strong *bambinos*. In singular evidence of this devotion, you see the traditional artistic representation of God the Father, the Provider, as the emblem on the doorways of life-insurance companies.—"New Footsteps."

The Story of a Green Girl.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

I.

IT was a still midsummer evening, the afterglow of sunset giving a more golden hue to the vivid green of the fields around Dungarron, and casting fire into the long, glassy pool where John Havern's two red cows stood cooling their feet and waiting for the event of the milking.

One would have thought they were listening to the distant and muffled tattoo of the drums which since sundown had been beating incessantly from all the Orange lodges round the country; and that the sullen, monotonous "tum, tum, tum! tum, tum, tum!" had an ominous sound in their ears. And probably this was the case, as they were Catholic cows. Occasionally they lowed and turned their heads toward the cottage which stood a hundred yards away, where a blue curl of smoke was ever making its way from among the boughs of the alder trees, which hung the creamy plumes of their blossoms round the humble chimney.

Kate Havern was too busy within the house to heed their lowing at that moment. When she stopped the ironing of a green print gown spread out on a table before her, and stood with her flat-iron suspended in the air in her hand, she was listening not to the remonstrances of her pet cows, but to the sinister tattoo of the drums in the distance, which to her ear affected the summer evening air like the first mutterings of a thunder-storm.

And that monotonous "tum, tum, tum!" seemed to issue from the very citadel of Satan, sounding far more malign than the rattle of the most terrible thunderbolt. The Orange drum

had been the bogie of her babyhood; and her fear and hatred of it had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. It muttered to her of all the angry scenes that had spoiled every fair summer she could remember of the twenty she had lived,—of insult and contempt from neighbors; of furious and impotent struggling against petty tyranny. That she was willing to do her share of defying her tormentors as far as lay in her small power was proved by her occupation; for she was making ready a green gown to wear on the Orangeman's Day, which was at hand.

The young girl changed her attitude of listening and went on with her work. She had a small pale face, set with a pair of red-brown eyes, which in happy moments had the softness of velvet, but which now burned like jewels in her head. Her hair matched her eyes in color, changing from brown to chestnut in the light.

Just at this moment her mother appeared in the doorway of another room, and came into the kitchen.

"Now, Kate, is it your green dress you have out to iron, girl! Put it by, for God's sake! I order you not to wear it on the Twel'th."

"Don't bid me, mother; for I be to wear it."

"You're not a bad girl, Kate; and you'll mind what Father McGee said to us on Sunday last. There's bad blood enough up without us that kneels at the altar risin' it."

"It's not me that rises it, but the likes of Robert McLean, whistlin' bad tunes at Catholic girls on the roads—"

"And why need ye be mindin' Robert McLean more nor the wind blowin'? Robert's a rascal of an Orangeman, of course—"

"Mother!"

"Well, child dear, you needn't look so white and set, as if you were bound to

judge. 'Love your enemies,' says Father McGee; and sure he knows better than any of us."

"But I'm not bound to love Robert McLean."

"Only as your enemy, child,—only as your enemy. You're not allowed to hate him as much as you're doin', anyway. Their bad times are between them an' the divil; and don't you be firin' up and wearin' green clothes to anger the like of them."

"Why wouldn't I have that much spirit as put on the green come Sunday? Sure the fields'll have it on, and the hedges and the trees. It's God's color that He dressed the whole of Ireland in; and why would I be frightened of it by Orangemen with their lilies that are like nothin' but everlastin' Burnin'? I tell you I'll wear my green frock on Sunday, mother, if I never was to walk the grass again."

"Whisht, whisht, child! You're out of yourself this evenin'. There, now! I'm goin' to the chapel to say the Stations for you; and you'd better milk the cows while I'm away. And while you're milkin', Kate, just think of what we heard from the altar on Sunday. Love your enemies, child. Mind, I tell you, you're bound to love your enemies."

Mrs. Havern was putting on her cloak while she talked; and, taking a large rosary of clanking beads from a nail in the wall, she went out and left her daughter reflecting or not, as might be, on her words.

Kate folded up the dress she had been ironing, and fetched her milk-pails and stood still a minute in the middle of the cottage kitchen floor, and wiped a hot tear or two from her eyes. What was it indeed to her if Orangemen were wicked and tyrannical, and all going downhill straight to the goal of everything Orange? Why could she not stick to the resolve she had made last Sunday—to

keep out of mischief on the "Twelfth"; to provoke no one, offend no one; carry herself bravely over this stony, feet-cutting bit of the year's journey; and have the comfort of knowing afterward that whatever happened she had been "out of it," and behaved like a woman and a Christian?

"Conduct yourselves as the Mother of God would have done when she was a young girl—walking the roads and minding her work," said Father McGee. "Would *she* have flouted and taunted about among her neighbors? Good God, children, think of it! the Mother of Christ in an Orange row! the Lily of Israel making mischief in a crowd with her tongue! Be ashamed, girls,—be ashamed! She was a *white* lily, to be sure; still you must think of her when you have to look at an *Orange* lily against your will. See if that doesn't carry you past it. And you say your prayers and love your enemies, both girls and boys, I tell you; and you'll all be glad of it some fine day when you find yourselves landed into purgatory."

And so she was ordered to love Robert McLean, when she was striving with all her might and main to hate him! If he but wore a green leaf in his hat, how easy it would be for any girl to love him! Was there any flaw in him from head to foot except his color? He was as fierce in his devotion to the orange as she was to the green. And yet, since he had first shown his manly face in Williamson Mills, he had always greeted her with a smile, and shown her a kind of special attention, which she had not been slow to perceive, and of which she was glad and proud in a scornful, unacknowledged manner quite her own. Since he had come from Belfast six months before to oversee a department of the mills, he had never, as far as she knew, maltreated a Catholic. He was a tall, fine-looking fellow, carrying

himself well, with a certain air of power tempered by good-humor; and there were many nice girls of the Orange persuasion who would have envied Kate the admiration he bestowed on her, if it had not been so unalterably laid down by all the canons on both sides that no marriage may take place between Papistry and Orangeism.

That was in the spring, when the young budding of trees and hedges seemed to cool the hatred of many for the color of nature's verdure; but now the world was at midsummer heat, orange flames were in the western sky, orange lilies had reared their torchlike heads; the soft glance had disappeared from Robert McLean's eye, and fire and brimstone seemed to scorch the very air that one had to breathe.

A sudden, short laugh and flash of tears finished her reflections. At last she heard the cows lowing, and, stepping to the door, stood with the sunset lighting up her fair face; she uttered a peculiar answering cry to tell them she was coming. Hearing a step at the same moment, she turned her head and saw a young man walking jauntily down the middle of the road, carrying something aggressively brilliant in his hand.

The expression of Kate's face changed to horror. Was it Robert McLean or the Evil One? On came the terrible apparition, and Robert McLean smiled as he drew nearer, quickly pulled off his workman's cap, whistling the tune of "The Boyne Water" with a piercing and derisive shrillness and sweetness.

One repellent glance, and Kate sprang backward into the house, shut the half-door violently and drew a protecting bar across it. She had scarcely reached the hearth, where she was safe from the eyes of the passers-by, when something came whirling through the open half of the door, flashed into the interior of the kitchen like a fallen star, and lay blazing

and as if quivering with vitality on the floor. At the same time a little storm of the hateful whistling blew in at the door and went past; quick steps retreated with a regular tramp down the road, and the echoes of "The Boyne Water" grew fainter and were lost in the distance of the afternoon country sounds.

Kate stood panting with anger, confronting the insult that had been hurled at her. The challenge on the floor was in the form of a handsome flame-colored lily, such as will light up dusky shrubberies with its splendors, if cultivated in kindness; but in the North of Ireland is known only as a danger-signal,—a token of defiance from neighbor to neighbor, an expression of tyrannical triumph and enmity.

Looking on it as a very firebrand from the burning of the lower regions, Kate stood gazing at it with loathing; her face pale and red by turns, her bosom heaving. Her flashing eyes glanced around for some means of removing the odious thing without touching it even with a finger. First of all, she danced on it with both her little rough-shod feet; then, lifting its mangled remains between the fire-tongs, she walked across the road holding it at arm's-length and dropped it among the weeds at the opposite side of the ditch.

Then she drew a long breath of relief, and thought of vengeance. This was what his tender glances had meant: only to soften her heart to him a little that he might have the power to wound her more severely! Without time for further reflection, she ran up the narrow byway in the opposite direction from that which he had taken, and came to the high-road, diving down the green "lonan" by the side of which stood McLean's model cottage. A clump of fir-trees sheltered its gable, and a neat little garden with a white-painted gate separated its front from the road. Here

her eyes caught sight of the thing which the unappeased passion in her heart was in search of.

It was a large, well-filled bed of the lilies that were so abominable to her, all their scarlet chalices full to the brim of the fires of the setting sun which streamed toward them through an opening in the opposite trees. In Kate's eyes, they stood there blazing at her with hatred, threatening her and hers with injury in the days that were at hand. They were Satan's drawn swords, the unfurled banners of his legions—or anything else that green fury like hers could imagine of them. Had they been flames prepared for her martyrdom, Kate felt she would have flung herself into them as a proof of the faith that was in her. As it was, she walked rapidly in at the neat gate and along the nicely gravelled path with the steps of a conquering heroine, tore up the flowers till her skirts and arms were full of them; and, coming out of the garden again, with swift deliberation she hurled her brilliant burden on the middle of the road. Then she covered them up with dry twigs and sticks and rapidly set fire to the pile.

This done, she looked all around to see if any one was coming to whom she could boldly avow having done the deed. But seeing no one, she turned on her steps, and went up the "lonan" again, much more soberly than she had come. She had had her sweet revenge on Robert McLean; and now that all was over there was a pain in her heart that seemed greater than she knew how to bear.

It happened that Robert had from a distance been an eye-witness of her raid on his property. Having seen her fly from her house in the direction of his own, he had guessed that she meant vengeance and expected some amusement. Following her all the way, he had climbed a high knoll commanding a view of his domain, to see what particular

spiteful girlish mischief she was intent upon doing him. He felt himself a superior Orange being, with power and law on his side; while Kate was only a little green slave of a Papist, though she had a spark of spirit in her worthy of a better cause, and a pair of eyes that made a fool of him when he was not on his guard. However, at the sight of his lilies burning he ceased to feel superior and amused. He uttered a loud round oath, and burst into a fit of angry laughter.

What would the boys say who expected to be supplied from his garden with decorations for the Twelfth? Was it for this he had worked every evening to make the little cottage of his own look neat and handsome—to have a furious, marauding Papist girl destroy in a moment the result of his labor? By — she had indeed found a way to vex him, and he would punish her! He leaped from the bank and began walking at a rapid pace up the “lonan” to meet her.

Her passion quenched, and half sorry already for what she had done, Kate’s slow, confident step had grown timid and quicker; and, lowering her head, at last she began to run, anxious to be safe under her father’s roof again. So absorbed in her remorse was she that she scarcely saw where she was going, and ran blindly against Robert McLean, who had deliberately planted himself in front of her. Waiting till she came close to him and struck her lowered head against his breast, he suddenly caught her in his arms and kissed her.

“Now I think I’ve punished you! Now you have paid me for my lilies, you little spitfire!” he cried, as Kate tore herself away from him and stood quivering with fury.

“How dare you?—how dare you!” cried she, stamping her little foot at him, her eyes darting flame out of her

small pale face. “You hateful Orangeman, begone and get out of my sight, or I won’t say what I’ll do to you!”

Robert had never seen her in such a passion before, and thought her rage so pretty—her eyes shining like rubies under her smooth, fair brow, and her small fists clenched—that he forgot the outrage on his lilies and remembered only that he had kissed her, and wished he might do it again, and not in anger. Be she Papist as the Pope and as green as the trees, she was the bonniest girl he had ever stood face to face with.

“Kate!” he exclaimed; “Kate!” and he held out his hand with a half hope of winning the velvety-black look back to her eyes. But she struck away his outstretched hand fiercely.

“Shame on you to insult a girl twice in one day, even if you are her enemy!” she cried; and fled off, leaving him standing alone in the “lonan.”

As Robert turned and walked toward his disfigured garden, he found that his wrath had cooled; and as he stood looking at the charred lilies he laughed uneasily, saying that he had punished her enough, and that she had paid him the full penalty of the injury she had done him. Her pride would have killed her, he said to himself, rather than have allowed her of her own will to give him that kiss. Faith it was worth the whole of his loss and more to see that blaze in her eyes!

Presently he began to feel a pang for having so humbled her. He had begun to sweep up the blackened remains of the lilies and to put them out of sight, when a group of his Orange comrades came down the “lonan” and shouted in astonishment at the ruin in his garden. McLean’s lilies had been counted on for the Twelfth. What Papist scoundrel had dared to meddle with them?

“Oh, dash them!” said Robert. “Some foolish child has been at them, maybe.

There's plenty of lilies in the country without them."

"It was John Havern's daughter did it!" bawled a little urchin from the top of a bank. "I seen her burnin' them."

"Take a note against John Havern," said a pugnacious-looking man who had an air of authority. "He's one that has got off too long. Him and his family's gettin' their heads up too high this while back."

"Let them alone!" observed McLean, urgently. "Girls will be girls, and I put her in a passion."

"It's a matter for the Lodge," said the other. "This is a Papist outrage that must be seen to."

(To be continued.)

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

XIII.

THE final capture of Port Royal in the early part of the eighteenth century did not initiate an overflow of English or American colonists into Nova Scotia. For good reasons, Boston discouraged any permanent settlement of Nova Scotia; it was enough that the fisheries from Digby round to Canso should be free. On the other hand, while recognizing that the land was a natural nursery for seamen, Governor Armstrong declared in 1725 that it was a lawless land,—“that an angel from heaven couldn't govern these fishermen” from Cape Cod and the Massachusetts shore. The actual limits of Acadie were long disputed by the French; and the Indians were never more fierce and antagonistic than in these decades of transition. It was uncertain, too, whether Acadie might not revert to France again, as it always had under the Stuart kings, who looked on it as an apanage of

the Crown of Scotland, and the usual *douceur* to placate the interest and the vanity of the Bourbons. The heirs of the old grantees of Acadie stoutly asserted their original titles. As late as 1735 the English governor writes that “three or four insignificant families pretended to rights of seigneuries that extended almost over all the inhabited parts of the country.” These were the descendants or representatives of D'Aulnay, De la Tour, Le Borgne, and others of the first generation of settlers from France.

In spite of the long peace from Utrecht to Aix-la-Chapelle (1713-1748) the Indians and French formed “free companies,” who kept the English garrison ever on the alert, and recognized no authority but that of the King of France. Certain French missionaries like Le Loutre were their leaders, sworn to a Hannibal-like enmity against Albion. Equally odious to the neutral French and the English settlers, they made the tenure of the soil insecure, and created a smoking Border, a “Dark and Bloody Land” between the English and the French, where now the fat lands at the head of the Basin of Minas offer their golden grain and their sweet pasturage. In his “Sister to Evangeline” Charles Roberts has sketched very vividly and unfavorably the figure of Le Loutre, the “Black Abbé.” But the portrait needs to be corrected by the good traits that Casgrain lends to this priest, who was declared in 1754 to be “the most persevering and implacable foe to the English that ever was in the country”; also by the moderate and humane considerations of Murdoch on the nature of Indian warfare, and the mutual guilt of England and France in encouraging it.* The day was not far off when the American colonists would urge as a grievance against England the very

* History of Nova Scotia, ii, 309.

policy that they had long practised against New France through their relations with the fierce Iroquois.

The character of Le Loutre, who was disavowed and rebuked by the Bishop of Quebec, has been best analyzed by Edouard Richard (*Acadie*, i, 257-307). Besides his own final and really impartial conclusions, he quotes the following judgment of Murdoch, always fair in intention: "It must, nevertheless, be remembered that we have derived our information of Le Loutre from sources not friendly to priests, the French of that period being tinged with the philosophy of Voltaire."

These sources are the anonymous and anti-Catholic "*Mémoires sur le Canada, 1749-1760*," and the infamous traitor Pichon. It will not be easy to overthrow the statement of Richard that in his treatment of Acadian history Parkman has been guilty of "*an elaborate system of deceit*." Is it not high time that Catholics turned their attention to a truly comprehensive and impartial history of North America? Every page of it is a-light with great and noble deeds for humanity, equal in natural and supernatural value to the best ever performed among the barbarian invaders of the Roman Empire.

Very gladly would the English have been rid of the Acadians. They thought them "proud, lazy, obstinate, intractable, conceited, perfidious, disaffected, unskilful in agriculture,"—about the same row of grievances they alleged against the intractable Irish. The relations of the English Hanoverians with Germany suggested as early as 1730 a settlement by Palatines. Irish convicts and soldiers dribble into the colony, and alternately satisfy or displease the English authorities. One moment they looked on them as naturally more loyal than the French; they even proposed to place Irish priests over the Acadian population. On the

other hand, Irish soldiers desert very easily to the French side, and the problem is alive again. In 1731 James O'Neale, "student of the College of Lombards in Paris, where he studied Physick and Chirurgery," applied for permission to reside in Acadie. Later on more serious attempts were made by Irishmen to settle on the eastern coast. The name of New Dublin remains as a reminder.

It was not until after the building of Halifax that any serious effort could be made to people these shores. The growth of New England's population, and the ambitious but tardy plan of France to build a line of forts from Canada to Louisiana, were, perhaps, responsible for the sudden energy now displayed. Chester, Mahone, and Lunenburg are settled before 1760, in spite of the yet fierce and roving Micmacs, who occasionally wreak a red vengeance on all who are not French and Catholic. Proclamations are issued (1759) granting one hundred acres of land to every head of a family, and fifty to every member of the same. Freedom of religion is granted, with the exception of Papistry. The fall of Quebec gave a new impetus to these plans. In 1764 Liverpool, at the mouth of the Mersey River, counted five hundred souls, and was laying the foundations of its future trade in shipbuilding and fisheries.

Under the name of Port Rossignol, it had long been a seat of the fisheries. De Monts himself had interdicted an interloper from fishing there, in violation of his charter. In 1623 Sir William Alexander, the Earl of Stirling, got from King James I. a grant of all Nova Scotia, "under the great seal of Scotland, confirmed by the Parliament thereof and annexed to the Crown of Scotland." Inland, it was to be divided into the two provinces of Caledonia and Hibernia; nearly two centuries later the former

name was revived and given to the pleasant lakes and uplands of Queen's County. Catholic settlers came in the early part of this century, and took up some of the fertile lands. A respectable church and flock have grown from these small beginnings. After a long exclusion from many benefits of modern intercourse, these lonely but lovely farms will soon hear the thunder of the iron horse and enjoy the fruits of our common civilization.

Liverpool was the outlet of this region, and grew in importance until, when the building of wooden ships was at its height, its *chantiers* were famous, and more than one snug fortune was made between the West Indies and this lonely port of Acadie. Quaint and sleepy, with its broad streets, its "Village Green," and its old and leafy shade-trees, Liverpool looks forth to an awakening in the near future. It is the gateway to the rich salmon fisheries of the Mersey, a romantic tidal river that flows through an almost undisturbed wilderness from Port Medway to the sea, and drains a great part of the innumerable ponds and lakes that are known to exist in the "Northern District."

Here, in ancient times, was the true "Heart of Acadie." In these well-nigh untrodden forests that shelter the noblest game, and in the unsurveyed labyrinth of lakes and ponds and rivers that swarm with the finest fish, the Micmac had his principal sanctuary. "These highlands," observes Haliburton, "lying between Annapolis, Liverpool, and Shelburne, and called the Blue Mountains, contained the consecrated groves in which the vows and sacrifices of the Indian were offered to the spirits of the air." Here were his oldest burial-places by rushing waters, under solemn beeches and maples; here he held his rude tribal fairs and markets; his venerable senate that decided on war and peace and

treaties; received ambassadors and executed justice. In spite of disastrous forest fires, many a giant oak still stands, many a noble pine that saw the Micmac in all his painted pride and his exulting strength.

From the old seigneuries of La Hève or Port Rossignol or Cape Sable came once into the solemn depths of this wilderness the belted and booted agents of France, fresh from Versailles, with gay cloths and beads, crosses and medals and fine weapons from the war-chief and the prayer-chief of the white man. How often, in turn, the Micmac had seen at Rossignol or La Hève the feudal mimicry of old France,—the "high, low and middle justice, with all rights of fishing, trading, and hunting"! Outside of their own ineffable charm, these forests and lakes of Queen's County will forever be dear to all who love the history and the romance, the forceful self-centred characters, and the strong play of self-helpful personality, that the Nova Scotia of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has bequeathed to us. Truly it is a pity that a great National Park could not be carved out of them before a cheap and common greed seizes on their vast spaces and disfigures their yet primeval grandeur and solemnity.

The little fishing settlement of Port Mouton may lay claim to a high antiquity, as antiquity goes in the New World. It owes its name to the prosaic drowning of a sheep from one of De Monts' vessels in 1604. The quaint old chronicler of Sir William Alexander's attempt to create a feudal state in Nova Scotia tells us that in July, 1622, they entered Port Mouton, "and discovered three very pleasant harbors, and went ashore in one of them, which, after the ship's name, they called Luke's Bay, where they found, a great way up, a very pleasant river, being three fathoms

deep at the entry thereof; and on every side of the same they did see very delicate meadows, having roses white and red growing thereon, with a kind of white lily, which had a dainty smell."

Henceforth the coast-line is one of infinite variety. Broad, deep estuaries between low-lying rocky shores abound. Many a black ledge swept by tides and storms rears its sullen and threatening head. Tall lighthouses, striped like zebras, lift their flaming eyes above the poor hamlets of the fishermen that cluster within their shadows. Deep and swift rivers, homes of the gamiest fish, pour into the sea the overflow of a thousand lakes. In this small space Nature is wantonly magnificent and spendthrift of all her powers, as though this corner of Nova Scotia were some huge bothy where islands, points, reefs, and ledges were being constantly done over, under the action of wind and wave. Here are centred the principal fisheries of the peninsula; and a proper home it is for them—these countless deep-sea coves and creeks, fitting shelters for Eolus and Neptune, with their scattered white huts amid the ledges of whinstone, each in its little close of greensward, relieved by patches of fir and spruce.

A melancholy interest attaches to the once flourishing settlement of Shelburne, named, like Halifax and Liverpool, after an English statesman of the last century. Its splendid harbor, some nine miles in depth, attracted the Loyalist refugees at the close of the Revolution. In less than two years nearly 16,000 of them had gathered here, with their dependents and slaves. A flourishing village of many hundreds of American Negroes arose in the vicinity. Capital flowed in abundantly; commerce grew as if by magic; soldiers and sailors crowded the streets and wharves. The close of the Revolution had left many of the latter stranded and penniless in the New World; to all such

the English government offered a home on the peninsula. Thus, Hessians settled at Bear River, Scotchmen at New Ross, Tarleton's men at Liverpool, and others elsewhere. Elegant mansions that vied in their appointments with those of Boston or Dublin sprang up as if by enchantment at Shelburne. Halifax seemed doomed as the capital of the colony. The writer of "The Present State of Nova Scotia" (1787) says of the budding city: "This town is, perhaps, one of the largest in the New World, containing about 3000 houses, regularly built, having fifteen streets in right line from north to south, and thirty from east to west. The inhabitants number about 13,000 souls."

About this time the legislature of Massachusetts was confiscating the properties and branding the memories of all her citizens who had fled to the English possessions. In the fall of 1783 over 25,000 had arrived in Nova Scotia; and in the same year a solemn excommunication was issued against them by the authorities of the Bay State, as being "ingrates, conspirators against the just rights and liberties of mankind; traitors, never more to have lot or portion among us."

But the patrician Loyalists of Shelburne were not the stern stuff of which new states are made. The arduous life of the forests and the fisheries, the rude democracy that has ever flourished here, were not to the taste of men and women who had brought with them slaves, equipages, and wealth. Many of them returned to their old homes, and Shelburne fell fast into a decay whence it has never, or but slowly, arisen. A few warehouses and wharves remain to tell its tale of greatness. Broad avenues, real carpets of greensward and fenced by tottering and irregular stone-walls, once the busy streets of the town, are now its pastures; while here and

there a decaying mansion is proof that American mushroom towns did not first begin with the gold fever of California. Why is it that we are so fond of gazing upon ruins? As children, we are fascinated by abandoned houses or by some proud "Folly." Later in life, we are drawn to the larger failures of society, the ruins of cities—Rome, Nineveh, Persepolis. Is it that here human weakness is laid bare on the grandest scale? Is it that we seek to know the causes of decay that we may avoid them? Certain it is that our inborn melancholy loves to feed upon the sentiments that grow rank upon these tombs of human endeavor.

Hardier settlers from Nantucket and Cape Cod laid the foundations of Barrington in 1760. In addition, a sturdy stock from the north of Ireland cast in its lot with these transplanted Yankees; it must be their descendants who saunter leisurely out along the deep pier, to inspect the weekly steamer as she sweeps to her place after threading the tortuous channel through a blanket of fog. Between Shelburne and Barrington lies the village of Port Latour, with its reminiscences of that chivalrous and loyal gentleman, Claude de la Tour, his brave wife Marie, and the noble English lady who shared his father's exile and deep humiliation, result of his curious treason. Inland, the shores are low, alternate marsh and moor, treeless and lonely in the extreme.

Outside Barrington lies Cape Sable Island, settled in 1784 by Loyalists from New England, successors of the original Acadian population, cruelly dispossessed in 1758 and scattered along the Atlantic coast. An islet off the extreme southern point of this island is known as Cape Sable, and is often declared to be the "Markland" of Leif, the son of Eric the Red, who discovered in 994 just such a site, "flat and covered with wood, and

where white sands were far around where they went, and the shore was low."

One thousand years ago! Empires and kingdoms, churches and philosophies, have come and gone since the Leifs and the Thorfinns stumbled on the shores they called Markland or Vinland or White Man's Land or Great Ireland. It looks as if this Northman race of destiny were then standing at the parting of the ways. Would they go south to the pleasant lands of the vine and the olive and the fig, bathe their horses in the Bosphorus, build kingdoms in France and Italy and golden Sicily, exhaust the possibilities of fancy in art and song and story? Or would they solve the enigma of the world's size and shape and content? They chose the former, and wrote their name and fame in letters of gold on every page of the mediæval history of Europe.

The enticing charms of the warm Southland blinded the Jarls to a higher vocation; had they heeded the Western call, the mission of Columbus would have been forestalled by five centuries. Perhaps the old mythology of the North, fantastic and forbidding, worked strongly upon the imaginations of the Vikings. Flesh and blood they feared not; only in these cold and lonely seas it was not men or nature that they had to contend with, but the gigantic mythical animals of the Edda, the dragon Fafnir, the wolf Fenris, the blood-curdling monsters of the cave and the hill. A huge serpent lay coiled about the world; the sea and the atmosphere were alive with unknown and hostile powers; whales were six hundred feet long, like that on whose back Brendan spent an Easter Sunday, taking him for an island. A gross pantheism bound the minds and hearts of the Northmen, among whom the reign of an all-falsifying imagination was as absolute as that of pure reason is to-day. All their joys and all their

fears took a bodily shape in a world of sense and matter, of blood and greed. They quite understood the battle-fields of Europe, where the raven exulted over a sea of slaughter, and the Valkyries made up a shining tale of heroes for Valhalla. But the mighty silences of the North Atlantic, as it were the vestibule of Night and Mystery, repelled the Northman. These distant shores offered no "old gold," no swords and knives of elegant pattern, no portable treasure of cups and beakers, no rings and jewels.

In the Sagas of discovery, the American seas and shores float in an indistinct haze, like headlands faintly descried at nightfall. The grape of Markland or Vinland was sour in comparison with the purple fruit of Campanian slopes. No Berserker rage shouts from their narratives, in which there is something yet of the uncanny sentiments that these journeys aroused. Nevertheless, as far as we know, they were the first to break into these unknown seas. And so when we read their entrancing stories we are thankful to the Christian skalds who wrote them down, and we share with them the sense of awe and wonder to which the singer of the "Nibelungenlied" gives voice in Simrock's noble version:

Viel Wunderdinge melden die Mären alter Zeit
Von preiswerthen Helden, von grosser Kühnheit.

(To be continued.)

In Memory.

R. V. R.

THERE are some flowers that blossom here,
Earth-lent awhile; not given.
To Christ's most loving Heart so dear,
They only bloom in heaven.

Ah, shed no tears! Be glad, rejoice!
To God his young life given.
It was his gentle mother's voice
That welcomed him to heaven.

M. E. M.

Sunny Memories of Rome.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

IV.—PALATINE, COLISEUM, LATERAN, SCALA SANTA.

CLOSE to the Arch of Titus stands the old entrance to the Palace of the Cæsars; this was by the graceful portico of Vignola and up through the old-fashioned Farnese Garden. Now you gain admittance by the tall new gate beside S. Teodoro. A steep ascent leads sometimes by a broad carriage drive, sometimes through thickets of trees, and sometimes through gaunt red ruins of ancient palaces. The hill is all ridges and paths, slopes and terraces, fragments and ruins. Kingly, republican and imperial times have wreathed their history about it. One palace has been rebuilt where another stood before it; the latter has encroached upon its neighbor, and the mass has been burned down. Get the antiquarian and the historian to name them. They have fought the whole ground over, and at best will say, "It is believed."

But the associations, the crowding of authentic memories, and the unique, indescribable beauty of the spot, make the Palatine one of the most interesting of Roman remains. Everywhere are crumbling walls sheathed in verdure,—remnants of pillar and pavement, and the merest trace of what was once a hall. Occasionally you come upon little suites of rooms where the very paint is brilliant still; and again you are told "here stood a temple," and the waving poppies laugh in the grass at your feet. The upper part is laid out in plots and flower-beds (as a child I distinctly remember the fennel and artichokes of the Palatine growing right under the imperial walls). But most delightful are the quiet, far-away spots where you sit

in some ilex grove among the bearded weeds, and have for all company a cawing rook overhead or some swift rat glancing along the boughs. At long intervals a stone parts from its wedge of centuries and rolls down rustling into the tangle of creepers.

If you are very conscientious you will take your book and waste a pleasant afternoon, full of sweet sounds and wind-rushing, over the well-nigh hopeless task of placing ruins. I admire you for it, having burdened the day similarly myself; but I always thought those people wisest whom I met sauntering down in the golden sunset, with peaceful faces and hands full of wild flowers. Yet, as it is the Palatine and must be given its due, let us glance briefly over it. It is usual to begin at the southeastern corner. Romulus, when he ploughed his first earthwork round it, started at the opposite one, working round by west, south, east and north. At this southeastern corner was the Porta Mugonia, and a stretch of Roman flag road is still seen, held to be part of the Via Nova circling from here to the Velabrum. On the Forum side, the hill must have been bounded by the Via Sacra where it passes under the Arch of Titus.

A valley separated the aristocratic Palatine proper from the Velia, where cattle grazed. Ancus Martius had lived on the Velia, and after him Tarquinius Priscus. On the Palatine side of the valley stood the famous Roma Quadrata anterior to Romulus, the Pelasgic fortress he enclosed in his new city, and the Temple of Jupiter Stator vowed by him. Some blocks of tufa here are believed to be part of the fortress, and vestiges of the temple also remain. In the hollow of the valley, on the old site of Catiline's villa, the palace of Augustus brought the two hills together; but before going on to it we must place the group of palaces which occupied this southeastern

corner of the Palatine: house of Caius Gracchus, who afterward moved, to gratify the plebs; house of Catulus the poet; house of the Consul Octavius, rebuilt by Emilius Scaurus; house of Clodius, who absorbed the two latter into his own; and finally the house of Cicero, who may not have been very welcome here, but who had bought of Crassus one of the most beautiful places on the Palatine—the one originally built for Drusus. All this eastern slope overlooking the Forum was populous with the dwellings of great nobles, one above the other.

Returning to the palace of Augustus, much imbedded in the soil, and probably for that reason so well preserved, there is a great deal to see; the Triclinium, the Lararium, the basilica; passages where your feet ring on the very pavements of antiquity, and no stone seems to miss out of the early mosaic. Built over the Augustan palace are the lesser remains of the palace of Vespasian. Farther on again, the beautiful ruins believed to be those of the palace of Nero; and far to the southwest those of the palace of Domitian and the Septizonium of Severus. If I mistake not, half-way down this slope (southwest) are the suites of little rooms, pedagogium of the slaves, in tolerable preservation, where the graffito of the crucifixion was found. On the height is the Temple of Jupiter Victor. Somewhere in this direction, too, stood the famous hut of Faustulus, rebuilt every time it was burned or destroyed, and in which were kept the cradle of Romulus and his staff. At the northwestern corner stands the palace of Tiberius; lower down, the soldiers' quarters; and farther, the house of Drusus and Antonia, with frescoes.

We are now overlooking what used to be the swamps and marshes of the Velabrum. Following the outer edge of the hill, we come to some great and

splendid walls buried in green, and probably of imperial date. Those of Romulus, toward the west, have been set down by authority to be of a later period than the first king. About this same western corner is an altar believed to be the one erected to the genius loci in recognition of the warning given to Marcus Cædicius of the Gallic invasion. He heard the mysterious voice between the Sacred Grove and the Temple of Vesta; hence we may approximately place the two spots. We now come to the northeastern corner, occupied by the palace of Caligula, large parts of which remain; and where stood also the temples of Cybele and Apollo. Here likewise were the Porta Romana and the Temple of Victory, above what is still called the Clivus Victoriæ; and where now stands S. Maria Liberatrice, soon to be demolished for further excavations, was the Atrium Vestæ.

We have completed our cursory expedition—a very brief and imperfect one, and much omitting—round about the old hill, and will cut across the upper gardens straight to the western slope; there we climb up as high as we can, waiting—the longer the better—for the sun to set. The great, low-lying, breezy horizon spreads before us; the wind is in the trees overhead, rushing and sighing; it is in the bowed, flashing grass and wild-corn at our feet. Slowly the great disc of light comes lower; and the dusky blue plain yonder, and near netly projected branches, and roofs and towers and cupolas in the distance,—all turn to warm life and blushing, burning gold. In the great silences far away, bells begin to chime; then the sun sinks from sight; the air grows keener, and all the west flames out in crimson that will die by and by, slowly, to hyacinth and to green.

If instead of being late it should be early—is it ever late in dreamland?—you

can come down from the Palatine, walk the length of the Forum, and in six minutes reach the Coliseum. To your right, on the Via Triumphalis, stands the Arch of Constantine, perhaps the handsomest, as it is certainly the best preserved, of Roman ruins. It makes a noble picture against the avenue of trees at its back. Bas-relief and inscription are clear in the sunlight. It is but a stone's-throw to that other arch on the Via Sacra where the Roman procession is depicted. It seems but a stone's-throw in history, too. The triumph of Titus and this new conqueror now, unbaptized yet, lifts up the cross. The Meta Sudans, the fountain where the gladiators used to wash, is a little cone of ruined brick-work before us. The amphitheatre, where so much Christian blood was shed, is ruined also; but the cross is graven still in the rotting stone of the old archways, and sometimes a pilgrim will kiss it as he goes by.

Which of us has vanity enough to attempt to describe the Coliseum? And which of us doesn't know it? In childhood you pass it with a disdainful sense of its utter remoteness and utter familiarity; possibly you will associate it with roasted chestnuts sold under its arches. But later, half-way through your teens, it will take hold of you suddenly and impetuously, as with some seizure of new life. Now it will tower above you, solemn, weary, in all its vast majesty and looming power. The great, dark vaults are full of voices and mysteries; and the hollow, dumb places make you shudder. You live its old life over. The numbers over the different galleries bring the crowds back, hurrying, eager and cheerful, to their seats. Cheers and shouting reach you over the old walls; the trumpets flare that herald Cæsar's coming. Then, through the silence, the long roar breaks forth again,—the fierce, many-noted

surging "Habet," the snarl of the wild beast springing, or the martyr's solitary lifted call to Christ.

Yet later you come back to the Coliseum again, and all is silent. In the quiet day you clamber from tier to tier of ruined seats, and sit in the sunlight, idly basking, glad of the rest. The oval clearing far beneath is partly broken up, so that you can see the cells and passages beneath the arena level, water channels, shafts for lifts; damp, mossy walls; dens for the wild beasts, and so forth. Tourists cross the beaten sod or lean with closed book upon some railing. No doubt they try to conjure up the old scenes. To you the visions will no longer come. In this dead, silent interior there are no voices save dreary voices of stone calling to stone. The tranquil skies soar overhead; through some arched aperture the deep blue stares intensely back at you; little weeds push to life through cleft and cranny.

No sound comes up, save at intervals the voice of a guide explaining or a peal of girlish laughter. Laughter in the Coliseum—how strange it sounds! You wish the Italian Government had not removed the central cross from the arena, and the little white chapels of the Via Crucis nestling among the ruins all round the ring. These at least brought voices of prayer in the evenings to fill the emptiness; now all that is left are the bare walls slowly crumbling, and the sadness that mantles them like a farewell. From here the Via di S. Giovanni leads in a straight line to the Lateran. To our left, about half-way, we pass the interesting Church of S. Clemente, with its beautiful twelfth-century carvings and frescoes by Masaccio. It is well worth a visit.

As we reach the Piazza of S. Giovanni, first to attract our eye is the fountain, with the grand obelisk towering above

it. This, the obelisk, is the highest in Rome and the most ancient; indeed it is held to be the oldest thing in the old city, dating back as it does to nearly two thousand years before Christ. Opposite are the ancient portico and side entrance to the basilica adjoining the Lateran Palace. On the façade is written the *Urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*; and the chapter takes precedence even of that of St. Peter.

One of the most remarkable things is the mosaic head of Christ in the tribune, commemorating the vision with which the consecration of the church was blessed; Pope Sylvester and Constantine being present. A fresco by Giotto represents Boniface VIII. announcing the first Jubilee to the faithful. Charlemagne was crowned in this Lateran Basilica; and here also St. Dominic, entering the morrow of a strange dream, first saw and recognized in the wan-faced, rough-clad visionary from Assisi him whom the Blessed Virgin in his dream had presented, together with himself, to appease her Divine Son. Chief among the important relics of the Lateran are the Table of the Last Supper and the skulls of St. Peter and St. Paul.

During Holy Week the choir of St. John, the finest in Rome, draws crowds, devotionally and otherwise inclined, to the basilica. Even the diplomatic corps and Roman fashionables consider themselves obliged to attend; and long will you keep the memory of those wet, gloomy April days. You stand on the outskirts of a motley crowd; in front of you a student from some northern college is devoutly following the office in his book; farther, a man and a girl are whispering and smiling; and just behind you, in a loud *sotto voce*—English of course,—a matronly voice is reciting the woes of that detestable hotel; while all the time the flute-like soprano is rising and dropping through the upper

darkened spaces of the basilica in the heart-wrung notes of some lamentation. All this is Rome.

On the Eve of St. John—*La Notte di S. Giovanni*—a popular festival (you might almost call it a carnival) is held on the green outside the church. In all probability it is the Christian substitute for some heathen celebration; but whatever of religious character may have been about it once has certainly departed now. People go out in parties to the booths and *trattorie* to eat stewed snails and young pork roasted whole. They also drink as much wine as is good for them, and generally end by dancing. If it did not so often develop into an orgy it would be a pretty *fête* on account of the illuminations and torchlight procession, the profusion of lavender and carnations (St. John's traditional flowers; I do not know why, except perhaps that they abound at that season), and the music. The *canzoni di S. Giovanni* (nothing to do with the Saint at all) are sung in the open air, with guitar and mandolin accompaniment; and the committee award prizes for the best. These songs, light but very pretty, generally become the popular favorites for the year. They are real folk-songs in the Roman dialect, and the strain that runs through them is often exquisitely melodious.

At the back of the church is a very beautiful twelfth-century cloister by the Cosmati: low arches on twisted, inlaid columns, and a glorious frieze; the court, as usual, a garden. The modern Lateran Palace contains a picture-gallery, a gallery of Christian sculpture, much esteemed; a gallery of antiques, foremost among which is, perhaps, the fine statue of Sophocles. The mosaic representing the gladiators, though important, is an ugly thing on the whole.

As you leave this palace and move round to the east, you come to the

simple, venerable façade of the basilica, with stone figures of Christ and saints. The stretch of greensward beside it is a favorite place for exercising recruits. It used to be the promenade of the popes, and the view is lovely; only that familiar one of pale blue vaporous hills, with their shadowings of transparent purple; the low, undulous country; a bit of aqueduct; a ruin; sometimes a farmstead, with pine-trees and cypresses grouped about it. But there is never monotony in that wide, soft vista; and the cool, quick breath of the Campagna blows clean across it from the Sabine snows.

Yonder, on our left and open to the broad air, is the so-called Triclinium. The mosaic used to be in the dining-hall of the ancient Lateran Palace (this and the chapel are all that is left of the palace), and commemorates the reception of Charlemagne by Pope Leo III., in what Veillot styles "the betrothal-banquet of the Papacy and the Empire." Christ, sitting, gives with his right hand to Peter the keys and to Constantine the labarum. Again, Peter, sitting, gives to Leo the bishop's pallium and to Charlemagne the banner. The buildings adjoining the Triclinium contain the Scala Santa, or stairs of Pilate's house up and down which our Redeemer trod. They are completely cased in wood, but brass crosses containing circular bits of glass mark the spots where the blood is still said to stain the marble. (I say "said," because it is too dark to see.) Twin stairs have been opened on the sides of this one to accommodate the faithful on crowded days, and here you gain exactly the same indulgences.

In the vestibule are Giacomelli's statues of Judas kissing Christ and Pilate showing Him to the people; with the inscriptions on the base, "Dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" and "Behold the Man!" At the top

An Old Account-Book.

of the stairs is a large antique fresco of the crucifixion, Mary and John standing on either side of the cross. Beneath this, in sight of the faithful as they ascend on their knees, are the words, "*Vulneratus est propter scelera nostra: propter iniquitates nostras attritus est.*" The inscription seems to bring back tangibly the bleak air of the Roman black fast and the hush and stillness of the Good Friday morning; the deep silence of the dusky, shuffling multitude; the narrow high stairs and narrow high walls; muttered prayers; the clinking of beads; occasionally a stumble from some less wieldy climber; and those sorrowful pictured figures at the top. Under them is the grated window open upon the inner chapel—private chapel of the Popes in the old Lateran Palace,—where the relics are of such value that no profane foot ever enters there. Chief among them is the "Acheiropoëton," or picture painted without hands. St. Luke is said to have outlined the face of our Saviour after the Ascension, and to have found the color miraculously filled in.

There is something so intensely devotional about the Scala Santa, and so edifying in the demeanor of the crowd, where you see scions of great houses shoulder to shoulder with ragged and unkempt nobodies, both equally grave and humble, that you fail to understand Martin Luther's conduct here in any and every sense. If the account be authentic, when he was half-way up the Scala Santa a voice from heaven whispered to him: "The just shall live by faith." Thereupon "he seemed to awaken as if from a nightmare"; and the immediate effect of this illumination of faith was to make him put shoe-leather where reverence suffers the knee only. He descended the staircase hallowed by memories of the Passion "with the firm step of the free man, and walked from the place!"

THERE is poetry in everything, if one knows how to look for it; and in so prosaic a thing as an old account-book a wealth of romance may be hidden until some curious person, with a taste for delving in the recorded life of other days, brings it from between the worn leather bindings into the glare of a modern age. There was a feeling, as I scanned these ancient accounts, that I was taking a liberty,—as if I must apologize to somebody or something for my inquisitive research. It was almost like taking a scalpel to a heart to bare these dusty chronicles to the eyes of a stranger.

They were the books of an Indian trader, telling what commodities he supplied to his red neighbors, and what they brought in exchange. In them, with the aid of a lively imagination, I could gather the whole story of that far-off epoch; and see, as with the physical vision, the picturesque figures that stalked with dignity through the primeval forests, guided their canoes over the river named for the Saint whom the "black-robcs" had taught them to revere; loving, suffering, sinning and repenting,—in their own savage way, but with hearts human like our own.

The record tells its own story. The gewgaws of the kindly trader tempted. The Indians bought "scarlet cloth, red leggings," ear-rings, brooches, shawls, "arm-bands"; and, first, last and always, beads and blankets. Then the influences of civilization began to be felt, and I read:

To calico for shirts.
To handkerchiefs.
To spurs.
To soap.

Soap is the companion of civilization, and so one was prepared for the entry:

To whiskey.

Then, at quickly recurring intervals:

Little Eagle's squaw, 1 quart whiskey.
Pledged bunch of beads.

Sheango's squaw, 1 gallon whiskey.
Pledged scalping-knife and ear-rings.

Sinumki's boy, 1 quart whiskey.
Pledged moccasins and bear-trap.

The old story of "civilizing" by means of firewater is here repeated. This the "black-robos," few, scattered, and sadly hampered, could not prevent. Greed conquered the Indians, as it conquers to-day when men willingly barter those things which are of far more value than bear-traps or scalping-knives.

Happily, one series of entries leads to more cheerful thoughts. It is evident that White Feather is bound his little son shall not be looked down upon by pale children; for I read:

White Feather. To pantaloons for boy.

White Feather. To suspenders for boy.

White Feather. To hat for boy.

White Feather. To pocket-knife for boy.

Did he like the change from the garb of the blanket Indian to this strange gear? It is to be hoped that the pocket-knife and suspenders were some comfort to the poor little Indian boy in the dark days fast hastening on,—soon after these simple entries were made in this shabby old book. Perhaps he died young, and sleeps beneath a cross in the churchyard hard by; perhaps—and this were the less kindly fate—he lived to see the last of his people exiles and wanderers.

Our government has yet an account to settle with the Indians immeasurably greater than that which this volume has preserved for us. The gewgaws and firewater and what we are pleased to call civilization have been only scant reward for confiscation, expatriation, and extermination.

BEFORE God a man must be neither learned nor philosophical; but a child, a slave, a pupil, or at most a poet.

—Joubert.

Notes and Remarks.

There are stronger reasons than most persons are aware of for thinking that leprosy may yet become as general in the United States as it formerly was in Europe. Acting on the principle that a dram of prevention is worth a ton of cure, several eminent American physicians who have studied this dread disease—"the most ancient, the most human, and the most incurable of all diseases"—have lately called attention to the fact that there is really no protection in this country against leprosy, a great many cases of which are distributed throughout the States. The need of national and State legislation, therefore, to control its spread ought to be plain to everybody. Our general quarantine laws, it is pointed out, are not specific enough to affect this disease, and probably not one physician out of a thousand would recognize it except in its grosser forms. Dr. E. S. Goodhue, of Los Angeles, Cal., declares that he once saw a leper in a New York hotel, where he was a regular guest. "There are lepers in the North from Oregon to New Brunswick, and in the South from Central America to South Carolina, travelling criss-cross, with no one to say them nay." It may be declared that Dr. Goodhue is an alarmist; but he has evidently studied his subject, and he writes very temperately. The same may be said without fear of contradiction of Dr. Prince A. Morrow.

An official letter from the Bishop of Havana informs us that we were in error about the decree issued by the ex-governor of Cuba in regard to the marriage ceremony. In reality, the decree is irreligious and unjust, since it recognizes none but a civil marriage as legal. Bishop Sbarette and his clergy are doing all in their power to have it revoked.

They are particularly desirous that the truth of the matter should be known to the Catholics of the United States. It is surprising that General Brooke should have enacted anything so absurd and intolerable. But facts are facts; and now that we know them, we hasten to make them known. The Catholic journalist fresh from Havana, from whom we got our first information, was mistaken. We blundered in publishing it, but we haven't the slightest reluctance in saying so. Hesitancy in withdrawing an erroneous statement would argue no love for truth. It may be said also that too great a readiness to change one's opinions indicates that they were but lightly formed. We stuck to our original statement regarding General Brooke because we believed it to be true; now we withdraw it because we know it to be false.

All reports of the mental and physical vigor of the Holy Father, notwithstanding his advanced age, were rendered highly credible to us last week on receiving from one of our readers living at Hastings, Minn., a request for a well-printed copy of a favorite book of devotion. Our correspondent—who, by the way, is his own amanuensis,—informs us that he is now ninety-two years old; and naïvely adds that his sight is failing, though he can read large print well enough. We congratulate our venerable reader. He probably never acquired the newspaper habit. What a lesson to a purblind and begoggled generation!

The following footnote to history is from the *Loretto Magazine*:

At the 6.30 o'clock Mass in the chapel of the Sisters of Loretto, St. Mary's Academy, Denver, February 26, Captain Arthur S. McKinley, first cousin of our President, received his First Communion. The Captain was baptized in the cathedral a few days previous, and requested the privilege of making his First Communion in the chapel of the Loretto Sisters. After Mass the Sisters invited

the gentleman and his wife to breakfast with the chaplain; and during breakfast Sister smilingly asked if the conversion was not a returning to the faith of his forefathers. The Captain replied: "Yes: my grandfather, and of course the President's—for our fathers were brothers,—was a staunch old Catholic of Belfast, Ireland. But our fathers came to America whilst very young and married non-Catholics, then fell from the faith themselves. Later they sent for our grandparents; and they came to the old homestead in Canton, Ohio, where the President and I were raised. I was a child at the time, but I was present at my grandfather's death-bed. Though we were one hundred miles from a Catholic church, he requested my father and uncle to send for a priest. The priest did not arrive in time to assist the old gentleman; but, when his wife, our Grandmother McKinley, died, she had a Catholic priest with her.

Hitherto Catholics in the British navy have suffered the same disadvantages with respect to Catholic chaplains as our own tars, but we are glad to learn that her Majesty's government has already taken steps to redress this very real grievance. Provision has been made for priestly ministration to the sailors at all the naval bases; and Catholic chaplains will henceforth be attached to all hospital ships, and will accompany every squadron proceeding on any special service. The action of the government was precipitated by Cardinal Logue's declaration that, considering the dangers to which sailors were exposed and their special need of spiritual help, he would feel it his duty to dissuade his countrymen from entering the British service unless more Catholic chaplains were appointed. There is a hint here.

A letter written by Gounod shortly before his death to his confessor, who was about to go on a long journey, shows the fervor as well as the faith of the great musician. "No, dear Father," wrote Gounod, as quoted by the Paris correspondent of the *Tablet*, "I will not allow you to start on your journey into that cold and distant country without sending you a little of the warmth of a

heart which is ever so close to yours. We can not get away from those we love; for we retain them as long, as they keep us in that unity which is the sole principle of union here below, until we are reunited forever on high.... At any rate, you must not allow me to leave for the other world before you return; for it is your duty to sign my way-bill and to launch me on the ocean of purgatory, on which God grant I may not have too long a journey. Besides, you really must be here for our *fête*, which I have every hope of celebrating at your anointed hands."

The *Independent* calls attention to the infelicity of the tablet recently set up in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, in memory of Dr. John Hall. It simply gives the dates of his birth and death, and says that he was "pastor of this church from November 3, 1867, to September 17, 1898"; and then ends with this singular text, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God." That Dr. Hall's departure should give rest to the people of God is what some who remember the dissensions in that church the last year or two of his life do not like to have suggested. That is not what the committee meant by the Scripture passage, and they are kept busy saying so. However, they may felicitate themselves that another familiar text which would be still more inappropriate was not selected for the memorial tablet.

The earnest character of the discussions, the fraternal charity and general open-mindedness that characterized the annual conference of the Association of American Catholic Colleges in Chicago last week, are auspicious omens for the future of Catholic education. That our colleges take this conference seriously was shown by the fact that delegates

came from both sea-boards and from nearly all the Middle States. The good that must result from these discussions will greatly strengthen the educators themselves, and a wholesome feeling of confidence will be generated in the whole Catholic public—yea, we may hope, even among snobbish parents who have hitherto thought our colleges too hopelessly antique to educate their precious children! The Association is henceforth to meet every year, being organized after the plan of the English Association. It has no legislative power: it can not bind individual colleges to adopt its conclusions. The value of the organization is in that it brings our educators together to exchange views on questions of education, and furnishes them with stimulus, counsel, and ambition.

Windthorst is usually regarded even by German writers as the founder of the Centre Party; but Herr Pastor declares, in his newly published biography of August Reichensperger, that the honor belongs elsewhere. The origin of the Party dates from 1848, when Cardinal Diepenbrock invited the Catholic members of the Prussian parliament to meet and concert a plan of united action. Radowitz presided over these meetings, and Reichensperger held the office of vice-president. Four years afterward, under the leadership of the brothers Reichensperger, the little society was further consolidated; again, in 1859, at the instance of Von Mallinckrodt, the name of the Centre Party was chosen and its policy formulated by Von Savigny and August Reichensperger. It was only in 1870 that Windthorst began to be prominent in the Party; and it is a splendid proof of the disinterestedness of the older German leaders that they effaced themselves as far as possible, and did what lay in their power to strengthen Herr Windthorst's

position. The policy of the Party was to repulse attacks on religious liberty and Christian education, and to combat practical Liberalism. It was a policy which did not necessarily limit membership to Catholics, and indeed the new Centrum for a time actually counted some Protestant members.

The London *Tablet* has been doing a little figuring on a recent Parliamentary Report regarding the use of alcoholic beverages. It compares the statistics for the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and the United States, and arrives at this result: "It is remarkable that the Americans are by far the most abstemious of the four peoples, whether the liquor under consideration be wine, beer or spirits,—and a better argument in favor of temperance it would be difficult to imagine." That's neat!

The *American Catholic Historical Researches* publishes a letter written in 1855 by Mr. George W. P. Custis, the adopted son of Washington, in answer to a query from the Rev. Charles White, D. D. The following lines are worth quoting from it:

You are pleased to ask me whether the late Dr. Carroll was an intimate acquaintance of Washington. He was more, sir. From his exalted worth as a minister of God, his stainless character as a man, and, above all, his distinguished services as a patriot, Dr. Carroll stood high, very high, in the esteem and affections of the *Pater Patriæ*.

Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin, the head of the anti-suffragists in Illinois, does honor to her sex. She is strongly opposed to woman's suffrage, and she presents weighty reasons for her opposition. She does not forget the deplorable results of the movement in Utah, nor lose sight of its evil tendency in the Southwest. But the strongest argument against woman suffrage, according to Mrs. Corbin, is the

circumstance of maternity, which makes women dependent upon men. She says:

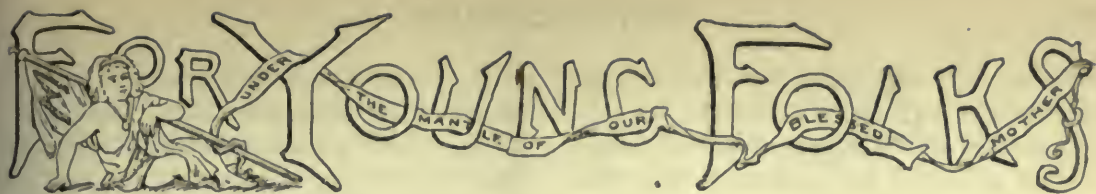
The most improved modern scheme of government no more than the most ancient tyranny can step in between woman and that state of physical dependency upon man. A state which would require that a woman shall do as much of the world's work as a man, and bear all the children besides, is a senseless tyranny upon the face of it. Maternity is no joke, no minor incident to be laughed at. It is the foundation stone upon which every nation's greatness is solidly built.... In my opinion, the only true enfranchisement for woman will come through the perfect understanding of her own functions as to the State, and a loyal living up to the responsibilities imposed upon her by God and nature in the endowments of her sex. At least not until this question shall be definitely settled ought men to reverse the order of civilization by laying political burdens upon the unaccustomed and unadapted shoulders of women.

Ruskin had strong views on this same subject. When asked what he thought of woman's suffrage, he answered with characteristic emphasis: "So far from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them away from most men."

An officer of the United States Army—not the regular army, we are glad to say,—who was in supreme command of the island of Mindanao, has been court-martialled on the charge of murdering in cold blood, without show of trial, one of Aguinaldo's officers named Ramos. The native chief of the adjacent island of Isabella is said to have received \$20 in gold for betraying him. Officers of the regular army everywhere are indignant over this disgraceful affair.

The history of the past few weeks in Kentucky makes it easier for us to understand the nature of those revolutionary outbreaks that occur so frequently in the small and turbulent Latin-American republics.—*The Review of Reviews* for April.

And if Kentucky were not a part of this great nation, a very serious conflict down there could hardly be avoided. The organization of a new State militia force under the authority of the Democratic claimant of the governorship has only aggravated the situation.



The Grateful Lioness.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

MOST of the boys and girls who read THE AVE MARIA stories are doubtless familiar with the appearance of the king of brutes, and with that of his royal mate, the fierce and cruel-looking lioness. Many of them have visited the gardens which bear that great big name, zo-ölogical (the first syllable of which, you should remember, is pronounced "zoe" and not "zoo"), and the others have probably been once or twice at least to the menagerie.

I wonder, by the way, whether the young folks of to-day take as much delight in the circus as my friends and I used to do twenty-five or thirty years ago? The menagerie in those days was the circus' invariable adjunct; and our admiration was generally pretty equally divided between the gorgeous spectacles and daring feats of the ring and the fascinating, if fearful, sight of lions and tigers, panthers and leopards, boa-constrictors and anacondas, and dozens of other singular inhabitants of the forests of other lands.

The boy who didn't go to the circus whenever it visited our town was a rare exception, and was sincerely pitied by his more fortunate schoolmates. His not going was always due to lack of the necessary twenty-five cents with which to purchase a ticket; and if his parents refused to give him that amount on the plea that it was not right to attend a circus, I'm afraid he reasoned pretty much as in similar circumstances

did the little son of a Chicago minister. The minister having forbidden his boys to go to the show, they discussed the reasons why he objected.

"He thinks it wrong," observed one, "because it's cruel to the horses to make them go around the ring so fast."

"I don't believe that's the reason," said another. "It must be because the actors get hurt sometimes."

"Well, I guess he thinks it's wrong," suggested a third, "because you don't learn anything at a circus, and it's a waste of money."

"No, that ain't it!" said the youngest. "He thinks it's wicked 'cause it's lots of fun."

Thank Heaven, we Catholic boys didn't have any such puritanical clergyman over us. Just as sure as circus-day came around, good Father Quinn—"Father John," as we lovingly called him—would "tip" all his altar-boys with the price of a ticket, and of a good supply of peanuts besides; and there would have been intense indignation rampant among us if, after that, our parents had refused to let us go.

All this, however, has nothing particularly to do with the grateful lioness about whom I intended, when I took up my pen, to tell you a story related in the life of St. Macarius the Younger. In fact, thus far I have been digressing; and the digression has arisen from what is called the association of ideas. Just as soon as I wrote down "lioness," I thought of menageries; menageries suggested circuses; and away went my memory to the glorious days when I used to walk a mile or two out of town to meet the parade and accompany it to the field where the monster tent was

to be set up. Now, however, I've finished digressing; so here's the story.

Macarius the Younger, like his namesake of whom I have already told you, was a very pious solitary, and was just as kind to all animals, tame or wild, as was St. Francis, a good many hundred years later. One day, as he was praying devoutly, he heard a loud knock—or, rather, thump—at the door of his cell. Getting up from his knees, he opened the door and found himself confronted by a big lioness. He was not a bit frightened; and, indeed, would not have been by this animal even if he had never seen one before; for she wore a piteous expression, and was holding in her mouth a little cub, which she presently dropped gently at the solitary's feet.

Macarius stooped down, and taking the cub in his hand, discovered that it was blind. The mother looked at him so pleadingly that he could almost hear her say, "Oh, please cure my little one's infirmity!" So Macarius blessed the cub and restored its sight. The lioness testified her gratitude by caressing the Saint in lion-fashion, rubbing her nose gently against him and purring with delight; then fed her baby and took herself off to the desert.

Macarius thought that was the end of the matter. But the next day, at the same hour, again came the knock at his door. It was the lioness once more; but this time she carried in her mouth, not the cub, but a splendid sheepskin, which she dropped at his feet, as if to reward her benefactor for the favor he had granted. The solitary, however, instead of thanking and petting her, gave her a scolding.

"I refuse your present," said he, in a severe tone, "because it is the outcome of robbery. You had to steal this skin in order to bring it to me, and you must learn that I won't enrich myself at somebody's else expense."

The poor lioness appeared very much mortified at this greeting. She knelt at the Saint's feet, and, while she still presented the skin, seemed to wish him to understand from her attitude and her looks that she wouldn't steal any more.

"Well," said the good solitary, "I see that you understand me; and I consent to take your gift, provided you promise me not to commit theft again."

The lioness having signified that she understood and promised, the Saint patted her head, blessed and dismissed her. And, as a matter of fact, adds the narrator of the legend, the lioness, more faithful to her promise than are most sinners, stole no more sheep. She used to visit the solitary's cell occasionally, and would remain at his feet till she received the usual blessing.

And now when our young folk see the picture of a saint beside whom stands a lioness with a cub in her mouth, they will know that it is a representation of St. Macarius the Younger.

The Story of St. Patrick.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

XI.

We come now to the close of the life of the glorious Apostle of Ireland. He was fifty-three years of age when he began his great work. God had decreed that thirty-five years should be allowed him to convert the Irish nation, and a further term of thirty-five years to confirm that work. He was therefore about one hundred and twenty-three years of age at the time of his death.

In stature St. Patrick was a small man, as was the great Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul; in manner he was meek and humble; but in his devotion to God he was consumed by a devouring fire. His thirst for mortification could

never be satisfied. He always lived on the coarsest food, never using meat, and wore the humblest clothing. He walked on foot in his missionary work, until age and the press of duties forced him to make use of a chariot. He spent a portion of every night immersed in water, and never slept more than three hours, and took that rest on the bare ground with a stone for a pillow.

As to his prayers, he daily recited the whole Psalter, fortifying himself at each canonical hour with the Sign of the Cross; he made it two hundred times. He offered the holy mysteries in the morning, and always spent long hours preparing for this great act.

His whole life was made up of work, prayer, and mortification. For the first term of thirty-five years the spread of the Gospel and the conversion of souls occupied most of his time; but during the remaining thirty-five his life was one uninterrupted span of earnest prayer and severe bodily mortification. And that spirit of mortification he impressed on the Irish Church, a portion of which, in its original strictness and rigor, is to be found to this day in the discipline undergone in the celebrated pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory in the County Fermanagh.

While able, the Saint made a circuit of the island every year, visiting every bishop, encouraging, confirming, and, if necessary, converting. And when it was no longer possible for him to undertake so long a journey, he called synods of the bishops annually. At these assemblies everything was considered, corrected, and brought into order.

Now, toward the end of his life, as he was on his travels, the Angel Victor was sent to tell him that the reward of his labor was nigh at hand. The Saint gave thanks to God and at once requested his charioteer to bear him to his loved Armagh. But the Angel told

him it was not at Armagh, but at Saul, in Down, where he built the first church, that he was to repose in the Lord. Sorrowful in mind, but resigned to the will of God, he bade the charioteer to turn his horses' heads not to Armagh the beloved, but to Saul.

He rested on his way for awhile at Down; and all the bishops, monks and nuns and holy persons of the island gathered to him to receive his last counsel as well as his dying blessing. While the holy man was speaking to them there shone a wonderful light in the cemetery near the church. And they, wondering, inquired what it meant. He told them to ask Brigid, who was near by. She made answer that in that place one of the greatest of the Irish saints should rest. She did not mention St. Patrick's name; but the holy nun Ethembria, the first to receive the veil from his hands, taking her aside, asked her. She told her it was the Father and Apostle of Hibernia himself that was to be buried there.

Now, the holy Brigid had woven with her own hands a shroud for the sacred body of Patrick; and she greatly desired that she might be permitted to wrap his body in it when he had resigned his pure soul into the hands of his Creator, but she was timid to ask such a favor. The Spirit, however, revealed her ardent wish to the holy man, and he signified his approval of this mark of her spiritual affection for him.

"He therefore went to Saul," say the chronicles, "rejoicing that the port of death, leading to eternal blessedness, was soon to be opened to him. He sent to the holy Bishop Tassach to make haste and come. So Tassach celebrated the divine mysteries, and gave unto the dying Saint the blessed Body of the Redeemer. Then Patrick raised his eyes to heaven and beheld an entrancing sight. The heavens opened, and Jesus,

in the midst of angels beckoned to him. With an effort he raised his hands up, and followed them slightly with his body, crying with the greatest joy: 'I come!' Then, falling back on his couch, the venerable Apostle was dead."

The holy virgin Brigid came with the shroud she had prepared, and the body of the Apostle was wrapped up in it. The precious remains were taken to the church; then all the bishops, priests and monks entered their stalls and chaunted the Sacred Office for the rest of the day. When night came on they withdrew, but yet the loved dead was not left alone; for a multitude of the heavenly hosts, descending amid great splendor, took their places in the empty stalls, and continued the chaunt until morning, when they ascended to the skies, leaving behind them in the church a heavenly fragrance that rejoiced with a wonderful joy everyone that entered the sacred edifice. And so it continued for twelve days.

Moreover, all this time there issued from the body of the Saint such a wonderful light that at night the place seemed bright as day. This awaked in the breasts of the men of Armagh a vehement desire that their holy Bishop and Father should be laid among them; and an equally vehement desire in the men of Down that, as he himself had prophesied, he should be interred among them.

Indeed, so great was the desire of both parties to possess the body of the Saint that they were at the point of drawing their swords and falling upon one another, when the sea rose miraculously high, and, flowing between them, separated them. They were for a few moments hushed by this visible and striking wonder; and as soon as the sea went down, there appeared a pair of oxen harnessed to a wain which no man had brought. It was then decided

to place the coffin on the wain and abide the result. But as soon as the men of Armagh saw that the oxen were going in the direction of Downpatrick they drew their swords once more and were again ready to have recourse to violence.

But, lo, a new miracle from God! A second wain appeared so like unto the first that no one could say which was the original one. Then both set out, one going to Armagh and the other to Down; and each party followed its own wain. When, however, the Armagh wain reached its destination, it was found to be empty; but the men of Down uncovering their wain found the Saint's coffin within, which, after the celebration of the divine mysteries, they deposited in the sacred earth, on the spot where the blessed light had been seen.

An immense boulder, weighing several tons, now marks the grave of the great Apostle of Erin. It bears a cross and in Celtic characters the name so dear and so familiar to Catholics, especially Irish Catholics, the wide world over—Patric.

(The End.)

A Truelove-Knot.

This lovely lyric was written by Henry Vaughan (1621-1665); he was not a Catholic poet either. He is called The Silurist because he was a native of Siluria, or South Wales:

Bright Queen of Heaven, God's Virgin Spouse,
The glad world's blessed Maid,
Whose beauty tied Life to thy house,
And brought us saving aid!
Thou art the true Love's knot; by thee
God is made our ally,
And man's inferior essence He
With His did dignify.
For coalescent by that band
We are His body grown,
Nourished with favors from His hand
Whom for our Head we own.
And such a knot what arm dares loose,
What life, what death can sever,—
Which us in Him and Him in us
United keeps forever?

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Weighed in the Balance," a popular story by Christian Reid, which first appeared in these pages, will be published next month in book form by Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co. The same publishers have issued a new edition of the Abbé Hogan's admirable "Daily Thoughts for Priests."

—"Meditations for Retreats," lately published in neat and convenient form by Benziger Brothers, is a series of extracts from the writings of St. Francis de Sales, arranged by St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and translated from the French by a Visitandine. The subjects treated are the essentials of the religious life, and reflections on the mysteries of Our Lord's life as applied to those aiming at perfection.

—It is indeed gratifying to observe an increase of interest in public libraries on the part of Catholic citizens, and we have seen letters from librarians expressing thanks for having their attention called to new books and new editions noticed in these pages. Many had long been in search of Maitland's "Dark Ages" and "Reformation in England." In answer to numerous correspondents, we have to say that the former may be ordered through Thomas Baker, of London; and the latter through John Lane, New York. It is missionary work to render books like these accessible to non-Catholics.

—It was a good idea to make a book out of "Episodes of Catholic History" for the use of young people. The vicissitudes undergone by Holy Church, the victories won by spirit over brute force, the triumphant battles waged against enemies from within and without, make an inspiring record. It is this record which appeals so powerfully to the judgment and the imagination of cultured non-Catholics, and which makes Catholics who are familiar with the past so proud of their religion. Such episodes as the struggle of Gregory VII. against Henry, and Pius VII. against Napoleon, to name only two out of many, are a precious inheritance which ought not to be lost or forgotten. Marlier, Callanan & Co., publishers.

—The late Mrs. F. X. T. Berlinguet, *née* Amy Pope, who was commended to the prayers of our readers last week, will be remembered as a frequent contributor to this magazine and other religious and secular publications. Her best work in prose and verse ought to be collected and published in book form. Like her brother, Mr. Joseph Pope, who wrote the life of Sir John MacDonald, Mrs.

Berlinguet was a fervent convert to the Church and made many sacrifices for her faith. She was widely known in Canada, especially in Montreal and in Three Rivers, where she had been a resident since her marriage.

—We are glad to see a new edition of "Seven Jewels from Our Saviour's Lips," by the Rev. Joseph O'Reilly. It was first issued as a pamphlet, but now appears as a dainty booklet from the press of R. and T. Washbourne. It is a simple, clear and practical explanation of the Lord's Prayer. This excellent little book supplies a need, because the full meaning of the best and most efficacious of all prayers is too little understood.

—The Rev. James H. O'Donnell, of Watertown, Conn., has published, through the Hurd & Everts Co., a brochure of 57 pages entitled "Jesus Christ: A Scriptural Study." The teaching of the Church in regard to her divine Founder is set forth in the form of question and answer, with all the Scriptural texts bearing on each point of doctrine. The reverend author has added a few valuable footnotes. The usefulness of this booklet is evident, and we hope it may be widely circulated among Catholics and Protestants.

—There are so many printed sermons and so few of them, comparatively, were worth printing, that we confess to a prejudice against what are called "sermon books." So we are grateful to the Rev. B. J. Rayeroff, A. M., for sparing us the trouble of saying anything about his recently published "Sermons for Every Sunday in the Year." (F. Pustet & Co.) In a preface to this book the author thus explains its existence: "He wrote them for pastime and self-improvement. He does not claim any superiority for them, but hopes they may suggest deeper veins of finer composition. His experience is that even a poor book often awakens many a sublime idea. If this volume possesses such a virtue, he will not regret that he mustered up courage to publish the following pages."

—Monsignor Seton has reason to be proud of the ancient and honorable family of which he himself is a distinguished member. Its sons are famed for valor and its daughters for virtue. It was well worth while to compile the records of the Setons, and no one could have performed the task better than the author of "An Old Family." (Brentano's.) The volume is admirably published; indeed it is not too much to say that in every

respect it is a perfect book. Monsignor Seton's loving care is evident in every page and in every detail. There are few writers nowadays capable of producing such a work. Think of utilizing the odd moments of forty years in gathering material for a volume of less than five hundred pages! A glance at the index will show that the time was not ill-spent, and that Monsignor Seton can not justly be accused of devoting precious leisure to "foolish questions" and "endless genealogies." Future historians and book-makers will rejoice that this volume was published and will find it eminently useful. Too little work of the kind has been done by Catholic writers of our time; and in showing how it should be performed, Dr. Seton has rendered a distinct service. We congratulate him, and rejoice that a great amount of valuable genealogical information has been rescued from oblivion. There is many a page in the handsome history of "An Old Family" no less edifying than interesting. Our Lord commanded His Apostles to "gather up the fragments lest they be lost," and we can easily understand that Monsignor Seton may have felt it a sacred duty to preserve the traditions of sanctity and self-sacrifice in his own family.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* \$3.50.
 Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*
 The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.
 The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1.50, *net.*
 Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, *net.*
 Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, *net.*
 The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.
 The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25.

- Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.
 Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., *net.*
 Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3.50.
 The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.
 Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., *net.*
 My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
 The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.
 Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.
 The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.
 For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.
 The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, *net.*
 Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.
 A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.
 The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.
 Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.
 Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.
 Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.
 The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.
 New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.
 The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, *net.*
 The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Mailand.* \$2.
 The Dark Ages. *Dr. Mailland.* \$3.
 The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.
 Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.
 Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.
 The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, *net.*
 The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon.* 50 cts.
 Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.
 The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.
 The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best.* \$1, *net.*
 A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

I AM A FAITHFUL CATHOLIC.

(A Parochial School Hymn.)

Not too fast.

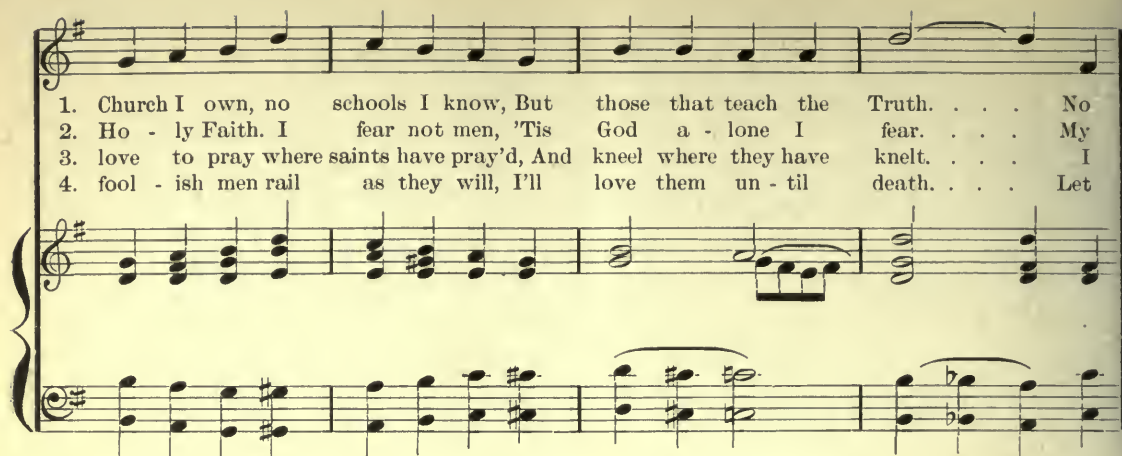
Music by REV. H. G. GANSS.

1. I am a faith - ful Cath - o - lie, I love my ho - ly Faith, I
 f 2. If base it is to yield be - fore The per - se - cu - tor's rod, Then
 3. I love His Al - tar, where I kneel My Je - sus to a - dore, I
 4. I love my cross, I love my beads, Each em - blem of my Faith; Let

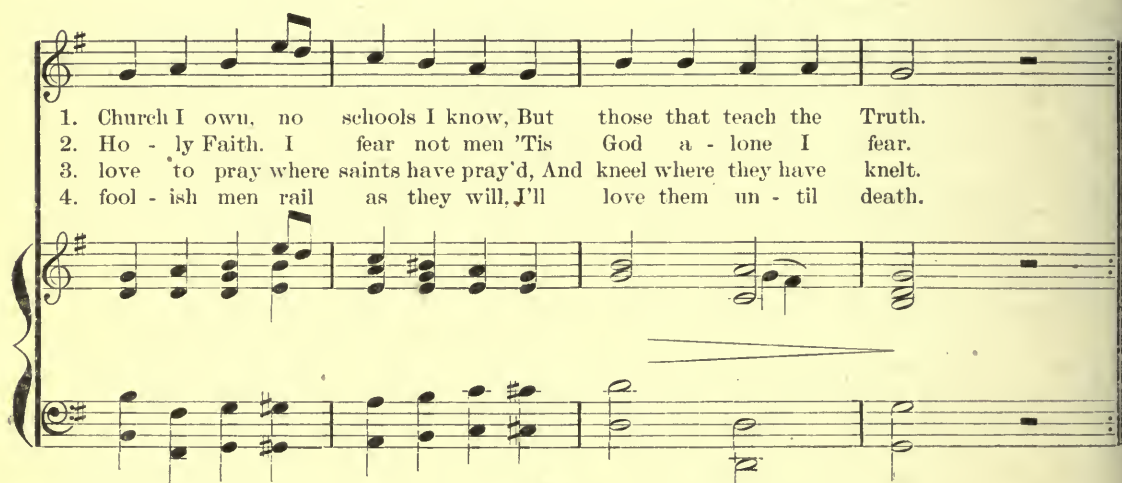
1. will be true to Ho - ly Church And stead - fast un - til death. I
 2. bus - er far to side with those Who in - sult the Church of God. Oh!
 3. love my Mother Ma - ry dear, Oh! may I love them more! I
 4. fool - ish men rail as they will, I'll love them un - til death. I

1. shun the haunts of those who seek To en - snare poor Cath - o - lie youth; No
 2. far from me such wick - ed - ness! One treas - ure I hold dear— My
 3. love the saints of ol - den time, The pla - ces where they dwelt; I
 4. love my cross, I love my beads, Each em - blem of my Faith; Let

THE AVE MARIA.



1. Church I own, no schools I know, But those that teach the Truth. . . . No
 2. Ho - ly Faith. I fear not men, 'Tis God a - lone I fear. . . . My
 3. love to pray where saints have pray'd, And kneel where they have knelt. . . . I
 4. fool - ish men rail as they will, I'll love them un - til death. . . . Let



1. Church I own, no schools I know, But those that teach the Truth.
 2. Ho - ly Faith. I fear not men 'Tis God a - lone I fear.
 3. love to pray where saints have pray'd, And kneel where they have knelt.
 4. fool - ish men rail as they will, I'll love them un - til death.







THE MADONNA.
Sassoferato.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 5, 1900.

NO. 18.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Mater Coronata.

BY H. N. O.

MOTHER, on this thy festal morn
From thousand, thousand choirs are borne
Thy praises to the sky;
While, myriad-voiced, the angel throng
Give back the echoes of our song,
Mother of God Most High!

Sphered deep within the rainbow zone
Of emerald light that girds the throne,
Thy majesty we greet;
Thy vesture like an Orient gem,
The twelve-starred crown thy diadem,
The moon beneath thy feet.

When friends abound and health is strong,
And days are bright with mirth and song,
Virgin most pure, uphold us!
When threatening lower those skies so mild
That erst with faithless lustre smiled,
Oh, let thine arms enfold us!

When time and change and death are o'er,
And cast upon the eternal shore
Our souls unbodied lie,
Call us, absolved from earthly stains,
To that dear home where Jesus reigns,
Beyond the starry sky.

The King's Mother.

GUIDED by the spirit of piety which was ever present to him, Cardinal Newman, before he became a Catholic, had drawn up a list of English canonized saints whose lives he thought would be useful reading; and of "a few eminent or holy persons whose names were not on the catalogue

of the saints." The number of the latter was fourteen; among them there was only one woman. She was "the king's mother"—that is to say, mother of Henry VII. and grandmother of Henry VIII.,—an exceedingly holy woman.

When she was only nine years old she was asked and required to make choice between Edmund Tudor and another, whom she was to have in marriage. A strange thing to require of a child. But stranger still is told us regarding it by Bishop Fisher, who was afterward martyred under her grandson, Henry VIII. Bishop Fisher was her confessor in her later years, and he says he had the following from her own lips.

"Being not yet fully nine years old, doubtful in her mind what she were best to do as to the marriage proposals made to her, she asked counsel of an old gentlewoman whom she much loved and trusted, who did advise her to commend herself to St. Nicholas, the patron and helper of all true maidens, and to beseech him to put in her mind what she were best to do. This counsel she followed, especially that night when she should the morrow after make her determination. A marvellous thing! That night as she lay in prayer calling on St. Nicholas, whether sleeping or waking she could not say, about four in the morning one appeared to her arrayed like a bishop, and naming unto her Edmund Tudor, bade her take him as her husband."

She was duly betrothed to Edmund Tudor next day, and married some four

or five years after,—that is when she was fourteen. Before a year had passed she was a widow and a mother, bringing forth her one and only son on the Feast of St. Ann, the 26th of July, 1456; she herself having been born in 1441.

History tells of the strange adventures of the lives of both,—of the boy's cruel imprisonment in Brittany, and at last of his marvellous, and one might even say miraculous, accession to the throne. Between no worldly mother and son did there exist greater affection than between King Henry VII., "the fair-faced," and his mother, Margaret of Richmond. She, by her prudence, by her interest in his welfare, by her assistance, her tact, her trials, deserved it from him.

We come now to our special object in producing brief extracts from these letters. The reader will see that while there was the fullest and the warmest affection between these two, there are expressions to be met with, such as "Madam," "Your Highness," "Your Grace," which, if taken from the context, would sound cold and unaffectionate in our ears. Just as the expressions used by Our Lord to His Blessed Mother—"What have I to do with thee?" "Woman, behold thy son!"—which are so harped upon by persons who do not love Holy Mary, must not be taken from the context, but must be understood according to their time.

The first extract is from a letter of the mother to the son, and regards money lent by her to the King of France:

My own sweet and most dear King and all my worldly joy:—

In as humble manner as I can think, I recommend me to your Grace, and most heartily beseech Our Lord to bless you. And, my good heart, where that you say that the French King hath at this time given me courteous answer, and written letters of favor to his court

of Parliament for the brief expedition of my matter, which so long hath hanged. . . . But, my dear heart, I will no more encumber your Grace with further writing in this matter. . . .

At Colyweston, the fourteenth day of January, by your faithful, true bedeswoman and humble mother,

MARGARET R. [RICHMOND.]

The following is from another letter of the mother to the son:

My dearest and only desired joy in this world:—

With my most hearty, loving blessings and humble commendations, I pray Our Lord to reward and thank your Grace for that it hath pleased your Highness so kindly and lovingly, to be content to write your letters of thanks to the French King for my great matter that so long hath been in suit. . . . And if I be too bold in this or any of my desires, I humbly beseech your Grace of pardon, and that your Highness take no displeasure. . . . And, my dear heart, I now beseech you of pardon of my long and tedious writing; and pray Almighty God to give you as long, good and prosperous life as ever had prince, and as hearty blessings as I can ask of God.

At Calais town, this day of St. Ann's, that I did bring into this world my good and gracious prince, king, and only beloved son, by

Your humble servant, bedeswoman and mother,

MARGARET R.

Extract from one of the King's letters to his mother:

Madam, my most entirely well-beloved Lady and Mother:—

I recommend me unto you in the most humble and lowly wise that I can, beseeching you of your daily and continual blessings. . . . All which things, according to your desire and pleasure, I have with all my heart and good-will

given and granted unto you. And, my dame, not only in this but in all other things that I may know should be to your honor and pleasure and weal of your soul, I shall be as glad to please you as your heart can desire it. And I know well that I am as much bounden so to do as any creature living, for the great and singular motherly love and affection that it hath pleased you at all times to bear toward me. Wherefore, my own most loving mother, in my most hearty manner I thank you, beseeching you of your good continuance in the same....And verily, Madam, and [if] I might recover it [the money] at this time or any other, ye be sure ye I should have your pleasure therein; as all that God has given me is, and shall ever be, at your will and commandment; as I have instructed Master Fisher more largely herein.

Written at Greenwich, the seventeenth day of July, with the hand of your most humble and loving son,

H. R. [HENRY REX.]

We give the following letter in full, because it refers to the promotion to the episcopacy of the holy martyr-bishop, John Fisher. It is addressed by Henry to his mother. John Fisher, as already said, was confessor to the mother, and that is the reason the King asks her leave.

MADAM:—An I thought I should not offend you, which I will never do wilfully, I am well minded to promote your confessor, Master Fisher, to a bishopric; and I assure you, Madam, for none other cause but for the great and singular virtue that I know and see in him, as well in cunning [talent or knowledge] and natural wisdom; and especially for his good and virtuous living and conversation. And by the promotion of such a man I know it should encourage many others to live virtuously and to take such ways as he doth, which

should be a good example to many others hereafter. Howbeit, without your pleasure known, I will not move him nor tempt him therein. And therefore I beseech you that I may know your mind and pleasure in that behalf, which shall be followed as much as God will give me grace. I have in my day promoted many a man unadvisedly, and I would now make some recompense to promote some good and virtuous men, which I doubt not should best please God, who ever preserve you in good health and long life.

Your humble and loving son,

H. R.

She was a very holy woman. Bishop Fisher gives us this glimpse of her life:

"In prayer every day at her uprising, which commonly [was] not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions; and after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the Matins of Our Lady, which kept her till she came to her closet; when, with her chaplain, she said also the Office of the day; and after that heard four or five Masses on her knees, so continuing in her prayers and devotions till the hour of dinner; which on eating days was at ten of the clock, and on fasting days eleven. After dinner full truly she would go to the stations of three altars; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even-song before supper; besides many other prayers and psalters of David throughout the year. And every night before she went to bed she resorted to her chapel, and there for a large quarter of an hour occupied her pious devotions. Daily, when she was in health, she failed not to say the Crown of our Blessed Lady, which, after the manner of Rome, containeth sixty and three Aves; and at every Ave to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books where-with she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer. As for fasting,

albeit she was not bound, by reason of her age and infirmities, yet the days that by the Church were appointed she kept them diligently and seriously; and especially in Lent she confined herself to one meal of fish in the day; besides her own peculiar feasts of devotion, as St. Anthony, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Catherine, with many others; and throughout the entire year Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes-wearing, she had shirts and girdles of hair, which, when she was in health, every week she failed not on certain days to wear."

In the beginning of May, 1509, the King died; and his mother, now aged and stricken by sorrow and sickness, survived him but a few weeks.

"Her hands, that were ever occupied in giving alms to the poor and needy, in dressing them when they were sick and ministering to them meat and drink,—those merciful and liberal hands had to endure the most painful cramps, which grievously vexed her and compelled her to cry out: 'O Blessed Jesu, help me! O Blessed Lady, succor me!' It was a matter of great pity; like a spear it pierced the hearts of all her true servants that were about her, and made them cry also to Jesu for help and succor with great abundance of tears."


"The King's Mother" is a new work, published recently by Burns & Oates. It is written by Lady Margaret Domville. Seeing that it was, to an extent, an historical work, I was at first rather set against it; thinking that what could be said historically had already been said by Dr. Lingard and others. Proceeding, however, I found it engaging as a well-written biography; interesting because of its description of the manners and customs of private life; and attractive beyond any history, because of its many personal adventures and details.

R. O. K.

The Story of a Green Girl.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

II.

 IN the handsome mansion of the owner of Williamson Mills the old clock in the hall pointed to ten minutes past the dinner hour, and yet Mr. Walter Williamson had not made his appearance. For a few weeks past he had made a practice of returning in time to spend an hour with the ladies in the garden before going in to dress for dinner, and thus his absence was the more unaccountable.

The ladies had had their stroll among the flowers, and were now lounging in the pleasant drawing-room,—not that Miss Lydia Williamson ever, properly speaking, lounged; the sister of the mill-owner was, in fact, at this moment occupied with a large piece of knitting, the bulk of which was tucked under her left arm in a most business-like manner. Miss Williamson had been heard to say that she knew on the best authority that her Majesty Queen Victoria was accustomed to knit every evening in the drawing-room while waiting for dinner to be announced. And what better could a loyal Orangewoman do than follow in the footsteps of her royal mistress?

Diana Harbottle, the guest, was the loungee,—reclining with her handsome dark head posed picturesquely against an amber satin chair-back, and her cream-colored draperies falling gracefully around her well-formed figure. Some people said that Miss Harbottle studied graceful attitudes too much, and looked too complacently conscious of them.

No one could accuse Miss Williamson of too much grace in her person or movements, in her spare* silk gown with white frosty frills; in the style of her hair, which was drawn tightly back from

large knobby temples and fastened not in a commonplace knot at the back of her neck, but arranged as a sort of handle to her cranium, giving to her head somewhat the form of a teapot with the spout turned down; for there was nothing *retroussé* about the design of Miss Williamson's features.

The mill-owner came in, apologizing for his lateness, and dinner was served. Miss Lydia, while unfolding her napkin, was still struggling with the ruffled feathers of her temper, all driven about by the wind of her guest's conversation, which had been blowing a gale on her during the half hour of her brother's defection from the proprieties.

The feathers would not go down all at once, though the wind was now blowing in her brother's direction, and seemed to have an effect on him exactly contrary to that of her own experience. He who had looked rather worried when he came in, gradually grew sleeker and smoother every moment while listening to Miss Harbottle's voice; and by the time the fruit was on his plate he was sufficiently restored to good-humor to be able to speak of the matter which had annoyed him.

Miss Williamson, who, next to keeping down the Papists, considered it her duty to attend to her brother's comforts, and had therefore forborne to question him till dinner was over, now saw that the moment had come for relieving her curiosity, and began:

"Walter, I hope you will now tell us the details of this dreadful business. Of course we have heard that Robert McLean's cottage is burned to the ground by Papist malice. Diana and I were talking about it a moment ago."

"Not so bad as that. Nothing is burned but his garden of orange lilies."

"Humph! Bad enough, I think. Have the wretches been caught? I hope you will give them a proper sentence."

"Are you judge and jury among your own people?" inquired Miss Harbottle, "Pardon me for asking questions! But you know what a hunger I have for information about foreign countries."

"As an American, you are entitled to take notes everywhere," replied Mr. Williamson, smiling. His eye and voice always softened when he addressed Diana, but were colder and sharper when his sister was his interlocutor. "And, as Miss Harbottle, you may ask what questions you please. I am not exactly judge and jury, but I am a magistrate. In the present case, Lydia, I fear I can not sentence, because the injured person refuses to come forward against the accused. It was a girl who did the mischief—John Havern's daughter. Robert McLean has positively declined to prosecute her."

"He must be forced to do it!" exclaimed Miss Lydia. "What can the man mean? That impertinent girl, with eyes like garnets, who put her hands behind her back when I offered her a tract on the road! I should dearly like to see her get a lesson."

"Well, she's a very pretty girl, and I fancy McLean's gallantry has got the better of his wrath; for he's a staunch Orangeman, and under any other circumstances—"

"What!" cried Miss Lydia. "You don't mean to say that an Orangeman so far forgets himself as to admire a Papist girl!"

"I do not say he wants to marry her, but—"

"Please explain to me," said Miss Harbottle. "Why should an Orangeman not admire a Catholic maiden?"

"Why is an orange lily not green?" snapped Miss Lydia, as she rearranged some of the said flowers which filled a glass beside her.

"It grows on a green stem," said Diana, pleasantly. "But, pardon me,

Miss Williamson! You see, I ask because I really want to know."

Miss Lydia had been in a state of suppressed irritation all the evening. She was now undergoing a trial which was specially her own. There was some likelihood that her brother would marry this charming Diana Harbottle, who had dropped on them, as it seemed to her, Lydia, out of the clouds. As a good sister, she was bound to further her brother's suit and hope with his hopes. Miss Harbottle was a great heiress, and a factory like Williamson's has a vast, ever-gaping mouth hungering for capital.

The mill-owner and the heiress had met at a foreign watering-place, and some curious, unaccountable attraction had drawn them together. People on the spot had wondered what it might be; for Miss Diana had already refused men of higher rank, greater wealth, and superior personal advantages than were possessed by Mr. Walter Williamson, of Dungarron Mills. Some said that Diana was twenty-seven; others stated that she was bound to be married before the year expired or forfeit her fortune. The still better informed maintained that the latter statement was untrue, and that the former did not signify, as Miss Harbottle was a woman quite capable of contenting herself with a life of single blessedness.

However that might be, Diana had an inquiring mind; and, having been provided by the will of a generous relative with almost everything desirable in this world except other people's experience of life, she had devoted all her energies to the acquiring of the latter commodity, which had a charm for her. On some points she was a staunch Conservative, on others a thorough Radical. The mixture had rather puzzled the North of Ireland magistrate, whose theory as to the politics and polemics fit for women had hitherto been very

simple. The angels, from their nature, must be Conservative. On first seeing the Radical cloven foot peep from under Diana's pretty satin frock Williamson would have fled with a shudder, had it not been that she was the most charming woman he had ever met, as well as a very great heiress.

Their acquaintance had begun with a good deal of sparring, had continued in some mutual confidences, and reached the climax by developing a sort of conditional engagement. After this Miss Harbottle had agreed to go on a visit to Dungarron, spend some time with Mr. Williamson and his sister, view his mills and works, study his position and capabilities for making himself useful to his fellow-creatures,—all preparatory to giving him a final answer to his proposal of marriage.

As Miss Harbottle had visited with philanthropic purpose every country in Europe except Ireland, it had occurred to her that perhaps this land was destined to be enriched by the possession of her handsome capital. The lack of capital was, she had been told, one cause for its misfortunes; and here was a man whose business it was to use capital for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Such a reading of her conduct was given by some of her friends, who added that new ideas and not a husband were the objects of her desires; and that she was a philanthropist, or maybe a political economist in petticoats,—anything rather than a confiding woman ready to accept any views put before her by the man of her choice. She was, in fact, that dreadful and dreaded being—a woman with opinions of her own; and Walter Williamson was warned in faint whispers to beware of her.

However, whether he thought that a woman with half a million was entitled to hold opinions if she liked, or whether her beautiful eyes had taken expressions

at times which seemed to contradict the whisperers and to say that she had a heart that wanted only to be satisfied, certain it is that he was very happy to obtain her conditional consent, and had announced her coming to his sister with triumph.

Since her arrival at Dungarron she had been of so sweet and gentle a behavior, had expressed such interest in everything she saw around her, and had appeared so satisfied with all his explanations and expoundings, that he had made up his mind to deny her opinionativeness except in as far as it might exist in the imagination of persons who failed to understand her.

The hearty approval she bestowed on his position as a large employer of the poor and centre of a little kingdom of wholesome labor was delightful to him. He had put forth all his powers to demonstrate to her that she might here, hand in hand with him, become a genuine benefactress of the human race. Only since the Orange fever, forerunner of the "Twelfth" celebrations, had risen to its full height, as during the past week, had she begun to grow argumentative, occasionally, in her own graceful way, and to ask puzzling questions which now and then caused the mill-owner some nervous surprise and annoyance; and exasperated Miss Lydia, who, if not exactly an angel at all times, was at any rate a Conservative.

When Diana Harbottle turned her eyes, so provokingly sweet and lustrous despite their owner's pertinacity, from the brother to the sister, and *vice versa*, it was felt by both that a strange element was mingling with the air they breathed; that an uncanny spirit of mischief had, indeed, penetrated to the sanctuary of their home.

Miss Lydia's impulse was to arise and exorcise the demon even at cost of the loss of all that desirable capital to

the mills. The man, though perhaps not incapable of sacrificing fortune to principle, was more inclined to distinguish between the woman and her fault, and to excuse her to himself on the score of her cosmopolitan rearing and Radical education. When Diana said of the orange lilies that they grew on a green stem she had committed a sin of which she little knew the weight and the magnitude.

"There can never be any mingling between the orange and the green," said Walter, gently. "If you knew more of the history of this country you would understand why. The orange is the color of church and state; the green is typical of superstition and rebellion."

Diana played with her rings, and her dark curled eyelashes were bewitchingly displayed as fringing the whiteness of her downcast eyelids.

"I don't know how much you British people study Irish history," she said; "but I have been making it my study ever since I first knew you. The more I study it the further I seem to get adrift from your moorings. As for superstition, I have heard you express a very liberal and intellectual interest in Buddhism. I have a Catholic friend in England, and her faith is a very fair one in my eyes,—my eyes which can see no light," she added, regretfully, "beyond the clouds and rack of your polemical storms. And as for state, was there ever a state in which rebellion did not at least smoulder until justice extinguished it? Has your Orange ascendancy done anything to blot out the unhappy memories which seem to live in the very atmosphere of this country as everlastingly as the green hue lives on the pastures and in the woods to which the descendants of rebels are born? I would mingle your orange and your green—"

"Never!" cried Miss Lydia, with an

air of heroism, and feeling at the moment that she was actually dying for her faith, inasmuch as by quarrelling with her guest she was throwing a fortune out of the window.

"It would be quite impossible," said Mr. Williamson, with the calm manner of a man, who naturally knows better, enlightening a woman.

"It seems to me," pursued Diana,— "you know I am a stranger, and things strike me forcibly,—it does seem to me that a terrible bugbear must have been made of the orange lily when a girl, modest, quiet, good—"

"They are hypocrites—all of them!" burst forth Miss Lydia.

"When such a girl forgets herself so far as to break into a man's garden and burn a bed of flowers. It happens that I have noticed that girl, and observed some traits in her which I like. I went to their church last Sunday—"

"We call them chapels!" interrupted Miss Williamson, contemptuously.

"Don't look so horrified, Lydia! I only wanted to amuse myself with the aborigines while you were at prayers. And this girl's face attracted me in a corner, so passionately in earnest did she seem over her prayers. 'Heavens!' I thought, 'what would I give to be able to pray like that?'—I mean if I wanted anything greatly, or to be defended from a danger. I had some idea that she was asking to be defended from a danger. Coming home I dropped my purse on the road, and this very girl ran after me, and returned it to me with so much natural politeness of manner that I was again attracted, and made the occurrence an excuse to converse with her. She would not accept any reward, and I made a mental note that I owed her a present. She told me her name was Kate Havern. I can not imagine her setting fire to any person's property."

"Let this very circumstance persuade

you of how difficult it is to judge of these people by appearances," said Miss Lydia; while the mill-owner was silent, asking himself how it would be if in the future his wife were to make a practice of visiting the Popish mass-house.

Presently a servant came into the room and told his master that Robert McLean wanted to speak with him.

"Please let us hear what he has to say," observed Diana. "It will be such an experience for me."

McLean was shown into the presence of his employer and the ladies. As he bared his head and stood with his workman's cap in his hand, he was a manly, intelligent-looking fellow, with an almost exaggerated air of sturdy independence, which suggested that he might not be, after all, unpractised in the art of bullying within the law,—a suggestion more apparent to a stranger than to those who were familiar with his type.

"You may speak out, McLean," said the mill-owner. "The ladies are very much interested in your case."

McLean cleared his throat three times and moved his feet, and then spoke out.

"I come up, sir, to have a word with you about that affair—"

"Yes, McLean."

"A word, sir, I didn't want the boys to hear. Now, I give you my word that I have vexed Kate Havern more than once, and I put her clean mad to-night by throwing an orange lily into her mother's kitchen. Flesh and blood could hardly stand it, Mr. Williamson, and she so green. And, sir, I hope you'll step in and interfere to make the whole of the boys pass it over; for I don't care a dump for the lilies if it were to end in a lot of trouble for that bit of a girl."

"It's a very punishable offence, you know, McLean; and to punish it heavily would give a lesson to the Papists."

"It would, sir. I'm not going to doubt of it. You have the law in your hands

and you know what to do with it. If an Orange girl had hurt a Papist, there wouldn't be much heard of it. And I just came to tell you, sir, that I'm not going to prosecute her,—not, sir, if I was put to tell a lie to the Bench!"

"Upon my word, you must have a very warm feeling for the girl! I hope you remember that an Orangeman can not marry a Papist?"

"I know it well, sir; and I didn't come here to talk about marrying. I'm as stout an Orangeman as the best of them, and I've bullied more of the Papists than most others. But there's something about this thing that sticks in my throat. And if you bring her before the Bench, I give you my fair notice, sir, that I'll go back to Belfast."

"A very proper threat, I declare! Well, McLean, I don't want to lose you. I'll do my best to hush this matter up."

When McLean was gone, the mill-owner turned to Diana with a smiling face, knowing he had made a sacrifice to please her, and eager to receive his reward. But Miss Harbottle had become silent and absent-minded, and remained less lively than usual for the rest of the evening.

(To be continued.)

Weary.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

A DAY to creep in the sun—
An age to lie in the ground,
While the stars above us run,
And the wheeling earth goes round.

Haste thee, O day, to close!
O long, long age, begin!
For my spirit weary grows
Of the sorrow and the sin.

My body to lie in the ground—
And past the stars that flee,
My soul at a bound her Lover hath found
Eternally!

Out of the Crucible.*

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the course of the year 1897, after a succession of serious illnesses which at two different times brought me to death's door, I returned to the practice of the Roman Catholic religion which I had abandoned since my boyhood. I published at that time in a Parisian paper a weekly article treating of the most varied subjects and following the dictates of my fancy. During my long illness, and notwithstanding most cruel sufferings, I never once interrupted my contributions to the journal; and the greater part of my work during 1897 was done by me with a feverish hand, an elbow buried in my pillow, and in the uncomfortable position generally of one bedridden and bandaged like a mummy of ancient Egypt.

The kindly feeling shown by the public for those articles was due far less to their merit—assuming that they possessed any merit at all—than to their sincerity. For five years had I confided to them my every thought, all that I felt, with an absolute frankness which my friends found at times foolhardy. The influence of the new sentiments which pervaded my heart at the most critical point of my illness, and which since then have taken entire possession of it, naturally predominated in those articles written with such freedom of thought.

Some persons whose opinion I value very highly have counselled me to reunite those pages in which I have confided to my readers my return to God; and thus has originated this little book, in which neither plan nor composition must be sought, it being only

* Authorized translation by Blanca de Freyre Tibbits.

a collection of newspaper articles; but which will, I hope, awaken sympathy in Christian souls, and perhaps may not prove quite useless to that large number of people who, having allowed the religious beliefs of their tender years to fade away, regret them toward the end of their lives and still find not the courage to beg of God a return of that interior strength.

It is more especially for those troubled souls to whom doubt is not the soft pillow which Montaigne mentions, and who arrest their steps, so to speak, on the borderland of faith, that I place at the beginning of this book the simple recital of the moral revolution which has recently taken place in me. Long years have I been like them, have I suffered from the same distress; and I now offer them the remedy that has cured me.

I received a Christian education, and after my First Communion I fulfilled my religious duties for several years with simple fervor. I shall confess it frankly, the crisis of budding manhood and the shame of certain avowals drove me away from my religious habits. Many a man placed in a similar position would confess that what first separated him from his religion was the severe rule which she imposes on all in regard to the senses, while only later in life he asks of reason and of science metaphysical arguments which may grant him an easy conscience. For me at least, things proceeded in the aforesaid manner. I ceased my religious practices through a false shame; and all the harm came from that first fault against humility, which to me appears most decidedly to be the essential virtue. That step once taken, I could not fail to read many a book, to hear many a word and see many an example suited to convince me that nothing is more legitimate for a man than to obey the dictates of his pride and his sensuality; and I soon became

almost indifferent to all religious pre-occupations. My case, as is evident, was a common one. It was the ordinary desertion of the soldier tired of discipline. I certainly did not hate the banner under which I had served: I had simply fled from and forgotten it.

Now that I once more possess faith, I question whether I had ever absolutely lost it. There are some few pages in my writings—which I repudiate and detest—in which I have treated religious subjects with a stupid frivolity, at times even with criminal audacity; but not a blasphemy can be found in them. When, by chance, I entered a church, respect awaited me on the threshold and accompanied me before the altar. At all times the religious ceremonies moved me by their venerable character of antiquity, their harmonious pomp, their solemn and penetrating poetry. Never have I dipped my finger in the cooling holy water font without feeling a slight shudder—perhaps of remorse.

Yes, the more I dwell on it, the more am I convinced that some spark of Christian faith had always smouldered deep in my heart. There doubtless was some trace of it in the resignation with which I have always accepted life's misfortunes. It is true that for many a year I have been looked upon as one of those whom the world deems happy; but my youth was hard. I have known poverty, almost misery, without mentioning worse sorrows. Never did I utter a cry of revolt.

"*Beati mites!*" said the Saviour on the Mount. I have indeed had the blessing in the evening of my life, when suffering reappeared; although I had made but poor use in my hours of prosperity of the favors with which I had been blessed. God has let fall on me a ray of His mercy and has granted me the consolation of prayer and faith.

This conversion—to call it by its right

name — was rapid without doubt, but not altogether sudden nor accompanied by extraordinary circumstances. Still, I must attribute it wholly to divine grace; for when I compare my moral state now with its condition but a few months ago, I remain dumfounded before a transformation which to me appears little less than miraculous. The good that I have derived from it is within reach of all; all that is necessary to obtain it is the supplication of a humble and contrite heart.

Though I am but a poet, a writer, and though my intellectual life has been filled almost entirely by literary work and the cares of my calling, I was at times tormented, as all thinking men are, by the alarming mystery that surrounds us, and I asked myself, "Wherefore life, wherefore death? Above all wherefore sorrow, wherefore tears?" In presence of these formidable problems human intelligence, as is known, has found but uncertain solutions, contradictory at best. None satisfied me. Those which dispense with the belief in a God who sees and judges us, and in our responsibility beyond this life, were particularly repugnant to me. Before the spectacle of so much injustice, the supposition that the good and evil wrought by man would have its result only in this world appeared altogether absurd. In other words, I have always felt the necessity of God.

To believe in God and in a responsible soul is but the minimum of a religious creed. Yet, however cold and ordinary a religious sentiment may appear at that degree, it suffices, nevertheless, to keep many a man in the evident path of duty. Great merit is there indeed to live according to the code of honor when one is the son of honest parents who have set him but good examples! My conscience, especially of late years, was growing very exacting. Each time my

thoughts turned toward the end of my existence, and I tried to judge myself as one day God will judge me, I was not pleased with myself. When I summed up my past, I was often bound to blush, and I was bowed down by the heavy weight of my sins. Through weakness and cowardice, I did not reform; yet evidently there was in me the foundation of a Christian, for I often made a mental act of contrition; and there was also the foundation of a Catholic, because the death that was not preceded by confession and absolution seemed a fearful one to me. The God of indulgence and goodness had reserved for me something far above a hasty and trembling repentance *in extremis*.

In the month of January, 1897, whilst sojourning in Pau, whither, being in ill health for some months, I had fled to escape winter, I was suddenly obliged to call my surgeon from Paris and submit to a very painful operation. I realized the danger that menaced me; I even begged the excellent Dominican nun who watched at my bedside, and whose memory I have perpetuated in this book, to call in a priest in case my condition became more precarious. But my friend, Doctor Duchastelet, saved my life a first time, and I looked forward then only to the complete recovery which was promised me.

The warning was clear, but it was unheeded. I tremble to-day in recalling my sinful indifference and my callousness. To prove how complete was the absence of every religious thought in my soul at that time, I have placed in this volume the pages entitled "Chimes and Lilacs." I wrote them several weeks after my return to Paris, while still feeling the languor of convalescence. It will be found on reading them that on Easter Sunday, 1896, I could still pass before a church without even having the desire of entering it,—I who was in the follow-

ing year, and at the same epoch, humbly to receive Communion, as is the duty of every Christian.

The improvement in my physical state was of short duration. At the commencement of June a second application of the knife, more agonizing than the first, stopped me once again at death's door. This relapse condemned me to painful immobility for many a long and dreadful day. Then it was that my mind turned to serious thoughts; and, judging myself with scrupulous severity, I was sickened and disgusted with myself. This time the priest came,—he to whom this little book is dedicated.

I had been slightly acquainted with him for a long time. On meeting him at the home of mutual friends, I had been charmed by his exquisite gentleness and his rare distinction of mind. He is now one of the men I love best on earth—my dear counsellor, the intimate guest of my soul, and my father in Jesus Christ. I then confessed myself with tears of most sincere repentance, and received absolution with ineffable delight. But when the Abbé spoke of bringing the Eucharist, I hesitated. I was filled with uneasiness, and I did not believe myself worthy of receiving the Blessed Sacrament. The danger of death not being imminent, the minister of God did not insist. "Only pray," he said, "and read the Gospel."

For weeks and months spent in bed and in my room did I live with the Gospel, and by degrees each line of the Holy Book assumed life for me, and convinced me that it spoke the truth. Yes, in every word of the Gospel I have seen truth shine like a star, have felt it palpitate like a human heart. How could I henceforth doubt miracles and mysteries when such a deep and mysterious transformation had taken place in me! For my soul was blind to the light of faith, and sees it now

in all its splendor; was deaf to the word of God, and hears it to-day in its persuasive gentleness; was paralyzed and indifferent, and now soars toward the heavens; and the evil spirits that once possessed it have been cast out forever.

You shrug your shoulders, you proud ones, puffed up with vain science. What care I? I will not even ask you to explain how the word of the humble Artisan of Galilee, confided by Him to some poor followers, with the command to teach it to all nations, still resounds victoriously after nineteen centuries wherever civilized man is found. All I know is that the same word listened to and understood by me in hours of cruel pain possessed the prodigious power of making me love my suffering. I come forth from my trial physically wrecked and destined to bear probably till the end the bondage of a painful infirmity. Still, because I have read and meditated on the Gospel, my heart is not only resigned, but filled with calmness and courage. Barely two years ago, while still possessing some vestige of health, but already experiencing the premonitory symptoms of advancing years, I realized with a sort of horror the approach of old age,—lonely old age, with its train of sadness, dissatisfaction and regrets. Now that it overwhelms me prematurely, I face it with fortitude,—nay, almost with joy; and though I may not call after suffering and death, I fear them not, having learned in the Gospel how to suffer and to die.

If I have done any good in the course of my life—and, after all, I was not a reprobate,—God has recompensed me for it with munificent generosity, in sparing in me the germ of innocence and ingenuousness that blossoms anew to-day. That alone it was that enabled me to read and reread the Gospel as it should be read,—that is to say, with

the intelligence of the heart. "*Mente cordis sui*," as Saint Luke expresses it. Being obliged to recommence my entire religious education, I have every day for almost a year read many a beautiful and substantial work; and the saints and doctors of the Church have finally removed from before my sight the veil of mysteries, and have illumined the depths of my soul with the double torch of science and reason.

As might be expected, those studies have been very useful and precious to me, as have also the teachings of the good and learned priest who revealed to my mind the eternal truths. Nevertheless, I must avow that I do not possess a theological mind. Being both modest and ignorant, I have not even tried to pierce the obscurities of the tenets of faith; but I have especially read and reread the Gospel, praying God with fervor to grant me the submission of the poor in spirit. I have become as the little ones whom Jesus Christ wished to have come unto Him, of whom He said that the kingdom of heaven was for those who resembled them. I have listened to the divine word with the simplicity of the fishermen of Lake Tiberius, to whom Jesus spoke as He sat in the prow of the boat. An imperious desire drove me to God. I did not resist: I allowed myself to be guided; in a word, I have obeyed, and I enjoy to-day the delights of obedience.

It was toward the end of October, when the touching feast of the commemoration of the dead was nigh, that my reconciliation with God was definitely sealed. Full of faith and submission, I then received the Most Holy Eucharist, associating in this great act the memory of the dear departed who await me in the life eternal.

"But nothing is changed in you since your conversion," some say to me, with an incredulous smile.

Thus they once more prove how impenetrable is one man for another; for I feel and know that I am no more the same man. It is evident that the mere fact of saying my morning and evening prayers, of going to church on Sundays and feast-days, of accomplishing my religious duties, has not modified my outward life to any very sensible degree. The reform that I have been able to accomplish in my actions is not stamped on my brow; neither is the resistance that I now offer to the temptations to which I fell victim in the past. Nevertheless, it is the exact truth.

I am not astonished that no change is visible in me; for my progress in Christian life—that is to say, toward moral perfection—is still very slow. Yet I have become severe with myself: those whom I loved, I love better and *differently* than in the past. I make constant efforts to become more charitable and a better man. Yes, notwithstanding the too numerous weaknesses of my good resolutions, and, what is still more sorrowful, notwithstanding some final accesses of doubt and aridity of heart, I despise myself less than formerly; and often, when I reflect on the sad days that still remain to me before death appears, I am pervaded by a sensation of sweetness that surprises me.

This peace of soul can be obtained only by the admirable discipline of religion—by examination of conscience and by prayer. Therefore my happiest moments are those in which I turn to God, offering Him repentance for my past sins, and all my good resolutions for the future; and asking Him for the peace He has promised in a future life, and of which, through His grace, we receive in this world a heavenly foretaste. Yes, there is but one beautiful hour—that in which one prays and places oneself in the presence of God. May the suffering which brought me back to Him be

therefore a hundredfold blessed! For I now know the Unknown. The Gospel has revealed Him to me. He is the Father, and He is my Father. I can speak to Him with confidence, and He hears me with tenderness.

The scattered leaves which I reunite to-day, and which I again repeat deserve not to be called a book, were written while my soul was passing through the crisis which I have briefly recounted. I know that whilst they appeared in the press, their accents of sincerity touched more than one heart and brought to the foot of the Cross some souls who had wandered away. I was filled with a gentle pride, but I was not surprised; for many minds fully disgusted by triumphant materialism and deceived by so many other philosophical doctrines, which may contain a certain amount of wisdom and truth, but of which the best can satisfy only a few chosen ones, are attracted at the present hour toward the open arms of the crucifix. Many of them are still held back by a remnant of false pride, and stop on the threshold of the Church. May they see in these pages how happy I am to have crossed it, and may some of the hesitating be encouraged by my example and by my act of faith!

(To be continued.)

THE pagan who simply believed in the myth of Jupiter, Alcmena, and Hercules, much more he who had been initiated into the unspeakable names of Bacchus and Persephone, knew more of living Christian doctrine than any "Christian" who refuses to call Mary the "Mother of God." Well might Wordsworth lament that he was "suckled in a creed outworn" (though it was only three hundred years old), and long that he might

Have sight of Proteus rising from the Sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—*Coventry Patmore.*

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.

XIV.

BETWEEN the upper reaches of the Shelburne and those of the Mersey stretches an almost absolute solitude, unequalled even in Nova Scotia. Were it not for disastrous fires, repeated at intervals during this century, these forests would yet present an aspect truly primeval. As it is, there exists a practically unbroken water-way of river, pond, lake and estuary, that renders accessible the solemn depths of these woodlands. Once they were the sacred refuge of the Micmac; now only the foot of the sportsman and the axe of the lumberman vex these silent spaces, where one may yet see secular pines and oaks of astonishing size and beauty. Here is the sure fortress of the moose, and of the caribou that are left; here, too, the wild geese, ducks, gulls, and sea-fowl love to penetrate along the tidal rivers. The briny odor of the sea and the aromatic breath of pine and fir mingle on these lonely elevations known as the Blue Mountains, and along whose slopes is the water-shed between the Atlantic and the Bay of Fundy. But the period of their isolation is about to close; two lines of railway are piercing these forests: one from Yarmouth, coastwise, to Halifax; the other from New Germany, inland, to Shelburne.

Curiously enough, these last lands to be opened up to civilization were among the first ever granted away by royal charter to English-speaking men. These solemn forests and lakes yet preserve the souvenir of the feudal kingdom that King James I. (James VI. of Scotland) attempted to form in the New World by the creation in 1621 of the Barons of Nova Scotia,—a corporation of one

hundred and fifty knights, to each of whom was granted a block of land six miles long by three miles wide. The grant was made under the royal seal of Scotland, as though some mediæval reminiscence of Irish discovery still lingered at Holyrood; hence, perhaps, the name of Nova Scotia that English writers frequently use from this time. Charles I. renewed the concession of James, and provided a suitable heraldic device for the new state.

A brave man, Sir William Alexander, attempted to establish this knightly colony precisely between Shelburne and Liverpool, but failed; yet not so utterly but that the ancient name of Alexandria long clung to a portion of this region; and the equally ancient names, Caledonia and Hibernia, even now consecrate this last independent action of the generous Scottish state. The New World was not for monarchies, whether founded by Stuarts or Hapsburgs or Braganzas. In its rejection of them, the soil of Nova Scotia seems symbolical of the future development of America; already by the middle of the last century the French governors of Acadie reported with sorrow to the king that the inhabitants of Mines were noted for the rude and fierce republicanism of their views and manners. Yet it need not seem strange that the peninsula should have been chosen for the site of a feudal vice-royalty by the French and English alike: it was eminently suitable for subdivision and administration, once a central authority were established.

Is it impossible that at some very early date returning fishing barks brought to the water-gates of the Thames strange stories of a lovely summer land and of savage men of noble mien and mild temper, even such as Membertou? And if so, may it not be that Nova Scotia, and not the "still-vexed Bermoothes," is the magical island of the "Tempest"?

Thus the spirit that prompted the creation of the Barons of Nova Scotia would be the same that puts in the heroine's mouth these prophetic words:

MIRANDA:

O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! *O brave new world,*
That has such people in't!

PROSPERO:

'Tis new to thee.

Throughout the "Tempest" there is something that strongly recalls Nova Scotia, such as Shakespeare might have conceived it from the tales of mariners and fishermen. The incantation of Prospero (Act V, Sc. I) is strangely suggestive to those who know the peninsula well—the hills, brooks, standing lakes or ponds; the mutinous winds, the pines and cedars, the fogs, the "strong-bas'd promontory," and those lines that bring before us the Avon or the Gaspereau:

Their understanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shores

That now lie foul and muddy.

No doubt it is all an "unsubstantial pageant"; but its splendid materials may well have been borrowed from current tales and pictures of the peninsula. How well the words of Caliban (Act II, Sc. II) confirm this view!

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough,
.

Let me bring thee where the crabs grow,

And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee

To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young seamels from the rock.

It is pleasant to indulge for a moment the dream that Nova Scotia, so long the scene of patriarchal simplicity and content, was the isle that the Bard of Avon saw when he reared the baseless fabric of his immortal vision. Then we may also believe that he located here his state of primeval justice and happiness. (Act II, Sc. I.)

GONZALO: Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn or wine or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all,—
And women too; but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty:—

All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

There is an old English play entitled
the "Four Elements," probably written
between 1515 and 1520, in which "Stu-
dious Desire" is taught by "Experience."
Among the lessons of geography is one
concerning the Atlantic Ocean and the
new lands beyond it.*

This sea is called the Great Ocean.
So great it is that never man
Could tell it since the world began,
Till now these twenty year.
Westward be found new landys
That we never heard tell of before this,
By writing nor other meanyes,
Yet many now have been there.
And that country is so large of room,
Much longer than all Christendom,
Without fable or guile:

O what a thing had been then
If that they that be Englishmen
Might have been the first of all
That there should have taken possession,
And made first building and habitation,
A memory perpetual!

O what a great meritorious deed,
To have the people instructed
To live more virtuously,
And to learn to know of men the manner,
And also to know God their Maker,
Which as yet live all beastly!
For they nother know God nor the devil,
Nor ever heard tell of heaven or hell,
Writing nor other scripture:
But yet, in the stead of God Almighty,

*They honor the sun for his great light;
For that doth them great pleasure.*

Great abundance of woods there be,
Most part fir and pine-apple tree;
Great riches might come thereby,
Both pitch and tar, and soap ashys
As they make in the East Landys,
By brenning thereof only.
Fisli they have in so great plenty
That in havens taken and slain they be
With staves withouten fail;
Now Frenchmen and other have found the
trade,
That yearly of fish there they lade
Above a hundred sail.

But these new landys found lately
Been called America, because only
Americus did first them find.

In this "earliest contemporary English
picture of the New World," the coast
of Nova Scotia and the religion of the
Micmacs are described with accuracy;
the French fisheries of Canseau leave no
doubt as to the lands best known to the
writer. It would be possible, therefore,
for Shakespeare, a century later, to have
had accurate notions of the peninsula.
Indeed, the Voyages of Hakluyt show
that this was the part of the New World
most affected by Englishmen in the poet's
own youth. The idyllic descriptions of
Lescarbot might easily have been current
long before in the ruder language of
Basque or Breton fishermen.

South of Shelburne the coast-line is
broken and indented in a truly stupen-
dous manner. For ages incalculable the
Atlantic has beaten upon this rock-
bound shore until it has laid open every
wedge-like rib of the peninsula, and
created a long procession of frowning
cliffs and deep, swift estuaries. Islands
worn away to ledges that lie level with
the waves, sunken rocks and treacherous
currents, alternate with green and woody
islands. Low, unfertile shores relieved by
patches of forest stretch away inland.
The eye sees but a welter of water
and boiling tides, amid which only the
experienced fishermen can move with

* This interesting work, which formerly existed only in the shape of a unique copy in the British Museum, has now been reprinted by Mr. Hazlitt in the last edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. Cf. *History of the New World called America* by Edward John Payne, Oxford, 1892; vol. I, pp. 239-41.

safety. It is a bleak and lonely scene, especially when the grey pallor of the fog is added to it. Nevertheless, these are the choicest fishing-grounds of the world, and for four centuries have fed the poor of two continents as from an inexhaustible larder. Here are the haunts of many migratory birds, the site of their last halt on the long northern flight, their first resting-place when they seek the warmer climate of the south. Geese, ducks, penguins, abound; and the first discoverers never tired of describing their countless hosts, and the inexhaustible supply of their eggs.

Where the shores trend sharply to the northwest lies the opening of the Bay of Argyle. At its mouth, on the sea-line, and swept daily by its tides, are the lovely Tusket Islands,—deep sea-islands, not embayed, but daughters of the deep itself. It is like the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence or Lake George, only something more grand and solemn. These green mansions of peace and plenty, out on the Atlantic flood, seem like a little paradise-world of their own, real "Isles of the Blessed." They stand off one of the sharpest angles of the continent; the deep lanes between them are threaded by the most powerful tides of these violent seas. Forest, rock and water are forever interchanging, as we move in and out, through the flowing avenues of this strange city of islands, this deep-sea Venice. Indeed, it needs much caution and prudence to avoid the hundred dangers that beset our path until we are safe within Yarmouth Sound. The latter's plains of mud are traversed by a tortuous current, along which we creep until our journey ends at the wharves of Yarmouth Town; and we debark in one of the world's great emporiums, however humble and insignificant it may appear at first acquaintance.

(To be continued.)

The Divinity of Jesus Christ.

SOME SUGGESTIONS AND A REQUEST.

I meet many men who do not believe in the divinity of Our Lord. A short time ago I was conversing with one who also disbelieves in the inspiration of the Bible. What would you suggest in answer to such a person, to prove that Christ was more than man,—more than Buddha, for instance, in whom this gentleman professed to be a believer? My pastor said that it was useless to argue the point with any one that rejects the Bible.

OUR friends must have patience with us. Last week a little maiden in California, who happens to bear our family name, invoked our aid to discover her father's relatives in Pennsylvania, from whom he has been separated for forty-eight years; and the only information she can give us is her father's full name and the fact that he had two brothers and a sister. "He does not remember his birthplace exactly, but it was somewhere in Erie Co., Pa." Now comes a grave lawyer who wants a conversational answer to a very large question. We must try to comply with both requests, though the first is by far the easier. Lost relatives may be found eventually, although one has only a slight clue to work upon; but to tell in very brief space what might be said in answer to one who denies the divinity of Our Lord and disbelieves in the Holy Scriptures is no easy task. We could refer to numerous books and present many arguments, but this would not do. Our learned friend demands an abstract—something "cut and dry."

In the first place, we must remark that the excellent pastor of N—, who happens to be well known to us, must have misapprehended his parishioner's question. People who "reject the Bible" and can not be reasoned with out of the Scriptures must be reasoned with out of something else; and it need not be said that arguments to prove the divinity of

Christ are not all drawn from Holy Writ.

By disbelief in the Holy Scriptures we understand only denial of their divine inspiration; for no sane person, whether infidel or agnostic, can question the genuineness of the Gospels—with which we are most concerned—and at least four of St. Paul's Epistles. Modern science has established the historical existence of Christ and His Apostles; proved that the Gospels are a contemporary record, by the Evangelists whose names they bear, of His life and teachings; and forever silenced all reasonable doubt as to the Pauline Epistles. Here is a starting-point.

As a character of history, Christ is to be judged by His life, His words, and His works; by the sublimity of His ethical teaching, the extraordinary influence He exerted on mankind, and so forth. No life of which history has record can be compared with the life of the Founder of Christianity. His words have never ceased to be repeated, His laws have never become obsolete, but are still cherished and defended and obeyed. The Church which He established still endures in spite of nineteen centuries of persecution and oppression. It is everywhere, and everywhere in evidence, as the whole world must admit.

We need not refer to the miracles wrought by Christ to prove the divinity of His mission. "If the authority of history is what all acknowledge it to be," says the learned Dom Guéranger, "then is he a fool who doubts the miracles which we are told were worked by our Saviour." The very existence of Christianity partakes of the supernatural and the miraculous. On this point we may quote the forcible and profound utterance of St. Augustine: "Christianity was either founded by miracles or it was not. If it was, then miracles exist. If it was not, this is the greatest of miracles, that a religion

opposed to human prejudice and so much resisted should, without the help of miracles, have made and held its progress in the world. If a man will admit only personal evidence he is most unreasonable, asking for himself that which he denies to others."

The sublimity of Christ's teaching is unquestionable, and this is one of the strongest pieces of objective evidence in favor of the religion of which He was the founder. "Contrast Jesus Christ in this respect," says Romanes, agnostically speaking, "with other thinkers of antiquity. Even Plato, who, though some four hundred years before Christ in point of time, was in advance of Him in respect of philosophic thought—not only because Athens then presented the extraordinary phenomenon which it did of genius in all directions never since equalled, but also because he, following Socrates, was, so to speak, the greatest representative of human reason in the direction of spirituality,—even Plato, I say, is nowhere in this respect as compared with Christ. Read the Dialogues, and see how enormous is the contrast with the Gospels in respect of errors of all kinds, reaching even to absurdity in respect of reason, and to sayings shocking to the moral sense. Yet this is confessedly the highest level of human reason on the lines of spirituality, when unaided by alleged revelation."

Christ's greatness is shown by the love He still inspires in His followers. That love has demanded martyrs for each successive generation, and has never failed to find them. Millions have shed their blood for Him, and millions more have died with His name on their lips. One alone has established such love on earth. Loyalty, imitation and service are the expression of this love constantly given. Witness the eminent holiness of thousands of Christ's followers in every age of the world, in every walk of life.

Witness the countless works of charity carried on in His name,—works which have literally renewed the face of the earth.

It ought to be easy for almost any one to enlarge on these considerations and to present others equally important. But, remembering the nature of our friend's request, we are minded to quote the remarkable testimony of Napoleon to the divinity of Christ. That Napoleon was a genius need not be said—one of the really great intellects. He compares the Founder of Christianity with himself and the more notable characters of history, and remarks on the qualities which distinguished Christ from all mankind. This striking testimony was first cited, we believe, by Père Lacordaire in one of his famous conferences at Notre Dame; and is referred to by Cardinal Newman in his "Grammar of Assent," and by innumerable other Christian apologists. After quoting from Rousseau a sentence in which that infidel philosopher wrote, for once, as a theologian—"If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God,"—the eloquent Dominican went on to tell of the conversations on religious subjects which Napoleon sometimes held with one of his generals during his exile at St. Helena, recorded by the Chevalier de Beauterne. On one occasion the conversation turned on the essential difference between Christianity and other religious systems, and on the divinity of its Founder. Napoleon spoke with deep impressiveness, his emotion rendering him eloquent in the highest degree. These were his words:

"I know men, General, and I can tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, the conquerors and the gods of other religions. The resemblance does not exist; the distance between Chris-

tianity and any other religion is infinite. Any one who has a true knowledge of things and experience of men will cut short the question as I do. Who amongst us, General, looking at the worship of different nations, is not able to say to the different authors of those religions, 'No, you are neither gods nor the agents of the Deity. You have no mission from Heaven. You are formed of the same slime as other mortals. Your own lives are entirely one with all the passions and all the vices which are inseparable from humanity. Your temples and your priests themselves proclaim your origin'? Abominations, fables, and rotten wood! Are these religions and gods which can at all be compared with Christianity? I say no!

"In Lycurgus, Numa, Confucius, and Mahomet I see lawgivers, but nothing which reveals the Deity. They themselves did not raise their pretensions so high. They surpassed others in their times, as I have done in mine. There is nothing about them which announces divine beings; on the contrary, I see much likeness between them and myself. I can testify to common resemblances, weaknesses and errors, which bring them near to me and to human nature.

"It is not so with Christ. Everything in Him amazes me. His mind is beyond me and His will confounds me. There is no possible term of comparison between Him and anything of this world. He is a being apart. His birth, His life, His death, the profundity of His doctrine, which reaches the height of difficulty, and which is yet its most admirable solution; the singularity of this mysterious Being, His empire, His course across ages and kingdoms,—all is a prodigy, a mystery too deep, too sacred, and which plunges me into reveries from which I can find no escape; a mystery which is here, under my eyes, which I can not deny and neither can I explain.

"Here I see nothing of man. You speak of Cæsar and of Alexander; of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they were able to awaken in the hearts of their soldiers, and thus draw them with them on adventurous expeditions. But this only shows us the price of the soldier's affection, the ascendancy of the genius of victory, the natural effect of military discipline, and the result of able commandership. But how many years did the empire of Cæsar endure? How long was the enthusiasm of the soldiers of Alexander maintained? Their prestige lasted but a day—the time of their command,—and followed the chances of war. If victory had deserted them, do you doubt whether the enthusiasm would not immediately have ceased? I ask you, yes or no? Did the military influence of Cæsar and Alexander end with their life? Was it prolonged beyond the tomb?

"Imagine one making conquests with a faithful army, devoted to his memory, after his death! Imagine a phantom, who has soldiers without pay, without hopes for this world, and who inspires them to submit to all kinds of privations. Turenne was still warm when his army broke up before Montecuculi. And as to myself, my armies forget me whilst I still live, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is the power of us great men! A battle lost casts us down and carries away our friends. How many a Judas have I seen around me!

"In short—and this is my last argument—there is not a God in heaven if any man could conceive and execute with full success the gigantic design of seizing upon the supreme worship by usurping the name of God. Jesus is the only one who dared to do this. He is the only one who has said, affirmed imperturbably, Himself of Himself, '*I am God!*'—which is quite different from the affirmation, *I am a god*.

History mentions no other individual who qualified himself with the title of God in the absolute sense. How, then, should a Jew to whose existence there is more testimony than to that of any of His contemporaries—He alone, the Son of a carpenter—give Himself out as God Himself, for the self-existent Being, for the Creator of all beings? He claims every kind of adoration; He builds His worship with His own hands,—not with stones, but with men. And how was it that, by a prodigy surpassing all prodigies, He willed the love of men—that which it is most difficult in the world to obtain—and immediately succeeded? From this I conclude His divinity. Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal,—all failed. They conquered the world, but they were not able to obtain a friend. I am perhaps the only person of the present time who has any love for Hannibal, Cæsar or Alexander. It is true we love our children; but how many children are ungrateful! Do your children love you, General? You love them, but you are not sure of a return.

"Christ speaks, and from that time generations are His by ties more strict, more intimate than those of blood; by a union more sacred, more imperative than any other could be. All those who sincerely believe in Him feel that superior love, of which Time, the great destroyer, can neither exhaust the strength nor limit the duration. I, Napoleon, admire this the more that I have so very often thought of it; and it proves to me absolutely the divinity of Christ.

"I have inspired multitudes to die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of my soldiers and Christian charity; they are as different as their causes. Then, my presence was required; the electricity of my look, my voice, a word from me, and the sacred fire was kindled in all hearts. I certainly possess the secret of

that magic power which carries away other people's minds, yet I could never communicate it to others. Not one of my generals ever received it from me or guessed at it; neither have I the power to eternalize my name and my love in the heart.

"Now that I am at St. Helena—now that I am alone, nailed to this rock—who fights and conquers empires for me? What courtiers have I in my misfortune? Does any one think of me? Does any one in Europe move for me? Who has remained faithful? Where now are my friends? Yes, you two or three, whose fidelity immortalizes you, share my exile." (Here, it is said, Napoleon's voice assumed a peculiar tone of melancholy irony and deep sadness.) "Yes, our existence has shone with all the brilliancy of the diadem and of sovereignty; and yours, General, reflected this splendor, as the dome of the Invalides reflects the rays of the sun. But reverses have come. By degrees the golden hues are effaced; the floods of misfortune and the outrages to which I am subjected carry away the last tints. Only the lead remains, General, and soon I shall be dust.

"Such is the destiny of great men—of Cæsar and of Alexander. We are forgotten, and the name of a conqueror, like that of an emperor, is but the subject of a college theme. Our exploits come under the ferule of a pedant, who either praises or insults us. A few months and this will be my fate. What will happen to myself? Assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die prematurely, and my body will be returned to the earth to become pasture for worms. This is the destiny, now very near, of 'the great Napoleon.' What a gulf between my misery and the eternal reign of Christ, preached, praised, loved, adored, living in the whole universe! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? Such is the death of Christ—such the death of God."

We have done our best in small space to afford an answer to a large question. We may be permitted to suggest to our legal friend to add to his library a few more books like Lacordaire's "Conferences," Newman's "Grammar of Assent," Romanes' "Thoughts on Religion," the works of Dr. Brownson, and Allies' "Formation of Christendom."

Now, perhaps some reader who knows any one of our name living in Erie Co., Pa., will assist us to discover the lost relatives of the little girl in California. Doubts concerning the divinity of Our Lord have never crossed her mind.

Notes and Remarks.

The Metropolitan Catholic Truth Society—that was, is now the International Catholic Truth Society, entered at Albany as a legal corporation, with headquarters in the metropolis. Within the brief space of its activity, its correspondence has extended to Canada, to South America, and some of the European countries; hence the need of a roomier title. The next step, we trust, will be the organization of branch offices of the Society in all the large cities of the Union; so that the work of correcting misrepresentation, malicious or ignorant, may be promptly and effectively done, and the literature of the Society may be the better distributed. There is plenty of work for such an organization to do, and there will be more of it before long. We hear that in Brooklyn, within gunshot of the Society's headquarters, another organization has been formed which, while it judiciously discards the name of the A. P. A., aims at resurrecting its principles. Patriotism, which, as Dr. Johnson said, is "the last refuge of a scoundrel," is writ large on the banner of the new crusade. Its name is the American Union, and it wants to save

the public schools from somebody or other, and to rescue the public funds from perversion to "sectarian" purposes. We have noticed two interesting things about such organizations: they generally burst into being just before a presidential campaign, and they are intensely devoted to the public funds. The International Catholic Truth Society has come just in time.

A "Converts' League" has been established in Chicago and in Philadelphia for the laudable purpose of propagating the faith "by personal example, by social intercourse, by the establishment of Catholic libraries, by the distribution of Catholic literature, and by the financial maintenance of missions to non-Catholics." If even a small percentage of the converts enter this League, it will have a large membership. Within the last three months alone, the number of non-Catholics received into the Church by the priests of the Missionary Union was 747, with 90 others under instruction. In Brooklyn 397 converts were received during the Advent missions. We learn from *The Missionary* that a generous layman of McKeesport, Pa., Mr. John K. Skelley, has offered to contribute \$250 each year for four years to the missions to non-Catholics. Doubtless many will be found to follow so good an example, especially among the converts whom those missions have helped to bring into the Church.

**

There is no more stimulating reading for both clergy and laity than *The Missionary*, the quarterly organ of the new mission movement. The following paragraph, from the report of Father Price, details an experience of his in North Carolina, and is not without parallel in the reports of other missionaries:

The lectures were attended by a large number of Negroes, who came every night. One Negro—a Methodist minister—was delighted with the

lectures and eagerly sought all the literature he could get. Toward the end of the mission he came and stated that he had held a meeting in his church, and they had resolved to adopt the Catholic catechism in their Sunday-school; and besought me to furnish them with catechisms, for which they offered to pay. I gladly complied with their request.

When the Converts' League are selecting Catholic literature for distribution, they could hardly do better than circulate the little catechism.

Mr. Frye, the superintendent of the new public school system in Cuba, has made arrangements for the attendance of about fifteen hundred Cuban teachers at the Harvard Summer School. He is reported to have said recently: "If the public school system experiences any difficulties in Cuba, these difficulties will be caused by the Protestant churches rather than by the Catholic." This statement is not easily understood until one remembers that the teachers in the Cuban schools will, in the nature of things, be almost all Catholics, as the *Pilot* points out. Some of the sects have already established distinctively Protestant schools, which they support out of the missionary funds; and if these are continued, our separated friends will be better able to appreciate the generosity of Catholics in supporting parochial schools. As for Mr. Frye, he is strongly of opinion that the "missionaries" will do more harm than good. "Let us have no Baptist or Methodist or Episcopalian missionaries down there trying to teach the natives. It would be an unpardonable crime."

The death of the Rev. Mr. Frederick Kolbe, of South Africa, affords the unique spectacle of a Catholic missionary paying a loving and well-deserved tribute to his father, a Protestant missionary laboring in the same territory as himself. In the *South African Catholic Magazine*,

which he edits with singular ability, Father Kolbe describes the gentle and pious life led by his father, for fifty-six years a member of the Rhenish Missionary Society in Africa, and a student whose researches in the African dialects have been cordially praised by Max Müller and Professor Sayce. Out of much that is edifying and enjoyable in Father Kolbe's sketch we choose these lines for quotation:

No greater proof of his gentleness could be given than the fact that his library contained not a single book of controversy. When I became a Catholic there was, of course, remonstrance and argument; and there was further protest against my becoming a priest,—nothing less was to be expected. But once this was over we never clashed. Argument was to him merely the means of shaping the outline of a *modus vivendi*. When one of my sisters became a Catholic, the *modus* being already reached, there was no argument at all,—merely a fatherly warning that she should be very sure of her steps before moving, and never a word after that. To the vulgar forms of Protestant abuse of Catholic life he was an absolute stranger. He was firm on his own ground, but he thought and spoke no evil of others.

When Father Kolbe dies—long life to him!—THE AVE MARIA will have a story to tell about him stranger than any fiction.

Regularly the newspapers bring us accounts of trouble arising out of the widespread practice of opening the public schools with Bible-reading and other religious exercises. It seems a pity that in this country, where the ordinary relations between Catholics and Protestants are prevailingly pleasant, there should be friction over so important a work as the education of the young. But the fault is not with the Catholics, as the more frank sectarian journals admit. "Let Catholics make the form of worship as unsectarian as they can," says the *Independent*, "and it will still have the Catholic flavor; let Protestants cut out everything Protestant, and it will still bear the Protestant mark." Besides, there is another important con-

sideration. The system of purely secular education is on trial in this country, and it can only have a fair trial if it is allowed to work out its logical results. Those results, we believe, will be deplorable in the long run; but they must be permitted their free development if right views about education are ever to prevail. Catholics show the sincerity of their convictions by supporting the burden of a separate school system; let non-Catholics prove their sincerity by frankly accepting the results of their own principles.

Bishop Mullen, of the Diocese of Erie, Pennsylvania, passed to the reward of a singularly devoted life on the 22d ult. The oldest Catholics in every part of the State blessed by his presence could relate many a deed of heroic self-sacrifice performed by Bishop Mullen. He was a man of unbounded zeal and indomitable energy, and was never known to shrink from the performance of a duty, no matter how unpleasant or painful it might be. He was highly respected by all classes of citizens in Erie, and greatly beloved by his own flock. The deceased prelate was a native of County Tyrone, Ireland. He deserves a monument and a biographer. May he rest in peace!

One of the last of a noble band of missionaries ministering to the Indians of Michigan was the venerable Father Zorn, who died at Manistee on the 14th ult. The greater part of his long priestly life had been spent among the redmen. The pains he patiently suffered and the privations he cheerfully bore for so many years are known only to Him whose honor and glory he labored to promote. We have known this dear old priest, so learned and refined, so pious and gentle, on occasion of a brief visit to Detroit, to take his evening meal at

the door like a beggar; and, after long devotions in the church, to repair to the stable for his night's rest. Nothing could persuade him to occupy a room. He smiled at Father Pulcher's remonstrances, remarking in a whisper that houses were kept too clean for one who lived constantly among Indians. Few persons have any idea of what missionaries like Father Zorn have to endure. His zeal prompted him to acquire a perfect mastery of the language spoken by the tribe to which he ministered, and we hear that he has left some precious manuscripts. God rest his soul!

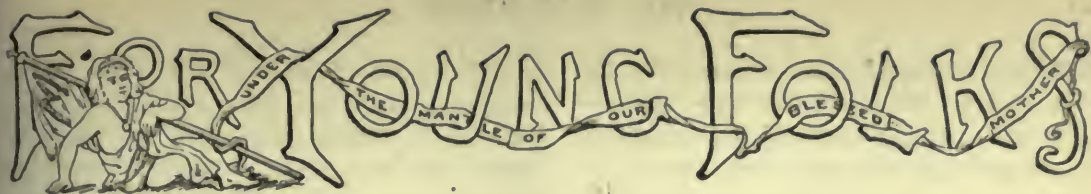
One of our most vital American authors, himself a Unitarian, has said that "the Catholic Church, whether or not the best faith to live in, is unquestionably a better faith to die in than most of the harder faiths that have replaced it." Tributes like this, wrung from hard-headed, experienced and often unfriendly observers, are numerous enough to form an anthology, the compiler of which might laudably include these words of Colonel Hughes, C. B., spoken before a Protestant audience in England and printed in a recent issue of the *Church Review*:

The military medical officers have often asked me the question: "Why is it that when a soldier is in hospital and at the point of death they always find that the visit of the Roman priest has, medically speaking, been of benefit to the patient, whilst that of the Church of England chaplain nearly always has the contrary effect?" The explanation is a very simple one. Whatever we may think of the Roman system, it yet has this great merit—that the members of that communion have a definite belief in grace through the sacraments; and so when the priest has to apply the sacraments to the dying soldier, the man receives them naturally as the expected remedies for the needs of his soul. So the priest's visit leaves him calm, and expecting the great change with a quiet confidence. This the doctor recognizes by a quiet pulse and lowered temperature. But the Church of England soldier, probably no worse morally than his Roman Catholic comrade, has generally made little, if any, use of the means of grace offered him by his church; has not troubled himself to think

of sin as something to be confessed and atoned for, and has seldom used the sacraments or thought of their definite meaning for himself. The man is filled with fear about the unknown, and anxiety whether in the short time of life that remains there is hope of peace through the ill-understood and unaccustomed means of prayer, confession and communion. No wonder the doctor finds him feverish, and worse rather than better in health.

The death of the Mother General of the Sisters of the Holy Cross brings to a close a singularly pious and useful life. Mother Mary Annunciata will be mourned with genuine grief by generations of convent-bred girls, as well as by the numerous religious family that called her Mother. As directress for many years of St. Mary's Academy, at Notre Dame, she represented the finest traditions of the convent school and had a large and honorable part in evolving the best Catholic womanhood of America. The characteristics of Mother Annunciata were uncommon force of character, a luminous mind, great zeal for education, robust faith, and fervent charity. She will be honored as one of the makers of the great Order of teachers which she ruled so faithfully. May she rest in peace!

Many of our readers will remember Professor Pepper, a distinguished English chemist who visited the United States twenty years or so ago and delivered a series of most interesting lectures. Surely no one who met this amiable convert socially can have forgotten him. His death, at the age of seventy-nine, was chronicled by our English exchanges last week. Professor Pepper was the author of several important books, and by his lectures did much to popularize science in England, Australia, and the United States. The ingenious invention known as "Pepper's Ghost," however, will probably outlive the fame of books or lectures. May he rest in peace!



Star of the Sea.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

WILD though the storm, dark though the night,

Still thou dost shine, placid and bright,
Sweet gleam of Hope, Love's gentle ray,
Star of the Sea! guiding our way.

Beaming through storms, fadeless and pure,
Unto the goal, our beacon sure;
Soft o'er the waves smileth thy ray,
Star of the Sea! guiding our way.

Still lead us on, cheer from afar,
Past the black reefs, over the bar;
Safe into port, though lightnings play,
Star of the Sea! guiding our way.

Poor travellers we, tossed in despair,
If, looking up, thou wert not there;
From midnight dark till dawn of day,
Star of the Sea! guide thou our way.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.—MYLES AND HIS SISTER.

MYLES MACARTNEY was a boy who lived a quarter of a century ago in the seventh ward, New York, when that part of the city, once aristocratic, was on the downward slope. Many of the houses in some portion of the district were still large and massive, keeping up their pretensions to state, with broad flight of brown stone steps, silver door-plates, and white doors.

Now, it was not in a mansion at all that the Macartneys lived, but in a very modest dwelling, in an unassuming

side street which rejoiced in the name of Market. Opposite to them was an ancient, square-towered brick church, in an enclosure very green in summer time, but which all the year round served Myles and his young associates as an excellent playground. Myles lived in the tranquil days before elevated railways or cable cars had invaded the Republic, so that he had to set off in very good time of a morning to transport himself in the slow-moving horse-cars to the De La Salle Institute, which was then on Second Street. He distinguished himself at his studies, but often had to be extinguished by his teachers for mischievous pranks of various sorts; so that "Myles' mischief," became quite a proverbial expression. Brother Jasper, who had a big, genial nature, always said in answer to every complaint:

"There isn't a bit of harm in Myles, so he's sure to come out all right."

Myles carried his books in a green baize bag, and took the Third Avenue car at the corner of Chatham Street and the Bowery, with the air of a hero going to conquest. Once he had lost his car-fare, and would have been expelled from the conveyance ignominiously by the conductor, who knew, or thought he knew, "the monkey tricks these fellers are up to." A benevolent gentleman, who saw something in the bright blue of Myles' eyes, in his cheerful snub nose and unaggressive chin, which called forth his good nature, bade the boy sit still, and then paid his fare; asking him, as they sat side by side, why he had boarded a car without having money to pay his fare.

"But I had some, sir," Myles replied, earnestly. "I chucked it in with a lot

of things; and just as I was starting from home, Katie—that's my sister—gave me a chunk of molasses candy. I must have pulled it out with that."

The gentleman seemed satisfied with this explanation, but Myles went on:

"I was eating the taffy as I came along Chatham Street. I'll look there when I go back this afternoon."

"You must have great faith in the honesty of human nature," observed the old gentleman.

Myles stared, then he said hastily:

"Oh, there's lots of fellows round there would grab it just as quick! But they don't know it's there and I do."

"I hope you don't belong to the grabbers yourself," said the gentleman, a trifle more gravely.

A flush rose to Myles' honest cheeks.

"No, sir!" he answered, in a tone which was far more convincing than a long and studied argument. "I don't go with any of that crowd. My father wouldn't let me."

"All honor to him for that!" said the gentleman. "But now, my boy, I get out at this corner. We may meet some other mornings, as I often take this line of cars about the same hour."

"Good-morning, sir!" returned Myles. "And thank you."

The boy wriggled round on the seat to glue his face against the window of the car and watch his benefactor, who, alighting at the corner of Prince Street, walked rapidly in the direction of Broadway. Myles' reflections were of a very friendly character, as he noted his smooth silvery hair, his handsome overcoat and carefully brushed hat, and thought of his kindness. He belonged to quite a different class of old gentlemen from those who often threatened Myles and his associates with their canes or poked at them with their umbrellas.

Myles had a sister, whom he dearly loved, and to whom he referred so often

that it became a kind of joke with some of his companions. She was a very nice little girl, dainty and delicate in her ways, and always very prettily dressed. But she liked to join as far as she could in her brother's sports, and was known and liked by many of his companions. Only she was aghast sometimes at the pranks which Myles committed, and felt bound to remonstrate a little, as when she saw him walking along the gutters of neighboring houses or perched on the top of lamp-posts.

"I just got one sister," Myles used to explain. "There were a lot of others of us, but they all died; and we go every summer to see their graves in Calvary."

When asked on one occasion if he remembered any of the others, he said:

"I remember one little chap with a very red face, looking as if he might burst, especially when he yelled. He often used to do that and to beat with his fists. Once they gave him to me to hold, and I had a pretty tough job, I can tell you. He yelled for all he was worth and wriggled worse than an eel. The nurse gave a yell too, and said I would break the baby's back. I told her I guessed he'd break mine in another minute, and that she'd better take him herself. I didn't want to hold him any more."

As stated elsewhere, Myles regarded his little sister with very lively affection indeed. He liked her pretty dresses and her smoothly brushed, shining hair, her dainty dimpled hands. He was always extremely kind to her, and even condescended to glance at her new doll when she got one, or to enter into her plans for renovating the old. On the afternoon of the day when he had been obliged by the old gentleman of the street-car, he was met at the door by his sister, who cried out to him:

"O Myles, please come round with me to Division Street! I have been saving up ever so long for one of those eight-

cent dolls at Miss Mills', and now I have enough."

"You wait till I get some bread and molasses," said Myles; "and I'll take you round there then."

His tone was magnificently patronizing as he ran downstairs in a break-neck fashion, calculated to try the strongest of nerves, singing at the top of his voice the snatch of a popular song:

"From Jackson Street way down to Avenue A,
March, march, march, we'll march and march
away!"

"Quit that noise, Myles!" said old Susan, who stood on no ceremony with these children whom she had brought up. Myles only dimly remembered his mother, and Katie didn't remember her at all; Susan had been housekeeper and factotum in the Macartney home for many a year. "Quit that noise, Myles! It's fit to split one's head."

"It's the 'Mulligan Guards,'" replied Myles, composedly. "The boys all sang it at school and Brother didn't mind."

"That Brother must have an iron head or else he's stone-deaf," observed Susan, who had already got out the loaf, preparatory to satisfying Myles.

"Cut me three slices, please, Susan," said the youngster. "I'm as hungry as anything."

"'Deed and you're generally that!" the woman exclaimed; adding in an undertone: "And small blame to you for that same; you that's growin' so fast, and on your feet, runnin' and leapin' and jumpin' mornin', noon, and night."

"I don't jump at night," corrected Myles,—“at least not after nine o'clock."

After a pause, which Myles filled up with bread and molasses, Susan said:

"You're late home the day."

"I was kept in for putting Jack Sims' tame rabbit in Art Egan's desk. When he opened it, out jumped the beast."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself for a mischievous lad!" said Susan.

"Art didn't know what it was and he yelled for all he was worth!" cried Myles, gloating over the recollection.

"And how long did they keep you in?" inquired Susan.

"Nearly an hour; but after that I watched a game of baseball some of the boys were playing. There's a fellow named Carroll, and I just wish you could see him once, Susan. He's the catcher; Kelly's the pitcher."

"And a cracked one at that," said the housekeeper, with grim humor,—“if he's the Kelly you brought round here last week."

"That's he," said Myles. "I mean a pitcher of the ball. It's the finest thing to see him send it. Carroll nearly got his nose broken, it was such a swift ball."

"If that's what you call fine," said Susan, "I give it up."

Myles devoted himself to the bread and molasses. He began to see that this woman had no soul for baseball.

"Where are you off to now, pray?" asked Susan, as Myles arose leaving his empty plate.

"I'm going to take Katie round to Division Street to buy a doll. I don't see why girls like dolls; but," he added philosophically, "I suppose it's just like us fellows with baseballs."

He found his sister waiting for him impatiently, with her things on, at the top of the modest flight of brown stone steps which led to their dwelling. It was a sharp day in March, and Katie wore a pretty gray plush jacket with large pearl buttons, and a turban of black and red, which Myles greatly admired; though he did not know much, as he said, about "girls' fixings."

The two trotted off together quite complacently. Myles always spoke of taking Katie with him; but, in reality, she was only two years younger than Myles himself, and quite capable of taking herself anywhere she wanted to

go. The shop for which they were bound was on the corner of Market and Division Streets, and consequently a very short distance from home; so that the two quickly found themselves before a large plate-glass window, containing a variety of objects. For this was by no means an ordinary toy-shop. It was old and quaint, it was stately and respectable; and toys, chiefly of the more expensive sort, were only an adjunct to the jewelry, of old-fashioned setting but excellent quality; and the fancy articles, rather cumbrous perhaps, but solid and good. Myles and his sister knew nearly all the wares by heart, and on the present occasion Katie exclaimed:

"O Myles, that alabaster vase with the purple flowers on it is gone!"

"I wonder who bought it?" replied Myles, much interested. "It must have been somebody with money; for I asked old Meyers once how much it was and he said about fifteen dollars."

No other object had disappeared from amongst those valuables; for indeed the sales were few in that antiquated commercial depot, and the keepers of the shop were quite contented with moderate stocks and gradual sales.

Katie made one discovery, however, which filled her with dismay: the doll she had so long coveted and for which she had been saving a month or more had disappeared.

"Perhaps Miss Julia took it in," said Myles. "Anyway, there's another."

He pointed to a doll, flat-nosed, black-haired and ungarnished.

"That's a size larger," answered the girl, dolefully; "they'd never give that for eight cents."

"Let's go in and see," said Myles, who rather liked visiting this establishment; and was, moreover, very sorry for his sister's disappointment.

In they went, when Katie's worst fears proved but too well grounded. The

eight-cent doll had disappeared, and the larger one was four cents more. The tears came into poor Katie's eyes. Her disappointment was bitter. Miss Julia Mills, a highly respectable lady, in black silk, with long curls shaking about her head, was exceedingly kind to the children, whom she well knew; but she was firm in cash transactions. "One price only," was the invariable rule of that establishment.

Myles had a feeling heart. When he saw the tears in Katie's eyes, though he scarce grasped the magnitude of her trial, he began a fruitless search through his numerous pockets, which were always laden with almost everything except coin. He had no hope; he simply made this movement with a despairing idea that somehow, somewhere, a nickel might have lodged. Remembering the incident of the street-car that morning, he was preparing to abandon the search, when all at once on the side of his pocket, securely pasted there by a sticky fragment of taffy, he felt something. His fingers closed round it—it was a nickel! At the same moment a flush mounted to his brow and he felt something very like dismay. He realized what had happened.

"Come on, Katie!" he said, hastily. "Good-day, Miss Mills! We'll call in a day or two for that doll, unless you should have any more eight-cent ones."

Miss Julia assured him in honeyed tones that this was a vain hope. Mr. Meyers, who did the buying, could not procure any more of that line. Myles looked into the corner where Mr. Meyers usually sat; for, being on rather friendly terms with that personage, he had some thoughts of secretly appealing to him to try to get Katie the cheaper article. But Mr. Meyers was absent.

Katie, very despondent, and feeling as if the universe had suddenly grown dark and as if the intensely bright sun seemed

to mock her sorrow for the loss of the coveted doll, walked along in silence. She was a gentle little thing, but apt to be occasionally imperious with Myles, and to let him know that she was aggrieved if matters did not go to her liking. Myles had just now a trouble of his own on his mind.

"I feel as if I had cheated him out of that nickel," he presently said aloud. He was engaged at the moment in throwing a stone at a cur, which he absently perceived to be in pursuit of a well-known Tabby of the neighborhood. He himself occasionally chased Tabbies, but so near a neighbor and familiar an acquaintance as this must be protected. The dog, retreating to a safe distance, included the boy and the cat in a parting bark. Myles threw another pebble at him, and the animal flew round the corner and disappeared. The cat restored her back to its natural position, smoothed her fur, settled herself in the sunniest corner of the step, and began to wash herself vigorously, as if she were polluted by the very vicinity of that disreputable canine and his insulting remarks to herself. Nor did she show the slightest sign of gratitude to Myles. She did not like boys, and was on terms of gloomy reserve with them.

Katie was meanwhile, in spite of her despondency, curious to know what her brother was talking about, and how he came to accuse himself of cheating. She knew that old Susan always said that Myles was "as honest as the sun."

"I must find that old gentleman in the fur-trimmed coat and give him back his five cents," Myles said, still talking aloud.

"What old gentleman?" asked Katie, anxiously; for she had a vague alarm in her mind concerning old gentlemen; and had, moreover, been warned very often of the danger of speaking to

strangers on the street, especially if they offered money. It occurred to her that this old gentleman, whoever he was, might have it in mind to kidnap Myles; though she did not reflect upon the inconvenience to himself of carrying out such a scheme.

"I let an old gentleman pay for me on the cars this morning," the boy explained. "I told him I had no money and the conductor was going to put me off. I feel like a sneak; for here I got five cents stuck with that taffy you gave me."

He was somewhat inclined, boy-like, to find fault with his little sister's gift, though he had accepted it very willingly at the time; for he was a pretty good customer himself of an establishment of more than seventh-ward fame known as Taffy John's. However, in consideration of Katie's recent affliction in the matter of the doll, he generously refrained, and declared instead:

"I must find him out and pay him back. I'll watch for him every morning. He said he often got on the car about that time."

"Take care he doesn't kidnap you!" said Katie, in a hushed voice.

"Kidnap *me*!" cried Myles, laughing such an idea to scorn. "I'd like to see anybody try that! And, besides, this is a rich gentleman,—I'm sure he's rich and very nice."

By this time they had reached home, and Katie went sorrowfully in,—not, as she had hoped, to take measures for clothing her new doll, but to resuscitate an old one. The incident of Myles and the old gentleman had, however, diverted her mind from her disappointment, especially as Myles had magnanimously promised to walk to school the first fine morning after he had paid the old gentleman, and give her the needed sum for the great purchase.

The "King's-Evil."

The mysterious disease called scrofula used to be called the "king's-evil," not because kings were afflicted with it, but because they were supposed to be able to cure it. Saint Edward the Confessor seems to have been the first English king who "touched" for this complaint; but in his case the power was attributed to his personal sanctity as well as to his royal blood. In the tragedy of "Macbeth," Shakspeare tells how the good king heals men,—

Hanging a golden stamp around their necks,
Put on with holy prayers.

In other countries the custom was in vogue much earlier, and we hear of Clovis exercising the strange power in A. D. 481. The devout kings of France would always go to confession before the appointed time for the healing, which took place every week. There is a pretty picture of Francis I. preserved for us, sitting in the cloister of the bishop's palace, bareheaded like his poor patients, healing them, blessing them, saying prayers over them, and sending each of them away with a piece of gold and a light, happy heart.

Scrofula seems to have been very prevalent in England during the reign of Charles II.; for we read of six hundred persons at a time going to him for help. And in 1684 we hear of six or seven sick people being crushed to death in the scramble for tickets.

On Easter Sunday, in the year 1686, Louis XIV., of France, "touched" sixteen hundred patients, at the same time using these words: "The King touches thee, may God cure thee!"

Queen Anne was the last English sovereign to attempt to cure the king's-evil. The great Dr. Johnson was, when a baby, one of her patients; and he ever afterward remembered her as a

lady wearing a black hood and many diamonds.

The pieces of gold presented at the "touching" were coined for the express purpose, and were called touch-pieces. Many of these have been preserved. They are variously adorned,—sometimes with figures of Saint George slaying the dragon, often with a ship. One is in existence which has on one side a hand descending from the clouds toward four heads, with "He touched them" round the margin; on the other side, the rose and thistle, and the words "And they were healed."

Not too Great to be Polite.

As soon as the good Clement XIV. was named Pope, the ambassadors of various countries waited upon him with their congratulations. When they were presented to him and bowed, he promptly bowed in return; whereupon the master of the ceremonies delicately hinted that a Pope should not acknowledge the salutations in that manner.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" responded his Holiness. "But really I can not agree that in becoming Pope I should cease to be a gentleman."

A similar anecdote is related of Washington when reproved for returning the salute of a negro.

"Shall I, think you," he said, "permit myself to be outdone in politeness by a poor slave?"

Strangely enough, the punctilious Philip III., of Spain, would always politely salute the humblest peasant, although he never permitted himself to return the salutations of *grándees*. But everyone, noble or commoner, was obliged to kneel when speaking to him; on account, he explained, of his low stature,—which reason we may accept or not, as we please.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The first publication of the Irish Catholic Truth Society is a pamphlet by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Dwyer dealing with the University question.

—St. Francis de Sales is the subject of the new volume of "The Saints." The next, which is in active preparation, will be a life of St. Jerome, by Père Largent, of the Oratory.

—A volume in which many of our readers will doubtless be interested is now publishing by Burns & Oates. Its title is "Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress under Three Cardinals," and its author is Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

—A memoir of the lamented Sir John T. Gilbert, the historian, has been undertaken by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland). It would be a favor if those possessing letters or other valuable material regarding her distinguished husband or his work would communicate with Lady Gilbert.

—If the financial embarrassment of D. Appleton & Co. means that the *Popular Science Monthly* is to suffer a shake-up, there will be little sympathy with the bankrupt firm. On the score of both honesty and scholarship, that publication deserved a very complete failure. Coming so closely after the Harper troubles, the embarrassment of the Appletons is somewhat puzzling.

—It appears that "the Smiths" are one of our oldest families, after all. Among the unpublished Petrie papyri is a list of names connected with the manufacture of *zythos* (beer), which is known to have been a popular drink in ancient Egypt. One of these names, written in Greek characters so plainly that there can be no mistake about it, is *Smith*. "We have never found anything like it before," writes Professor Mahaffy; "and it is surely worth telling the many distinguished bearers of the name that there was a man known as Smith in the twentieth year of the third Ptolemy, 227 B. C., and that he was engaged in brewing beer or in selling it." Possibly he drank a little, too, on occasion.

—"Castle and Manor," Dr. Mivart's novel, is not a new book. It was published anonymously some years ago under the title of "Henry Standon." The *Athenæum* says: "The reception then given it was not particularly flattering; but the author thought that possibly, under recently changed conditions, his eminence as a novelist might suddenly be recognized by—say the members of the Authors' Club." This is a pungent allusion to the fact that the Authors' Club had planned to

give Dr. Mivart a public dinner as a recognition of his "splendid vindication of the right to freedom of thought." The dinner never came off. On the morning of the day fixed for it, Mivart said to one of his intimates, "I believe I shall die at the dinner-table to-night." As a matter of fact he died very suddenly a few hours before the time fixed for the dinner.

—Ruskin once wrote: "I have at least one certainty which few authors could hold so surely; that no one was ever harmed by a book of mine; they may have been offended, but have never been discouraged or discomforted, still less corrupted." At another time he expressed his willingness to become a Catholic at once "if the Church will only excommunicate all the worldly people." And again: "I'm writing *such* a Catholic history of Venice, and chiselling all the Protestantism off the old 'Stones' as they do here the grass off the steps."

—Those who know of persons that have suffered ill effects from the perusal of Dr. Mivart's scandalous articles can not do better than encourage the reading of Wilfrid Ward's paper in the current *Fortnightly Review* entitled "Unchanging Dogma and Changeful Man." It is painstaking, informing, fortifying. We have never read anything keener or abler from the pen of Dr. Ward, which is saying a great deal. The article does not lend itself to quotation. We hope to see it widely copied. The writer has performed a very important service, and few could have done better.

—From the American Book Co. we have received the following text-books: "A Smaller History of Rome," a compendium of Smith's, of which it would be hard to say too much in praise; "History of English Literature," by Reuben Post Halleck, a book more than usually lacking in perspective, Newman being mentioned only by name, while Macaulay is discussed in seven pages, Carlyle in nine, and Matthew Arnold in seven; "A Manual of English History," by E. M. Laneaster, which shows lack of insight rather than of sympathy in dealing with episodes connected with Church history; an edition of "Quentin Durward," well printed on good paper, prepared for use in the school-room; a carefully selected and exceedingly readable collection of "Stories of Maine," by Sophie Swett; and a really valuable volume of "Old Norse Stories," by Sarah Powers Bradish. These last three volumes

are intended for supplementary reading in the schools. We deem it only fair to the publishers to say that the series to which "Stories of Maine" belongs has been to Catholics by far the most satisfactory group of books thus far issued by the American Book Co.

—Shortly after its inception, the *Literary Digest* was vigorously and deservedly condemned by the Catholic press for the obviously unfriendly attitude it assumed toward the Church. There has been a change of editors, however; and for a long time the *Digest* has been what it ought to be—neither Catholic nor anti-Catholic, but simply a candid and fair presentation of the most important working and thinking of the world. The usefulness of such a publication is unquestionable, as is also the extreme difficulty of holding the balance with nice justice between contending schools of thought. In view of the protest we felt obliged to make against the former policy of the *Literary Digest*, it is the merest justice to say that, so far as we can discern, all reasonable cause of complaint has been removed.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.
- An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton*. \$3.50.
- Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales*. 75 cts., net.
- The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson*. \$1.60.
- The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Verv Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1.50, net.
- Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies*. \$1.35, net.
- Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.
- The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.
- The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith*. \$1.25.

- Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.
- Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss*. 60 cts., net.
- Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold*. \$3.50.
- The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox*. \$1.25.
- Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.
- My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
- The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman*. \$1.25.
- Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.
- The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier*. \$1.25.
- For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley*. \$1.25.
- The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte*. \$1, net.
- Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.
- A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin*. 60 cts.
- The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.
- Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix*. 75 cts.
- Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford*. Two vols. \$5.
- Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle*. Two vols. \$10.
- The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.
- New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway*. \$1.25.
- The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.
- The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo*. \$1.25, net.
- The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland*. \$2.
- The Dark Ages. *Dr. Maitland*. \$3.
- The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet*. \$3.50.
- Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix*. \$1.25.
- Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska. *Charles Warren Stoddard*. 75 cts.
- The Light of Life. *Rt. Rev. John Culbert Hedley, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.
- The Blue Lady's Knight. *Mary F. Nixon*. 50 cts.
- Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. 1897-1899. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35.
- The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art. *Eliza Allen Starr*. 75 cts.
- The Blood of the Lamb. *Rev. Kenelm Digby Best*. \$1, net.
- A Round Table of Representative French Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 12, 1900.

NO. 19.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Regina Coeli.

BY R. O. K.

QUEEN, rejoice! thy Son is risen. Alleluia!
 Queen of grief! He burst His prison. Alleluia!
 Crown and martyr-type of mothers. Alleluia!
 Plead with Him for us His brothers. Alleluia!
 Mary Queen! thy Son is risen. Alleluia!
 Christ indeed hath burst His prison. Alleluia!

PRAYER.

Lord, through Jesus' resurrection
 Thou hast raised us from dejection;
 Grant, through Mary, Jesus' Mother,
 Both in this life and the other,
 We rejoice in Christ our Brother.
 Amen. Alleluia!

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

"CHIMES AND LILACS."

EASTER chimes! Easter chimes!
 why do you ring so sadly under
 the April sky? Sorrowful lilacs of
 the suburbs, why do you fill the solitary
 wayfarer with regret? He counts up
 the many years during which he has
 heard yon Easter chimes on such a day
 as this, sharp but clear, under the same
 dazzling sky, beneath which as yet no
 swallow glides. He counts the years,
 the many years, in which he has breathed
 your perfume, pitiful Parisian lilacs,
 while passing garden gates or skirting
 the walls over which your flowery

clusters toppled; and his heart is heavy
 at the thought. Another spring gone by.
 He recalls his youth, when you filled him
 with joy, chimes and lilacs; and when
 on hearing and breathing you he was
 suddenly inundated by a beautiful hope.

His youth! How remote it is, how
 short it was! It lasted only long enough
 for him to question on awaking in the
 morning: "What happiness lies in store
 for me to-day?" For that is Youth:
 the expectation of happiness,—absolute,
 complete, absurd happiness. "To-morrow
 I shall meet the woman whose smile
 will open to me an eternal paradise.
 To-morrow will break forth the war
 in which I shall become a hero, to whom
 the vanquished will bring the keys of
 the city. To-morrow I shall prepare the
 plan and write the opening lines of the
 drama or poem that is to render me
 immortal." Love, glory, genius! He
 who has not dreamed you—nay, who
 has not ardently, wildly desired you,—
 can he pretend ever to have been young?

The wayfarer, now old, who is soothed
 by the voice of the chimes and caressed
 by the fugitive odor of the lilacs, recalls
 his youth so brief. It ended long ago—
 on that day in which he recognized life's
 mediocrity; in which he discovered that
 only the desire is good, and that all
 enjoyment is followed by bitterness and
 disgust; and that the aim retreats
 unceasingly before the effort. It ended
 when he awoke one sad morning no
 longer expecting anything sublime and
 extraordinary; when, on reading over

the page written the eve before, he found it far inferior to his dream; when he beheld, gliding in the shadows once dissipated by smiles, the little lizard of Henry Heine, the disquieting reptile of irony and betrayal. Yet life still retained some of its flavor, but like unto that of fruit warmed by a September sun. Lost forever was that freshness of soul that produces sensations like cherries picked off the branch and eaten under the tree in the early morning, while they are still moist with the breath of night.

At times he revolted, and grew indignant that the vigor of hope and illusion should so soon decline; and, as though to console him for awhile, with each succeeding spring there were wafted to him sudden and unexpected whiffs of youth. This occurred on mornings such as this, at the approach of Easter, when, amid tulips and gillyflowers, the lilacs softly blossomed in the gardens; and, like captive monsters, the heavy bells swung in their towers, launching their solemn challenges under the open sky. And once again would he become reconciled to life; once again would he become animated by a faint revival of faith in glory and happiness. "Love!" counselled the tender flowers. "Work!" said the majestic bronze.

Among the happiest moments of his past are these fresh, bright mornings whose memory he now evokes, when his blood was warm with the vigor of youth, and he feared not the northeast wind that came with the fine weather, lashing him across the face and playing with his garments. It was especially on the boulevard in front of the church that the frisky wind was up to its worst tricks, delighting particularly in teasing those who were going to or returning from Mass. When the band of little orphan girls appeared, accompanied by the Sisters, it waved their black shoulder capes and the blue ribbons of their

hats, and amused itself by transforming the *cornettes* of the Sisters into big white butterflies. It shook vigorously the feathers and flowers on the heads of the fashionable parishioners; then it twisted the folds of his cassock around the meagre limbs of an aged priest, and forced the poor man to hold on to his hat.

Suddenly, however, this practical joker discovers that in the house across the street a window-blind is unfastened; away he flies and bangs it against the wall. Shortly after, the helmets of two dragoons out for an airing attract his attention, and he blows the hair of the black manes into their eyes. And, finally, noticing in the crowd a bourgeois with a large abdomen and wearing the first straw-hat of the season, he soon exposes the fat man's bald head to view, and forces him to run, puffing like a seal and blinded by the dust, after his headgear rolling in front of him like a hoop.

And on those Easter mornings of the long ago the wind was not alone in its joyous mood: all nature glowed with happiness. The skies were resplendent and joy sparkled in the eyes of the women,—a piece of the blue firmament was reflected in the eyes of the blondes. And the verdure!—oh, the fresh, the delicate, the beautiful verdure! Upon the skeleton branches of the belated trees it had only just begun to appear, indistinguishable, vaporous, like a soft, mysterious haze; while on others the buds had already opened into tender, transparent leaves—so young!—with something of the astonished and blissful expression seen in the faces of children.

But, above all, there were lilacs! The lilac bush, although leafless, so to speak, at that time of year bursts forth into a perfect pyrotechnic display of flowers. Lilacs everywhere! They filled the vases and decorated all the windows; large bunches were for sale at the fruit-seller's

or in the little push-carts along the pavement. Women passed carrying as many as both their hands could hold; and even some of the cab-horses had small bunches stuck behind their ears. In the suburbs the wealth of flowers overflowed and hung in clusters over the walls. Oh, the lilac, which blooms the first and lasts hardly a fortnight; the flower and the emblem of the Parisian,—of the feverish denizen of the large city, so impatient and so greedy, excited by the race for possession and enjoyment!

The solitary wayfarer recalls the springtime of the years gone by. How intoxicated he was by the frolicsome wind, the tender skies, the early flowers, the nascent verdure; and, overhead, the harmonious tumult of the Easter chimes floating above the joyous crowd! Ah, can it be finished forever? To-day, weak, broken in health, chilled by the slightest breath of the northeast wind, lilacs no longer intoxicate him, and the aerial concert disturbs him. Can he be the same lover and poet—for they are one and the same,—he who had a caress for every flower, he in whom every rhythm awakened song after song? Can he be the same who now remains insensible to perfume and harmony? Oh, cruel thought! Is it really the end, and will he never more know the delights of nature and of life?

At this moment he sees, a few steps ahead of him, in the long avenue down which he is aimlessly wandering, a young man and a young woman seated on a bench, in the warmth of the sun rays filtering through the incipient foliage. It is a laborer and his wife, and they are of the poorest. Although it is a great holiday, the woman is bareheaded and without a wrap; and what a dress is hers! The man has on his working clothes. In the wicker carriage where the baby lies, very close

to its mother, the woman has placed a bunch of lilacs; and the little one, just awakened, opens its eyes upon this wonder and instinctively reaches its chubby hands toward the flowers. The man holds his first-born standing on his knees—not more than two years,—who listens to the sound of the neighboring church bells; and, charmed by the beautiful harmony, nods its head in time to each vibration. Then the young parents gaze in turn at their two children with that look which only fathers and mothers have; and finally their eyes meet. Not a word is uttered, but they exchange a prolonged smile. It is truly the pale smile of those who suffer, but still at this moment a smile in which there is for these two humble ones of earth much of happiness and of love.

Oh, how the pensive wayfarer now blushes over his egotistical regrets! What matter that he grows old and that the returning seasons bring him less and less strength? Blossom, April lilacs! Ring out with all your powers, allelujah chimes! Flourish, O springtide, wealth of the poor! And mayst thou be blessed by all who suffer, and by him on life's decline whose heart thou hast just rejoiced and filled with tenderness at the sight of another's happiness!

APRIL 22, 1897.

“GUIGNOL.”*

It was at Pau, last February, where I was stricken by the illness which still holds me in its throes. Ah, long shall I remember my room in the Hôtel de France, where I had at first settled joyously, my open window looking out on the dazzling panorama of the Pyrenees, where a few days later I

* “Guignol” is the French hero of marionette shows. He corresponds to the English “Punch and Judy.” Ambulant performances are given in the Paris streets and elsewhere, and children flock to laugh at and enjoy the antics of the popular Guignol.

shook and shivered under my bed-covers, bathed in perspiration, with feverish fingers trembling in the kind grasp of my sick nurse who stood anxiously at my bedside. Yes, I still remember with horror those clusters of flowers on the wall-paper that in my semi-delirium were transformed into heads of old Roman soldiers—why Roman soldiers, I wonder?—so melancholy and so hideous under their helmets with a chin-piece, slightly raising their heavy eyelids and staring at me with the vacant look of the blind. But the dawns, after long nights of insomnia, were especially dreadful.

"Sister Séraphique, what time is it?"

"It has just struck seven, sir." And the wings of the wide bonnet bestirred themselves in the big arm-chair where the Sister had been dozing. "It must be daylight," she added.

Rising, she fixed on me for a moment her kindly eye, filled with a pity that hurt me. Then she went toward the window—a white phantom of ample size she appeared in the light of the night-lamp—and suddenly drew back the curtains. Amid the murky clouds of a rainy morning some patches of snow appeared here and there on the mountain, and the sky was like a heap of soiled floss. No, I can never forget the anguish and the distress of those awakenings of a sick man, in a home made by circumstance, and far from all the dear ones. To-day, however, I wish to recount the least sad of those memories.

Two weeks have passed since the first chill. The surgeon's knife has saved me, for the time being. I am still in bed, very weak, but quieter and less feverish. The hideous countenances of the Roman warriors on the wall-paper have once more become bouquets of flowers. It is afternoon and a beautiful day; the mild climate of Béarn allows

my window to be kept open. When I raise my eyes from the book I am reading, my elbow buried in my pillow, it is to admire a part of the Pyrenees chain of mountains; also the Ossau peak, its snowy summit lightly tinted with violet, standing out against the pure azure of the sky. How quiet all is! I hear in a confused and vague murmur the conversation of the passers-by, and the merry voices of the children who are playing in the spacious boulevard in front of the hotel. The Dominican Sister is still seated near my bedside, but I no longer trouble her and call her away every minute from her prayers.

Suddenly a little bell joins its cracked tones to the other noises in the street.

"Ah, Sister, it is four o'clock and Guignol is going to perform!"

We are now the best friends in the world, Sister Séraphique, and I. She is a good soul, evidently about forty; not at all pretty, with her face tightly swathed in her head-dress; but wearing her habit with dignity, and, oh, so full of sweetness! In her all is gentleness—her eyes, her gestures, her voice, notwithstanding her accent. In the early stage of my illness she was very silent; later I inspired her with confidence; and now, without her suspecting how admirable she is, she tells about her life, so full of sameness and of monotonous charity.

How far away you are from me, you free and witty Parisian conversations, filled with cruel words for the absent comrade, and cutting remarks for the absent woman of fashion! Need I say it?—in nowise do I regret you, savory and venomous conversations; and I am well satisfied to dissipate the tediousness of convalescence with the little stories of the good Sister, which treat only of pious exercises, of nursing the sick, and from which a combined perfume of incense and phenic acid seems to exhale. You bring but a nervous sneer

to the lips, you pretty little drawing-room wickednesses; but what charm, what soothing there is in the words that come from a pure and simple heart!

One of my amusements—and I have none to speak of at present—is, when Guignol's hoarse voice is heard, to see the Sister slip her beads into her pocket, hastily pressing her lips to some blessed medal; and draw near the window where, half hidden by the curtains, she thoroughly enjoys the performance. It must certainly be all the poor nun has ever seen of a theatre. But the soul of the holy woman is as innocent as that of the childish audience assembled in front of the miniature stage. And, blushing for very pleasure, and at times covering her face with her hands to hide her gayety as unseemly, the good nun, so reserved and so gentle, laughs out frankly at all the incongruities and all the cruel actions of the Lyonesse hero.

I but vaguely hear from my bed the croaking voice of Guignol, his screams of joy after each crime, and the snapping noise of the blows that descend on the wooden heads. I know by heart his fierce trivialities, which cause irresistible hilarity, not only among the little ones seated on the benches, but among the idlers standing outside the rope.

The old farce never varies. Guignol's wife reproaches him with being a lazy drunkard, and he knocks off her bonnet with his cudgel. The porter presents himself, with the bill for the rent in his hand; and Guignol—who is throwing his furniture out of the window by way of moving—bedecks the porter's head with the *vase de nuit*. The proprietor intervenes: Guignol beats him. Officers of the law come to the rescue: Guignol knocks them down. Human justice is powerless before this indomitable criminal. Then when the judge appears with his *toque*, and draped in his black robe, Guignol beats him without pity

with his cudgel, and cuts off his head on the edge of the stage. The hangman himself and the very devil can do naught with this fury. He hangs the executioner on his own gibbet, and strangles the devil with his own pitchfork. And he commits these abominations in wildest gayety, snorting, shaking his body, and throwing to the echoes his triumphal laughter. Oh, the rascal!

There must ferment a great deal of perversity at the bottom of the human heart for such a spectacle, full as it is of evil instincts, to contain so comic and so powerful an attraction and recreation precisely for the innocent,—for these children who are still ignorant of evil, and for that servant of God who is as near as possible to moral perfection.

I am somewhat sadly trying to solve that question when, the performance over, Sister Séraphique abandons her seat at the window and draws near my bed, rather abashed.

"Well, but what a villain that Guignol is!" she says. "What a rogue, what a scapegrace! Why, he beats and kills everybody! Is it possible that they should amuse children with such nasty things? I myself feel quite ashamed of having been amused by them!"

"All the more so, Sister," I add, to tease her in a friendly way, "that you have forgotten your hour of meditation."

And quickly she reseats herself, draws out her beads, takes up her book and lowers her face till almost hidden by her cap. Poor Sister! she is full of scruples in regard to her recent enjoyment; and to-morrow, I wager, she will accuse herself in the confessional of having seen Guignol and taken pleasure in it.

"Be reassured, Sister: the sin is but venial. Still, I was astonished to see you, whose life is made up of obedience and gentleness, enjoy for an instant the spectacle of man's low nature as it can suddenly come to the surface when he

is no longer master of his passions, showing himself an impulsive brute, capable of the fiercest revolt as well as of the most heinous cruelties. In your ignorance, my poor Sister, you have laughed over Guignol; but I am sure you would bitterly cry over certain other marionettes unknown to you,—over society marionettes, that are more hypocritical and not less wicked or less scandalous. It is not with cudgel blows that men get rid of their enemies, but with arms far more dangerous, far more perfidious; and many persons do not even hesitate to become torturers and executioners for the satisfaction of their pride and egotism."

The more I reflect upon it, the more do I feel that it was not useless for that pious woman to have had that minute's weakness,—to have seen the caricature of a villain and to have laughed over it. She will reproach herself for it, will redouble her zeal, and understand better than she did before the spirit of her vocation, which is expiation for others. For, notwithstanding what freethinkers may say, it is a sublime sentiment, and superior even to that of justice,—that of this Christian faith which desires the prayers and good deeds of the innocent and of the pure to attenuate and atone before the sight of God for the ignoble words, the vile and shameful actions, and even the crimes of the wicked.

AUGUST 19, 1897.

(To be continued.)

OUR Heavenly Mother's Heart is a human mother's heart, possessing naturally all the distinguishing qualities of a human heart, even its proneness to indulgence, its almost extravagant pity and tenderness, and, if we may so speak, its *weakness* of love. And she receives from any of us, who have the grace so to offer it, the least tribute of affection, and repays it with ineffable wealth.

The Story of a Green Girl.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

III.

THE events recorded in our last chapter took place on a Friday evening. The following day was market-day at Dungarron, and the coming Sunday was the dangerous "Twelfth."

John Havern was a man very much disposed to live "peaceably" with his neighbors; and he and his wife had, by their gentle manners to all around them, hitherto, contrived to keep out of the unseemly quarrels that invariably disturbed the serenity of the midsummer. It was much to be wondered at that nature had bestowed on them such a fiery little creature as Kate. Many a wise parental warning they had given her; yet the spirited girl would get herself into orange-and-green battles in spite of them.

On the day of the burning of the lilies John had been busy in the fields, and returned home for his supper without having heard a word of his daughter's felony on the property of Robert McLean. He was too tired to notice her flushed cheeks and his wife's unusual silence and gravity. After he had eaten his supper, he set his pipe lighting and took a seat at the open door to have a quiet smoke. Between the puffs of his enjoyment he said an occasional word to his wife and daughter. Mrs. Havern was knitting; and Kate was "readying up" the kitchen after the evening meal.

"I'll be makin' an early start in the mornin'," said John, presently. "I'm hopin' to get a good price for the heifer. She's lookin' well."

Kate began to tremble, so that the cup she was hanging on the dresser nearly fell from her hand.

"Why need you be going to-morrow, father dear?" she inquired.

"Why wouldn't I be goin', girl?" said Havern. "It's a question that's more to the point."

"I wouldn't say but what Kate is right," said Mrs. Havern, quietly. "It isn't a time of year to be on the roads more nor a body can help."

"It'll be a good market, and a quiet man like me needn't heed the time of year," said Havern. "Whisht! did ye ever hear the like of the noise they're makin' with them fools of dhrums?"

"It's not fools those drums are but devils," said Kate; "and it's mischief they're meaning, father. For God's sake, put the heifer off until Saturday week, or it's hard to say what may happen."

"Upon my word, then, a man has a nice pair of cowards for a wife and daughter!" said John Havern. "Did I ever shirk to meet the Orangemen yet, Molly, Havern, in the whole of the twenty-five years I'm married to you?"

"'Deed and you didn't!" said his wife. "Still and all maybe it would be time to begin. They're a bit uppishier than usual this Twel'th, I'm hearin'."

"They couldn't be no uppishier than they always were," rejoined Havern, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and standing up. "And I'm off to bed; for I haven't a dale of time afore me."

Kate came up and stood before him in the dusk of the summer evening. Her face looked frightened and penitent, and she had tears in her eyes.

"Father dear," she began, "I've got something to tell you. Maybe when you hear it you'll be for staying at home."

"Will I?" retorted Havern. "What in undher heaven's the matther with you, daughter?"

"Well, father, it's to my shame I have to say it, but I angered Robert McLean this evening, and the Orangemen are wild at me. I burned his orange lilies."

"Burned them!"

"I tore my armful out of his garden where he had them growing for the Twelfth, and I threw them out on the road and I made a bonfire of them."

"You foolish creature!" said Havern. "To go and anger them, and at such a time of year! But howsomever I have my heifer to sell, and bad scan to the bit I'll stay at home to mollify them!"

He turned and tramped away upstairs to his bed.

Kate burst into tears. While her mother was trying to comfort her another figure appeared in the open doorway, and her brother Tim came in.

"Hallo! Why, Kate!—is it crying you are?" he called out.

"O Tim, Tim, I've done some mischief! I've angered the Orangemen, and my father's going to market to-morrow."

"What is it you did?"

"I burned a lot of Robert McLean's lilies," said the girl.

Tim gave a wild shriek of delight. He clapped Kate on the shoulder and shouted, "Hurroo!"

"It's no laughing matter, Tim."

"Aye, but it is!" cried Tim. "I tell you it's the best fun I've heard this long time."

"But they'll be doing something to my father for it."

"Let them dare!" said Tim. "It's my father that'll be able for them!"

Then he, too, went off to bed, and Kate and her mother soon followed his example.

However, Kate could not sleep; and before daylight she was up and dressed and ready for the journey to Dungarron. Her father was eating his breakfast in the midsummer dawn when she stole down the stairs and stood beside him.

"Why, then, Kate, what are you on for so early?"

"I'm going with you in the cart, father, if you'll take me," replied Kate.

"I'm going to buy a few little things, out of the eggs you gave me leave to sell, you know."

"Aye, aye! Ribbons and thrumperies. But I thought you were afeard of the Orangemen this time of year, Kate?"

The girl turned away her head.

"I'm not afraid when I'm with you, father," she said. "And if they don't hurt you, they won't be minding me."

"Oh, well, I'm very glad your night's sleep has put the coward out of you!" said John Havern; and he rose up and went out to put the heifer into the cart.

As Kate took her seat beside him in front of the cart she did not tell him that her heart was trembling for fear, and that she was going to the market of Dungarron only to take care of him and see that no evil happened to him. She finished her own little affairs in the town early, and hung about her father all day, hoping to persuade him to come away with her long before dark. However, the stars were in the sky before John Havern took the reins in his hands and turned the pony's head toward home, the animal's feet seeming to keep time with the dull tum-tum, tum-tum of the drums that were still beating from the various Orange lodges around the country.

It was a lovely, still night; and half of the three-miles' journey having been accomplished, the road had become vacant of all travellers with the exception of John Havern and his daughter. Kate cast timid glances on every side, but her father flicked his whip lightly and laughed at her. The road lay now between green banks, with great flat fields stretching beyond them; and not a creature was to be seen under the clear starlight.

Suddenly a head was raised from behind the bank at one side of the road, and then from the other side, and two more, and half a dozen; and in the

twinkling of an eye a score of men leaped from the banks, stopped the horse, dragged Havern from the cart, shook him, knocked him about, and began beating him unmercifully with rods and whip-cord. Kate screamed and struggled to get down from the cart to her father's assistance; but was forcibly held while two of the band of assailants unyoked the horse from the cart and led him away down the road out of sight. Havern endured his beating without a word, being overpowered by numbers and scorning to ask for mercy; while all the time the drums in the distance kept up their tum-tum, tum-tum, not unlike the tom-tom of African savages.

There is no knowing how the beating of John Havern would have ended only that a loud "Hallo!" was heard from the fields and two or three figures were seen running toward the scene of the assault. Robert McLean bounded over the bank, swinging a stick right and left, and belaboring every one of the assaulters who did not quickly get out of his way.

"You infernal scoundrels, to beat a defenceless man!" he shouted. "Off with you! for if I were to see your faces, by heavens I'd have you up before the magistrate!"

A loud chorus of brutal laughter answered him.

"Much thanks you'd get! Aye, but you're a nice kind of an Orangeman! Is it Papist you're turning, man, for a Papist girl,—bad luck to her!"

But Robert's heavy stick began to swing again; and the ruffians, knowing they had done their work pretty well, began to move off and leave the ground to McLean. When they were all gone Robert said to the friend who had accompanied him to the rescue:

"Go off now, like a man, and bring back John Havern's horse that these rascals made away with; and be quick,

for a body would want to be at home after such a beating."

The messenger departed; and Robert stood beside Kate, who was bending distractedly over her unconscious father. Then, seeing that John had fainted, McLean went to a stream for some water and bathed the sufferer's face and hands; and, taking a small flask out of his pocket, poured some spirit down his throat. John revived after a time; and, with Kate's assistance, Robert got him settled in some straw in the cart. The cart was gently drawn to the side of the road. Kate leaned on the bank, herself in almost a fainting condition.

"Kate," began Robert, swallowing down something like a sob that rose in his throat,—“Kate, I had nothing to do with this. I swear to you I hadn't! I told them I didn't care a dump about the lilies. Let them go to blazes! It's too like the flames they are, anyhow. Kate, will you look round at me and say you believe what I'm saying to you?"

"I don't care who did it, it's done!" wailed Kate. "My father is murdered, and it's all my own fault."

"It's not your fault. It's mine at the first, for the matter of that. I threw that cursed lily into your door, so I did; but it never entered my head to think all that would come of it. I just thought I'd ruffle you up a bit to see that spark of fire that leaps up in your eyes. And it wasn't really to anger you, only that you look so pretty, Kate, when those big brown eyes of yours burst out into a flame. I give you my word and my oath and my hand that there was no harm at all in my mind in what I did, only just the very devilment that I'm telling you."

"Oh, what does it matter," sobbed Kate, "whether my eyes are horns of flame in my head or whether I have any eyes in me at all, at all! If I had been blind it would have been better; for

then I wouldn't have seen your orange lily on the kitchen floor, and I wouldn't have seen my way to your garden to burn your lilies. It's my father that's killed, and not I, that ought to be. And wouldn't I pluck the two eyes out of my head to see him well again?"

"You'll see him well again, Kate, and that without plucking out those pretty eyes of yours. And sure how could you see him if your eyes were gone, Kate? I tell you he isn't killed. The horse will be here in a minute or two, and we'll draw him home. And maybe he'll be as well as you and I by to-morrow."

"Oh, he's hurt, he's hurt!" moaned the girl. "And even if he isn't killed, he'll never be able to do work again."

"If he isn't, then I'll work for him," said Robert. "Kate, it's the truth that's coming out of me at last. I've been smothering it up for fear it wouldn't please you; and there's been a bar between us, but it isn't every bar that a man can't break down. I love you, Kate, this long while back; and I was putting it out of my head for fear that there could be no marriage between an Orangeman and a Papist. But there was a something in your eyes, Kate,—not this time of year, when the drums are beating and the lilies are blowing—but sometimes in the spring when the primroses would be over the banks, and the fields would be white with the daisies,—there was a glint in your eye then, Kate, that seemed to say, 'I could love you, Robert McLean, if you weren't such a devil of an Orangeman, and I wasn't such a'—well, I'll say 'angel of a Papist.'"

"Why, I never said any such thing!" answered Kate, indignantly.

"Not your tongue, darling, only those soft brown eyes of yours. Maybe you didn't know what they were saying; but, at all events, they said no harm. And I tell you what it is, Kate, if those

eyes of yours said true, I'll have you yet for my wife in spite of either the Pope or King William!"

"It couldn't be done," protested the girl, softly. "Neither the Pope nor King William would be minding us at all, but we'd be tearing each other's eyes out every Twelfth."

"Indeed and we wouldn't!" returned Robert. "We've got enough of that. And even if we did, we'd be kissing and making friends again on the thirteenth."

"I wouldn't marry any man to be fighting with him," said Kate. "But, oh, what are we talking about? A nice pair we'd be, and we daren't do it. To think I'd ever go over from my father's sick-bed to join hands with the Orangemen that murdered him! Oh, no! Go off with you, Robert McLean, and leave me here with my father till the horse comes for him. Holy Mother, will they bring it back at all? Maybe it's part of your Orange plot to keep me here talking to me till my father dies, and no horse coming to look for him!"

"O Kate," said McLean, "you know right well you don't believe a word of what you're saying, and you don't expect me to believe it either!"

And Robert seized her little hand and held it fast. As he did so an idea flitted through his mind, quite new to his thought,—an impression that the words, "Holy Mother," came very sweetly and softly out of the girl's mouth. If this was the whole of Papistry, it would be easy enough to get on with it. And, after all, what was the worst of it only brass money and wooden shoes? And, for the matter of that, Kate's shoes were as good leather as his own; and any few halfpence she got by her hens were silver and copper like anybody's else. Wasn't it nonsense to be raking the fires of hell because a man went to one church on Sunday and another man's daughter went to another?

Kate struggled to get her hand free again. She was terrified at the delay in conveying her father home and was bewildered with fears for his life. While she was weeping and struggling a man appeared leading the missing horse, and the cart was soon proceeding on its way,—Kate walking on one side of it and Robert McLean on the other.

Mrs. Havern was watching at the door, in an agony of fear,—not having heard anything of what had happened, but knowing by the non-appearance of her husband and daughter that they had probably been attacked on the road. John Havern was carried into his house, and a doctor, who had been sent for by McLean, was speedily with him. The doctor's verdict was that Havern had suffered a severe shock and some serious injuries, but there was reason to hope that they would not prove fatal.

Robert lingered about the house till the doctor came out, and met him with an anxious question.

"I'm an Orangeman myself," he said; "but I wouldn't have a hand in work like this."

"Aye, Orangemen are great fellows!" said the doctor. "And we doctors ought not to quarrel with your magistrates. For if they put down such doings, it would take a good many cases out of our hands. I am an Orangeman too, or how could I get leave to live?"

And he sprang on his horse and said "Good-morning!" for the July sunrise was already flooding the sky and fields with gold.

Up at Williamson Mills the mill-owner and his sister and their guest were in the garden. Breakfast was over, and the little party were ready to depart for morning church. A note was carried through the flower-beds by a servant and put in Mr. Williamson's hand.

"Oh, McLean again! Really! And on

Sunday, too! I suppose I must see him."

"Anything more about my little friend Kate?" inquired Diana. Miss Harbottle was looking charming in a white dress with black ribbons and a hat composed of pink roses.

"Let us hope not!" snapped Miss Lydia, who was attired in a sour-colored silk and a straw bonnet with scanty trimmings, which added to the severity of her naturally severe outlines.

When McLean appeared, something in his aspect caused surprise to his employer. The man seemed changed somehow. What the deuce was it?

"I came to tell you, sir," said McLean, "that a shameful thing occurred last night. John Havern, a very respectable man, small farmer, was taken from his cart between this and Dungarron, and was beaten near to death before his daughter's face."

"Havern? Havern? Is he a friend of yours, McLean?"

"He wasn't,—not a bit of it. But, by King William, I'd make a friend of him now for the very shame's sake."

"An Orangeman, I presume? These Papists must get a lesson."

"Savages!" snarled Miss Williamson.

"Havern's a Catholic, sir, and he was beaten by the men of our lodge. I can point you out half a dozen of them."

"Ahem! Indeed! Perhaps this Havern deserved his beating?"

"Not a bit of it, sir! He's as quiet and peaceable a good neighbor as is in the county. It all came of that burning of the orange lilies—"

"I thought it was going to be about Kate!" murmured Miss Harbottle.

"I see," said Mr. Williamson. "It was merely revenge for an outrage."

"A cursed, cowardly act for a girl's bit of mischief!" said McLean.

"Well, McLean, I can't see the matter exactly in the same light in which it

appears to you. If Papists commit these wanton felonies, I don't see how they can expect to meet with no retaliation. Has the doctor been to see Havern? Is he very badly hurt?"

"Not more than he deserves to be," said Miss Lydia. "A man who could rear such a daughter deserves what he has got."

"The doctor has seen him," replied McLean. "He has got a severe shock,—very dangerous for a man of his age; and he has several internal bruises that it is hard to give an opinion about."

"Well, McLean, what do you expect me to do?"

"You're a magistrate, sir. You know yourself what you would do if Havern were an Orangeman and had been ill-used by the Papists."

"Upon my word, I can't see that the one case has any bearing on the other," said Williamson.

"My bull has gored your Worship's cow," murmured Diana, reflectively.

"Excuse me!—but what were you saying?" asked Williamson, sweetly.

"I was only quoting from an old poet," responded the young girl, with equal sweetness. "There was a mistake about the injury to a cow. I remember another line:

'Mine was the bull, sir; yours the cow.'

A mere difference in the application of possessive pronouns," Diana went on, "created an awkwardness."

Williamson stared, and Lydia walked on, throwing back her head and clasping her prayer-book with both hands.

"I hope you are not going to be late for church!" she called back to her brother and guest.

"And of all days on the Twelfth of July!" exclaimed Diana.

The party for church moved on; and Robert McLean walked away, with his hands in his pockets.

At Sundown.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

DEAR Lord, great Master of the slope and crest,
How sweet at last to stand within Thy west!
And, free from the freedom of our wills at last,
How sweet to rest us sweetly in Thy rest!

Gone now the raptured mornings of our morn;
Gone the bright noons all that saw our noontide
born?

Dead almost the eve that sees our evening die,
Adorning all it shall never more adorn.

Gone the pain of pain, gone the tear and sigh;
All the silent dreams must now in silence die.

What matters now the drying stream of Thought?
The stream of Life itself is still and dry.

Long past the splendid wayside of the way;
Near spent the glowing daylight of the day.

O Master of the travelled slope and crest,
What is it now that bids us trust and pray?

Is it Thy nearness bids the turmoil cease?
O peaceful God, Thou art Eternal Peace!

Is this growing nearness to Thy nearing bliss—
The rumor that foretells our care's surcease?

Faint grows man's babble in his praise of man,
The erstwhile planner has forgot his plan;

Only the sundown and its peace seem real,—
Unreal all calmness since its calm began.

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.

XV.

YARMOUTH is the Queenstown of Nova Scotia. Not that there is any physical likeness between the splendid Irish port so broad and deep, and the vast muddy flats through which we have been meandering until the steamer leans exhausted against a huge wooden wharf; but it is the great port of entry and exit for the peninsula. Two lines of steamers communicate daily with Boston. It is here that during summer the Dominion Atlantic Railway line daily gathers up fresh hordes of tourists,

to drop them at any of the hundred charming and refreshing sites of interest or rest that Nova Scotia offers. Hence they return, bronzed and strengthened, to their allotted labors, thankful for even a holiday contact with Nature in one of her loveliest shrines. Hither, too, come the sturdy sons of the peninsula and her fair daughters, impelled by need or an adventurous spirit, to seek the modern goods of life in the "Land of the Dollar."

What a motley crowd this September evening, amid the miscellaneous freight scattered along the wooden slips! Men and women of the more comfortable classes, fashionably clad, mingle with the awkward boys from many a peninsula or New Brunswick farm, or with the youthful women of those Cape Breton Gaels that Cozzens has so humorously caricatured in his inimitable sketch of Nova Scotian life and habits. Pleasure and Poverty jostle each other good-humoredly; for are not both bound for that happy region where there is yet room for every newcomer at the inexhaustible public feast, and where the highest prizes of life are yet within the grasp of any hands that are strong, shrewd, daring, fortunate? Happy land, to which thy own children bring back untravelled hearts, and to which the children of the stranger bring yearly their living tribute of pure blood, strong muscle, clear and simple minds, and youthful, elastic hearts!

An indescribable pungent odor of salt fish fills the air. On every side is the Sign of Piscis. Long sheds, ancient and weather-beaten, attest the toothsome harvests that are gathered from the neighboring seas. This is the home of Yarmouth "bloaters" and of Digby "chickens," the Kingdom of the Fish. Its fleets have been as welcome in many an Old World port as that of Jason when he brought home the Golden Fleece. Time was when the ships of Yarmouth

rivalled those of Boston and New York, as the fleets of Amalfi the galleys of Byzantium. The circumstances of our New World do not permit us to compare such a hive of active commerce with an Old World town like Bruges, where erst the traveller could see

Lombard and Venetian merchants, with deep laden
argosies;

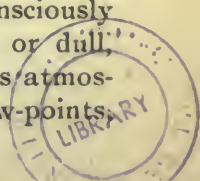
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal
pomp and ease.

Nevertheless, all the virtues that made possible Bruges and Venice and Lisbon, that created the Hanseatic merchant-cities, and that lifted Europe from the choking embrace of feudalism, have flourished here. This little town of less than ten thousand souls has shown all the pushful qualities that make commercial greatness, and, almost alone, put into deeds the caustic advice of the Sage of Windsor. Perhaps there is something in the Yankee origin of the first settlers and the subsequent unbroken supply from the sands of Cape Cod and the granite wastes of Cape Ann. Be it remembered to their credit that in the Revolution they begged to be allowed the privilege of neutrals, as did the peaceful Germans of Lunenburg, both being willing to trade with the angry belligerents for ready cash or equal consideration. Miss Wilkins or Miss Jewett might find here many a suggestion for a volume of "Old Yankee Days" that would put us hopelessly in their debt. As it is, the long and loosely-linked Main Street of the town has a New-England air about it, and Hawthorne would not be out of place amid the surroundings of the Custom House. The patronymics are genuine Puritan; even the cemeteries show the ear-marks of an original Calvinism, though I did not read anything so irreverent as the epitaph of a Gloucester captain, of whom it was said:

He's done a-catching cod,
And gone to meet his God.

The Catholic church is a handsome edifice of brick, and is located in the midst of an extensive plot, or lawn, kept with exquisite care, and fenced with the tall green hedges that are distinctive of Yarmouth, where the prevailing sea-fogs create the moisture needed for the various scrub of spruce and box and evergreen. The large and hospitable presbytery is not easily surpassed even in a prosperous New England town; and the Catholic population of some fifteen hundred souls is zealously cared for by a priest whose courtesy and affable ways make him almost as dear to the non-Catholic population as to his own. Many of the latter are Acadians; for we are now on the borders of St. Mary's Bay and Argyle Bay, the second home of that sorely harassed race of the faithful.

Is there not something beyond the ken of pure reason in the influence of a good priest upon a small and mixed community, especially when he is a man of suitable culture, and gifted with a heart full of fine and delicate sympathies with the scarcely confessed, but real, needs of those numerous modern souls who have lost their spiritual reckoning on the sea of agnosticism? What romancer will seize on this *motif*, and do for the ineffable influences of an ideal priesthood what the author of "Robert Elsmere" has done for the ephemeral cult of a suicidal criticism? Do we not too often merit the reproach of that half-Christian Seneca, "*Scholæ non vitæ vivimus*"? Is not the lovely shell of the temple too often our sole care,—its lands and revenues, its winsome pomp, its ravishing majesty, its trumpet note of universality and eternity? Every age, every land, every phase of human society, has its own subtle tendencies, ideals, limitations; and unconsciously it loves or hates, is responsive or dull, along these lines. These make its atmosphere, elevate or depress its view-points.



give relief to certain arguments, or appeals, or channels of solicitation.

To the original Jewish Christians Our Lord appealed as closing the line of prophecy and fulfilling the Law and the promises. To the Hellene, another line of thought led up to the acceptance of the Cross,—the immensity of divine love, the depth and passion of divine self-sacrifice, the perfection of moral beauty that was made known by the Divine Sufferer. The Jew knew the blanching sorrow of hope deferred, the agony of expectation; he felt but imperfectly the gripping and mordant *Weltschmerz* that the refinement of ethical thought-processes and the exhaustion of life's pleasures had nourished in the Græco-Roman heart. In the depths of the Catacombs is an inscription that reads:

DIONYSIUS, PRIEST AND PHYSICIAN.

This is truly the priestly office: he is the healer of souls. Out of the mass of vague and uncertain references to the priest's office in the earliest decades of the Christian life, this function stands forth in clear relief. Preaching, instruction, example, the "power of healing," an absolute mildness, blamelessness; devotion to the weak, the needy, the *déclassés* of the world,—such is the portrait of the priest drawn for us by one of the oldest Christian documents we have—the lately-discovered "Testament of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Now, is there any abandonment like that of men and women who have lost or are losing the sense of Christian faith? The institutions of life and society are what we make them, not fixed like the motions of the stars and the seas. Hence the value, for our Christian views of life and the world, of men steeped in the spirit of Jesus Christ, trained from youth to care for the soul and its interests, freed from the depressing and hemming cares of the domestic circle, and devoted to widening the limits of the Kingdom of Heaven,

and the spread of a living and durable enthusiasm for its ideals and its benefits. Unfortunately, not everyone seizes with accuracy and with sorrow the ravages of heresy and infidelity in the domain of the heart; how they blind and harden and prejudice, and oppose to the arguments of Catholic truth quadruple walls of separation, that can be removed only by appeals to the very hearts they guard. How charity-laden are these lines of George Meredith:

Judge mildly the tasked world; and disinclose
To brand it; for it bears a heavy pack!

Cherish the promise of its good intents,
And warn it not one instinct to efface
Till reason ripens for the vacant place.

I have always found a deep instructive pathos in the lovely tale entitled "Losses," written by Frances Brown, the somewhat forgotten "Blind Poetess of Donegal." It presents a band of pilgrims resting by the sea-shore, and whiling away the time by a recital of their past griefs and sorrows:

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me.

Alas! these pilgrims said,
For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss.

On a low, jutting point across the dreary acres of red sludge, whose shame and horror the merciful tides hide temporarily, is a public park that the enterprise of the citizens keeps in excellent order. Those interested in the early discoveries of America may do well to visit it; for they will see there a facsimile of the famous Yarmouth Stone, on which peninsular and other investigators base their contention that the American land first discovered by the Northmen was Nova Scotia, and precisely this

harbor of Yarmouth. The stone was discovered, according to Mr. Brown, the historian of the county, at the head of the harbor. It is an inscribed rock, the inscription being apparently in runes, and is interpreted as a monument of the presence here, in 1007, of the Scandinavian sea-rover, Thorfinn Karlsefne. If all this be true, then Massachusetts and Rhode Island must give up the brilliant theory of Professor Hosford. Who knows but some day relics may be unearthed of that "Escotiland," or "Estotiland," that old Niccolò Zeno of Venice claimed to have found, which was smaller than Iceland and had forests of vast extent? "The inhabitants lived in towns and villages, built and sailed small boats, ... traded with Greenland, sowed corn and made beer." Mr. Payne thinks this is Newfoundland.*

Is it not rather the Land of the "Scoti," a not unlikely name to be chosen for it by men in the employ of the Earl of Orkney and Lord of Roslyn, and who had themselves sojourned in the Faroe islands and perhaps in Iceland? All these islands, it is well known, were first made known to the European mainland by Irish monks. They were, besides, the first inhabitants of Iceland, where the ninth-century Dicuil, Abbot of Clonmacnoise, tells us they lived in 795, and where the earliest Northmen who peopled Iceland from Ireland, a century later, found their books, staves, and bells.†

Is it not likely that some day the Irish discoveries of America will meet with that tardy recognition now vouchsafed to the Scandinavian theory? In the meantime I recommend to the reader the numerous curious researches lately published in the "Muséon" of the

University of Louvain. The legends of the Irish Brendan and Malo kept alive the belief in a western world through the Middle Ages; nowhere more than in the seaports of England, like Bristol, whence ships sailed for the "Insula Sancti Brendani" before Columbus got his carvels out of Palos; and where the great hill outside the town was called the Mount of St. Brendan, as though to keep alive the memory of the old sailor-monk. May not Brendan himself and his imitators have taken over from the Druid corporations, turned monks *en masse*, their valuable knowledge of geography? On that day the learned author of "Brendaniana" may add a final chapter to his useful book.*

* Cæsar says of the Druids that they taught many things concerning the size of the world and the countries it contained. He implies, of course, that their knowledge was not common to the Greeks and Romans. "*Multa . . . de mundi ac terrarum magnitudine . . . tradunt.*" B. G., vi, 14. Pomponius Mela, his contemporary, adds (Bk. iii, c. 2) that they knew the outlines of these strange lands. "*Hi terræ mundique magnitudinem et formam, motus celi ac siderum . . . profitentur.*" We know from Jonas' life of Saint Columbanus that the latter carried with him a map of the known world. Perhaps, in the course of his curious relations with Gaulish mercenaries, Alexander the Great conceived the idea of sailing westward to the ends of the earth, that Lucan ascribes to him in the *Pharsalia* (X. 36, 39):

Isset in oceanus, mundi devexa secutus,
Amblasetque polos.

In the "Religion des Gaulois" of M. Alex. Bertrand (Paris, 1897) there is a very curious and suggestive essay on the transformation of the Druidic teaching-guilds into Christian monastic bodies. Mr. Alfred Nutt has collected in his "Irish Other-World" many interesting stories of the pagan days of the Irish that point to a knowledge of westward lands.

(To be continued.)

THE image of Mary the Mother of God, whether graven exteriorly or, still better, inwardly impressed upon our imaginations and hearts, is something which, once known, for our soul's health we can never consent to forego.

—Joseph Rickaby, S. J.

* "History of the New World called America," vol. i, p. 87.

† Dicuil, *De Mensura Orbis Terræ*. Ed. Parthey. Berlin, 1873.

Our Lady's Little Girl.

"MY dear Mrs. Champney, I am very glad to see you this morning!" said Mrs. Ross, as her friend entered the shaded library where she was sitting.

"You look worried. Is anything the matter?" answered Mrs. Champney, as she seated herself beside her.

"Yes, I am worried," was the reply. "Yesterday we received a letter from Mary's father saying that he had married again—a widow with a great deal of money,—and telling us to send her to him at once."

"The child that you have cared for since babyhood as though she had been your own, for whom he has seldom inquired, and toward whom he has never shown any affection!" exclaimed Mrs. Champney, indignantly. "Surely you will not comply with his request, Mrs. Ross!"

"We must," rejoined her friend. "He did not abandon her: it was at our solicitation that he left her with us. And I feel that it is only a question of time before he will return her to us again; but in that time what mistakes may have been committed, what lessons unlearned! I think it no harm to tell you that he is nothing more than an adventurer, who married my sister for her money. When that was gone he cared little for her or his child."

"He is not a Catholic?"

"No indeed. He is, on the contrary, a man who believes in nothing; and he will do his best, both by word and example, to instil his own sentiments into Mary's little heart."

"She is so sweet and innocent!" said Mrs. Champney. "That will be a hard thing to do."

"Yes, but she has the impressionable heart of a child," answered Mrs. Ross, vainly striving to repress her tears.

"And she is still so young—only seven. Besides, from all we have heard, the woman her father has married is very much like himself. Poor little Mary! I fear she has a hard future before her."

For a time Mrs. Ross wept silently. At length she said:

"We have not told her yet; we do not know how to do it."

"She is dedicated to Our Lady," said her friend. "Why not pray fervently to her that something may intervene?"

"Oh, I have prayed!" was the reply. "But I am afraid my faith is not strong in this case; for I find myself utterly without hope."

After some further conversation, Mrs. Champney took her departure. A few moments later a little girl crept softly from the hammock which was hung on the shaded porch, in front of the room where the ladies had been sitting. She was about seven years old, of fair complexion, with a profusion of silky, golden curls; her physique was slight and delicate, with a peculiar spiritual expression of the eye which is supposed, and not without reason, to presage an early death. The sensitive lips were trembling; tears hung on the long dark lashes. She stole on tiptoe across the porch and down the steps, and along the gravelled path leading from the doorway to the terraced garden. But once free from observation, she began to run swiftly in and out among the numerous parterres of flowers. Soon leaving these behind, she disappeared in a grove of trees, at the other end of which she paused before a statue of the Blessed Virgin enshrined within the heart of a decaying oak, in front of which were placed a couple of vases of flowers, and a vase of red Bohemian glass filled with oil, in which a taper was dimly burning. Here the child knelt for some moments, her sweet eyes uplifted, her tiny hands clasped, her whole delicate

frame quivering with emotion. She was pouring out her innocent heart at the feet of her who has never been invoked in vain, and who will not fail to come to the aid of her child now in this first hour of bitterness and distress.

"Mary! Mary!" called a gentle voice.

The child started to her feet, and in a moment had seized her aunt's hand.

"Auntie!" she broke out impulsively, "I was in the hammock; I heard you talking to Mrs. Champney,—I couldn't help it. And when she went away I came down here and prayed so hard! O auntie, I don't want to leave you and Uncle Edward!—I *don't* want to!"

Mrs. Ross could not speak for a few moments. Finally she said:

"My darling, we can not keep you from your father: we can only hope and pray that you may soon be restored to us again."

"When must I go?" sobbed the child.

"In a couple of weeks, I suppose. They will be settled in their new home by that time."

"Is it far away?"

"At Mertonville,—about a hundred miles from here."

"A hundred miles, auntie! Can't I ever see you then?"

"Not often, I am afraid."

They walked on for a little while in silence.

"Aunt Emma," said the child at last, "can't we do *anything*?"

"Mary darling, I would be willing to sacrifice a great deal to keep you; but it seems impossible."

"That means to give up something you like very much, doesn't it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "That is what it means."

They clung close to each other, walking up and down the pathways until the bell rang for luncheon. It was a very sorrowful pair that made a pretence

that day of eating their midday meal.

Mr. Ross was absent from home, and that night aunt and niece retired early. Mary did not close her eyes, but lay looking up at the ceiling. The door between her aunt's room and her own was slightly ajar. After a time she knew by her regular breathing that she was asleep. Then the child put on her dressing-gown and slippers, and, taking a pin-tray of Japanese china from the dresser and a pair of scissors from the drawer, went out of the room and down the stairs as noiselessly as possible.

About two o'clock in the morning a sudden gust of wind awakened Mrs. Ross; a clap of thunder followed. She rose hastily, closed her windows and went into Mary's room. The child was greatly afraid of a storm, and her aunt wondered that she had not already called her. She approached Mary's bed, but she was not there. Alarmed, she went from room to room; but no trace of the little girl could be found. The servants were called. Meanwhile the storm broke forth with great fury. The slamming of the front door, which had been locked when the household retired, betrayed the fact that some one had opened it.

"The darling went abroad in her sleep, ma'am," said Margaret, the cook. "Go you, Jim, and take the lantern and search for her."

"She never got up in her sleep before," said Mrs. Ross. "It is impossible that she should have gone out. Oh, what if some one has taken her away!"

Jim was the coachman—Margaret's husband. He was gone almost as soon as his wife had spoken.

"Thunder and lightning and wind! Was there ever the like of it known!" cried Margaret, as the crashing of trees was heard in the grove. "And maybe the darling under it all,—which the good God forbid!"

The storm, though terrible, was short-lived. Half an hour had passed when Jim returned, bearing a dripping burden on his shoulder. It was little Mary, numbed and unconscious; dressed only in her thin white night robe, her naked feet purple with cold. Jim had found her at the end of the grove. All attempts to revive her were futile. The doctor was sent for; he sat beside her for long hours, only to see her pass from a state of coma to a raging fever. The little girl recognized no one, but would address all those about her in the same fashion:

"You won't send me away, will you? You won't send me away! She will not let you do it. I've given her what I liked best of all. I am Our Lady's little girl. She will not let you do it."

And so it went on for three sorrowful days, until the poor little frame could battle with death no longer; and in the twilight of a warm May evening the tender Mother in whom she so deeply trusted bore her away to Paradise.

A fortnight later Mrs. Ross was walking in the garden with her friend, Mrs. Champney, when they came upon the neglected shrine. The flowers were withered in the vases, and between them, on the Japanese pin-tray, lay two long golden curls.

"Ah, me!—ah, me!" cried the desolate woman, as she gazed upon them. "Now I know what my darling meant in her ravings. That day I had told her that *sacrifice* meant the giving up what one loved best. And now I see it all. Lying awake that night, she resolved to cut off a couple of the curls of which she was so proud, and to lay them as an offering before the Blessed Virgin, with that pretty Japanese plate which she liked better than anything she owned. At last I understand it all."

"And here," added Mrs. Champney, stooping to pick up something from the ground,— "here are her little scissors

with the gilt handles. With them she cut off those pretty curls. I am going to keep them forever."

Reverently, as though they had been holy objects, they lifted the offering the child had placed before the image of the Blessed Virgin. Sacred they would be henceforth to those who loved her; precious mementos of "Our Lady's little girl," as well as a sweet reminder of the singular protection which Mary ever extends over those who serve her and who commit themselves to her maternal care.

The Bees of the Hermitage.

A LEGEND AFTER CANTIPRATI.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

HE sat wrapped in meditation, his long white hair and beard uncovered in the blazing sun. Not a sound could be heard in the desolate gorge but the buzzing of the bees in the hive beside his hermit's cell. The heat penetrating his tattered habit gave his poor bones a sense of luxury. From the corners of his little garden the flowers of the poppy stretched out their great wounds to him; while a fat frog sat and watched him on a rock beside his sluggish spring.

"Beautiful, beautiful is day!" the hermit murmured,— "beautiful, O God, as all the works of Thy hands! But for me, alas! there is but penance and sorrow."

He dragged his bent frame into the recesses of his cell and cast himself before his crucifix. Steadily came the buzzing of the bees through the doorway, like a ceaseless litany echoed from the vast multitudes in some haunted shrine of Corinth; till at length the hermit ceased his psalms to murmur: "Hark, how they still praise their God! They are

worthy: they have not known the ingratitude of sin!"

Suddenly down the mountain-pass came the clatter of hoofs and voices. The air glittered with spears and jewels, and a voice cried out: "Wilt thou not come forth, brother, and bless us?" It was the lord bishop and his brother the king. They knelt in the dust, trailing their purple velvets and samites before him.

"We are come from the chase, good brother, and would ask thy prayers," continued the lord bishop. "Of late our city has been desecrated, and the sacred Host been taken from our basilica by unknown hands, with the gems and sacred vessels. Thy prayers can ward off the penalty from our people."

The hermit stooped to kiss the bishop's consecrated hands, when again was heard the chanting of the bees. The princes and their suite paused to listen.

"Of late they have done this," explained the hermit, "seven times each day and night; and at such times none comes forth from the hive."

"Prithee, my lords," solemnly interposed a stern doctor, "did not our fathers in the desert marvel greatly at the wisdom of the bees? They do know your hand, good hermit?"

"Yes," said the king. "Open the hive that we may learn what is the meaning of this marvel."

The hermit raised the top from the hive, and suddenly, with a loud cry that startled the falcons, fell upon his knees, clasping his hands in rapture. The doctor, hastening nearer, cried, "A miracle! A miracle!" and bowed down before the hive in tears; for there, on a paten of white wax, lay the missing Host of the basilica!

There, while the whole company bent in the dust and the great sun blazed down on their silence, the sacristan murmured to himself: "And the sacred vessels—?"

The Nightingale and the Rose.

THE legendary love of the nightingale for the garden's queen has inspired many poets, ancient and modern. A curious bit of Persian folk-lore declares that whenever a rose is plucked, its friend the nightingale utters a plaintive cry. One poet of old has related how all the birds appeared before Solomon and declared that they were unable to sleep owing to the sorrowful songs of the nightingale; and that the bird's defence was that he loved the rose, and suffered when mortals plucked it to adorn their banquets. "I was dumb," he said, "until I saw the rose. She taught me to sing." Another tradition is to the effect that the nightingale can not sing unless he presses a thorn close against his breast.

God's nightingales have ever learned to sing
Pressing their bosoms to some secret thorn.

There are several stories related as to the origin of the rose. A damsel, says one of them, was "blamed with wrong" and condemned to the stake; but, being innocent, she suffered no harm; for the burning brands became red roses, and those which had not ignited were turned to roses as white as snow. "And these were the first roses, both red and white, that any man ever sought." From that time the rose was the flower of martyrs.

THOSE who object to mysteries in religion, whether natural or revealed, object to religion's belonging to the infinite, or else to man's being permitted to have any dealings with the infinite. The finite intelligence is, of course, not able to *comprehend* in its fulness the infinite. Is it, then, an injury to man that he is raised high enough to *apprehend*, at least in a fragmentary way, such portions of it as are nearest to him and most needful?—*Aubrey de Vere*.

Notes and Remarks.

The cry for co-education of the sexes in colleges and universities is each year becoming feebler. It has been given a fair trial in the secular and sectarian institutions, more especially in the Western States; and the public is now treated to the amusing spectacle of whole troops of dignified educators stealthily backing down from a position to which they had marched with a great blare of trumpets. At Harvard there has been but a diluted form of co-education—a woman's college entirely distinct from the University proper, but under the tutelage of the Harvard professors. Yet this homeopathic mixture of femininity seems to be threatening the welfare of the institution; for Professor Barrett Wendell has publicly said that even the Harvard teachers who lecture at Radcliffe College are beginning to suffer from fatty degeneration of the intellect,—“cerebro-spinal feminitis,” the Professor calls it. Catholic educators have always consistently opposed the system of co-education,—not merely on the grounds suggested by Professor Wendell, it is true; but as they read the doleful report of the experimentalists who have impetuously rushed into a position from which they can not in many instances retire at all, our professors will take comfort from the thought that they, too, were not led into the paths of danger. One of the advantages of being “old-fashioned” is that you don't have to give up so many fads.

In a remarkably well-reasoned article in the *Catholic University Bulletin*, the Rev. Dr. Fox calls attention to a fact which has often been commented on by Catholic writers, and has even elicited expressions of astonishment from

eminent Protestants. It is the fact that Protestantism has never gained an inch of ground from Catholicity beyond what it obtained in the original upheaval of the Reformation. “When a Catholic renounces his belief in the Real Presence,” said Macaulay, “it is a thousand to one that he renounces his belief in the Gospel too; and when reaction takes place, with the belief in the Gospel comes back belief in the Real Presence.” And Lecky bears practically the same testimony: “Whatever is lost of Catholicism is gained by Rationalism; wherever the spirit of Rationalism recedes, the spirit of Catholicism advances.” A good illustration of Lecky's remark is afforded by the example of the Latin countries, where Rationalism is just at present in favor, but where Protestantism has never been able to secure a foothold, try it ever so hard. The French, for example, are too logical to be satisfied with any half-way house between The Church and No church. An ambassador at Washington, who told a Protestant lady that he had once been a Catholic, was asked to which of the Protestant sects he now belonged. His reply was more acute than courteous: “Ah, Madam! I have lost my faith, but I have not lost my reason!”

“Material civilization” and “progress” are often confounded in these expansive and imperialistic days. But they are not synonymous. In his delicious essay on the “Scientific Basis of Optimism,” Mr. W. H. Mallock says:

Not only need material civilization indicate no progress in the lot of the race at large, but it may well be doubted if it really adds to the happiness of that part of the race who receive the fullest fruits of it. It is difficult in one sense to deny that express trains and Cunard steamships are improvements on mail coaches or wretched little sailing boats like the *Mayflower*. But are the public in trains happier than the public who went in coaches? Is there more peace or hope in the hearts of the men who go from New York to

Liverpool in six days than there was in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers? No doubt we who have been brought up amongst modern appliances should be made miserable for the time if they were suddenly taken away from us. But to say this is a very different thing from saying that we are happier with them than we should have been if we had never had them. A man would be miserable who, being fat and fifty, had to button himself into the waistcoat which he wore when he had a waist and was nineteen. But this does not prove that a large-sized waistcoat makes his middle age a happier time than his youth.

Advancing civilization creates wants and it supplies wants; it creates habits and it ministers to habits; but it is not always exhilarating us with fresh surprises of pleasure. Suppose, however, we grant that up to a certain point the increase of material wants, together with the means of meeting them, does add to happiness, it is perfectly evident that there is a point where this result ceases. A workman who dines daily off beefsteak and beer may be happier than one whose dinner is water and black bread; but a man whose dinner is ten different dishes need not be happier than the man who puts up with four. There is a certain point, therefore—not an absolute point, but a relative point,—beyond which advances in material civilization are not progress any longer—not even supposing all classes to have a proportionate share in it. Accordingly, the fact that inventions multiply, that commerce extends, that distances are annihilated, that country gentlemen have big battues, that farmers keep fine hunters, that their daughters despise butter-making, and that even agricultural laborers have pink window-blinds, is not in itself any proof of general progress. Progress is a tendency not to an extreme, but to a mean.

Nothing could be more gratifying than the account which Bishop Fallize, Vicar-Apostolic of Norway, gives of the friendly disposition of the Norwegians toward the Church. "We meet with the greatest favor and encouragement from the authorities here," writes the Bishop. Recently Mgr. Fallize found, on returning from a journey, that a measure unwittingly offensive to Catholics was about to be enacted by the second chamber of the Storting. The measure had reference to the practice of cremation, and had been declared satisfactory by authorities of the Established Church; but it was a wound to the Catholic conscience. A courteous letter from Bishop Fallize

explaining that the Church forbade her children to countenance cremation was received with the greatest respect by the Storting, and the action previously taken was rescinded. "The same spirit reigns with regard to school questions," says Mgr. Fallize; and he gives these details:

Catholic schools enjoy perfect liberty, and where they are established they enjoy exemption from the public school-tax. According to an ancient law, charitable societies, still under the presidency of the Protestant minister, were empowered to place destitute children in various homes where they might be brought up as Protestants; a special committee also had the right of sending Catholic foundlings either into Protestant homes or public institutions. I applied to the Storting for a modification of this law, and found the government disposed to accede to all my demands. I may appear a little too enthusiastic at times when speaking of our kind Norwegian fellow-countrymen; how could it be otherwise in the face of such a liberal spirit and so much goodness of heart!

It is possible that the Catholic idea of education may yet win its way into the favor even of those who have hitherto seemed most hostile to it. Speaking before an influential audience in New York the other day, Dr. Lyman Abbott made a strong plea for religious exercises in the public schools. "If Catholic children do not wish to take part in these general exercises," said he, "they should be allowed to have services of their own." And President Harper, of Chicago University, is quoted in the *Lutheran Quarterly* as having said:

It is difficult to prophesy what the result of our present method of educating the youth will be in fifty years. We are training the mind in our public schools, but the moral side in the child's nature is almost entirely neglected. The Catholic Church insists on remedying this manifest evil, but our Protestant churches seem to ignore it entirely.

Every week one reads in the magazines the "reasons" why the Protestant churches are failing. It is significant that these wails are never heard from the Lutheran body, which alone among Protestants supports its own religious schools. When the preachers realize—

they are dull-witted, most of them,—that empty pews and gaping conventicles are the legitimate result of the “unsectarian” education dealt out by the present school system, there will be a mighty howl against secularism in the schools. Dr. Lyman Abbott represents the polite form of agnosticism, the president of the “Kerosine University” represents the opposite pole of Baptist doctrine, and between them are innumerable sects; yet each of these schools of religious opinion has, at different times and through authoritative spokesmen, admitted the Catholic contention that godless schools produce godless pupils.

The Protestant missionary naturally feels called upon to translate his version of the Bible into the languages and dialects of the people among whom his lot is cast. This is his first work, his energy in performing it being stimulated by his faith in the Scriptures as the infallible word of God. But the attitude toward the Bible of many ministers who labor in mission fields at home is very different,—an attitude, as the *New York Sun* points out, of criticism rather than of faith, and is akin to the intellectual opposition with which the missionaries have to deal, in Oriental countries more especially. “If this criticism is correct,” says our metropolitan contemporary, “the self-denying labor expended in making those hundreds of translations of the Bible has been inspired by delusion, and the Book has been put before countries not Christian on an assumption which is false. Nor is it possible to keep from the more intelligent of these ‘heathen’ the knowledge that scholarship in Christendom itself rejects the authority and doubts the authenticity of the Bible put before them by the missionaries as the absolute word of God. Already, in these days of rapid

communication, that knowledge has extended to India, China, and Japan; and it will become more and more general.”

This is the formidable obstacle now in the way of Protestant missionaries among the heathen. It is to be hoped that the Ecumenical Conference on Missions will decide to abandon all spiritual campaigns abroad for the present, and try to revive faith in the Book at home.

The anti-clericalism of the officials of the French Republic could hardly go to greater lengths than it does. There is something respectable about an American’s or an Englishman’s hostility to the Church; a Frenchman’s opposition is petty, spiteful, as malicious as intensity can make it. An official of the Republic at Taupont has been deprived of his tobacco-shop (in France tobacco is a monopoly of the government) because he persisted in going to Mass and has two sons studying for the priesthood. He was told that ‘the government did not pay him to provide priests.’ Such instances of petty persecution are of constant occurrence. No wonder Catholics in France do not favor the Republic. The principles of the French government are well enough, but they are for show to the rest of the world. No Frenchman can abide ridicule. When the leaders of the French Republic do something that will set the world laughing at them, then they will alter their course. At present the acts of the Ministry excite contempt rather than amusement.

What is probably the last echo of the long-protracted but useless fight in favor of the Catholic Indian schools was heard when Senator Jones, of Arkansas, proposed that the Senate should empower the Secretary of the Interior to make contracts with the Catholic schools

at places where the government has not provided schools of its own. Senators Jones, Carter and Vest, as usual, pleaded for the Catholic schools; while Senators Thurston, Lodge and Gallinger opposed the new measure. "The A. P. A. and the cowards who are afraid of it" supplied Senator Vest with a theme for his fine oratorical power. Mr. Vest said:

In the Black Feet Reservation in Montana there are 400 children, and there is not a dollar to give them an hour's instruction. And that is the result of the teaching of the professors of the religion of Christ in the Protestant church. I repudiate it. I would be ashamed of myself if I did not. And if it were to be the last accent I ever uttered in public life, I would still denounce that narrow-minded and unworthy policy, based upon religious bigotry. Every dollar that you give to these day [secular] schools might just as well be thrown into the Potomac River under a ton of lead. You are making no more impression upon the Indian children with your day-schools than if you should take that money and burn it and expect the smoke, by some mystic process, to bring them from idolatry and degradation to Christianity and civilization.

The measure was lost, in spite of the strenuous efforts of these good men and true. Even Senator Jones' argument that the Catholic schools would save the Government large sums of money every year proved powerless. It is pretty evident that the people of the United States want their bigotry and are willing to pay for it.

As a welcome corroboration of our own views upon the sad end of Dr. Mivart, we may quote these words from a sketch contributed to the *London Daily Chronicle* by a friend who knew the deceased scientist well: "His friends were aware of the failure and alienation that had played havoc with the sentiments, the convictions, and the habits of a long lifetime." The writer adds that Dr. Mivart's nearest friends attached far less importance to his deplorable articles than those who had to read them without knowing the author's physical and mental condition.

Notable New Books.

St. Francis of Sales. By A. De Margerie. Duckworth & Co.; Benziger Brothers.

This latest volume of the admirable series of lives of saints under the general editorship of M. Henri Joly and adapted for English readers by the Rev. Father Tyrrell, S. J., will be especially welcome because St. Francis of Sales belongs to the school of modern saints, and his spirit is so well suited to those who have to mingle with the world. In many of the saints of earlier ages there was an inevitable narrowing of the spiritual energies on account of strict avoidance of all unnecessary intercourse with others. "The most Christlike of saints," as the gentle Bishop of Annecy has been called, marks a new stage of growth in the conception of Christian sanctity. His present biographer says truly that his "was a character that kept unerring time and tune, and in which there were no exaggerated developments of particular virtues to the crowding out of others. His gentleness did not prejudice his strength, nor his patience and affability his zeal, nor his simplicity his prudence. Virtues that seem of their very nature to be mutually exclusive met in his character as distinctive features in a harmonious whole, and were mutually productive." (p. 52.)

In his preface to this volume, Father Tyrrell observes that "grace is to nature very much what light is to stained glass or to some jewelled ornament: it lends a supernatural lustre to whatever natural transparency and beauty it finds there already." In the case of St. Francis de Sales there were many natural graces for the grace of God to act upon, and he is well described as a remarkable example of the sanctification of a soul naturally beautiful. Sanctity did not make him different from what he was, but the best he could be. His parents were of distinguished birth, and he was brought up under the refining influences of a model Christian home. His education and cultivation were the highest and the best that the age afforded. He was a gentleman, and a gentleman saint was added to the calendar by his canonization.

The present biography comprises seven chapters, the first and longest of which is an outline portrait of the Saint; then follow chapters entitled the Secret of Sanctity, the Writer, Doctrine, Preaching, Correspondence and Direction; St. Jane Frances de Chantal—Foundation of the Visitation. Father Tyrrell's preface is what might be

expected of one so enlightened, and the book is well translated.

May this life of the sanest of saints find many readers, and God grant that it may awaken interest in his neglected writings! High indeed is his rank among "those doctors of internal prayer and spiritual reality whose voices are drowned in the clatter of our modern formalism and jingling devotions."

A Month's Meditations. By Cardinal Wiseman. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

In this excellently printed and durably bound volume—printed for reading by lamp-light and bound like a book intended for constant use—there are thirty-one meditations from manuscript by the late Cardinal Wiseman, now for the first time published. To those who would cultivate the habit of mental prayer these simple words of the great Archbishop of Westminster will be very helpful. Each meditation concludes with persuasive affections and resolutions. Some time ago we had occasion to notice a prayer-book intended for elderly people; besides being carefully selected and arranged, it was printed from large, clear type, well suited to eyes that have grown dim. Here is a meditation book of the same description.

Anything from the pen of Cardinal Wiseman is welcome, and needs no further recommendation than the mere statement of its source; however, to show how well calculated these meditations are to foster a spirit of personal piety, we quote these lines from the meditation on devotion to our Blessed Lady:

A devotion truly tender and affectionate will not be confined to ordinary formulas of prayer, such as are prescribed for all, but will find many other ways of making itself known, both in words and actions. It is indeed a peculiar beauty of Catholic piety that it engages all the best feelings of the heart on its side. Hence all those simple and innocent methods which the prejudices of sectaries so loudly condemn, and the censorious austerity of even some Catholics will not approve, whereby the inhabitants of Catholic countries demonstrate their love of the Blessed Virgin. If we entertain a tender piety for her, we shall not hesitate which side to choose; and, while a holy prudence will guard us from all danger of shocking or scandalizing the weak, we shall heartily join in that exuberance of feeling which nourishes the devotion of the simple faithful. We shall feel a delight in those devotions which some despise as fit only for the ignorant and rude,—in the frequent use of the Rosary, for instance, which the Church so much encourages; in those hymns and exclamations of devout enthusiasm which the multitudes shout forth in times of pilgrimage; in those appropriations of days and seasons to her special homage. We shall rejoice when one of her festivals comes round, as we should upon the occurrence of a family feast; and we shall be filled with joy at those exhibitions of gladness

which the Church then sets before us. Not only shall we take part in the common ardor, but our hearts will be excited thereby to a most fervent love of her in whose honor so much is done. We shall feel that it is for one that belongs to us that such love is entertained; we shall in our hearts congratulate her, and sincerely desire that such devotion may become still more general.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. By Blossius. Translated from the Latin by Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O. P. Art & Book Co.

Ludovicus Blossius—or, to use the French form of his name, Louis de Blois—was a holy and learned Benedictine abbot who lived through the troublous years of the early Reformation. The book now translated by Father Wilberforce was written for the author's own use, "in an unpolished and inelegant style," as he says with characteristic modesty. In reality, it is one of the great masterpieces of mystical theology, as those know who have been able to read it in the original Latin. The steps by which the soul rises to the most perfect union with God are explained in sentences of simple majesty and of honeyed sweetness; and the ascetic life is enforced upon the reader with such winning reasonableness as to make it an ideal book of spiritual reading for priests and religious. Father Wilberforce's fear that much of the unctuous and delectable quality of Blossius would disappear in his translation was entirely unfounded; rarely if ever has a spiritual writer been rendered into English in a manner so entirely satisfying. A word of cordial gratitude is due to the translator also for the instructive preface, in which he discusses Blossius, defends him from the imputation of Quietism, and explains for the uninitiated some of the commonest terms of ascetic and mystical phraseology. The publishers have given the book an appropriate and attractive dress.

The People of Our Parish. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. Marlier, Callanan & Co.

Almost every aspect of Catholic life is taken up and discussed by the debating club whose dicta constitute the body of this book; and, as in most conversations in real life, many of the sayings are wise and a few are—otherwise. Parish priests, we fancy, will be immensely pleased with the tone and quality of these discussions as a whole; for most of the difficulties, annoyances and abuses against which our devoted clergy are obliged to contend in season and out of season are treated with vigor, point, sarcasm, and often with very hard logic. There is some plain-speaking on themes that are not usually taken up in ordinary books,

and the introduction of speakers of diverse temperaments and characters permits the ventilation of nearly all possible views of a subject; but we believe that no one will be offended and most people will be greatly helped by the frankness of the talkers. The chapters on "Boarding-School and College" and "Catholic Literature" seem to us the least conclusive in the volume. Here, for instance, is a paragraph from the latter:

"One has to pay for what is worth having, and the Catholic editor is no exception," said Marian. "The average editor has not learned this truth, and probably will not so long as he can get tons of junk—some of it is very good junk, with bits of gold showing here and there—for what he chooses to pay. Now, I received for my first article in the *Blank Magazine*—if you will pardon the intrusion of the personal pronoun,—when I was absolutely unknown, a larger check than I received for my last one; and the first check was sent on acceptance of the manuscript, and the last one not until the article had been published. The latter check was so ridiculously small, for an article that had cost some trouble to write, that I was on the point of returning it to the editor, when Professor Goodheart—I happened to be in Washington at the time—coaxed me out of this bit of folly, and told me that he was paid at precisely the same rate for his best work in the magazine. This mollified my wounded vanity. The editor has the writer by the throat, so to speak; and if one does not care to accept his terms, there are hundreds of others who are glad to do so."

There has been entirely too much of 'this sort of senseless criticism, implying that publishers deliberately stand in the way of their own success. The speaker took herself and Professor Goodheart of Washington much too seriously; and surely the recent failure of the Harpers and Appletons, who, we are allowed to infer, would have paid these writers fabulous prices for their work, ought to inspire a little toleration for the Catholic publisher who refuses to go into bankruptcy. And the serene assurance with which the speaker assumes her own superiority over the "junk" people is deliciously naïve. This, however, is a trifle; and we have to thank the author for the great store of wise and helpful views afforded by this readable volume.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. Translated from the German by Mary Frances Drew. Burns & Oates.

Nearly twenty years ago Miss Drew afforded us the first English rendering of the famous miracle-play which the peasants of the little Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau enact each decade. With admirable timeliness—for the Passion Play is to be reproduced again this year,—she has now prepared a new edition, to which is added a translation, in rhyming metre, of the choruses

published in German in 1890. Those who have witnessed the rendition of this devotional drama by the pious peasants of Bavaria will be glad to have this souvenir of it; to thousands of others who have never seen it, or to whom German is an unknown tongue, Miss Drew's version will be most welcome. Nothing could be more simple than this Passion Play; and, as it is enacted, nothing could be more solemnly impressive; for the peasant-actors have never considered their interpretation of it a worthy one, and have religiously striven to perfect it from decade to decade. Large numbers of pilgrims are drawn to Ober-Ammergau to witness each representation. But, as Miss Drew observes, "the simple-minded players have never cared for the world's wonder or admiration: their acting was sacrificial; it was an oblation poured out of all that was best in their lives or their talents in gratitude for divine mercy." This English version of the play deserves a place in every Catholic library.

Essays, Educational and Historic. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. O'Shea & Co.

This collection of essays should be welcome to all students of history; for they embody much information that the ordinary historian fails to give his readers. The papers are reprinted from the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the *Irish Monthly*, and the *New Orleans Daily Item*; and we are glad that they have been put into convenient book-form, for they should be easy of access in all libraries. In a bright, simple style the author discusses such questions as "Education in Louisiana in French Colonial Days," "When Brigham Young was King," "The Nine Days' Queen," "The Battle of the Boyne," and "Mary of Modena and the Jacobites."

The Duchess of York's Page. By Mrs. William Maude. R. and T. Washbourne.

This story for the young folk is a welcome addition to the historical tales suitable for their library shelf. The scene is set in England during the sad life of Mary of Modena; and her page Gabriel, whose adventures are set forth, will win every reader's heart. There is a special charm in the introduction of the Venerable Père de la Columbière, and in the relation between the English Queen and the devotion to the Sacred Heart, with which the teacher and guide of the young page and the confessor to the Queen was so closely connected. The book is most attractively bound and is dedicated to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York.



A May Carol of the Sixteenth Century.

BRIGHT are the showers and blithe the bowers,

For Spring has halted here;
Through tender grass our footsteps pass.
Across the brooklet clear
We hasten all at one soft call
That biddeth us to pray,
Where celandine decks Mary's shrine,—
Our blessed Queen of May!

The little birds, with rhymèd words,
Make tremulous the air,
And zephyrs fleet do stir their feet
All through the forest fair.
Our lessons o'er, we haste once more
Along the shaded way,—
Around thy feet thy lambs do bleat.
Sweet Shepherdess of May!

Gaily we throng with happy song
This altar fair to seek,
Where Mary stands with folded hands,
And face so pure and meek.
Well doth she heed, well doth she read
Each blithe young heart to-day,—
With eyes serene, our woodland Queen,
Our Lady of the May!

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.—MYLES MAKES A FRIEND.

MYLES made it a duty to take the Third Avenue car every day. It was not for several mornings, however, that he came upon his old gentleman, looking more prosperous and more benevolent than ever in his brown fur-trimmed overcoat, with irreproachable beaver hat, and carrying a gold-headed cane. Myles made his way to him at once, standing before him and endeavoring to

attract his attention. At first the old gentleman was engaged in conversation with his neighbor, and did not seem to perceive the boy.

Myles waited patiently and modestly. He knew how far the gentleman was going, and so did not feel alarmed lest he should escape him. Their talk was of the money market, of stocks, of the presidential election, of the commercial outlook. The fellow-passenger alighted, just as Myles was beginning to fear that he might be going farther up-town than his old gentleman. For even that slow-moving vehicle must reach Prince Street at last. The gentleman's eyes, now roving round, lighted suddenly upon the earnest countenance of Myles, who was evidently striving to attract his attention; and, having rested them a moment there, he remembered.

"Good-morning, my lad!" he said, making room for Myles in the vacant place which the fellow-passenger had vacated.

"Good-morning, sir!" returned Myles, seating himself. "I have been trying to see you almost every day this week."

"Oh, indeed!" said the old gentleman, half-amused at this proof of interest on the part of the boy, and perhaps with a half suspicion that the lad might have been hoping to have his fare paid again. This base thought on the part of this old gentleman never disturbed Myles' honest mind; he was too full of the duty he had to perform, and too much afraid that Prince Street might come before he had fulfilled it. He even resolved that if it did come he would get out there too, and detain his benefactor long enough for explanations. The walk from there to De La Salle would be a short one.

"I want to explain," said Myles. "I want to give you back five cents."

"Give me back five cents!" exclaimed the astonished old gentleman. "Oh, no indeed, my lad! That car-fare was not on the basis of a loan."

"But it's because I found a nickel in my trousers' pocket stuck with taffy," blurted out Myles. "I had told the conductor I had none, and then you paid my fare, and the money was there all the time. I thought it was almost like cheating you. So I brought the nickel, and here it is."

The old gentleman looked at the coin and then at the boy. His first impulse was to refuse the former and to laugh at the whole incident. But on second thought he accepted the payment.

"My boy, you have done right," he said, gravely; "and I respect you for it,—I respect you for it."

There was a soft dimness about his gold-rimmed glasses. This old gentleman had walked the world for threescore and ten years, and he knew that a sensitive honesty like this was rarer than jewels and of more priceless value to its possessor. They were at Prince Street now, so the old gentleman had barely time to say:

"I want to know more of you. Come some afternoon after school hours. I am usually at home then. Come to this address."

He gave the boy a card on which he had hastily scribbled a street and a number. Myles took it, thanking his new friend, and promising that he would certainly visit him before long. After the old gentleman had disappeared into Prince Street, Myles read the address on the card: "95 East Broadway."

The boy recognized the number with awe. It was, he knew, one of the great brick mansions, with white door and broad silver door-plate, which were still the glory of the seventh ward, and

inhabited by old-fashioned people of high social station. To Myles these dwellings had always seemed synonymous with all that was wealthy and respectable and aristocratic. He was not a little elated by the invitation he had received; and was, moreover, much relieved that he got the five cents off his conscience. So at the corner of Second Street he hopped off the car and went whistling the whole length of the block, swinging his books about by the end of the strap which enclosed them. It did not occur to him that he had done anything remarkable, and he was somewhat surprised that the old gentleman should have said he respected him for giving back the nickel, to which he felt that he had no right.

At school that day his behavior was irreproachable. Myles and his mischief were not referred to even once by the teacher; and before leaving he had a confidential chat with Brother Jasper, who expatiated on the advantages to Myles himself and to the institute if he would always behave as he had done that day, and put aside his mischief with the toys of babyhood. Myles fully concurred in this opinion; and Brother Jasper, with whom he was a great favorite, reported the conversation to another teacher, as being a most hopeful sign. But that Brother had been so frequent a sufferer that he was sceptical as to this sudden conversion.

"It's born in him," he said, gloomily; "he must be at some mischief. And the worst of it is, you know, he sets the whole class going."

"Come now," said Brother Jasper. "It's a very harmless kind of mischief. Myles never tells an untruth: he's as straightforward a boy as I ever came across. He's never rude or impertinent; he's attentive to his prayers—"

"Yes, when he doesn't get laughing," interrupted the teacher.

"Oh, that's a boy's natural vivacity!" said the apologist. "And he's always sorry himself; for he's really a good, pious lad, and a good scholar too."

"One of our very best. And how he does stir up the dunces!" laughed the Brother. "But sometimes his measures in that direction are rather drastic."

In the afternoon of that eventful day Myles confided to Katie that he had been invited to go to one of the big houses round the corner, which they had always so much admired. Katie was awe-stricken, and felt rather glad that she had not to call there; but she said nothing of this to Myles. The boy declared that he would not go too soon,—that he didn't want to seem "pushy." He suggested that they might walk round, however, and inspect the premises. To this Katie cordially agreed, and they set out together.

The house before which they stopped, and on which they read the number 95, was one of the largest of these large mansions; and its door-plate simply shone like the sun, and bore the inscription, "Robert Chichester," which was identical with that upon the card. The inquiring pair looked up at the imposing four stories, and down into the area, surrounded with massive iron railings; they counted the steps leading up to the door, which were very broad, and respectfully regarded the lace curtains and other draperies which shut out the light of day from the windows; then they turned to go home again, much impressed by all they saw.

"I guess I won't go round till about the end of the week," reflected Myles.

"Won't you feel afraid when you go up the steps and ring that silver bell?" asked Katie.

"I don't think so," said Myles; adding after a pause: "I'm not afraid of the old gentleman inside, but I might be of the man that opens the door."

"Is it a man?" inquired Katie, still more delighted that she had not to face so trying an ordeal.

Her brother nodded in answer to her question.

"I saw him once when I passed there," he said. "He's a ducky and he was chasing boys off the sidewalk."

Katie went into the house, when they reached there, to get her hoop; for the sidewalk was "as clean as a new pin." This was an expression which she had picked up from old Susan, and she found it very convenient indeed. Myles, taking leave of her, went off to find some of "the fellows"; notably Ben Morris, who was his particular chum, and who shared many of the honors with him at De La Salle Academy.

(To be continued.)

The Heart of an Indian Girl.

It may never have occurred to you that children of another race are like yourselves, and do not fancy being stared at with wondering curiosity, as if they were wild animals held in captivity at the "Zoo." In a current number of a certain magazine a young Indian girl lets us take a peep into her heart, and tells us how she suffered when first she made her little journeys in the world.

She was taken from her Dakota home and sent far away to school. On the way the throngs of white faces scared her and made her angry and resentful. The strange, pale children, unreprieved by any one, pointed at her moccasined feet, until, although an Indian, she was almost ready to cry. When she arrived at her school, matters were even worse. The eyes that at night had known only the firelight and the starlight were now almost put out by the dazzling artificial blaze; the ears that had heard on the soft ground only the footsteps of bare or softly clothed feet were now assailed

by the clatter of shoes on a wooden floor; and the stern Indian reserve was shocked by the familiar caresses of the teachers. Losing her dignity, the tiny red girl began to weep aloud. They put her at a table and told her to eat; but she only cried, "I want my mother!"

Her amazement at everything was great. She saw some wooden boxes in the hall and was told that they were a stairway. Up that stairway she climbed, so tired and sleepy that, even in a hated civilized bed, she very soon forgot her misery in dreams of the sweet old life in the land a thousand miles toward the setting sun. The tears dried on her cheeks as best they could, for there was no mother to drive them away.

We feel a strange sympathy as we read how she rebelled against the rules; how she struggled when they replaced her soft moccasins with noisy shoes; how they tore the blanket from her shoulders and cut off her long black hair. The cruelty of that shearing will strike you when you consider that with her people prisoners taken in war were thus despoiled of their locks, and only cowards wore shingled hair. The poor little girl hid under a bed; but her well-meaning guardians found her and set the cold scissors gnawing at her thick braids. After that she felt, she says, only like one of many little animals driven by a herder.

When set to mashing turnips, she deliberately broke the jar which held them; and when meal-time came and no turnips were served, she "whooped in her heart." Ah! she was a naughty little maid, this Zitkala-Sa.

She goes on to tell us of the loud bell that awoke her every morning to begin a pale-face day; of the "civilizing machine" that early began to buzz; and how she "trudged in the day's harness, heavy-footed, like a dumb, sick brute."

After three years of the Eastern school

she went back again to the dear Dakota prairies, and there she spent four summers. They were not happy ones. She felt that she was neither a child nor a woman; neither a blanket Indian nor a civilized one. Her people did not sympathize with her. She could not settle down to the new pale-face ways that she had been taught, and the old free Indian life was impossible. One day she drove her brother's pony in a mad chase with a coyote, and for a little while forgot her troubles. She could not go to the social gatherings, for she was not old enough; and, besides that, she had thrown away her shoes.

One night, when a gay crowd of her friends passed on their way to some merry-making forbidden to her, she wept bitterly, just like a little white girl; until her poor mother, not able to endure the sight of her misery, went out on the hills to wail where the bones of her warrior kindred lay. That poor Indian mother! She had, she felt, lost this child, whom she could neither help nor understand.

There was no longer comfort in the prairies for Zitkala-Sa, and she was rejoiced to ride again on the iron horse that took her back to the school which she both liked and dreaded. Here the Indian traits came to the surface once more, and she took with her a little charm, begged slyly of a medicine-man. It was intended to gain her friends, but in that it failed. Poor, friendless little Indian maid!

After another three years she found that she had learned to love the white man's ways, and she wished to take a college course; but her mother said, "No." Perhaps she thought sadly of those wailings on the barren hills. Then Zitkala-Sa disobeyed her and stayed with the "frozen hearts."

One day she learned that she had a great gift—the gift of eloquent speech,—

and bore away the prizes from the white orators who tried to excel her. But she could not forget that those who cheered her had shown no friendliness in the days when she seemed to fail. "I walked alone with the night to my own little room," she says. It is sad to know that some ruffians in the school made a cruel picture of her and called her "squaw." Then she thought of her dearly loved mother. Ah, Zitkala-Sa! a mother is a mother, although she be a poor blanketed Indian woman; and we are glad you forgot your success and remembered her.

One can not help but feel that all these heartaches were unnecessary. Little girls are not taught to try to forget their mothers in the Indian schools over which the gentle Sisters rule.

A Tree that Earns Its Living.

It is hard to imagine how the natives of the Philippine Islands would get on without the cocoa-palm tree. There are several species of this tree, but the most important is the ordinary one—that from which we get the cocoa-nut of commerce. The kernel of the nut is food and the liquid is drink. Often the juice, mixed with sugar, is made into bonbons, which are much in demand. The husk makes a very fine quality of rope, or is sometimes used for calking boats; and from the woody shells the islanders carve cups, spoons, and often rosary beads. The leaves of the tree make very good thatched roofs, being thick as well as light. They, however, burn readily, and it is no small matter to put out a fire when it once gets started in a Philippine village. The fine veins of the leaves are made into brooms, while the refuse portions serve as fuel. Even the ashes are saved, and, with the proper fats added, make excellent soap.

The living trunk of the tree is made to support the houses, the leaves above doing for shade; and barrels of every sort are constructed from the palm lumber after the tree has fallen. The roots yield a certain red dye, much prized; and from the nuts quantities of oil are extracted. The natives use this oil to anoint their thick hair, or they burn it in their lamps.

At Cock-Crow.

Among the ancient customs of England was one which was called "crowing the hour" at certain seasons of the year. The one who performed this singular task was dignified by the name of "The King's Crower." The practice was kept up until the accession of the House of Hanover. It is said that the Prince of Wales, afterward George II., felt greatly insulted when a man entered his room proclaiming, with sounds that resembled the shrill piping of a cock, that it was ten o'clock and that all was well.

It was formerly a common thing to see the figure of a cock perched upon the cross that surmounted a church steeple. There are various theories to account for what seems to us a singular practice. Some affirm that it had its origin in the fact that this bird is the emblem of watchfulness, on account of its tireless watch for the dawn; others say that its connection with St. Peter gives it its proud place. "With the blessed St. Peter seek and obtain mercy; this doth the cock set aloft remind you," so reads an old manuscript.

Among the ancient superstitions of England was the belief that all evil spirits that had been abroad returned to their proper places at the crowing of the cock; which may have some connection with the tradition that our Blessed Lord was born at that hour.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The popular English critic, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, says rather neatly that the honors of song, like the honors of war, are to-day with Ireland. "While it would be invidious and indeed impossible to award the palm among these writers [of the new Irish School]," says the *Bookman*, "one has no hesitation in saying that the best work has been done by the religious, writing of religion. Some of Miss Tynan's religious poetry is exceedingly rich in color and fragrance."

—If book-lovers are as sensitive as poets, they have much to suffer. The treatment often given to precious old books is something to make a bibliophile shed tears. They are used for wrappers, for pueking, for pulp, even to start fires by persons who deserve a roasting themselves. Packets coming from the Old World are sometimes wrapped in stray leaves of old books worth ten times as much as the packets themselves. A few years ago the Custom House officials attached to the New York post-office seized a mutilated copy of the "Tragedies of John Delfino," a fine old quarto volume, which had been mutilated so as to enable the owner to smuggle a headdress the duty on which would have been less than one hundred cents.

—Compilers of anthologies in honor of the Blessed Virgin could find many a gem among the writings of contemporary non-Catholic authors. We should give a high rank to this sonnet by Edith Wharton, on a Madonna by Botticelli:

What strange presentiment, O Mother, lies
On thy waste brow and sadly folded lips,
Forefeeling the Light's terrible eclipse
On Calvary, as if love made thee wise,
And thou couldst read in those dear Infant eyes
The sorrow that beneath their smiling sleeps,
And guess what bitter tears a mother weeps
When the cross darkens her unclouded skies?

Sad Lady, if some mother, passing thee,
Should feel a throb of thy foreboding pain,
And think, "My child at home clings so to me,
With the same smile . . . and yet in vain, in vain,
Since even this Jesus died on Calvary," —
Say to her then: "He also rose again."

—We have already referred to the quincennial celebration of the birth of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, which is to be opened in the city of Mainz, Germany, on the 24th prox. The chief feature of the celebration will be an exhibit of the materials and instruments of printing—paper, types, molds, presses, and printed products of the "art preservative" from its beginning to the present day. For Catholics the celebration should

have special interest. The two hundredth anniversary of the invention was enthusiastically celebrated at Leipsic in 1640; and in an extant report of the occasion we are told that the printers of that city "waited even to the end" of a long sermon magnifying the art of printing and exhorting the hearers to thank God heartily for it. Every well-informed persons know that the earliest of "block-books" was the "Biblia Pauperum," or Bible for the poor,—a series of biblical pictures, with short explanatory texts. This had been popular as a manuscript for several centuries, though many prejudiced writers will have it that the Bible was a comparatively unknown book until the Rev. Martin Luther appeared. Gutenberg is supposed to have been buried in the Church of St. Francis at Mainz.

—Among the treasures of the Connecticut State library is a black-letter Latin dictionary of the year 1477. This book is one of many proofs that the reproaches heaped upon the monks of the Middle Ages for alleged ignorance and idleness are undeserved. A brief eulogy of their selfless lives is to be found in Longfellow's "Hyperion." The gentle poet was too just and too scholarly to join in such reproaches. "In an age when books were few," writes Longfellow—"so few, so precious, that they were often chained to their oaken shelves with iron chains, like galley-slaves to their benches,—these men, with their laborious hands, copied upon parchment all the lore of the past, and transmitted it to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say that but for these monks not one line of the classics would have reached our day." Longfellow says further that the vast folios of St. Thomas of Aquin are sufficient to redeem all monasticism from the reproach of idleness.

—The *Bookman*, whose editor, Prof. Peck, of Columbia University, possesses one of the clearest and sanest minds discernible in the whole range of modern writing, has some words about the late Dr. Mivart which we quote, not because we have any desire to harp upon the momentary aberrations of a great man, but because they express the very best non-Catholic opinion regarding Dr. Mivart's deplorable articles. Among other things Prof. Peck says:

His letters to Cardinal Vaughan drew forth an immense amount of discussion, more particularly in this country. Their theological interest, to us at least, was nil; for Mivart's position was one that seems utterly untenable, in that he

appeared to wish to remain within the Catholic Church while refusing to accept its discipline. He claimed, indeed, the privileges of a spoiled child, and we can not feel any sympathy with him whatsoever. He was perfectly free to have left the Church if he found its restrictions galling, and he was equally free to have remained in it, and to have submitted his individual opinions to the ruling of those who officially interpret its fundamental dogmas. But what he seemed to wish was to remain a Catholic and at the same time to promulgate views which were antagonistic to true Catholicism. Furthermore, when he found that this was impossible, instead of withdrawing from the Church in a quiet, self-respecting way, he felt bound to make an absurd fuss about the matter, and to do a little public posing as a modern Galileo.

And as even Catholics were found to complain that Dr. Mivart was treated with some lack of considerateness in Cardinal Vaughan's letters, we gladly append this paragraph in which the editor of the *Bookman*, himself a model of urbanity, expresses a very different opinion:

What interests us in the correspondence with Cardinal Vaughan is the perfect way in which the letters of each of the two men reflect and reveal their personality. Those of the Cardinal are so genial, so urbane, so courteous in word and phrase, and so full of personal kindness and consideration as to be among the most charming that we have ever read. On the other hand, Mivart's replies were bumptious, pragmatical and aggressive to the verge of actual discourtesy; and in this way they form an effective contrast and a foil to the Cardinal's replies. The whole correspondence is worthy to be preserved and read as illustrating the difference in tone and temper between a cultivated and polished gentleman and a pugnacious pedant.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- St. Francis of Sales. *A. D. Margerie.* \$1.
 A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* \$1, net.
 The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.
 A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* \$1.10, net.
 The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maud.* 70 cts., net.
 Essays, Educational and Historic. *Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.25, net.

- Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.
 An Old Family. *Monsignor Selon.* \$3.50.
 Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., net.
 The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.
 The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1.50, net.
 Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.
 Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.
 The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.
 The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25
 Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.
 Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.
 Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3 50.
 The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.
 Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.
 My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
 The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.
 Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.
 The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.
 For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.
 The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.
 Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.
 A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.
 The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.
 Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.
 Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.
 Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.
 The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.
 New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.
 The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.
 The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.
 The Eve of the Reformation in Great Britain. *Francis Aidan Gasquet.* \$3.50.
 Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 19, 1900.

NO. 20.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Nature's Message.

BY VINCENT MCNABB, O. P.

O POET! whom the fair wide earth enthalls,
Thou seest the heart of things and yet art glad.
To me the world's one message as a sad
Low dirge played on keys silver-sweet recalls

Nights pain-distraught and death and funeral palls.
Low sings my heart, 'Woe! woe!' when spring
has clad

The hills with wedding green and gold. I add
Death-trappings to the high embattled walls,

Wherein is throned the day-old sun. Dark squalls
Of furious air are fraught with scarce more fear
Than flowerets gay to me or streamlets clear.
I know not Nature's speech. She mocking calls.

The blithe world spurns me—I a mortgaged heir
Whom parent's sin and self-made guilt impair.

Our Lady of the Pottery at Bruges.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR D. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

THE quaint old Flemish city of Bruges has much to interest the transatlantic tourist whose good fortune permits him to linger during delightful summer days in that ancient capital of West Flanders. The very aspect of the town completely satisfies that keen appetite for the strange, the picturesque, the foreign, by which, consciously or unwittingly, the American traveller in Europe is ever dominated. The multiplied canals upon which it is built, and the fifty-four bridges from

which the city takes its name, justify to a certain extent the appellation given to it by a patriotic Fleming of the Middle Ages—the Venice of the North. Memories of Longfellow throng upon the tourist as he visits the market-place where "stands the belfry old and brown"; and when first he hears the musical and solemn chimes, they seem to be repeating the poet's description of their ringing:

Like the psalms from some old cloister when the
nuns sang in the choir,
And the great bell tolled among them like the
chanting of a friar.

If, however, the visitor to Bruges be a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, one who delights in discovering new shrines whereat devotion to Mary glows with an ardor that has become intensified with the onward march of centuries, there is a chapel in the city that will interest him more than the famous belfry, the church of Notre Dame with its spire four hundred and forty-two feet in height, or the magnificent cathedral of St. Saviour. It is the chapel of the old Hospice of the Holy Ghost, containing the miraculous statue of Our Lady of the Pottery.

A new shrine this may be in the personal experience of the tourist; but, historically, it is the very reverse of new, as may be judged from the inscription: *Diva Virgo de Potteria Brugis ab anno 1009 miraculis clara*. ("Our Lady of the Pottery at Bruges, renowned for its miracles since 1009.") It is indeed the

most ancient miraculous Madonna of the Low Countries; and the knowledge that successive generations of children of Mary have knelt before it in petition and thanksgiving, throughout all the vicissitudes and changes of almost nine hundred years, can not but impress a character of exceptional earnestness upon the prayers one offers before this hallowed image.

Inquiry as to the origin and history of the statue results in our being referred to a booklet of some hundred pages, a French translation (1874) of a Flemish pamphlet (1864), which, in turn, is a revised and enlarged edition of an account published by Father Taisne, S. J., in 1666. There is a distinct charm in this little work of the pious Jesuit, and an occasional naïvete of expression that is at grateful variance with the Gradgrind matter-of-factness that so commonly prevails in our later day.

Writing two hundred and thirty-four years ago, in the year of the great fire in London, Father Taisne says, by way of preface: "You will tell me, friendly reader, that the many favors obtained by those who invoke the Blessed Virgin by the title of Our Lady of the Pottery are known far and wide; that the Blessed Virgin can, far better than we, spread the renown of her miraculous statue by simply allowing to speak for itself the eloquent voice of the prodigies wrought through her intercession; and that, in consequence, it is superfluous to take up our pen for the purpose of enumerating these wonders.

"It seems to us, however, eminently proper, and from every point of view worthy of a Christian pen, to gather all the details relative to this sweet devotion, to edit them and give them to the public. Is not this, in truth, the most natural means of increasing, as far as we may, the publicity of her favors and the fame of her venerable

image? Are we not thus co-operating in the work of spreading upon earth the glory of our Heavenly Queen?

"There are innumerable writers who devote their vigils to the publication of insipidities and stories, futile, worldly, dangerous even from more than one point of view; and this merely to charm the leisure of their readers or to furnish them with some sort of a pastime. How much worthier and more fitting is it to publish some interesting, useful and pious pages about the Holy Mother of God! What others do for the world and its vanities, let it be permitted to us to accomplish for God and His glorious Mother."

If the point contained in this last paragraph was well taken in 1666, it undoubtedly has still greater relevancy and appropriateness in 1900; and thus the apology of the seventeenth-century Jesuit may well serve as the *raison d'être* of the present sketch. Not that any excuse is needed for presenting to the readers of Our Lady's magazine an account of so venerable and, to American readers, so little known a shrine as that of which Father Taisne has given the history: aught that glorifies the Blessed Virgin is safe to enjoy her clients' appreciation.

From archiepiscopal and apostolic letters, from papal bulls and other old-time documents, it is apparent that from time immemorial the establishment at Bruges has borne the name of Hospital of the Holy Ghost and of Our Lady of the Pottery; although it has often been designated by some one of the following titles: Hospital of the Holy Ghost; Hospice of Our Lady of the Pottery; Hospital of Our Lady, called of the Pottery; Hospital for indigent old women; Hospice of the Holy Ghost; or simply Our Lady of the Pottery.

The significance of this last and most common title is due to the fact that

on the eastern bank of the Roya Canal there formerly resided a large number of potters, and their guild, or corporation, assisted at divine service in a chapel which occupied the very site of the present hospice for old women. Our author remarks, as to the name, that the Prophet Jeremiah* and the Apostle St. Paul† compare the world to a vast pottery, and God Himself to the workman whose intelligent hand moulds the soft earth and fashions the vessel. They remind man that, being formed of a handful of earth, it becomes him to be humble; that, remembering his origin, he should constantly submit to God,—should be in the hands of his Creator like clay in the hands of the potter. Mother of the Sovereign Arbiter of creation, Our Lady also exercises her empire over the destinies of those fragile vases which we call men. Let the name of Our Lady of the Pottery remind us that she is the support of our fragility, the refuge of sinners, and that she will give us of her strength in our efforts to become vases of election.

Mere antiquity gives to many objects a value quite disproportioned to their intrinsic worth. A piece of Roman money, a Pompeian vase of earthenware, a stone axe of the Mound Builders' age, are prized by the antiquarian not so much for their actual utility or beauty as for their ancientness. Apart, therefore, from any other claims to our respect possessed by Our Lady's statue at Bruges, its venerable age may surely enlist our attention and our reverence. How many thousands of generous sentiments its aspect has awakened in the hearts of men, and how repeatedly for long centuries has not God rewarded with signal favor the devotion to which that aspect gave birth!

While it is generally admitted that Our Lady of the Pottery is the oldest

miraculous image of the Low Countries, or the Seventeen United Provinces (as they were formerly called), nothing is more obscure than the origin of the statue. A very ancient tradition says that for a long time it stood in a grilled niche exposed to the veneration of the passers-by. The custom of placing statues of Our Lady in such niches, in the outer walls of public and private buildings, was a common one in all Catholic countries in the Middle Ages, and has not yet become obsolete. In Father Taisne's day there were, he assures us, about four hundred such statues in Flanders alone.

Be its origin what it may, the statue had been recounted miraculous for six and a half centuries when the learned Flemish Jesuit wrote its history. On this point he cites the historian Héribert Rossweyd, who writes in his "History of the Low Countries": "In the beginning of November, 1009, it pleased God to work prodigies and confer signal graces in response to the prayers of those who invoked Blessed Mary before one of her statues erected on the altar of Our Lady of the Pottery at Bruges. To the right of this altar may be seen many paintings representing the miraculous cures and other favors obtained through the intercession of the glorious Mother of God. Thereon are depicted wondrous cures of the paralytic and the blind; as well as the deliverance of those possessed by demons, and of travellers preserved from the most imminent perils. These extraordinary graces are still renewed in our day, as is proved by the most authentic testimony."

Originally, and for a longer period than can be accurately determined, the venerable statue remained exposed to the gaze of the faithful in this exterior niche, the strong iron grating of which preserved the image from any attempt at vandalism. Placed thus at the entrance

* Jer., xviii, 6.

† Rom., ix, 21.

of the chapel of the Pottery, the statue appeared to be inviting the passing crowd to place their confidence in Mary, to whom the Church applies the words: "Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits."* That the invitation was heeded and that the popular piety was rewarded by a multitude of heavenly favors was evident from the innumerable ex-votos which were hung up before the holy image. These testimonials of gratitude eventually became so numerous that it was found advisable to remove the statue to the interior of the chapel.

As is the case with the majority of Our Lady's older shrines, the course of centuries has witnessed the original modest structure replaced by edifices of increasing splendor and magnificence. Toward the end of the thirteenth century there was begun a church of Our Lady of the Pottery which took some seventy years for its construction. It was consecrated only in 1358. This church measured about one hundred feet in length by thirty-five in width. The main altar, of marble, was decorated by a canvas of the elder Van Oost, representing the Adoration of the Magi. In 1644 a rood-loft, or gallery, in black and white marble, was added. The loft rests on eight vari-colored marble pillars.

The right-hand nave of this church constitutes what is strictly speaking the chapel of Our Lady of the Pottery. Its dimensions are fifty-eight by thirty feet. Three arches supported on stone pillars give access thereto. It was completed in 1625, and was dedicated on the 10th of August of that year by the Bishop of Bruges, Denis Christophori. The first altar built for the chapel was a superb construction of sculptured oak, and was decorated with a fine painting of Our Lady's Assumption. In 1691 the oak altar was replaced by a still more hand-

some one of marble. In the same year the wooden niche above the painting that surmounted the altar was removed, and its place taken by a niche of black marble. From that date the miraculous statue has occupied this niche.

Our Lady of the Pottery stands on a terrestrial globe of white marble, with emblems of the four Evangelists and groups of angels, also of marble, surrounding her. The statue proper is of soft stone and is six feet in height. The Infant Jesus rests on the left arm of the Blessed Virgin, and has His right hand raised as if to bless the people, toward whom also the glance of the Madonna is directed. In 1666, when Father Taisne wrote of the shrine, Our Lady's robe was painted green; the color of the mantle, somewhat faded, appeared to have been blue; and the dress of the Babe was red.

The patent lack of harmony in these colors was, however, reprobated by later artists and critics; and in 1863 the statue was repainted with better taste. The Madonna's dress received a rose tint, her mantle became azure, and the dress of the Infant Jesus was painted pure white. While the statue presents nothing extraordinary to the view, it is incontestable that God has frequently wrought miracles to recompense the piety of the faithful who have made it the object of their reverence.

It is worthy of notice that the statue survived intact all the troubles and revolutions of the different centuries of its existence, even those of the sixteenth, a period so calamitous to shrines and images. More remarkable still is the fact that it remained unharmed during the French Revolution of 1789. Yet the statue bore a silver crown, and that in a church where the revolutionary forces, covetous of booty, circulated every day. In fact, the better to preserve the church of the Pottery, its administrators at this period converted it into a

* Eccl., xxiv, 26.

hospital and had it filled with patients.

It is interesting to note how our Madonna preserved her silver crown. Madame Descamps, superioress of the Hospice, had charged a servant, Pierre Pullinx, with the task of taking all the articles of silver from the church and placing them in safety, to avoid the pillagers. Pierre raised a ladder against the altar of the Blessed Virgin, mounted it, took the crown off the statue and descended. As he was about to remove the ladder, however, he thought better of his action, and, going up again, replaced the crown on the head of the Madonna. "Madam," said he to the superioress, on meeting her a little later, "the Blessed Virgin can take care of her crown a great deal better than any one else; so I have given it back to her." He was approved for the confidence he displayed, and the event showed that he had judged aright.

The limits of this paper exclude the feasibility of doing more than alluding in a general way to some of the well-attested miracles wrought through the intercession of Our Lady of the Pottery; although Father Taisne enumerates, with interesting details, a score or two of the more striking prodigies. They include cures of paralysis, small-pox, cancer, and other diseases; restoration of sight to the blind, preservation from imminent shipwreck, and signal favors of various other characters. An old register of the hospice contains the record of a number of these miraculous interventions of the supernatural. On one page is a vignette representing a large crowd of infirm and afflicted people praying before the statue; and beneath is this inscription:

"How numerous are those whom Mary has aided and consoled in all the trials of life—in sickness, adversity, and the loss of fortune! All ye Christians, then, invoke the Blessed Virgin. Come as pilgrims to the sanctuary of the

Pottery, where the help and comfort of the best of mothers await you."

The counsel is as opportune at present as in the olden day when it was penned by the faith-inspired Flemings; and as every May-shrine of Our Lady may well be considered miraculous in the spiritual prodigies effected before it, we may all during this beautiful month await exceptional favors from our Heavenly Queen, if only we are constant in chanting her praises and imploring her protection.

The Story of a Green Girl.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

IV.

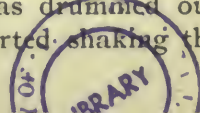


HE triumphant parade of Orangemen on that Twelfth of July was no way interfered with by the fact that a man beaten by them lay nigh unto death, while their drums were sounding and their lilies were flaunting. A worm of a Papist more or less in the world was matter of no consequence. Only one event was suffered to cloud the glory of the day for an hour or two; and that was the arraignment before his lodge and severe rebuke of Robert McLean, formerly an exemplary member, but who had openly sympathized with and given assistance to Papists.

The young man took the reprimand of his lodge with the sturdiness of the Cromwellian soldier whose blood was in his veins.

"You're a — cowardly lot!" he said. "And I don't care a dump for you. I angered the girl and she served me fairly; and you've taken the life of a man that had neither hand nor act nor part in the matter, I dare you to do anything to me! I'm ashamed to belong to you."

After that Robert was drummed out of the lodge, and departed shaking the



very dust off his feet, and breathing denunciation of unmanly tyranny.

Meanwhile John Havern lay in his house in a deplorable state, and his stricken wife and remorseful daughter were in devoted attendance on him.

His son came in, gave one glance of grief and wrath at his father's suffering face, and then beckoned to his sister to follow him out of the house.

"I want you to know what's going to happen," said Tim. "There's a lot of us going out to-night to beat the Orangemen. They'll be marching back from Dungarron with their flags, their drums and their lilies; and I'm taking the gun with me, and, by the heavens, if I don't shoot Robert McLean!"

Kate cried out as if he had stabbed her with a knife.

"Oh, no! you won't—you won't! You dare not be so wicked. And Robert McLean had neither act nor part in the doing. It was he that saved my father's life and brought him home."

"You're a nice kind of a girl to be standing up for a rascally Orangeman and he after killing your father!" said Tim, wrathfully. "I suppose it's true what they say, that you have a sneaking kindness for him. But you needn't be telling such big lies and your father's life in the balance. Wasn't it McLean's lilies that you burned, and isn't this his vengeance on us, the spalpeen!"

"It was his lilies I burned, may God forgive me!" sobbed the girl; "but he took no vengeance,—nothing but a word or two he said to myself." And she thought of the kiss that had made her so furious. "He told me last night that he didn't care a *thraneen* about the lilies, and that the beating of my father was none of his doing."

"And you believed him, you little fool! If the truth was in him, why didn't he call off them hell-hounds of Orangemen?"

"He did—he did! He stayed with

my father and he brought him home!" insisted Kate. But she saw that her brother was too much excited and bent on revenge to understand her or even to listen to her. When he turned on his heel and left her she went into the cottage, stricken with fear of some terrible thing that was yet to happen.

The afternoon crept on, and as hour after hour went by Kate grew nearly frantic with terror. Her mother was absorbed in attention on the sick man, and there was little for the daughter except praying and crying. What was she to do? How prevent this terrible thing that her brother had threatened? Out of her prayers and tears an idea occurred to her. She rose up and slipped out of the door and into the outhouse, where her brother kept his gun. She had seen him load it in the morning, without imagining the vengeance that was in his mind. Kate was horribly afraid of firearms, but she was not wanting in the courage that is necessary in a great emergency. Carefully and skilfully, as she had seen it done, she removed the charge from the gun, and left it, to all appearance, exactly as she had found it; then she returned to her place at her father's bedside, and continued her earnest prayers that a crime and a catastrophe might be even miraculously averted.

At nightfall Tim came in, whispered a few questions about his father, said good-night to his mother and sister, and went out again.

"I hope he won't be getting into any mischief," murmured Mrs. Havern.

And Kate shook her head and said she hoped he wouldn't.

"It's a bad night to be about the roads," said John Havern's wife; "and we've got enough of it. I wish Tim had stayed where he was!"

Kate passionately echoed the wish, but dared not alarm her mother. She

got up and stole to the backdoor in time to see Tim pass out of the outhouse with his gun. She breathed a prayer of thanks as it occurred to her that there had not been time for him to reload the gun, and that therefore he had not discovered that it had been interfered with.

"I'm going out for a little breath of air, mother," she said. "I won't be long; and, never fear, I'll take care of myself."

Mrs. Havern gently nodded her head. It was her son and not her daughter she was uneasy about. Kate had got enough of the Twelfth, and was not likely to be going about burning her fingers again.

However, into the danger Kate was bent on running. As soon as she was outside the cottage door she put down her head and ran like a deer across the fields, to get out on the high-road leading to Dungarron. Having reached the bank by the roadside, she crept along, keeping in view a band of young men that moved at some distance in front of her. Of these she knew that her brother was one, and probably the leader. The Orange drums could be heard sounding in the distance, beating like an uneasy pulse in the veins of the night. Hurrying on, Kate soon saw a procession of Orangemen approaching. At the same moment others rushed forward to join her brother's band; in a few more minutes the two opposing parties met on the road, like small armies engaging in battle.

A riotous fight soon ensued. Gunshots rattled on the air; cudgels and stones did ugly work; Papists and Orangemen closed together in a frantic combat. Kate, half-dead with terror, kept crying on God to avert murder, and her eyes strained through the twilight to discern individuals. She knelt on the bank, in order to follow Tim's movements and to see if Robert was in the crowd. At last a man leaped onto the bank and waved

his arms, calling on the combatants to stop, and crying shame on them. It was Robert McLean. A minute afterward Tim Havern battled his way through the rioters, gun in hand, mounted the bank also and levelled his gun at McLean.

"You scoundrel!" he shouted. "You murdered my father, and I'll have your life for it. Say your last prayer now, for you're a dead man!"

He had not uttered the words before Kate sprang between him and Robert, and dashed the gun aside. The action was so sudden and unexpected that the gun fell out of Tim's hands into the field.

"Let it lie there!" said Kate. "I took the charge out of it. O Tim, Tim! did you want to be a murderer?"

"You're a nice daughter!" cried Tim. "Stand back till I get at that ruffian!"

Kate threw her arms round Tim's neck and hung on to him so heavily that he was powerless in her hold.

"He didn't do it—he didn't do it!" reiterated Kate. "It was he that saved my father's life."

But Tim was too frantic to listen to her; and, exasperated at her interference, he hurled her from him into the field after the gun, where she struck her head against a stone as she fell, and lay motionless and apparently dead.

The two men were immediately beside her. Tim forgot his fury in grief and despair at this ending of his meditated vengeance. He flung himself on his knees beside his sister, weeping wildly and wringing his hands above his head.

"Havern," said Robert, "I think she's only stunned. Run and get a hatful of water, and then we'll carry her to the nearest house."

Havern brought the water, and the two men bathed the girl's hands and head, tears flowing silently from the eyes of both as they did so.

"Havern," said Robert, with something like a sob choking him, "it was

true what she said. I tried to keep the boys off. I love Kate true, and I would have died to keep her or one belonging to her from harm. And, what's more, I'm not an Orangeman now: they drummed me out."

They carried Kate to the nearest shelter, and after a time she recovered consciousness. As soon as she opened her eyes, they began moving from Robert to Tim and from Tim to Robert again.

"Will you both shake hands," she said, "and let me die happy, so that the three of us may meet in heaven?"

"Oh, come, my girl!" said the doctor. "You're not going to heaven so soon. Shake hands now, good fellows, to comfort her; and then go away and let her have a little rest."

The two men went out and walked together about the field at the back of the house where Kate was lying. Tim, who was a very young, hot-headed fellow, was now quite broken down with sorrow, and wept like a child for the mischief he had done.

"And she saved me from committing murder," he said, "and that's all the thanks I gave her! And she and I were always so fond of each other!"

"Tim," said Robert, "your reproach of yourself is nothing to mine. I began the whole thing by throwing the orange lily into the house at her feet. I only meant it for devilment, but I ought to have known better. I wanted her to look at me with those eyes of hers; for I cared for her a deal more than I let on to myself. And she did right to punish me, only the boys wouldn't stand it; they're just looking out for an excuse against one of your sort. I tried to keep them back from their wicked revenge on your father, but they wouldn't listen."

"Do you think she'll be all right again after this?" said Tim, mournfully.

"Why, man, do you think I'd be

talking here quiet like this to you if I didn't believe she would?" said Robert. "And look here, Tim, I'm hoping that after a bit she'll marry me, and we'll go away some place where there's neither an Orangeman nor a Papist that has to hate the sight of a neighbor. I never thought much about religion up to this, but I declare to you I'm willing now to be whatever Kate is."

Talking thus, they went across the fields to Havern's cottage, where they found the poor mother very anxious at her girl's non-appearance. She stepped outside the door that her husband might not suspect a second misfortune.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "that cursed quarrelling in the name of religion! God's judgment is on it, whichever side you look at it. And my Kitty's the best of a good girl only for the bit of hot temper."

"She's an angel!" said Robert. "Only for her I'd be dead this minute and Tim would be my murderer."

"Oh, aye!" said Mrs. Havern, wiping her eyes and shaking her head. "But it was she that brought it all on by burnin' the lilies, instead of goin' on her knees and prayin' for her enemies."

"It's what we might all be as well doing," said McLean; "but I hope it isn't with her enemies she'll be putting me from this time out. I think if you would give us your blessing, Mrs. Havern, Kate and I would try to make it out as friends together somewhere. She doesn't like me too bad, if you put the lilies to one side; and my word to you but she'll never be troubled by the sight of them with me any more."

Mrs. Havern stared. The idea of her daughter marrying an Orangeman was quite as outlandish as that of an Orangeman marrying her daughter. Indeed she thought that Robert McLean had suddenly become a little crazy.

"Because Thou Hast Loved Much."

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

A MESSENGER came from God one day,
And two souls sped from earth away.
One, young and white, with untainted wings,
Who knew of men but the purest things;
Who blossomed far from the haunts of sin,
Too frail by far for its noisy din,
Had flown aloft with unfaltering speed:
Ah! heaven was hers by right indeed.

The other had lived and borne a part
In the darkest crimes of the world's mad mart;
Had fallen oft 'mid the filth and slime;
But knelt as oft, in his shame and crime,
At the wounded feet of the Stainless One,
And wept hot tears for the wrongs he'd done.
'Twas a bitter fight through the weary years,
And his pinions drooped with a weight of fears.

And earthly ones who had known of each,
Judging the actions their eyes could reach—
Seeing a saint in the stainless child,
And deeming the other a thing defiled,—
Half spake at the sound of the funeral knell:
"A soul for heaven and one for hell."
They did not know in the realms of light,
Where each stood clear in the Father's sight,
Robed in the peace of undying calm,
Their voices echoed the same sweet psalm:
The warrior soul, all scarred by strife,
Had won, as the child, eternal life.

Hark to the voice from that mystic shore:
"My love shall triumph for evermore!"

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

THE WANT OF BREAD.

THE want of bread! Famine! These sinister words, which are at present being pronounced on every side, fill one with profound emotion; for no one can remain indifferent in face of so menacing a fact. It grieves all good people and inspires a certain amount of terror in even the most egotistical. The former are filled with pity, the latter with dis-

quietude; and both are alarmed by it. The price of bread is, indeed, the only question that we can not put off till the morrow by saying, as we do for so many other problems that demand our attention, "That can be settled later." In this case optimism and postponement, often the hypocritical manifestations of coldness and of hardness of heart, are absolutely forbidden.

Hunger admits of no delay. There is urgency in the cry of empty stomachs. In the fearful hour when the lean begin to clamor for bread, the overfed are forced to remember that when the famished have nothing to eat they are ready to bite. Therefore beware! The tax on bread is the thermometer which indicates the degree of the poor man's patience. By the baker's white placard, the same as by the pier of a bridge on which the rise of the river and the dates of celebrated inundations are marked, one can always tell the exact moment in which the anger of the poor is going to overflow.

The plague has just broken out. The price of bread has gone up; to-morrow they will doubtless be obliged to raise it higher. Throughout a large part of France the harvest is a failure,—everything has been broken, destroyed by the storms. In the districts which the hail has spared there is still a poor crop of miserable ears and light sheaves. Our annual consumption of wheat reaches one hundred and twenty hectoliters; and, according to the most favorable calculations, we lack thirty millions of that amount.

The dilemma, therefore, presents itself under a formidable aspect: either maintain our custom-house system—which appears almost an impossibility, for it would have a tendency to enhance still further the price of bread, and, what is worse, render it even more scarce,—or reopen our ports to the cheap American

grain-trade, and that would work the ruin of our farmers. However, these would still be small evils compared to the greater danger of speculation in wheat, or of the monopolies which the Convention was at one time obliged to punish as capital crimes, but which actual laws only pursue and punish—inadequately, be it said—when there is a coalition of monopolies,—a coalition that is always easy to hide. Now, if the present crisis is to be complicated and aggravated by the formation of monopolies—as, alas! seems only too probable,—then everything is to be feared, even famine itself and its frightful consequences.

“Nonsense!” I can hear the unctuous voice of the eternal tranquillizer saying. “Nonsense! People exaggerate and are becoming needlessly alarmed. There is no danger whatever. It is not the first time bread has gone up to five sous a pound. One sou more is a very little matter. And, besides, does bread occupy so important a place nowadays in the domestic economy of the workingman? The laboring classes enjoy comparative ease at the present day. Show me the workingman whose table is not daily graced by meat; and so forth.”

The expression of sentiments like these reminds one of the *grande dame* of the *ancien régime*, who on hearing that the poor were in need of bread said: “Well, let them eat cake!” Those who make these smooth speeches are generally people who own property, have fine incomes, or occupy good positions. They wear imposing frock-coats and dabble in political economy; and will at once stick under your nose a volume crammed with statistics which prove as clearly as day that the poor are themselves to blame for their condition, and that if they remain in misery it is because they prefer it.

These are trying people to deal with.

Do not attempt to insinuate, however, that if the greater number of laborers do, in fact, nourish themselves with meat in order to resist fatigue, one, nevertheless, sees upon their tables fewer legs of mutton and legs of beef than big plates of thick soup in which the spoon stands upright; and that there is a large percentage of poor old men, of widows weighed down by the care of orphan children, and of self-supporting workwomen who earn but a meagre salary, for all of whom bread is the principal nourishment, and who allow themselves no other luxury than a little sausage and salad; that a sou is a sou; that five centimes a day for a pound of bread amounts in a year to eighteen francs; and that five or six times eighteen francs—for in many large families they eat five or six pounds of bread in a day—means a total that is embarrassing to small purses. Do not seek to advance any such arguments in controversy with an economist armed with his double-entry catalogues and his volumes crammed with reports and statistics. He would only become angry, inform you that you know nothing whatever about the matter, and finally call you a sentimentalist and perhaps even a socialist.

Nevertheless, the fact remains: bread is dear; and if we do not promptly decide to make a breach in the Chinese wall by which we are surrounded through our high protective tariff laws, next winter the price of bread will go still higher. This supposition is not admissible, for it would mean a danger to the general public. It will certainly end by our being obliged to reduce, for the time being at least, the duties on foreign wheat; which would be a most deplorable proceeding, and would deal a serious blow to French agriculture, already in so bad a condition. It will be necessary, however.

Alas! how unwise people are! It is evident that we are drifting toward free trade in the near future; and, in spite of everything, we must hope that the nations will, sooner or later, adopt as the basis of their political relations the formula of the young street gamin of Paris: "Give me of what you have, and I will give you of what I have." In the meantime these relations are strained by fierce competition,—by a struggle that is pitiless. They do not so much wage wars accompanied by the roar of cannon as relentless struggles carried on to the clash of tariffs. The only soldier who is useful in this age of useless armies is the custom-house officer. Without the Meline laws—of which we must perforce approve, as they place our country in a legitimate state of defence,—the United States would bombard us with wheat, with sacks of flour; would reduce our peasants to famine, in filling France with wheat; would kill us with what gives life. Well, we are forced to it. Let us be resigned, and let us half open the door to American and Australian wheat. Let us be careful, however. And if we really wish to give to the poor bread at four sous a pound, let us mistrust the monopolists.

But here the optimist chimes in again: "How can you mention such a word? And what horrible memories you awaken! On hearing you, I fancy I can see passing on the ends of pikes the heads of Foulon and Bertier with a mouthful of bloody straw between their teeth. Corner wheat to-day, when there are such transportation facilities! Is it possible? Surely you are joking! There are no longer any monopolists."

Pardon, dear sir! but they still exist. One can accomplish anything with the aid of millions, and the greed of gain has no limits. You are as well acquainted as I am, in Paris, in the cosmopolitan world, with several colossal

fortunes which, with no other basis than wheat speculation, have, quite recently, been augmented in a scandalous manner. You could name these men without scruples; for they are received and esteemed in the best society, and even you are much flattered to shake hands with them when you meet them on 'change or at the club.

The optimist is a little angered at this; for I have offended against the eternal idol, the Golden Calf!

"Well, where is the harm, after all? How long since a merchant has been prohibited from laying in a stock of goods and selling them only when the highest prices have been reached? What definitive reproach can you make these millionaires? To have speculated? That is no crime. To have made money, perhaps? But that is merely a piece of luck. With your ideas, what would become of commercial liberty?"—and so forth and so on.

I have no answer to make, unless it be this: Of all dividends, that which is made out of the food of the poor is the most abominable; and it is odious to see one individual enrich himself at the expense of the misery of others. To enable that cornerer of wheat to become one of the magnates of Paris, to own a princely home and luxurious carriages, to inhabit in one and the same year his cottage at the sea-shore during the dogdays, his hunting-box in autumn, and in winter his villa on the azure coast of the Mediterranean, do you know what is necessary? That thousands of workmen should carry to the docks and yards an insufficient loaf of bread; that poor women put a single thin slice of bread in the baskets of their little ones going to school; that mothers, weakened by privation, offer an empty breast to the railing and tearful suckling; that, in a word, a whole nation should suffer from hunger.

No, no! wheat is not a commodity or merchandise like any other; and the malefactor who, by I know not what infamous business transaction, has forced up the price of accumulated wheat and rye, deserves that every piece of bread he carries to his mouth should assume for him a repugnant and bitter taste,—the taste of blood and of tears!

Blessed bread! What a shame upon our proud civilization that human beings should ever be in want of it for a single day! *Panem nostrum quotidianum!* I have often repeated the beautiful prayer of late; for in the course of my long illness I have returned to the "old song," as M. Jaures says; and not only does it soothe with infinite tenderness him who suffers, but it also gives courage and hope. Everything is comprised in this admirable *Pater*, even the solution of the social problem.

Our daily bread! Yes, it is all one should ask from life or expect from it. If we would but better remember the teachings given nearly two thousand years ago, there on the Mount—if we would truly love one another as Jesus wished,—we should all have that daily bread, and we would be much nearer the reign of justice, the reign of God.

AUGUST 26, 1897.

(To be continued.)

I do not understand how any one who has watched the breaking of a summer day can question the noblest faiths of man. William Blake, with that integrity of insight which is often the possession of the true mystic, said that when he was asked if he saw anything more in a sunset than a round disk of fire, he could only answer that he saw an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty!" The birth of a day is a diviner miracle even than its death.

—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

XVI.

THE Acadians of Yarmouth drift in from the shores of St. Mary's Bay, and from the farms and hamlets that fringe the wooded inlets of the Bay of Argyle. For over a century they have multiplied in this extreme southwestern tract of the peninsula,—since the dark days when they hid from their English pursuers in the labyrinth of forest, lake and sea-marsh, whose evanescent mazes are even yet one of the charms of this vicinity. During this century the parent stock has increased, until now there are many thousands of them, scattered through several parishes, like Tusket, Argyle, and Pubnico. A railway binds the outermost Acadian communities of the southeast with Yarmouth, and brings them into closer contact with the general life of the peninsula. Their isolation hitherto has been almost as great as when they dwelt by the shores of Minas; here, as there, they cling to the forest and the sea. They may still say with truth that

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced
neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

They are mostly fishermen or farmers; or rather, after the way of Nova Scotians, both at once. They are famous lumbermen, too, and their skill in ship-building is highly prized. Like that of the Russian or the Canadian peasant, their building material is chiefly wood; hence their skill with the axe and the adze,—a skill that was famed even in the seventeenth century. Not a few of them follow the sea as mariners, pilots, or captains of fishing smacks. Of late years they contribute their share to the French-speaking population of New

England, yet they remain self-centred and peculiar. The Acadian never merged easily into the Canadian population. Something in his manner, speech, history, and habits kept him apart, and even yet operates to make him the most interesting survival of the peasantry of Henri Quatre.

His French abounds with archaic mannerisms; his salutations are of the ancient type; his views of life and things in general are not gained from the awful experiences of modern history: they are delicious and praiseworthy remnants of a certain admirable side of mediæval Catholicism. In the best sense, he is a bit of *haute antiquité*, as antiquity goes in the New World. The Abbé Casgrain has drawn his portrait lovingly and truly in his "*Pélerinage au pays d'Évangeline*." Now that he no longer needs the world's sympathies, having made for himself a cosy place in the sun, these sympathies are thrust upon him, and he is the subject-matter of a literature that is likely to grow. Only let there be no "yellow journal" treatment of the home-life of this attractive little people; they are peculiarly sensitive to anything so shocking, coarse and unjust as occasionally appears in our American press from the pen of some imperturbable globe-trotter, without sympathy for or understanding of their tragic history.

No doubt there is abundant material for many a *roman de mœurs* among the Mius, the D'Amiros and the D'Entremonts of Argyle and Tusket. How rich the mine is elsewhere in Nova Scotia may be seen from the strong romances of Charles Roberts and Gilbert Parker. Enduring sorrow, cherished ideals, the slow but just vengeance of Providence, the mysteries of love and hope, of Christian meekness and humanizing patience, of chastening tears and all-equalizing death, are here as elsewhere.

In addition, there are among these children of Old France many souvenirs of a past age and a departed society. Their faces have long been turned backward, as though the horror of a great injustice had killed in their hearts all sense of time and change and the social movement. Their era is that of the "*Grand Dérangement*," as they courteously and patiently style the cruel exodus of 1755. Truly, their gentle lives were then mightily disordered, and the flow of their simple annals violently arrested. Yet held they together, like the children of Israel, of Erin, of Poland, and so many other minor nations broken and ruined because they were weak and "lesser." Through their tears and their griefs they still knew themselves for one people; still knew the shining waters of Minas, still walked on the *côteaux* of the Gaspereau; still swung their scythes through the lush grass of the Great Dyke; still lingered of holidays in the churchyard and gossiped of France, or swapped tales of the chase and the sea with the painted Micmac or the occasional *coureur des bois* from Quebec or *en bas*. And so their *anciens* have saved much of the past,—sweet human traits and tales and examples, in which there is something of the Christian martyr's temper; for the burden of it all is not revenge, hatred or complaint, but only sorrow and wandering and search and recognition.

In the now well-nigh forgotten travels of Mr. Cozzens, this jetsam and flotsam of the folk-lore of Acadian sufferings is touched on with very delicate feeling:*

There are in the traditions and scattered fragments of history that yet survive in this once unhappy land much that deserves to be embalmed in story and in poetry. Your Longfellow has already preserved one of the most touching of its incidents; but I think I am safe in asserting that there yet remain the materials of one hundred

* "*Acadia; or, A Month among the Bluenoses*," New York, 1859, p. 214.

romances. Take the whole history of Acadie during the seventeenth century,—the almost patriarchal simplicity of its society; the kindness, the innocence, the virtues of its people; the universal toleration which prevailed among them in spite of the interference of the home government. Look at the perfect and abiding faith between them and the Indians! Does the world-renowned story of William Penn alone merit our encomiums, except that we have forgotten this earlier but not less beautiful example? And, with the true Christian spirit, when they refused to take up arms in their own defence, preferring rather to die by their faith than shed the blood of other men, to what parallel in history can we turn if not to the martyred Hussites, for whom humanity has not yet dried its tears?

On another page of his travels, this genial writer presents the situation of the Acadian farmers in the words of a poet and a man of heart. In its picturesque truth it differs much from the partial judgment of Parkman and Goldwin Smith:

In order to estimate truly the condition of the respective parties, we must remember the severe iron and gunpowder nature of the Puritan of New England; his prejudices; his high-peaked hat and ruff; his troublesome conscience and catarrh; his natural antipathies to Papists and Indians, from having been scalped by one and roasted by both; his English insolence and his religious bias, at once tyrannical and territorial. Then, on the other, we must call to view the simple Acadian peasant, Papist or Protestant, just as it happened; ignorant of the great events of the world; a mere offshoot of rural Normandy; without a thought of other possessions than those he might reclaim from the sea by his dykes; credulous, pure-minded, patient of injuries, that, like the swallow in the spring, thrice built his nest; and when again it was destroyed,

found the ruin wrought.

But, not cast down, forth from the place it flew,
And with its mate fresh earth and grasses brought
And built the nest anew.

Thank God! there are still writers who do not see all-justice and all-right in the great "successful ones" of history. When Mommsen and Carlyle are forgotten, there will yet be found hearts to beat for the abstract right, and to echo the poet's holy cry:

Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll
thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—
who won the success of a day?

The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

The real authors of the "Expulsion of the Acadians" have long since been sentenced at the bar of history; but that sentence has been confirmed beyond fear of reversion by the work already referred to in these sketches, and written by M. Edouard Richard.* He would exculpate the home government, and lays the blame entirely on the shoulders of the local English officials, who hated the Acadians for their Catholicism and envied them for their rich farms and numerous cattle. This is not the place to go over the elaborate argument; let it suffice to call attention to the words of a clever review of this notable work:†

Mr. Richard has, in fact, rendered a very material service to the student of history. He has shown us the Acadians as they were—their faults and their virtues; shown how they were tricked, deceived, oppressed, and finally banished, to gratify race hatred and private greed. Most of all, he has laid the blame, once for all, on the shoulders of those who are really responsible, for which Englishmen have cause to be sincerely grateful. England's colonial history contains many a record of which her sons have good cause to be ashamed; but as to this crying act of consummate cruelty and injustice—the expulsion of the Acadians,—M. Richard has, undoubtedly, amply proved her innocence. We would commend his volumes to the careful study of all those to whom historical truth, as distinguished from partisanship or prejudice, is of the first importance.

The verdict of M. Richard does not differ substantially from that reached by another student in his discussion of the accusation of rebellion brought against the Acadians:‡

If condign punishment had been inflicted on the few irresponsible men who were taken in arms against the English, history could not raise the voice of complaint; but no civilized government can defend, and no principle of justice sanctions, the verdict of the Halifax Council, which involved

* "Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History." By Edouard Richard. 2 vols. Montreal: John Lovell & Co., 1895. See *THE AVE MARIA*, vol. xlviii, p. 77.

† Francis W. Grey in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. Oct., 1897. p. 808.

‡ "The Acadians: Were they Rebels?" *op. cit.*, vol. xli p. 352.

the robbery and extermination of a whole people for the misconduct of a few, without trial by any of the forms of judicature or without any specific accusation of treason. Nay, more: during the whole course of English rule in Acadie not a single individual was ever brought to trial for treasonable acts or words; and this, together with the arguments we have adduced in favor of the character and fidelity of the Acadians, leads us to the conclusion that their ruin was based upon the false and malicious accusations of official hypocrites, who, with eyes ever turned obsequiously to the throne, would trample upon all the laws of justice and humanity for one smile of favor.

Impartial Englishmen did not wait for the revelations of dusty documents laid away in the governmental archives at Halifax or for the labors of a slow and patient criticism. In one of the most reliable works on the early period of English rule in Nova Scotia, the irony of fate is pointed out, which would have it that those very men who expelled the Acadians for their attachment to France were themselves expelled from the new American state for their attachment to Great Britain, and forced to take up for their support the lands of their victims:*

Let us attend to the event. The lands from which the Neutrals were thus torn became a desert, and every attempt to repeople them was constantly rendered abortive, until a large body of men, inhabiting those very colonies to which the Neutrals had been banished, were driven in like manner from their own country for a similar attachment to Great Britain, and compelled to cultivate the lands left by the former; as if it was the express intention of Providence, in this particular instance, to mark in strong colors the injustice of a great nation, as well as to teach mankind a lesson of moderation and humanity.

* "The Present State of Nova Scotia, 1787."

(To be continued.)

How strange it seems that physical science should ever have been thought adverse to religion! The pride of physical science is, indeed, adverse, like every other pride, both to religion and truth; but sincerity of science, so far from being hostile, is the path-maker among the mountains for the feet of those who publish peace.—*Ruskin*.

Overheard in a Railway Car.

BY NATHAN ROBINSON.

EVERY seat in the railway car was occupied, several of the passengers being Protestant ministers returning from an evangelical convention of some kind. A Methodist minister discovered that the man sitting beside him was a Mormon elder, and at once turned the conversation by remarking:

"Well, I suppose the action of Congress in excluding Roberts has made you see that a Christian country has no use for your peculiar institution?"

"No," replied the elder, "that is not the inference we have drawn from the action of Congress. We do not attribute to Christian sentiment the vote against Mr. Roberts; and if you evangelicals were consistent, you would not rejoice at our temporary defeat."

"If we were consistent! Where is the inconsistency? If you refer to Roberts' quotation showing that Martin Luther once tolerated bigamy, consistency does not bind us to accept every utterance of Luther."

"That may be," said the Mormon; "but I refer to one far greater than Luther. You at least profess to be bound by the utterances of Paul the Apostle."

"Surely you do not mean to imply that any word of Paul can be quoted in favor of polygamy!"

"You can judge for yourself," said the elder. "In his letter to the Ephesians, Paul asserts the general principle that union between man and woman in marriage is like the union between Christ and the church. In marriage, man represents Christ and the woman represents the church. Now, you teach that the union of Christ with the church is a plural union. The Methodist Church, you say, is a true church of Christ; the

Presbyterian Church is a true church of Christ; the Baptist Church is a true church of Christ, and so on through the sects. Christ, then, must have more different churches than a Mormon has wives. He teaches polygamy by example. If it is a dishonor for a man to have several wives, think you what dishonor you bring upon Christ by attributing to Him several spouses, teaching that all those churches are His! We Mormons prefer to think there is no dishonor in either case. Paul tells us to follow the example of Christ and the church in our marriages, and you at least can not consistently blame us for allowing plural marriages."

"You evidently forget," answered the minister, "that when we speak of the church as the spouse of Christ we do not refer to the visible organizations called churches. We refer rather to the invisible church made up of true believers in all sects. Hence the union of Christ with the church is an example of monogamy, because it is a union with one, and only one, invisible church."

"All right," said the Mormon; "let us agree that there is only one invisible church of Christ and several visible churches of Christ. That suits us. We have no objection to obligatory monogamy of an invisible kind. A Mormon would not object to calling his several helpmates one wife, meaning that in some hidden way they are one. They are really one family, and that can not be said of the sects. They are not as jealous of one another as are the sects. For my part, I think Paul refers to the visible church in that comparison. I do not see how he could speak of an invisible church as an example of a model wife; or how he could ask wives to shape their conduct by what they see in an invisible church; or how an invisible church can be cleansed by the washing of water; or how a church

can be called a body on earth if not in some way similar to other social bodies. But, anyhow, whatever may be your theoretical teaching about one invisible church, the practical effect of your example is to impress upon the ordinary Bible-reader, that the union of Christ with the church is a plural union. The Bible-reader learns from Paul that the union of Christ with the church is the ideal of the marriage union. He turns to you for light as to what the union of Christ with the church really is, and he sees several imposing organizations which call one another churches of Christ. Is he not justified, then, in drawing the inference that Christ at least allows or tolerates plural unions?"

"I admit," replied the minister, "that the words of Paul would have greater practical effect if there were but one visible church of Christ. That particular Scriptural argument, or rather illustration, has been to some extent weakened by our unfortunate sectarian divisions. I may even admit that Paul referred to the visible church in that passage, and argue thence that he enjoined monogamy, on the ground that then at least there was but one visible church. The illustration he uses to enforce the true doctrine of marriage may not be of much practical use now; but the doctrine itself is what we hold to, and there are other sound Christian arguments to prove it."

This discussion was followed with evident interest by a thoughtful-looking passenger who sat near the disputants. As the Mormon seemed at a loss how to continue the argument, the other passenger turned to the minister and said:

"The question you are discussing is extremely important from every point of view, and I should like to be allowed to point out that you can not so easily retain St. Paul's doctrine while dropping his comparison as obsolete. That com-

parison is not meant simply to impress a moral lesson. It is not to be classified with the figure of the lilies of the field. Another plant could have been used instead of the lily. The connection between the lily and confidence in God is extrinsic. The lily furnishes a motive when brought to our attention, but would have no effect on our reliance on God's providence if we did not reflect upon the way He cares for its growth and beauty. The connection between the terms of St. Paul's comparison is, on the contrary, intrinsic. In Revelation St. John calls the Church the wife and the bride of the Lamb without any reference to a moral lesson. The union of Christ with the Church and the unity of marriage stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect.

"One side of this intrinsic connection is easily shown. In spite of their manifold divisions, the sects still possess some things necessary or useful to a church. They have ample material means—money and property. They have large influence, in the sense that newspapers have influence. But they have no power, in the sense that the State has power. The State has power because it can, by a prescribed process, deprive a delinquent citizen of things having real value. It can deprive him of property by fines, of liberty by imprisonment, and of life itself on the scaffold or the electric chair. The sects are unable to deprive a lay member of anything having real value. Their sacraments are not necessary to salvation. Fellowship in this or that sect has no necessary connection with God's grace. No Protestant sect claims to be the only organized Church of Christ. Expulsion from one of them is not regarded as a grievous loss. In a word, the sects have no power. But spiritual powers analogous to the coercive powers of the State are an essential condition of the unity of mar-

riage. Against that unity the passions of individuals rise in rebellion. Unless you have power to say to a man, as St. Paul said to the incestuous Corinthian, 'I deliver you unto Satan,' you can not effectually deal with passion. If you, as a Methodist pastor, attempted to punish a backsliding member of your flock by delivering him unto Satan, you would be laughed at. You might declare that he delivered himself by his sin; but you could not effect the delivery and use it as a punishment. You claim no such power. You have no part in the promise: 'What things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven.'

"Suppose you knew that the member in question had secured a divorce from his first wife on a false charge, and that his real motive in the matter was the wish to marry another, how could you prevent the second marriage? You are unable to deal with such a case, and the iniquitous marriage takes place. If you refuse to perform the ceremony, he can easily get another minister to do it for him. How different is the position of a Catholic pastor! In his teaching he can use St. Paul's analogy with undiminished effect. He can point out that Jesus Christ teaches monogamy by example, having one, and only one, organized Church. In this respect, Catholics follow Our Lord's example so closely that there is no need of exhorting them. In dealing with the individual delinquent, the Catholic pastor can punish by refusing sacraments which are necessary to the life of the soul; and, in extreme cases, he can bring upon the delinquent the terrible curse of excommunication. These means, if we include the giving as well as the refusing of the sacraments, have proved effective on a world-wide scale in preserving the unity of marriage, and have stood the test of ages. But they would cease at once to be effective if Catholics believed, as

Protestants believe, that any voluntary association of men which undertakes to teach the Gospel and administer sacraments is a true church of Christ, providing it is submissive to the law of the land, and influential enough to claim respect. Exclusion from such an association or from its sacraments can not possibly be regarded as a serious hardship—"

"Whether it can or not," interrupted the minister, "you must remember that Protestants do not practise polygamy. The whole course of your argument sounds very like an insult, sir."

"There is no insult," answered the stranger. "My purpose is to discover the true import of St. Paul's analogy. It is true, Protestants do not practise polygamy; but you must remember that Protestantism is not very old. A few hundred years do not constitute age in so large a part of the civilized world. When Protestants first left the Catholic Church they took with them their share of a large accumulated fund of Christian faith and practice in the department of family life, and it takes a long time to dissipate so great a treasure. Besides, they are still influenced by the daily sight of Catholic faith and practice. The increasing frequency of divorce and the remarriage of divorced persons, as well as the spread of Mormonism, show clearly that the accumulated fund is being dissipated. The question for us and for our country is, What is going to be the state of things a hundred years hence? Whither are we tending?"

"I say that the State, though it has powers of its kind, is unable to arrest the downward tendency of family life. The evil is too deep and too delicate for the policeman or the law court. Much less can the sects do it; for they have no powers at all of any kind. The only institution which can do it is a church so united with Christ that it possesses,

through that union, grace-giving sacraments and coercive powers of a spiritual kind. Here, then, is an intrinsic connection between the union of Christ with the visible church and the unity of marriage. The church must be united with Christ in a certain definite way in order to have the powers necessary to effect and protect the unity of marriage, ever ready, as St. Paul says he was, 'to avenge all disobedience.'

"The analogy in question is not oratorical or merely illustrative. It is an essential part of the Christian doctrine of marriage. You can not retain the doctrine and discard the comparison. They are inseparable. The union of Christ with the visible Church is the ideal, the cause, and the present strength of Christian marriage. Then it must be remembered that I have touched on only one side of the analogy. St. Paul draws it out in great variety of detail, and also states it as a general principle, enabling us to draw new light and lessons from it. He says that as members of the Church we are members of Christ's body, of His flesh and of His bones,—alluding to the words of Adam when marriage was first instituted. He then adds: 'And the two shall be one flesh. This mystery is great; but I speak in regard of Christ and of the Church.' Hence the analogy is very real and very complete. Christ can have but one organized Church; the Christian can have but one wife. They shall be two in one visible flesh, not three or four,—Christ and one Church, the Christian and one wife. Man's passions rebel against the unity of marriage; they also rebel against the unity of the Church. The same spiritual powers are required to protect the unity of marriage and the unity of the Church. The union of Christ with the Church is for life; the union of man and wife is also for life.

"Since the analogy is real and the

connection intrinsic, it follows that any church claiming to belong to Christ, and teaching that other and different churches also belong to Christ, is in the position of a Mormon 'wife' who is content to share with others what can belong only to one. The honor due to Jesus Christ requires us to claim for Him one and only one organized Church. One shrinks from expressing in words the insult which sectarian divisions daily offer to Our Lord."

During the last part of the stranger's argument, the Methodist minister manifested impatience, and then continued so long looking at the neighboring hills that I could not wait to hear what he had to say in reply.

The Finest Wisdom.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

HE is wise indeed who acts upon the theory that the spirit of a rule is sometimes best preserved when its letter is temporarily set aside. Those inflexible persons who walk, and bid others walk, upon a chalk-line that knows no curves are blindly hastening the time of that line's obliteration. All of us know the housekeeper who takes off the children's flannels and lets the furnace fire go out on the 1st of May, thereby inviting a siege of pneumonia which suspends all rules, wise and unwise. The same well-meaning person sows her flower-seeds at behest of the almanac instead of common-sense, and the frost spoils her garden. Her bill of fare is inexorable, and heavy meals at inopportune hours play havoc with digestion. She sweeps on Friday, although one may lie dead in the house; and wears her mourning veil exactly one year before re-entering society.

Nature, however, knows no such feeble

limitations. The laws of the universe, while unchangeable in things essential, give themselves wide liberty whenever the final good is best subserved. The movements of the heavenly bodies are adjusted to the fraction of a moment, else would disorder reign throughout the "spacious firmament on high"; but the blossoms of a lilac bush may surprise us in January and do no harm.

The spring has no especial day set upon which to make us happy by its advent: it coquets with the almanac, and is very often capriciously late or generously early. But was there ever a springless year? The seasons have their own rule for coming; but it is one that bends in order that it need not break,—one above and beyond our poor finite understanding. Rivers leave their beds, and volcanoes have paroxysms of eruption; and yet we are aware that somewhere the balance is maintained: that the Hand that guides can suspend a habit in order to work out the plan of finest wisdom.

The code of man's legislation copies the petty system of humanity. "The prisoner is guilty," it says; and, without question of extenuating circumstance, it metes out the punishment that has been arranged to fit the offence. "The court rules thus," proclaims the judge; and the widow and fatherless, because of some precedent, are robbed in the white name of justice. The laws of men are avowedly made for the good of the greatest number and can not vary. But what becomes of the lesser number? What shall be said of those unusual cases to which the inflexible statutes can not apply?

The Church is wiser because she is divine. She takes for the model of her ruling the voice of Him who "remembereth that we are but dust." She does not confine her vision to one poor series of petty circumstances; but, with eye

trained to look afar, surveys minutest motives before pronouncing sentence or granting pardon. She dares to modify her rules when occasion demands—not yielding one iota of principle, and steadfastly holding to the truth,—but where discipline and not dogma is concerned, freely using her own discretion. Those who sneer at her dispensations are too dull to understand them, too short-sighted to see the ill effects of mere stubborn routine,—and too cruel, it may be added, to care for those whose plight unforeseen happenings have made exceptional.

There must be rules, or life would be a bear-garden; but those that can be set aside when serious emergencies arise will be most permanent and salutary. The Church follows the example of her divine Head when she, too, remembers that we are but dust, and looks to the ultimate end, not at the fleeting events and temporary reasons which belong only to the passing day.

A Word for the Worldly.

I HAVE spoken of the curious compound of Catholicity and frivolity which is so common. But more amazing still, in these days, is the combination of Catholicity with a relaxed life; in association, it may be, with a free coterie, whose idol is pleasure or dissipation, whose talk must be light and of things which we are told should be “not so much as named” among us. It is little surprise, therefore, to find nowadays Catholics associated with public scandals, figuring in the courts, and so forth. Time was when the Catholics kept themselves apart, as a strict caste, and were almost methodistical in their mode of life; earning many a jeering smile, but still respected on that account.

—Percy Fitzgerald.

Notes and Remarks.

The Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, of San Francisco, has written some valuable letters from the Philippines, whither he had gone to spend a well-earned vacation. His vacation proved to be a year of very hard work, but he ought to feel well rewarded in the knowledge that he was able to furnish spiritual aid to our soldiers in the field and to increase the scant stock of American information about affairs in the Philippines. Here is a characteristic passage from one of his letters:

The church of Guadalupe, reduced by the Utah battery, is a monument to the low notions of mine and thine evidenced by the Volunteer set. Before the war it was the richest church in the Islands, both in ornamentation and architecture; now it is a heap of ruins, no altar, no pavement—no anything; and even the graves of the dead priests rifled for possible treasure. Tombs were broken open and the only half-decomposed bodies thrown on the floor. I saw two such bodies, and had them reburied by reporting to the commanding officer the condition of affairs. I would have taken a kodak view of the awful scene, but there was not sufficient light.

These vivid sentences, we think, constitute a pretty fair kodak view just as they stand; and the shading of them is deepened by footnotes detailing how a Washington regiment seized a statue of the Sacred Heart, painted it black, and then “consigned it to more vile mockery.”

..

Those natives who have been so widely advertized as hostile to the friars are equally hostile to the Commandments—they belong to a Masonic society, the Katipunans, to whom any sort of religion is anathema. How the reputable class of Filipinos feel toward the Church is illustrated by the way they rallied round a *padre* whose church had been wantonly despoiled by American soldiers:

Poor as these natives were, they took up a collection for him of about \$40 (Mexican) to repair the floor damaged by Volunteer soldiers, and to put in a wooden tabernacle door in place

of the silver and gold one worth \$800 (Mexican), also stolen by United States Volunteers.

Father Gleason states that "nearly all the natives can read and write,—a fact that could not be stated of some of the Volunteer regiments of the middle-west and Tennessee."

Richard Storrs Willis, the venerable poet, musician and magazinist, who died at his home in Detroit on the 7th inst., was one of the best-known littérateurs in the United States, and belonged to a family having many distinguished members. N. P. Willis, the author of numerous popular books, and "Fanny Fern," so celebrated in her day, were his brother and sister. Mr. Willis was a Puritan by descent, but became a Catholic many years ago, and led a most exemplary Christian life. He was preparing to go to Mass when seized by his last illness. A wide circle of friends, by whom he was greatly beloved, will mourn his loss; and the city of Detroit, where he was very prominent in social and literary circles, will long miss his familiar figure crowned with snow-white hair, and his kindly face lighted by clear blue eyes, reflecting the beauty and gentleness of his soul. May he rest in peace!

If one may be permitted to point a moral, it would be in order to say that too much ado is made about those who come into the Catholic Church.—*Northwestern Chronicle*.

It is natural that we should rejoice over conversions to the Church, and quite as natural that we should deplore apostasies, especially when attended with scandal. The "ado" to which our contemporary refers is made by those who are addicted to snobbishness, any form of which is detestable. Every true convert must feel that in becoming a Catholic he has simply done the right thing to save his soul. The Church has no need of any of us. We are all like

little children clinging to the skirts of our mother. Whether we hold on or let go is the main thing. Our first duty as Catholics is self-perfection. Any service we may render to the Church, any honor we may confer upon it, is next to nothing in comparison. It is because we lose sight of the fact that ever since the Day of Pentecost men have been flocking to the Church and falling away from it, that personal influence and prestige and service count for so much and personal sanctity for so little. The greatest thing we can do for our religion is to live up to it. This ought to be our chief concern. The patronizing attitude toward Protestants or apostates is altogether unwarranted. We are not the Church but of the Church, and our perseverance we owe to the grace of her sacraments. Let us rejoice when outsiders embrace our holy religion, let us grieve when any member of the Church falls away from it; and never lose sight of the Apostle's warning to make our own calling and election sure.

In spite of the old gibe that "of all the men of his time the Duke of Argyle had the narrowest escape of being a genius," it must be admitted that the lamented nobleman was one of the most remarkable men of his generation. Gladstone considered him one of the best three speakers of his acquaintance; and Gladstone's great rival, Disraeli, said on hearing him speak for the first time: "I had no idea that England had such an orator." The Duke abstained from tobacco and alcohol, and began a laborious day each morning at seven. As a scientist, he was valued as an expositor rather than an observer. He was an active protagonist in the discussion of evolution, and he strenuously asserted the necessity of a personal God as a part of the theory. Once in a

conversation he asked Darwin whether from the book of *Naturé* alone he did not deduce a personal Creator. Darwin replied: "Sometimes the idea comes to me, and then again it seems to fade away." The Duke was a Presbyterian, and never saw the Church from the right angle of vision; indeed the least admirable of his public acts was his handing over the venerable Catholic shrine of Iona, of which he was the legal proprietor, to the custody of a sect—out of pique, it is said, because a Catholic relative had diverted to religious purposes a property that would otherwise have been attached to his own estate. But this at least must be said of him: in an age of comfort and frivolity he turned away from wealth and social dissipation to the "strenuous life," and met the superficial doubt of his day with a firm, uncompromising faith in the Christian religion as he had received it.

The letters of Bishop Pelvat, of Nagpur, India, are sad reading; though it is gratifying to be assured that the contributions of our readers have prolonged and saved thousands of lives. At last accounts the Bishop was still visiting the most afflicted portions of his vast diocese. Sickness, suffering, starvation and death confront him at every step. So great is the distress and so inadequate the means of relief that, on bended knees, as he declares, he begs us to continue our appeals a while longer. We quote these passages from a letter dated April 2:

From morning to night bands of famished people, in the most heart-rending condition, with symptoms of a slow, cruel, certain death graven on their emaciated limbs, arrive and crawl around our hut, begging, praying, crying for food and water; soliciting with tears and lamentations the favor of remaining under our protection during this terrible calamity. Here is a woman with four children, who has lost her husband on the way, and has been wandering for days through forests in search of wild fruits and roots; there a man

with three small children that he brought on his shoulders and in his arms, another child and his wife having perished a few days ago; children who have lost their parents or been abandoned by them, and joined the band in its wanderings. While I write one of our nuns brings me a skeleton of a boy of about twelve years, who was found close by on the roadside with scarcely a breath of life.

The witnessing of such scenes and our inability to rescue and save all these unfortunate creatures cause the heart to sink and our courage and physical strength to give way. With the magnificent sums you have collected for us, dear Rev. Father, we have already prolonged and saved many thousand lives. I spend my days and nights in sustaining the courage of our zealous missionaries, priests and nuns, and in forwarding their cries of distress wherever there are sympathetic and charitable souls. I may add that we make all our people, Christian and heathen, pray for their benefactors; and our good God will surely hear such fervent and tearful prayers.

It will be remembered that when Father Damien went to receive the reward of a saint, an American priest, Father Conrardy, continued his work at Molokai until Damien's brother came to care for the leper colony. But Father Conrardy did not relinquish his purpose of devoting the rest of his days to the care of the lepers: he merely transferred the scene of his heroic labors from Molokai to China. He recently secured a diploma from a medical school in Oregon, whither he had gone to fit himself for the relief of bodies as well as souls. It is an edifying example, this venerable priest's becoming a school-boy again at the age of sixty for the sake of strangers who have no claim upon him but their unspeakable misery and their utter abandonment!

There is no telling to what lengths of love for Ireland the war fever may carry Englishmen. Not only are the shamrock and the green flag the emblems of the hour in Britain, but the Conyocation of York is actually agitating for the insertion of St. Patrick's name in the

Anglican Prayer Book; and, if present appearances are not more than usually deceptive, the agitation will prove successful. But the one real service which lies in her power, England steadfastly refuses to Ireland. Lord Salisbury has declared that "the predominant partner can never consent" to Home Rule for Ireland, on the ground that the South African States have abused England's magnanimity by strengthening themselves to war against her; and Ireland must not be given the opportunity to do likewise. This is the sort of logic that is understood nowhere except in London. The chief significance of the declaration lies in the fact that Salisbury would never have made it unless he believed in the complete and immediate success of the British arms against the Boers. There is no urgent need of Irish recruits now, his Lordship thinks.

..

On second thought, there is another service England may render to her subject sister. Lady Gilbert's fascinating story now running in *THE AVE MARIA* shows the lamentable evils arising out of the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne. This senseless celebration each year tears open anew the wound in Ireland's heart, and even American Protestants are wondering how long this infamous thing must be suffered. An influential non-Catholic journal, the *Springfield Republican*, thus expresses what all our thinking men feel:

The Irish Protestants have persistently and offensively celebrated that victory down to the present day, although no more reason exists for such annual hurrahs than for celebrations in England over Cromwell's victories at Marston Moor and Naseby. In the United States neither the North nor the South annually celebrates the victories that either may have won in the Civil War. Yet the Protestants of Ireland for two hundred and ten years have been exulting over the Catholics' defeat under an incapable royal leader at the Boyne.

The next anniversary of the Boyne will come in July. The world will note whether it is celebrated

in Ulster. The Orangemen can make no greater offering to the unity and strength of the British Empire than to pass the day in silence. And ever after.

"The Story of a Green Girl" is, alas! a common story in the north of Ireland, and the world will indeed watch its development this year. That it is at all possible in this enlightened day is clear proof that the thousands of Irish Orangemen, taken collectively, do not possess enough chivalry to animate a Headhunter or a Hottentot.

The venerable Redemptorist, Father Smulders, who has passed away at St. Louis in his eighty-fifth year, had endeared himself to "all sorts and conditions of men" in an unusual degree. His death reminds us that during the Civil War the South as well as the North had her brave and devoted priest-chaplains, and that a priest's politics must ever be to save a soul whenever and wherever he can. Father Smulders served as chaplain to the famous Eighth Louisiana four full years, and the chivalrous people of the South have not forgotten that heroic service. No sooner did the news of his death in St. Louis reach the people of New Orleans than a public meeting representing all the religious denominations of the city was held to honor his memory. May he rest in peace!

The preservation of so many Catholic churches and religious houses in the terrible fire which lately visited the city of Ottawa, although the flames raged all around them, was remarkable enough to be noted by the secular press of both countries. The escape of the new St. Mary's School and of the Church of St. John Baptist in particular was indeed something extraordinary, and is regarded as miraculous by many persons who witnessed the fire.

Notable New Books.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. Translated from the French of the Very Rev. Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M. With a Preface by Cardinal Vaughan. Catholic Truth Society.

This is an excellent translation of a really important and most timely book,—one which can not be too highly recommended. It is to be hoped that it may be widely circulated, and find interested readers among all classes of Catholics. Its object is to explain the spirit, obligations and advantages of the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi; to promote its revival, and to make us realize the meaning of these strong words of Leo XIII.: "My plan for social reform is the rule of the Third Order of St. Francis." In an Encyclical Letter addressed to the bishops, his Holiness says further: "Do your best that the people may know and truly esteem the Third Order. See that those who have charge of souls carefully teach what it is: how open it is to all; how abounding in great privileges for eternal salvation; how full it is of the promise of great utility, public and private, wherever it is embraced."

With a view to remove obstacles to the spread of this admirable association so well calculated to renew the face of society, the Holy Father appointed a commission of cardinals to examine the original rule of the Franciscan Tertiaries, which he afterward adapted to the present age and present customs. There still remain formidable obstacles to the spread of the Third Order, but they must be known to those whose duty it is to combat them. If this were the proper place to discuss this subject, we should be disposed to do so, and the fear of giving offence would not deter us from frank expressions of opinion. Suffice it to say that the Pope is most desirous for the widespread and general revival of the Third Order of St. Francis; and that, being a veritable Order in the Church, it is above all ordinary associations and confraternities.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. By the Rev. John Thein. Benziger Brothers.

Father Thein, of the diocese of Cleveland, has furnished in this massive volume a concise statement of the information commonly sought after by laymen on subjects ecclesiastical, biblical, archaeological and historical. Unfortunately, the scope of his work at once suggests comparison with Addis and Arnold's "Catholic Dictionary," in which the subjects treated are naturally about

the same as those selected by Father Thein, and the manner of their treatment, it seems to us, much more satisfactory. The chief value of a work of this kind is obviously its usefulness as a reference book; and of reference books the essential quality is accuracy. Yet in the sixteen lines devoted to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the date of the introduction of the Order into the United States is given as 1814 instead of 1842; and "St. Mary's College at Galveston" is mentioned as one of the most important establishments conducted by these religious. On matters of more ancient history Father Thein is far more reliable; though in places he is inclined to wax controversial instead of keeping within expository lines. Yet we almost hesitate to call attention to these blemishes lest we should seem unappreciative of the real usefulness of the work as a whole. It has doubtless cost the author many months of hard labor, and even those who have the "Catholic Dictionary" on their shelves will make no mistake in setting Father Thein's book beside it.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. By Samuel Dill, M. A. Macmillan & Co.

This is an exceptionally interesting and learned work. It deals with the most striking events in the changing phases of Roman society, not only in Italy but also in Gaul, Spain, and Africa, during the transition period which culminated in the overthrow of the Western Empire and the ascendancy of the invading hosts that came in successive waves from Central and Northern Europe. It describes the changes and struggles of paganism in the futile resistance offered to the advance and spread of Christianity. It treats of the subject with the candor due to calm historic narrative. Its statements are based upon the writings of both Christian and pagan authors of the period, and it throws a searching light upon the social conditions then existing. It aims to deal impartially with the zealous missionary works of St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Paulinus, and others less known to general history; but shows that the growth of the early Christian Church was but gradual.

And it is worthy of remark that even then the Scriptures were widely known and freely discussed by Christians and pagans. The objections urged by the latter against the Church and her tenets were virtually the same as in succeeding ages,—the same as may be heard to-day. Societies organized and conducted in secrecy opposed her then as they oppose her now. Those who sought

license for their passions antagonized her because of her unyielding stand against their evil practices. Her guins in numerical strength and power were mainly due to the self-sacrificing zeal of the devoted men that championed her cause, and the growing recognition of her lofty ideals and commendable aims to alleviate the ills and sufferings of humanity.

Nevertheless, it was long difficult to draw a distinct line between Christians and pagans. They were to be found side by side even in the same family as late as the fourth and fifth centuries. The Emperor Julian yielded to the pagan spirit in his apostasy. Such men as Symmachus, Flavianus, Claudian, Venustus and Macrobius did all in their power to restore the ancient forms of worship. They were bitterly opposed to the ascetic and self-denying life of Christians, whom they charged with the many evils that had befallen the state, and with threatening the destruction of the Empire. They were wont to consider the claims of religion upon themselves and the Empire in the light of its material results and advantages. They sought to purchase the active co-operation and help of their gods by sacrificial gifts and observances. If they failed to receive the expected favors in return, they did not hesitate to express their disappointment and displeasure.

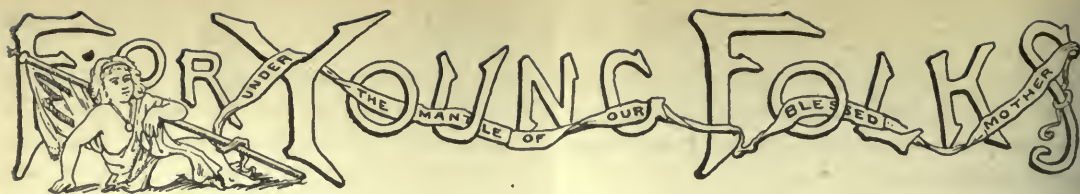
Under such circumstances they commonly appealed to and sought the intervention of other gods. They were satisfied with nothing short of some practical manifestation of the divine favor in their behalf. They could not understand the Christian theory that calamity might be sent by Heaven for the good of men and nations. They attributed the increasing signs of national decay and dissolution to the spread of Christianity and the neglect of their ancient rites. However, St. Augustine squarely met the charge and clearly proved in his great work entitled "De Civitate Dei" that the decay of the Roman commonwealth began before the dawn of the Christian era, and had its origin in the rising tide of luxury, license, immorality, venality and corruption that threatened to overwhelm society. In that abounding morass of vice and the decay of the ancient discipline, as he contended, there was need of authority from on high, as established in the Church, to teach mankind the lesson of voluntary poverty, chastity, benevolence and justice; and so not merely for the upright and virtuous conduct of this life, but to obtain eternal salvation and admission to the celestial commonwealth to

whose citizenship true Christians are joined by the virtues of faith, hope and charity.

The book is as interesting as it is instructive, and it throws much light upon the social customs of a period acknowledged by historians to be comparatively obscure. It may be said, consequently, to be of special value not only to students of history but to all who may desire to acquaint themselves more in detail with the state of Roman society in its transition from the cold and cheerless formalism of the pagan cult to the warm, inspiring and glowing light of the Gospel, which conquered in turn the fierce barbarians that conquered and destroyed the Western Empire, and formed a new civilization by blending in permanent settlement with its people.

La Physiologie du Christ. Par le R. P. Philpin De Rivière. Paris: Librairie Religieuse H. Oudin.

The venerable Father De Rivière, of the London Oratory, will be remembered by many of our readers as the author of an excellent treatise on devotion to the Blessed Virgin—"L'Union de Marie au Fidèle." The present volume will enhance his reputation for well-ordered piety and literary skill; and will, moreover, establish his claims to the merit of original scholarship. The physiology of Christ, the most beautiful of the children of men, is a subject which gives ample scope to both piety and scholarship; though the latter qualification is, perhaps, best evidenced in the author's appendix on the pretended deformity of Christ. To the average reader this appendix will probably prove the most interesting portion of the work; for to many it will assuredly be a matter of surprise that there has ever been maintained an opinion that the Redeemer of mankind was destitute of physical beauty—was, in fact, personally ugly. Such an opinion, however, was upheld by Tertullian (when he had lapsed into heresy); and, while it was practically forgotten for centuries, it has been brought to light again in our age by critics more Jansenistic and rationalistic than thoroughly Christian or truly scholarly. Advocates of this doctrine that Christ lacked physical comeliness attempt to bolster up their belief by texts from the prophets, by the traditions of the Fathers, and by the congruity of the Divine Legislator's basing His highly spiritual teaching upon an evident contempt of every physical advantage. This doctrine, repugnant to every true follower of Christ, Father De Rivière conclusively shows to be historically false and wanting in any genuine motives of credibility.



Mayflowers.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

NEAR the foot of the hill where our field meets
the highway,
On the sloping south bank of the alder-fringed
brook,
Approached by a bush-covered, half-hidden byway,
There nestles the prettiest, sunniest nook.
'Tis a little wild-garden that blooms when no other
Is yet half-released from the Winter's chill sway,
And its dainty white blossoms are vowed to our
Mother,
To perfume the fair shrine of the Queen of the
May.
'Tis no matter how dreary or backward the season,
Let the March storm be fierce or the April winds
chill,
Though the fields be all bleak, yet, whatever the
reason,
The Mayflowers bloom near the foot of the hill.
From the tiny new grass-blades they peep out so
shyly,
White-robed little acolytes, seeming to say:
"Oh, grant us the privilege, valued so highly,
Just to die at the feet of the Queen of the May!"
Their request we are granting, for early each-morning
We gather a dew-laden cluster to fill
Two vases that help toward her altar's adorning,
The Virgin whose wishes we joy to fulfil.
And the fragrance each blossom exhales on that altar
Is a prayer to our Mother in heaven above,
That our hearts in her service may nevermore falter,
But be vases e'er filled with the flowers of love.

KINDNESS to animals is no new thing.
When the Parthenon was finished, the
Athenians agreed that all the animals
that had been employed in its building
should be turned out into the pasture
for the remainder of their lives. One of
the oxen came back to work, of his own
accord, the next day; and the people,
seeing that, said he should be the guest
of the city as long as he lived.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.—MYLES' CHUM.

BEN MORRIS was a head taller
than Myles; but his features
were more delicate, and his
complexion transparent almost,
though with plentiful freckles from the
March winds. He had sandy hair and
pale blue eyes. In fact, his face was very
far from being handsome; but it was a
good face and in a manner interesting.
Ben was rather quiet and serious, fond
of outside, and scarcely ever implicated
in any of those frolics for which poor
Myles had made himself a reputation.
His chief weakness—and this was the
point where his character met that of
Myles with full sympathy—was a love
of adventure,—a wishing that something
would happen outside of the ordinary
course of affairs.

There is very little doubt that these
imaginative ideas had come into his
head from his course of reading; so
that he was constantly thinking of the
wild West or the far East, of tropical
forests, tangled jungles, lion hunts, or
whaling expeditions. On this particular
afternoon Myles found him in the little
hall-room at the Morris house, where
he usually studied his lessons. He sat,
with his elbows resting on a desk and
his head between his hands, pondering
over one of those sea romances which
were his special delight, and which fired
his spirit with an impatient longing for
a life of action.

"Hello, Ben!" cried Myles, hopping
over the threshold on one leg and softly

alighting in an arm-chair. "I should think you've had quite enough of books for one day at least. Those problems were maddening."

"I'm reading about some fellows that went off to the South Seas."

"Oh, drop it, can't you," said Myles, "and come out for a walk?"

Myles' walks, as Ben well knew, usually included stolen rides on all sorts of vehicles, climbs on tall fences or on lamp-posts; encounters with dogs, cats, street Arabs, or possibly irate citizens, who had often been incommoded by the boy's omnipresent agility.

"It's more fun reading about these fellows," argued quiet Ben. "They all sailed from Martha's Vineyard in the *John P. Norris*, and you bet they had adventures!"

"What sort?" asked Myles, beginning to be interested.

"They fought with Malay pirates; they collided with an iceberg and were wrecked off an island in the Pacific, where they lived on roots and shell-fish before they were picked off by another whaler, the *Eliza Ann*. She took them down to the whaling grounds; and I'm just at the place where Wild Dick—he was the cockswain—stuck the harpoon into the monster whale."

Myles was all attention now.

"Did he get him?" he cried, eagerly.

"I haven't read that part yet," said Ben, resignedly.

"Well, you just read that chapter," added Myles; "and I'll wait to hear about it."

Ben shook his head. He probably feared that it would be difficult to keep Myles quiet that long.

"I'll look on over your shoulder," suggested Myles, who suddenly felt that he must know at once how it fared with the daring cockswain. This happy suggestion, not seeming to violate the laws of hospitality as the former one

had done, was acted upon by Ben. The two boys, their faces glowing with the excitement of the tale, read on and on, Myles quickly reaching the end of each page and waiting till the slower Ben had scanned the last paragraph. Having gone through two or three chapters thus, Ben was obliged reluctantly to close the book.

"I'll have to study my lessons now for to-morrow," he said, with a sigh.

"Ben," began Myles, planting himself in front of him so as to give full force to his words, "couldn't we go on board a whaler?"

Ben started.

"I don't mean just now, of course," continued the eager lad. "But we can gradually make our plans, and during the summer vacation I'll ask father to let me off for a trip to the South Seas, or wherever it is."

"Oh, the vacation would be no good! We'd have to be gone a year at least," objected Ben, over whose face a rosy flush of excitement had spread. "If only we were through with school!"

"Well, we can prepare," said Myles. "Of course we wouldn't run away, or anything like that; but we can make it the object of our lives: save our money, buy an outfit gradually, and then we can go to Martha's Vineyard and enlist—or whatever they call it—for the deep-sea fisheries."

Ben's eyes danced.

"It would be glorious!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. It did not strike him that this was a new development of Myles' mischief, against which he was always warning his friends.

"But my mother would never give her consent," he added, suddenly sinking down to despondency.

"Oh, yes, she would, when she saw it was for the best!" said Myles,—“at least I think so. And perhaps she and Susan and Katie” (Myles choked a little at

thought of Katie) "could live together while we are seeking our fortunes," he went on. "If we harpoon a monster whale, our fortune is made; and we can come home 'to roll in luxury,' as it says in the book about Wild Dick."

The idea had taken hold of Ben in earnest; though, as usual, it had first found root in Myles' fertile brain. The elder lad arose and paced the room. Myles' glowing picture of the united households of Morris and Macartney seemed to remove one difficulty. Mrs. Morris was a widow, and, except for Ben, quite alone. It is true that the scheme left Mr. Macartney still to be disposed of. But, being a commercial traveller, he spent much of his time on the road. However, Ben thought it necessary to mention the circumstance.

"Oh, father!" returned Myles. "He'll board somewhere. I'm sure he'd do anything to advance me in the world. He's just the best and kindest man."

This Ben knew to be the case; and if a lingering doubt remained in his mind as to whether or no Mr. Macartney might think a trip to the South Sea on a whaler the best means of advancing his son's fortunes, he banished it at once. Myles' cheerful optimism was irresistible.

"Of course," Myles said—for he was not without a full share of his father's practical good sense,—“we'll have to finish this year at school, and perhaps even next, as it will be our last year at De La Salle. Then we'll beg our parents to let us enter on that adventurous and money-making career.”

Myles was talking out of the book; but Ben did not seem to mind. His own enthusiasm was at fever height.

"It's a mighty long time to wait, though!" Ben exclaimed. He was far more impracticable than his friend.

"Well, yes," assented Myles. "But it will take a good while to prepare; and we shall need some money to get to

Martha's Vineyard and for our outfit."

Ben agreed to this, quoting examples from the pages of his favorite books.

"Then it will give us something to think about," said Myles, "and to talk about. But perhaps you'd better swear me to secrecy and I can swear you."

"It might not be right to do that," answered Ben, doubtfully.

"Oh, well, then, we'd better not!" said Myles; but his face clouded a little. That seemed to be so striking a part of the programme.

"We can promise not to tell any one of our plans till the proper moment arrives to disclose them—"

"Now, what mischief are you two concocting there?" asked Mrs. Morris, suddenly looking in at the door, and little dreaming of the wild scheme which had come into this pair of heads.

"Oh, we were just—" began Myles, crimsoning and looking confused; while Ben hid his face behind the leaves of a book,—“talking and—"

Mrs. Morris gave the boy a quick, suspicious glance.

"Now, Myles," she went on, half jest, whole earnest, "don't be getting my quiet Ben into any of your mischief."

Myles hung his head.

"And come on, both of you, to tea," she added. "Don't you know it's six o'clock, children?"

Myles started up in confusion.

"O Mrs. Morris, I didn't know it was so late! I must go home quick."

"No: stay now and have supper with Ben," she said; "the cook has made some nice hot waffles, and there's cold chicken and cherry jam."

It made Myles' mouth water to hear of these delicacies. Mrs. Morris always gave them such good things to eat.

"If I'm not in the way," hesitated Myles.

"No, not a bit of it," said the good-natured lady.

"Would it take too long if I just ran round and called in at the window to Susan that I wouldn't be home for tea?" ventured Myles.

"Run along, then," said Mrs. Morris; "and come back quickly."

After Myles had gone, Ben's mother observed:

"I'm sorry I didn't tell him to bring Katie to have some of the waffles."

Ben wasn't very sorry, because Katie's presence would prevent any further discussion of the new scheme in which he was so deeply interested that he felt as if he cared to talk of nothing else. Still he was a good-natured boy, and Myles' little sister was a favorite with all her brother's friends.

"I'll run after him!" Ben cried, seizing his cap and darting after Myles, of whom he caught sight just as the latter was rather dolefully approaching the kitchen window and reflecting that it was mean to leave poor Katie at home alone, to eat bread and butter and baked apples, when he was going to such a feast.

"Hey, Myles!" cried Ben.

Myles did not hear. He was already hailing Susan on his own account, to which that unaccommodating female had not yet responded. Katie had come to the window, however, hearing with a rather dejected and forlorn countenance that Myles was going out to tea.

"I'll tell Susan," she said quietly, thus putting a stop to Myles' ear-splitting yells. Then she added, wistfully: "Don't stay very late, because Susan falls asleep and I'm afraid."

"No, no!" replied Myles, hurriedly: "I won't stay late at all. But I wish you were coming too."

Here Ben hastily interposed, quite out of breath.

"Mother says you're to come too, to eat some waffles!" he called out to the little girl.

Katie's face brightened, just as if the

sun had come out of a cloud-bank. It was a great event to go out to tea, and especially to the Morrisises, who were very well off, and had everything of the nicest. Myles felt relieved and was very grateful to Mrs. Morris. Katie ran in to tell Susan, who wasn't sorry; because she wanted to run over to her sister's for a while. Then the little girl quickly put on a clean pinafore over her dainty frock of blue and white check, while the boys waited on the sidewalk.

"You see," said Myles to his friend, "it would never do to go off to the South Seas till we make some arrangement for your mother and Katie and even Susan. We couldn't leave them alone, you know."

"No, I guess not," said Ben, sadly, with the air of one who feels a burden of responsibility on his shoulders. "We'll have to wait."

"And of course there'll always be whales down there," said hopeful Myles; "the sea's full of them."

As Katie now appeared, no more could be said on that subject. Myles, however, could not help whispering to Ben:

"If she only knew!"

The flavor of mystery was to his mind the most delightful part of the affair; and the tremendous secret which he and Ben shared between them seemed to transport them far from all these commonplace surroundings, and to lift them even into the sphere of all those daring and active spirits who have revolutionized the world.

The supper was a decided success. The chicken was appetizing to the last degree; the cherry jam rich and luscious enough to delight an epicure. As for the waffles, never had such waffles been tasted; served a delicate brown and very hot, with abundance of powdered sugar, and with that best of all sauces—the happy, healthful appetite of youth.

And Mrs. Morris gave them all great

cups of tea, yellow and rich with cream, which made it seem ever so much better than poor Susan's pale decoctions; though, indeed, that faithful old woman was accustomed to boast that she could make tea with any one. Susan had theories, and one of them was that growing boys and girls should not drink tea at its full strength. Besides, cream was a luxury beyond her modest household resources. The china, too, specially delighted Katie. She thought it was like a story. The cups were ample in shape, delicate white, with a raised pattern of roses and green leaves; and the plates with deep border to match. Mrs. Morris took them out, too, of a quaint old three-cornered cupboard, which seemed quite mysterious.

"We wouldn't get a supper like that on board the *Eliza Ann*," whispered Myles on the way upstairs; for, as was often the case in unpretentious households, the dining-room was in the basement.

"No; but wouldn't it be splendid to rough it for a while!" replied Ben, to whom these luxuries were no novelty. He spoke in the same cautious tone; and Myles put his finger to his lips to enjoin secrecy, though no one at all was listening; for Katie had run up before, and Mrs. Morris had gone into the kitchen to speak to the cook.

When that lady rejoined them later, she brought out from some mysterious receptacle a set of little dancing figures, which she placed upon the sounding-board of the piano and played a tune, setting them dancing merrily. There were little gentlemen in bright blue coats and white trousers, and little ladies in dainty pink frocks carrying a bouquet of roses; and there were cavaliers and fine ladies and shepherds and shepherdesses. Katie became quite absorbed in watching their fascinating evolutions.

But the boys presently drew apart to the farthest corner of the room and discoursed together in whispers. Had any curious listener approached he might have caught mysterious words and phrases: "Seaworthy craft," "a hundred gallons of oil," "ice plains," "whale blubber," "harpoons," "tackle," "spears," "hummocks," and so forth.

Mrs. Morris once or twice observed the boys curiously; however, she did not want to appear too inquisitive, and it never occurred to her that their consultation could be of anything more serious than the ordinary school-boy doings at De La Salle or some escapade of mischievous Myles.

When it was time for the Macartneys to go home, Myles and Ben parted, with fresh promises of inviolable secrecy.

(To be continued.)

Worthy of a Bow.

Marshal Turenne noticed one day that his soldiers involuntarily bent their heads when bullets whizzed by them, and spoke of it to an officer standing near. "I will order them to keep their heads up, bullets or no bullets!" said the officer, thinking to please Turenne. "No, General: let them alone," rejoined the Marshal. "It is always well to be courteous. Our enemies may be very rude, but let us admit that they are at least worthy of a bow."

A CERTAIN king of Persia had called a foreign physician to his court and was informing him in regard to its customs. "How do the people eat here?" asked the doctor.—"They never eat except when they are hungry, and are careful not to eat too much."—"If that be the case," rejoined the doctor, "I am not needed here. I think I will go back." And back he went.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The late Richard Storrs Willis was the founder of the *Musical Times*, now known as the *Musical World*, and *Once a Month*, a magazine devoted to the fine arts, which he edited for some time. Mr. Willis published several books and was a voluminous composer. His "Anthem to Liberty," written during the Civil War, won the prize offered for the best national song. *R. I. P.*

—Ruskin was not in favor of circulating libraries, and often said that a book which was not worth rereading more than once was not worth reading at all. "If a book is worth reading," he wrote, "it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read and reread, and loved and loved again. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries."

—Sir Walter Scott may be cited as one of those eminent authors who have not thought it beneath their dignity to write for children. Writing of the "Tales of a Grandfather," which were to be dedicated to Master John Lockhart, he says: "Some great authors will consider it a degradation to write a child's book; I can not say I feel it such. It is to be inscribed to my grandson; and I will write it not with a sense of its being *infra dig.*, but with a grandfather's pleasure."

—A collection of the favorite poems and hymns of distinguished men would be an interesting volume, especially if opinions could be quoted. Mr. W. T. Stead, in his own review, has stated that he was singularly affected by one of Lowell's poems ("Extreme Unction"), in which the following lines occur. The words are those of an old man who, at the point of death, looks back over a ruined life, and thinks of the different uses he might have made of "the keys of darkness and of morn":

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;—
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

—The Syriac "Testament of Our Lord" lately discovered by Mgr. Rahmani is pronounced by the Rev. W. H. Kent to be a sort of apocryphal Apocalypse. According to this ancient document—it belongs to the very earliest ages of the

Church,—one of the evils preceding the last day will be this: "Silver shall be despised and gold alone will be held in honor." This will be interesting to bimetalists. A curious detail of the early Christian liturgy, as this work describes it, is that persons coming late to church were excluded from entering until after the first prayers were finished. This, we are told, was to protect punctual worshipers from disturbance, and also to symbolize the shutting of the gates of heaven against the late-comers. After the "prayers" the stragglers were admitted and a special prayer was offered publicly for their amendment. Disconcerting, of course; but we venture to think it was effective.

—It is important to give the date of the edition in quoting the works of the historian George Bancroft. He began his literary career with strong prejudices against the Church, which were afterward greatly lessened by travel and study; but in his old age his early antagonism revived, and he deliberately gave a bigoted complexion to his writings, some of which had given much satisfaction to Catholics on account of the honorable treatment of pioneer missionaries, explorers, and colonists. Bancroft's residence in Berlin during the war on the Church accounts for the change which has puzzled so many of his readers. Referring to the final revision which he gave his history, Dr. John Gilmary Shea wrote: "He modified or omitted much of the more independent, manly thought that had inspired his pages; and his 'History of the Constitution' contains pages unworthy of him as an historian or an American. His work will stand, however, and will long continue to be read and referred to as the standard. It will be superseded, doubtless, in time; but few will arise who can bring to the subject the research, the enthusiasm, the philosophical view of motives, negotiations, and events,—few who can bring to the writings of history his experience in the cabinet and diplomatic life."

—The "war correspondent" has come to have a distinct status in popular literature. It is now generally held that the creator of the profession was "Bull Run" Russell, whose reports from the Crimea, written in a critical spirit and with some literary style, were unlike anything that had previously appeared, in that they seemed to anticipate the judgment of history on the events passing under his eyes. Mr. J. A. MacGahan, of Ohio, who

changed the face of Eastern Europe, and the late Archibald Forbes represented another stage in the evolution of the profession; and the late Mr. G. W. Stevens may be regarded as the perfectly developed type. To the enterprise of the newspapers, however, must be attributed the evolution of the remarkably expensive and efficient system as it exists to-day. A high literary authority says:

The modern war correspondent need not spare expense. He can use the telegraph or the cable as freely as the old-time correspondent used the letter-post. He can, like Stanley, organize a small army of retainers; he can employ special couriers; he can engage special trains. Every appliance of modern civilization is at his disposal. Moreover, he has received a sort of official recognition from governments and commanders, so that when he attaches himself to a particular army he is treated very much as though he were one of the general staff. On the other hand, he must expose himself to danger and to hardship as freely as though he were not a non-combatant.

That not even the most belauded of modern writers do not think the duties of the war correspondent beneath them may be seen from the fact that Kipling, Conan Doyle and Richard Harding Davis are now in South Africa "doing" the Boer war.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* \$2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* \$5, net.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* \$1, net.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., net.

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* \$1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., net.

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* \$1.10, net.

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., net.

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.25, net.

Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., net.

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* \$3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1.50, net.

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.

The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3 50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 26, 1900.

NO. 21.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Work of May.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

AT the dawn of May, in our Northern scene,
Full dreary and sombre was Nature's mien,
Nor field nor forest showed tint of green,—
All earth wore an aspect of mourning.
Then there came from the Southland an amorous breeze,

That whispered new joys to the bare-branched trees,
And sang to the meadows gay melodies,
 wooing both to their self-adorning.

Then the grass-blades pushed through the yielding mould,

The buds bade their tiny leaflets unfold,
And delicate blossoms—pink, purple, and gold—

Oped their petals in timorous gladness;
Till meadow and hillside and woodland tree
Have dressed all anew right wondrously,
And in Nature's mien there is naught to 'see
Of mourning or dearth or sadness.

Many hearts, too, were bleak at the dawn of May;
All their hopes and aims in dull torpor lay,
And life was a burden from day to day,
Borne solely because a duty.

They sought relief at the May-Queen's shrine:
Life's aspect changed 'neath her smile benign,
And those hearts now glow with a peace divine
As the springtime world with beauty.

MARY is the stem of that beautiful flower on which the Holy Spirit rests with all His gifts; therefore, he who wishes to obtain the Seven Gifts of this Holy Spirit should seek the flower of the Holy Spirit on its stem. We go to Jesus by Mary, and by Jesus we find the grace of the Holy Spirit.—*St. Bonaventure.*

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

OUR LADY AND THE FEASTS OF ASCENSION AND PENTECOST.



THE Blessed Virgin is not unfrequently depicted as holding a prominent place in illustrations of the sublime mysteries commemorated at Ascension and Pentecost. That she was present on both occasions is beyond doubt, and quite in accordance with the tradition of the Church and the interpretation of Holy Scripture. St. Luke himself, in the Acts of the Apostles, is our authority for the tradition; since he makes distinct mention of "Mary the Mother of Jesus" being present in the upper chamber after the return from Mount Olivet.

Our Lady and the holy women took part in that farewell repast which Christ deigned to eat with His disciples on the morning of the first Ascension Day.* When the hour to depart had come, Jesus rose from table, and, accompanied by His Holy Mother and the hundred and twenty persons who had assembled in the upper room, started for Mount Olivet. This journey, for centuries, was commemorated by a solemn procession before the High Mass of the feast; if possible, the procession passed outside

* "Liturgical Year," Paschaltide, iii.

the walls of the city, doubtless to make the celebration more expressive of that of which it was a memorial. This interesting rite, which obtained first in the Eastern Church, may be traced back to at least the time of St. John Chrysostom.* In our own day, the Catholic parts of Germany still honor the feast with a solemn procession; while in certain monasteries the practice yet survives with much of its ancient splendor.

But to return to the Ascension. Our Blessed Lord, with His followers, arrived at the summit of the Mount; and, giving His Mother a look of final love and affection, and another fond farewell to His disciples, He raised His hands and blessed them. In the act of blessing He rose from the earth and ascended toward heaven. At length a cloud crossed the bright blue sky and received Him out of their sight.† The devout band of Apostles, disciples and holy women, forgetful of self and rejoicing for the glory of their Master, returned to the city. Our Lady was with them, and her presence added not a little to their gladness and consolation.

This festival terminates the liturgical commemorations of the mysteries of Our Lord's earthly life. The observance of the Ascension on the fortieth day after Easter is of the greatest antiquity, as St. Augustine, St. Gregory of Nyssa, and St. John Chrysostom testify.‡ On account of its universality there can be little doubt of its apostolic origin.

St. Silvia, describing her pilgrimage to the holy places in the fourth century, speaks thus of Ascension Day: "On the fortieth day after Easter, Mass is celebrated in due order; the priests and the bishop preach on subjects appropriate to the day and place, and finally all

return to Jerusalem in the evening."*

St. Bede observes that the ceremonies at Jerusalem were almost as solemn as those at Easter. The feast began at midnight on Mount Olivet; and the mountain itself, with the adjoining landscape, was all ablaze with numberless torches and tapers, which had been lighted to do honor to the festival.†

THE MASS.

The Mass of the Ascension is exceedingly jubilant in character, expressing, as only the liturgy can, the final triumph of our Redeemer. The symbolism of the extinction of the Paschal Candle, when the deacon has chanted the last words of the Gospel, is obvious in its meaning.

The antiphons at Vespers are chiefly extracts from the Acts of the Apostles, describing the mystery of the day; and their Gregorian melodies are expressive of a certain sadness, which the Church would have us feel at the loss of the bodily presence of our Saviour. The hymns, replete with tender devotion, are attributed to the pen of St. Ambrose.

HOOR OF ASCENSION.

A tradition, which has been handed down from the early ages, affirms that Our Lord's Ascension took place at midday—the hour of noon.‡ Hence in certain monasteries and convents, notably in Spain, a custom has arisen of devoting the midday hour, on this feast, to prayer, by chanting with solemnity the canonical office of None.§

In many places a blessing of bread took place on Ascension Day, commemorative of the farewell repast in the Cenacle.|| Sometimes a procession was made to a hill or rising ground, from which a benediction was pronounced

* Sermo. S. Joan. Chrys. "in Ascen. Dni." Migne, vol. ii, p. 442.

† Acts, i, 1. ‡ "Christian Antiquities," Smith.

* Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, vol. i.

† Bede, Edit. Migne, vol. v, p. 1184.

‡ "Liturgical Year," Paschaltide, iii.

§ Ibid, Martene, Rit. Monachor., vol. i.

|| Martene, Antiq. Disciplina Ecel.

over the fields and fruits. Thus did our Catholic forefathers delight to honor the mysteries of Christ's earthly life.

OUR LADY'S COLLECT.

During the octave, should no feast occur, the second collect at Mass is in honor of our Blessed Lady. This rubrical direction reminds the faithful of the great advantages they may derive from invoking Mary at a time when the whole Church is preparing for the descent of the Holy Spirit.

PENTECOST.

"When the days of Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place." Christian art has always delighted to paint the Blessed Mother of God in the midst of the Apostles on the great Day of Pentecost. She who had received the Divine Spirit in such abundance shared also in the graces of this important day. Not only was Our Lady present at the great miracle in the Cenacle, but she witnessed the conversion of the crowds on the occasion of the preaching of St. Peter. That sermon was rendered efficacious, in no small degree, by the power of her intercession.* This, perhaps, is the reason for the ceremonial direction that she should be invoked before sermons.†

From the Descent of the Holy Ghost till the time of her glorious assumption into heaven, Mary was pre-eminently the *Mother of the Church*. She was left by our Divine Lord during those early days to be a comfort to the first Christians, and to help in the consolidation of that great work in the world for the conversion of souls which the advent of the Holy Spirit so gloriously inaugurated.

The Feast of Pentecost, like that of Easter, is an apostolic institution in the Church. Pentecost means "fifty," and

has reference to the number of days which elapse between it and the Paschal solemnity. Just as the Christian Easter was prefigured by the Pasch of the Jews, so the Christian Pentecost was typified in the feast which commemorated the giving of the law on Mount Sinai.

HOUR OF TIERCE.

The third hour of the day—our nine o'clock—was the one chosen by God for the bestowal of His incomparable gift.* The office of Tierce daily commemorates the mystery. On Whitsunday additional solemnity is added by the substitution of the well-known *Veni Creator Spiritus* for the usual *Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus*. This practice, attributed to the piety of St. Hugh, Abbot of Cluny,† in the eleventh century, was adopted by the Roman Church, and is now a striking feature in the liturgy of Whitsuntide.

In connection with the solemnity of Pentecost, it must not be forgotten that one of Our Lady's special titles is that of Spouse of the Holy Ghost. All the mysteries wrought in her, all the beauty of her immaculate soul, must be attributed to His operation. He loved her and therefore He adorned her.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Passing on to the feasts immediately following Pentecost, we meet Our Lady again at Corpus Christi. The Body which we worship in the Holy Eucharist was formed in her spotless womb; hence the rubrics direct that on Corpus Christi Day, and throughout the octave, the hymns of the canonical hours should conclude with the doxology appointed for feasts of the Blessed Virgin and for Christmastide. Moreover, in churches where the Gregorian Chant is in use, the tone of the Mass appointed for this festival is that under the title *De Beata*

* "Mother of the Church," Coleridge, p. 63.

† *Ceremoniale Episcop.* (Ed. 1886), p. 81.

* This is the hour, according to the rubrics, for the celebration of conventual Mass on feasts.

† Martene, *Rit. Monach.*, p. 492.

Maria. How suggestive is this blending of the name of Mary with the worship of the Blessed Sacrament!

OUR LADY OF CONSOLATION.

The month of June is not without its feasts of Our Lady; although they are not, like those of May, of universal observance. In Augustinian churches, a feast of Our Lady of Consolation is kept on the 20th of June.

PERPETUAL SUCCOR.

A more widespread devotion is commemorated on the Sunday preceding the Feast of St. John the Baptist: it is that of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor. The cultus of Our Lady under this title has become so well known in the Church as to make explanation unnecessary. The feast is kept on this particular Sunday, because it coincides with the anniversary of the coronation of the picture, in the year 1867, by the chapter of the Basilica of St. Peter in Rome.* A proper Mass and Office, approved for the use of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, is to be found in the appendix of the more recent missals and breviaries.

PURE HEART OF MARY.

Devotion to the Most Pure Heart of Mary finds a place in the liturgy, usually on the third Sunday after Pentecost. This devotion was first propagated by Father Eudes, the founder of a religious congregation in the seventeenth century. On two occasions the Sacred Congregation of Rites declined to sanction the devotion; a local celebration, however, was permitted in 1799.† In 1855 Pope Pius IX. approved of the special Mass and Office now used in many dioceses and religious orders. The Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, established in Paris, had done much to popularize the devotion.

* "B. V. M. de Perp. Succursu," Romæ, 1876.

† Catholic Dictionary, art. "Heart of Mary."

The Story of a Green Girl.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

V.

SOME two or three weeks had gone by, and the riots of the "Twelfth" were forgotten by all except one group of persons. John Havern had recovered to a certain extent; and Kate was well enough to sit out on the green bank near her father's house and enjoy the summer evening air, with Robert McLean by her side. The fact that these Orange and Green enemies, whose feud had made such a noise in the neighborhood, were engaged to be married was a scandal to many on every side who did not hear the conversation which usually took place between the lovers.

"Robert," Kate would say, "of course I've promised you, and I'll never marry any man but you. Still, you know I've told you time and again that I'm not going to be your wife till you're a Catholic."

"And many's the time I told you, Kate, that I'd be anything on earth that you bid me to be."

"But that won't do, Robert. You'll have to be honest with your God. You must pray for the faith, and get it before you can call yourself a Catholic."

"Kate dear, you'll have to teach me yourself the prayers to say. The only prayer I ever prayed was 'To — with the Pope!' And all the religion I ever had was to hate brass money and wooden shoes."

"Well, Robert, I'll give you a little book to read, and you'll promise me to read it carefully. And I'll teach you a couple of prayers, and you'll promise me to say them."

"I will, Kate dear,—faith and troth I will!"

Soon after this Robert was sent for by his employer. He walked up to the house one evening, and, as it happened, found Mr. Williamson and his sister and their guest sitting on a garden seat, enjoying the beauty of the sunset.

"What is this I hear about you now, McLean?" asked the mill-owner. "I want you to contradict a report that is around concerning you. It is said—I have it on good authority—that you are paying attention to Kate Havern, the girl who burned the lilies and was the cause of so much disturbance."

"It was *I* that caused the disturbance, sir. It was myself began it."

"Is it true you have an intention of marrying her?"

"I'm glad to tell you it is true, sir."

"Indeed! Then I'm sorry to tell you that it is equally true I can not have a man in my employment who will so belie all his antecedents and show such a bad example in the neighborhood."

"You mean to give me notice, because I think myself at liberty to choose my own wife."

"To choose as your wife an unruly Papist."

"Then I beg to give you notice, Mr. Williamson, that I won't have her spoken of like that. The unruliness has all been on our own side, sir,—on your side and on mine."

"Insolent!" cried Miss Williamson.

Miss Harbottle looked at McLean with earnest attention.

"I can not quite understand you, McLean," Mr. Williamson went on, not being prepared to break with such a very useful and trustworthy employee. "You call yourself an Orangeman."

"I did a while ago, but I don't now. They're a cowardly lot. They drummed me out because I didn't like to see a Papist neighbor beat near to death for a thing he had nothing to do with and was mostly my fault."

"Oh! they drummed you out, did they? But that can be got over."

"Not by me, sir. There's nothing in the whole of it but bad blood and license to work mischief without fear of the law."

"McLean, I confess I'm astonished at the line you are taking. Are you prepared, after you have gratified your feelings by defying your old comrades and marrying a Papist wife, to endure the persecution and contempt which will be pretty sure to follow you for the rest of your life?"

"I'm prepared for everything, sir. And, for the matter of that, the world's wide. There are places where a man is allowed to be a man if he chooses to take his own way and stand alone. And, though you've been a good employer to me, sir, when the world went fair with me, you're not the only one I've got to look to, now that the wind has set just the other way."

"Well, I must say you have a very independent tongue. I still hope you will think better of it. Wait six months before you take any decisive step, and by that time irritation will have passed away and your mind will come back to its former balance."

"I'm obliged to you for your good wishes, sir; but myself and my wife will be sailing for America about this day four weeks. I wouldn't like to take you short, Mr. Williamson, about filling my place at the mills. Good-night, sir!"

And, with a courteous bow to the ladies, McLean took his departure.

Miss Williamson, who had been fizzing like a kettle about to boil over, now burst forth.

"Walter, is there no law by which you can punish this audacious fellow? If there isn't, it is a pretty sign of what things are coming to."

"He's punished enough by being drummed out of the lodge. I wish they

hadn't done it. McLean's a man I can't easily replace," said Williamson.

"Rubbish! I suppose he knows you think so, and that is what has made him so impertinent."

"I did not observe that he was impertinent," interposed Miss Harbottle.

"Did you not? You must have very little power of observation then!" snorted Miss Lydia.

Diana smiled.

"It seemed to me the man showed a good deal of independent spirit," she said. "His plea that he had a right to choose his wife seemed to me such a very reasonable one."

"The thing is unheard of," said Miss Lydia. "And, besides, it could not end happily. They've begun by fighting and they'll be sure to go on fighting all their lives."

"I am afraid they will," said her brother. "But that's their own affair. What disturbs me in the matter is that McLean is injuring himself at the same time that he is disappointing me. I'll never get another man like him to fill his place in the works."

"Then why not stand up and fight out his battle for him?" asked Miss Harbottle. "Surely you have weight and power and could overcome what you call the lodge."

The mill-owner shook his head.

"Diana, you do not understand the mechanism of our association. Did I espouse the cause of McLean, were he twice the man he is, I should injure myself fatally and could do him no good. If I can not persuade him to apologize to the lodge, he will have to depart out of Dungarron."

"I feel a little chilly," said Diana. "Don't you think we might return to the house?"

The next afternoon Miss Harbottle excused herself from driving out with Miss Williamson, and set out to take

a solitary walk in the direction of the mill-workers' cottages. Miss Lydia, who was in a state of extreme irritation at what she considered the persistent wanton opposition shown by their visitor to the views of her host and hostess, was not sorry to be without the guest's company as she drove to seek comfort from a friend living at a distance of several miles from Dungarron. Nevertheless, she was exceedingly surprised at seeing Miss Harbottle's elegant skirts disappearing round a green-hedged corner of the road just as her horses started in another direction.

"What can she be going to do down there among the cottages?" Miss Lydia asked herself. "I have half a mind to turn back and follow her."

But a few moments' reflection on Diana's ways and manners decided her that she had better proceed on her own expedition.

Meanwhile Miss Harbottle had found the cottage belonging to the Haverns, and came upon John himself, sitting on a bench outside the door, looking very pale and weakly.

"Oh, yes, I'm better, thank you, ma'am!" he answered, cheerfully; "and please God I'll get over it. Not but what a beating like that at my time of life is very apt to make a differ—"

"Is your daughter at home, Mr. Havern?"

"Well, indeed, ma'am, Kate went out to the fields half an hour ago to gather in her bleaching clothes; but she'll be in by and by, if you would kindly step into the house and take a seat with us."

"I'll go through the fields and perhaps I'll find her, thank you!" said Diana. "I want to have a few words with her, and the fields are as good a place for talking as anywhere else."

So away went Diana through the fields, looking with her New-World eyes on the narrow fencings and patchwork

limitations of our Old-World meadows and pastures. The scenery around Dunggarron has no striking or romantic features; but it has that sweet rural beauty of green hedge-rows, running water, vivid grassy slopes and flats, long lines and vagrant curves of ups and downs,—all softened together with delicious hazes of blue and grey and distant purple, which will grow as lovely to home-loving eyes as any magnificence of sea and wood and mountain.

Kate's cows were gathered together drinking in the green trough of the stream at the foot of the fields; and the girl herself, with an armful of snow-white linen, was coming homeward, with her brown eyes uplifted a little and fixed on the distant sky-line. Diana noticed the happy expression on Kate's small, round face, the rose tinge on the nut-brown cheeks, and the glad eagerness on the parted lips.

"I don't think she will be a fighting wife," thought Diana. "However, I am going to sound her a little."

Kate started when she saw the charming lady whom she had seen once before, and who had thanked her so sweetly and unnecessarily for the mere honesty of returning to her a dropped purse.

"I am glad to meet you again!" said Diana. "Your father told me I might find you about here. I just wanted to know how both he and you had got over your illnesses."

"Thank God, we're rightly, Miss!" said Kate. "It is very kind of you to be thinking about us."

"Is it?" answered Diana. "It is only natural. And I have been thinking a good deal about you. Will you excuse me for asking you a question? Is it true you are going to marry Robert McLean?"

"It's true, Miss," said Kate, with a sparkle of the eyes and a rosy blush.

"And what are you going to do with

yourselves afterward? Of course I am aware that Robert has thrown up his work at the mills."

"We're just going to seek our fortune, Miss. It'll be hard on us leaving home—my father and mother," said Kate, with a quiver of the lip; "but they've promised to come after as soon as we can make a place for them. They'd have no life here now anyway—after all that has happened."

"And has Mr. McLean—oh, here he is!" observed Diana, as Robert was seen approaching them.

He took off his hat and regarded Kate and her companion with astonishment.

"Mr. McLean," said Miss Harbottle, "I've been wishing to speak to you. Kate tells me that you and she are thinking of emigrating. Now, I am an American, and I have a good deal of property in my own country. There is a post which I can offer you as manager of some rather important works. I have seen enough of you to feel that I can place my affairs in your hands with confidence. And I think we can agree about the salary."

She then named a sum which was far beyond the ambition of McLean.

Robert and Kate were astonished and no less delighted.

"I really have no words to thank you, Miss Harbottle. Of course it's more than we ever would have thought of. And, if you give me the trial of the place, I'll surely do my best," said Robert. "It's terribly good of you, and I can hardly understand it," he went on—then hesitated, not venturing to say: "And Mr. Williamson so angry, and you going to be married to him."

Diana guessed his thoughts and knew why he stammered over his wonder.

"I shall return to America by the next mail," she said; "and I shall wire for you to follow as soon as I have made all the arrangements. That will give

you time to have the wedding over," she added, smiling.

So all that was settled. Finally Diana thought there would be a post for John Havern also about her works. She left the little family that afternoon with a thorough understanding that they were all taken into her service on liberal terms.

That very evening in the Williamson drawing-room Miss Harbottle said to her hosts:

"My friends, I find I must start for America by the next mail. I have paid you a long visit and you have been very kind to me. I want you to promise to allow me to return your hospitality. You really ought to see America."

Miss Lydia was secretly no way displeased. She had some time ago made up her mind that Miss Harbottle was a freethinker, if not a Papist in disguise, and that she certainly would not be worth her money. Mr. Williamson was aghast with disappointment; for he had thought that recent events and conversations had been doing much toward educating the charming Diana, and training her to be a suitable wife for him.

After a pause for bitterly regretful thoughts, the mill-owner said:

"Can not you put off this business? Can it be so urgent? You have often told me that you were as free as air."

"I believe I have considered myself a little too free," said Diana. "You have been teaching me a great deal about the duties of capitalists. One thing I have learned is that a great responsibility devolves on an employer."

"But I did not know that you were an employer."

"Because I never looked on myself in that light. I was a reckless absentee, and left the management of my affairs to others. I am going to look into these things in future. And, by the way, as you have quite done with Robert

McLean, I have ventured to engage him to oversee some works for me."

Williamson's face had been falling steadily for some minutes past. Now it made a rapid fall of several degrees.

"Of course I understand from you that he is an honest, trustworthy fellow—apart from religious difficulties."

"Yes, he is thoroughly trustworthy," faltered Mr. Williamson.

"And with us these difficulties will not get in the way," said Diana, cheerfully.

"And now that is all settled. I shall still have a few pleasant days to spend with you, and to persuade you both to name an early date for your visit to me in America."

When she had retired for the night, Miss Lydia remarked:

"I am glad she is going, and taking that insolent McLean along with her. The air of Dungarron will be cleared."

Walter made no reply, turned on his heel and went out of the room. He spent all that night trying to make up his mind as to whether he might or might not venture to propose to Diana before her departure. She was really very attractive to him, and he had indulged in a dream that he was also attractive to her. He would not consent to awake from that dream.

After breakfast next morning Miss Harbottle and he had a long conversation alone in the garden. Miss Lydia, coming upon them through a maze of bushes, overheard just a fragment of the end of a conversation.

"No," replied Miss Harbottle; "our ideas on some important subjects are too different. I have the notions of an American as to freedom. But do let us remain friends. And come over soon and pay me a visit on my own ground."

She departed on the appointed day for America, and in due time the McLeans and the Haverns obeyed her summons and followed her.

These things happened some twenty or thirty years ago. Robert McLean has risen to a good position, and he and his wife and family are among the most respected Catholics in the States. Miss Harbottle ultimately married a man distinguished for the liberality of his ideas; while Mr. Walter Williamson is provided with a wife who will certainly never vex him by her deviation from the time-honored principles of Orangeism.

(The End.)

Under the Hills.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

I.

OLD home, old home, under the quiet hills,—
Ruddy Spring and sunny Summer:
Each in turn a welcome comer;
Autumn too, with red and gold,
Over copse and vale and wold,
Ever loved as a peaceful fold
Under the quiet hills.

II.

Under the quiet hills,—
Sward of moss and banks of fern,
Wildest woods with many a turn,
Tangled brake and patches of green,
Greet us unlooked-for, and intervene.
Adown from beneath their craggy top,
Silverly glancing, and never stop
When Winter is past, clear trickling rills,
Where violets cluster and daffodils;
Shadow and sunshine there pass by,
Matching cloud and blue in the changeful sky,
When the Summer grows old, I dream as I lie
Under those quiet hills.

III.

Under those quiet hills
Seven gables, stony grey,
Stand looking over the vale;
Hoarding many a sorrowful tale,
And telling a tale away.
Seven gables with oak beneath,
And stone-bound windows small,
Orange lichen upon the wall,
And a quiet around like the presence of Death.
Beeches with silver bark look o'er
A sluggish pool from the wall to the door;
While over the door, with iron-leaves rich,
Crumbles slowly an empty niche:

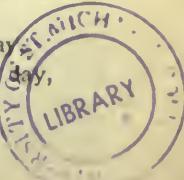
Carved fragments and wide-grown weed,
Where stood the figure of Etheldrede.
Within, dark panel and stony floor,
Gilded cornice and massy door;
Pictures and armor up on the wall,
And a faded curtain across the hall;
Gathered up into dusty folds below,
And tied with an antique-looking bow:
While beside it stands a broken lance
That once belonged to the King of France,
Who was taken prisoner by the son
Of old Sir Henry of Quarrendon,
Whose shield is a fesse between crescents three,
And his motto "By faith and constancy."
My chest on the casement.

The breeze, though cool,
Scarcely motions the weedy pool.
Out in the pond there, just as they list,
The dace come up with a sudden twist:
I can't help watching the circles die,
Though bright be the garden and blue the sky.
Here the shadows are broad and dun,
While there a lily enjoys the sun;
Of that flower's death would a painter be wary,
If painting the mission of Gabriel to Mary.

Firm box-hedge by the chapel wall,
Quinces mellowing, sunflowers tall,
And beyond the rich peaches ready to fall:
Fruit to look at, pictures to paint,
But could pencil preserve the rich odors faint
Of the old home under the hills?

IV.

Old home under the hills,—
Full five centuries have passed by,
Poor are rich and low are high;
While the earth has given a timely rest
To thousand thousands upon her breast;
While numberless shadows, early and late,
Have crept across the dial-plate,
Since the slab was raised and the oil was poured
And this pile was offered to the Lord:
The lights were lit and the chapel named,
And a withering curse on the spoiler proclaimed.
The words of that curse are heard again
When the full moon shines through the window pane;
The sleeping or wakeful those sounds will reach,
Though none can discover who frames the speech.
O'er just and sinner, o'er lowly and proud,
It broods like a breaking thunder-cloud;
Each has known sorrow and keen dismay
From King Henry's time to this present day,
And six generations have passed away
At the old home under the hills.



V.

Watching, kneel I day by day,
 Friends and seasons pass away,—
 Lord, be Thou my perfect stay.
 This jewelled Rood, with Mary and John,
 Is a picture ever to look upon:
 Thou art with us, though Thou art gone.
 Then, Lord, forgive, and take Thine own,—
 Let me prepare Thee an altar throne
 Of the old home under the hills.

VI.

Old home, true home under the hills,
 Ruddy Spring and sunny Summer,
 Each in turn a welcome comer;
 Autumn too, with red and gold,
 Over copse and vale and wold,
 Still more loved, as a peaceful fold
 Under the quiet hills.
 Now hangs no dark cloud above,
 For the ever-burning lamp of love
 Glisteneth under the hills!
 Ever flushing copse and wold,
 Deeper tints of purple and gold
 Stream down over the hills.

 Out of the Crucible.

 BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

THE RIVER.

HALF-WAY down the wooded hill,
 the path that leads downward
 through beech and birch trees becomes
 easier and softer to the pedestrian's foot
 as he treads the thick carpet of last
 autumn's leaves. Surely the border of
 the forest is not far distant. This is not
 the dusty soil where the rose and the
 dry heather grow; nor is it the silent
 and gloomy forest. What sudden cool-
 ness! We enter a copse of tenderest
 green. Under the interlaced leaves the
 wild grass is higher, the velvet of the
 mosses thicker, and here and there are
 scattered the pale, sickly mushrooms.
 How much singing resounds in the
 thicket! What a rustling of wings!
 There must surely be water near by.

Silence! A cloud has veiled the sun.
 Warblers and chaffinch are hushed for

an instant. Do you not hear that
 refreshing sound, that gentle murmur?
 Creep under the trees—look out for the
 branches, and take care not to slip on
 the spongy earth. Look! Near that pile
 of greenish stones see the water-cresses
 tremble. Farther off, do you perceive
 that narrow ribbon of limpid silver
 that glides like a frightened snake?

We have found it—the spring. In a
 few days this pure and icy water, with
 which one fills the hollow of one's hand,
 and which one sips with the delightful
 feeling that one is tasting innocence, will
 reach the Atlantic and be mixed with
 the salt and heavy waters of a vast
 estuary. Then it will glide up against
 the buoys, with their vermilion marks
 showing the shoals of the harbor; it
 will bounce against the flanks of the
 monster cargo boats anchored at the
 mouth of the river.

Alas, how exquisite at the source is
 that thread of water that is to journey
 so far and become so corrupted! It is
 the very symbol of innocence. Is there
 one of us who, roaming through the
 woods, after having slaked his thirst,
 has not paused a while—soothed by
 its whispers, fascinated as by a charm,
 admiring its limpid glory,—and involun-
 tarily gone back to his childhood and
 his adolescence?

However, in descending the hillside
 like a snake amid the grass, the little
 rivulet has gathered unto itself other
 diminutive streams—has been swollen
 by invisible waters. Now we find it in
 the hollow of a valley and following
 its symmetrical curve. How weak it
 still is, that little stream of water! It
 can be crossed on a single plank; and
 in dry summers one finds in places
 only mud and stones in its bed. But
 subterranean waters secretly join it. It
 now crosses rich and fertile prairies;
 willows grow along its margin, and
 gnarled trunks, in double row, rear their

leafy branches. At times a cow wanders down from a neighboring pasture, heavy and clumsy; enters the rivulet, drinks; and then, raising her streaming muzzle, stares at the horizon with an air of astonishment.

It is only a few miles farther on—at the junction of three valleys, each of which brings its liquid tribute,—that the humble stream becomes a small river. Geography has already imposed upon it a distinctive name,—the illustrious name under which it will carry to the sea the imposing ocean steamers and combat the restraining efforts of the harbor-bar. It is still but a young river that the old stone bridges bestride with a single span, and that still retains its rural grace. It flows slowly under the elms and aspen-trees, with their interlaced branches; and over its unrippled surface, darkened by the thick foliage, the kingfisher sweeps his blue reflection as he flies past. In springtime there is an endless concert in the thickets on either shore; while the transparent winged insects, grouped on the reeds, seem like the notes of the music sung by the winged virtuosi. The young river, hardly navigable as yet for small craft, is very lonely. Only from time to time, at most, does one discover in a small ferry-boat moored to a stump, a light coat, the point of a gray beard under a straw-hat, a long fishing-rod, and, at the extremity, the float—the only red spot in all that verdure—riding quietly among the leaves of the water-lilies.

The youthful river rapidly becomes adult, and its mass of water, always more abundant, begins its work of utility. When it passes near a village it hears the chatter and laughter of the bare-armed washerwomen, and the rhythmic sound of their beetles; and it carries away the variegated soap-bubbles. Its first deeds of usefulness preserve an innocent and pastoral char-

acter. It is with a sort of pleased complacency that it enters the millrace, throws itself on the paddles of the heavy wheel to turn it, falling again in joyous cascades and spurts.

Suddenly, at the turn of a hillock, it receives its first tributary stream; and, being now doubled in width and depth, it really deserves the name of river. It goes its way, calm and laborious; for henceforth it will carry boats. On its steep banks, under the trembling poplars, the horses with all their strength tow the empty barges up the river; and on the small transports with their brilliant colors, coming down stream, the sailors sing. On it goes, meandering gracefully; at times enclosed between vine-spread hills; at times delaying and dallying amongst the meadows. Villages multiply along its fertile shores; and the peaceful steeples, like good old folk, watch it as it passes by. Still on it goes, absorbing now one river, now another. Farther on, there where a sluice-keeper stands out against the sky, a canal enriches it with its captive torrent.

It flows on, a noble river. It passes through illustrious cities. Encumbered with pontoons and all sorts of small vessels, it flows more impetuously among historic stones, hurls itself in anger under the sonorous arches of monumental bridges. Over the crowded and noisy quays, the open spires of ancient churches cast on its waters their trembling shadows. Then it launches out again into the open country, presenting its mirror to all the enchantments of the heavens. Under the burning light of summer, it scintillates with sparks; dawn covers it with roses; the setting sun riddles it with topazes and carbuncles; and through the blue nights it seems to follow an enchanted dream in the melancholy moonlight.

The river is now in all its force and majesty. But what has become of the

pure, clear water of its source? Since the first wash-house from which it carried away the dirty suds, its every contact with man has sullied it. How many sewers have disgorged into its depths their mud and filth! The factories of the suburbs, that rear their high chimneys along its border, have slowly but constantly directed toward it their streams of poison. Through ancient coins, old jewels, and rusty weapons, that it has moved in passing along its bed, it has found the trace of crimes centuries old. From the height of solitary bridges, in the dead of night, many a wretch has taken a final plunge into its black depths; and in the harbor many a murderer has thrown the bleeding body of his victim into it. At times, as though seized with nausea, it has vomited onto the grass of its banks hideous and putrefied débris. But the infection will last forever; and, like the conscience of the criminal, it carries in its bosom, together with a few lost and unknown treasures, impurity, shame, and despair.

At last the river reaches its goal. It has come to the estuary. It is so vast that off there at the distant anchorage, near the vague and remote shore, the great ships that have gone round the world—those that have ploughed the indigo seas under flaming skies, and those that with their strong prows have crushed immense icebergs in the midst of terrifying darkness, the slender three-masters, and the powerful steamers,—all seem but fragile shells rigged with cobwebs. The last beacon is now passed, and on the hazy coast the white towers of the lighthouses are so small as to be almost invisible. The enormous liquid mass that the tide attracts and repels by turns, irritated by the struggle, now bristles with small waves, and now rushes forward with the sweep of a rapids. From the open main, whence

the wind brings a confused clamor, the waves, shaking their frothy manes, hasten to bar the misty horizon; and the large sea-gulls, with the flight of angels, hover over the river with sharp cries,—the sinister messengers of the abyss that is to swallow it.

I know a soul that can be compared to that river. As it disappears in the sea, so will this soul soon disappear in death. Like unto the river, on approaching the precipice the soul is full of its past; it is deep and bitter,—deep as memory, bitter as experience. It recalls its life that, on the whole, was peaceful and rather beneficent. Still, how many stains has that soul received and forever carried on it! For running water and for passing mankind there is only one moment of absolute purity—that of the source and that of childhood. As the river rolls and hides filth and corpses in its muddy bed, so the soul, even of the least sinful, is filled with shameful secrets.

To live spotless in this world is an impossible and despairing task; to become so once again in a new life, what an ideal, what a sublime hope! The river which the ebbing sea inhales with deep draughts will be purified by the salt of the vast ocean. Poor soul, faded by existence, and profoundly troubled on the threshold of the great mystery, you dare dream—you also—of eternal innocence! That is why you now recall all those ancient church and cathedral towers which the river has reflected in its waters, and which you have so often met on your road without heeding their solemn command. That is why you at last respond to the signal of those antique stone spires pointing out to you with confidence the heavens, and commanding you to pray and to have faith.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1897.

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

XVII.

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of
its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maldens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of
homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story.

LONGFELLOW.

IT is said that the first priest who entered Acadie with the expedition of De Monts was lost for several days in the forests that skirt St. Mary's Bay, and was on the verge of starvation when rescued. He little thought that he was wandering along the sites whither the proscribed and hunted children of his race would one day come, world-weary and heart-broken, to set up their modest altars and still more modest hearths beneath the sheltering oaks and pines, and in view of the seas that still echoed to their tears and their complaints. Their Odyssey has been traced in imperishable lines upon the columns of the Temple of Fame,—an example of that stern and sure justice which follows, however haltingly, on the heels of unrighteousness, even when the sinner be a nation; an example, as well, of the divine judicial calling yet inherent in the poet, of whom Edwin Markham has said with truth and pathos:

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place.
Like faint notes of a forest bird,
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim paths he breaks to-day
Will sometime be a trodden way.

Between Weymouth River and the pretty necklace of tiny ponds, submerged marshes, and sinuous little streams that bind them all into the local unity of the Tusket Lakes, stretches an almost unbroken line of farms occupied by an

exclusively Acadian population. For some thirty miles, from Clare to Sainte Croix, the dwellings are within easy call of one another; and often cluster affectionately in hamlet-like groups, or stretch out after the interminable fashion of Normandy or Baden. The low, rudely whitewashed cottages are singularly devoid of flowers. The roadside and village streets are almost innocent of trees, which gives a bare and somewhat uninviting aspect to the scene. But the homes are substantial and well-kept; and to-day the sun throws a mellowing glamour over the monotonous landscape of cold and feeble soil that lies thinly upon its bed of granite or whinstone, and is roused to energy only in an endless foison of fir and its Nova Scotian congeners. The roads might be worse; often they are ready-made by the hand of Nature, being carefully engineered by shrewd local talent over every cropping ridge that offers a foothold for beast or man.

Here and there along the road that runs parallel with the railway, but at a distance of some miles, and with the waters of the bay, are several centres of quite dense population—Sainte Croix, Saulnierville, Meteghan, Clare or Church Point. In each there rises one building dominant over all—the church. Its tall spire proclaims to the traveller its nature and its mission long before he has reached its shadow. Usually it is well in the very heart of the hamlet; a broad lawn stretches between its generous porch and the road; while the presbytery, the school, and occasionally the convent, are on either side, clinging to it as to a tutelary genius. These buildings are usually of wood, but the church at Meteghan is a fine, spacious edifice of brick.

The Acadian is, foremost, a religious being. Catholicism has penetrated his innermost nature; he acts and thinks

freely from its principles and in accordance with all that is ancient and vital in it. Hence the other world and its interests lie always very near to his heart. He is a mediæval man, as against the modern man, to whom the soul, its immortality, its future welfare, and the consequent importance of right conduct, have become only too faint and dimmed notions. Hell and heaven, virtue and vice, righteousness and iniquity, the mystery of the Two Ways—of Light and Darkness,—the presence of God and His personal interest in mankind, the immemorial constitution of the family with its reciprocity of duties and rights; a certain gentle "tenuity" of spirit; Christian ideas of neighbor, charity, patience, meekness, frugality, humble contentedness,—all these thoughts are the current coin of minds and hearts among the yet unspoiled inhabitants of Acadian villages.

Very edifying is it to watch this small but ancient folk gathering to the Sunday Mass. From far and near they come; the more remote, from the edges of the forest or the margin of the sea, in conveyances that are frequently of an uncertain age and fashion. It is an almost endless procession that makes its way gravely to the house of God. There is in their manner and gait a something of sweet, dutiful reverence and genuine innocence that never fails to compel attention.

The men are dressed in decent black or drab; often their apparel is a little quaint and rustic—clearly the work of wife or daughter,—yet it is worn with a simple dignity and self-respect that betoken a gentleman of Nature. The women are usually dressed in black, with a long light veil or thin shawl of the same color drawn closely over their heads and about the throat, yet so as to leave visible the oval faces, cut with the clearness and sharpness of a cameo,

slightly olive in tint, and lit up by sweet eyes of black or brown. It is rare that a young girl, returned from the States, shows a bit of bright color in bonnet or gown. Every little knot of females, as it approaches, is seen to be costumed in this manner of "ye olden time" of Picardy or Maine. If there be rich or poor among them, one can not say; for here neither equipage, silks nor jewels are seen. There is something very Quaker-like about their demeanor,—a certain modest reserve and demureness that contrasts with the larger frankness and abandon of our manners. One can not help feeling that this people has realized certain hard precepts of Christ, and that the "pride of life" has been sternly subdued, if not utterly broken.

Shall we say that we have receded from the archaic austerity of Christian habits, or that our women have been unconsciously dropping from their lives something that lent them an ineffable charm and a moral force that they may not easily regain in the new phases of the world-old struggle between the sexes? Withal, very graceful in their shy, old-fashioned composure are these women of the Acadians, matron and maiden; it is good just to have looked upon a community of women whose modest gait and calm, open countenances betray the mystic workings of a sacramental life. Apropos of the Acadian women, it may be well to say that one does not now meet so easily the weekday dress of the Normandy peasant-wife or farmer's daughter. Many of their farms are remote from the highway, and not a few of the Acadians follow the sea, itself scarcely visible to the naked eye except at intervals. There is a growing tendency to adopt the modern fashion, whatever be its merits; hence the cap and kirtle and other peculiarities of Old-World origin are often laid aside. After all, one must go occasionally to

Yarmouth or to market, or elsewhere abroad. And so hearts that are like brass in the hour of persecution are like water before the breath of ridicule. Nevertheless, the antique garb of Normandy is still to be met with. And that those who are interested may recognize it when they see it, I quote from a traveller of the early part of this century an accurate and not unsympathetic description:

The costume of the women is preserved in greater purity than I have ever observed among the settlements of the East Coast. The *coiffe*—a blue or white handkerchief—covers the head and is tied under the chin. The little children, who are muffled up in this manner at all seasons, look almost smothered on a hot summer's day. A ribbon is bound round the forehead, under which a few remarkably thin curls are suffered to escape in front; and two ringlets, equally thin, fall down on each side. A little bob-jacket of linen cloth, checked blue and white, with a high waist, is covered at the shoulders with a white or colored handkerchief bound neatly behind. The petticoat is usually dark blue, of coarse woolen homespun, made very large, and gathered in folds at the waist all round. Blue stockings (as if in mockery of the notions we attach to the *bas bleu*), and low shoes of black leather, without binding or ornament, complete the dress of the females.*

All those who know the Acadian people agree in proclaiming their honesty, reliability, uniform good nature, and capacity for bearing hardship. Public vice is unknown among them; the priests of the parishes have, in most cases, an absolute control over the propensity to excessive drinking. They are a saving people; and though not wealthy, owing to the barrenness of the soil, are yet thrifty. Their farms are less heavily mortgaged than others in Nova Scotia.

The Acadians of Argyle are a very hospitable people; their doors are innocent of bars and bolts, and the latch-string is upon the outside. They dispense the courtesies of life without affectation or concern. Their aged people are treated with marked respect and consideration, so their days are "long in the land"; for the instances are frequent of lives protracted beyond eighty and ninety, and they sometimes reach a hundred years. They are remarkably free from all manner

of offences against farm or property; and this merit arises less from the restraints of, or the fears of penalties imposed by, the civil law than from their innate honesty, and from their regard for the correct principles which they are taught in early life should govern their relations with society.*

Externally, it may be, their villages do not present the same attractive aspect as those of the English-speaking races. It would be rash, however, to make any sweeping charges based on this apparent lack of taste and sentiment. Already the younger generation is more accessible to the claims of the eye and to a certain "pride of life." In more than one village I noticed several new and pretty cottages—some a-building, others evidently completed and waiting for occupants. I was told that they were for the prospective brides and bridegrooms of the coming year. How quick the lines of Evangeline come to the memory!—

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.

If the Acadians had attacked the forest more earnestly, the arable land would surely be of greater extent. As it is, the farmers have been wont to divide and subdivide their actual holdings among their children, until each farm is often only a narrow strip, but of incalculable depth. It may be that something timid and peaceful, something eminently social, kept them thus closely contiguous. For their own sake one could have wished that they had broken up the whole of Shelburne and Queen's counties. Within this generation the Acadians, long loath to engage in any pursuits but farming, lumbering and fishing, have felt the spur of ambition. Slowly the advantages of education commend themselves to the true but simple hearts of the older men, and schools and convents now flourish.

* Moorsom, Letters from Nova Scotia, 1830. p. 261.

* Brown's Yarmouth, Boston, 1888. p. 157.

Not to speak of the college conducted by the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Memramcook, New Brunswick, there is a respectable college at Clare or Church Point controlled by Eudist Fathers from France. Lawyers, physicians and priests of the Acadian race are no longer uncommon,—they have even entered the broad field of politics. May they not part, amid its charms, utilities and dangers with the humble Christian virtues that make them so lovable, and have surely inclined the ear of God to their prayers, and made them to flourish again in the land of their forefathers!

One who loved the Acadians very much, the famous Haliburton, has left the following observations on their condition and habits before the tides of commerce and travel began to break in upon the lonely waste of forests, marsh and rocky uplands that they had chosen as a refuge:

When the traveller enters Clare, the houses, the household utensils, the foreign language, and the uniform costume of the inhabitants, excite his surprise; because no parish of Nova Scotia has such a distinctive character. The Acadians are far behind their neighbors in modes of agriculture; they show a great reluctance to enter the forest; and, in place of advancing upon the highlands, they subdivide their lands along the shore and keep their children about them. They preserve their language and customs with a singular tenacity; and though commerce places them in constant communication with the English, they never contract marriage with them, nor adopt their manners, nor dwell in their villages. This conduct is not due to dislike of the English government: it must be attributed rather to ancient usage, to their national character, and to their systems of education. But if they are inferior to the English colonists in the arts which strengthen and extend the influence of society, they can proudly challenge comparison in their social and domestic virtues. Without ambition, living with frugality, they regulate their life according to their means; devoted to their ancient worship, they are not divided by religious discord; in fine, content with their lot, and moral in their habits of life, they enjoy perhaps as much of happiness and goodness as is possible in the frailty of human nature.

The mention of Clare will always bring back to the Acadian the memory

of the Abbé Sigogne, a patrician French priest who fled hither from the scenes of the Terror, and became the earthly providence of these unhappy exiles and wanderers. He stood between them and the outside world, their agent, representative, and intermediary. To them he was father, physician, arbiter and counsellor. Seldom, perhaps, has a missionary fulfilled a more manifold calling, or has been more to a child-people wronged, hated, distrusted, and helpless amid the shifting currents of modern life. For fifty years he earned his crown by threading all the lakes and rivers between Tusket and Clare; ever ready to visit the sick and aged and helpless; ever watchful of the morality of the young; breaking the word of God in frequent discourse, and offering the Holy Sacrifice from farm to farm, from hamlet to hamlet. When, in 1827, Haliburton made his famous speech at Halifax that, coupled with the efforts of Uniacke won political emancipation for the Catholics of Nova Scotia, he could point for a living argument to the life and virtues of this holy man.

Look at the township of Clare! It was a beautiful sight,—a whole people having the same customs, speaking the same language, and uniting in the same religion. Look at their worthy pastor, the Abbé Sigogne! See him at sunrise, with his little flock around him, returning thanks to the Giver of all good things. Follow him to the bed of sickness; see him pouring the balm of consolation into the wounds of the afflicted; into his field, where he was setting an example of industry to his people; into his closet, where he was instructing the innocence of youth; into the chapel, and you would see the savage rushing from the wilderness with all his wild and ungovernable passions upon him, standing subdued and awed in the presence of the holy man!

It is with regret that we take leave of the Acadians of St. Mary's Bay. That glorious sheet of water is seldom long out of our view as we ride through the parishes; its inlets, coves, lighthouses, and fishing hamlets stand out bold and distinct in the warm sunlight of a July

day, and add to the scene all the *féerie* of a blue encircling sea. Were it not for the treasures of the bay, gaunt poverty would make havoc among these people; as it is, they sell their haddock and pollock and "boneless-codfish" to advantage in the markets of "Baston," which city has been from time immemorial the synonym to the Acadian of wealth and comfort; with any larger world-ideas he was little concerned.

(Conclusion next week.)

Sunny Memories of Rome.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

V.—THE STRANGERS' QUARTER.

THIS time we have come out in the morning,—a morning brisk and blue and sharp and cheery: the very dream of a winter's day. And we are going to "do" the Strangers' Quarter, that dear beloved network of streets about the Piazza di Spagna, from the Trinità to the Corso and from the Piazza del Popolo to the Tritone. These, ladies and gentlemen, "belong to the English." The lower-class Roman is not nice as to nationalities: any unintelligible language is usually "English" to him; so he has given over all that territory, as well as all that walk therein, to the Imperial Mother.

First of all, like good Romans we will go and "do" the Corso. It is the proper thing to do in the morning; and, oh, yes! we all laugh at one another for it; but we go and do it just the same. The street is all in sunlight, the shops gay, the pavement clean, and everything wears the very brightest and gayest of its aspects. In the afternoon it is given up to carriages and liveries; splendor, staring and comments; and does not cease to be detestable until the last equipage has withdrawn and belated

pedestrians hurry about again in the yellow lamp-light. But in the morning it is different: informal, familiar and utterly enjoyable. You know the name or the face of everybody passing you, and the joy and buoyancy of the winter's sunshine are on them all.

As you go strolling and dreaming some of the history may come back to you:—the old Via Flaminia which it was and the arches that spanned it; that last one removed from the "public promenade" (you see we are following in the footsteps of our ancestors) in the seventeenth century by Alexander VII., and the Arch of Claudius at the Piazza Sciarra commemorating that dear old jest of the conquest of Britain; then the pageants of Rome pontifical, when the Pope rode down the mile-street on his white mule and all knelt at his passing. The uproar of Carnival with its historical and grotesque masques, the battles of flowers and *confetti*, the torch-light revelry, and all the lavish splendor of days when princes threw jewelry into the balconies instead of bonbons and the Roman poor had the heart to be gay; that later year when the *barberi* tore down the classic thoroughfare for the last time, trampling to death the enthusiasts who had broken the line to cheer the fair new Queen, causing the abolition of the traditional race—the death-blow to the Carnival.

Again down the old street winds a funeral train, and a king is borne to his Pantheon tomb in pomp. The favorite horse follows, trapped in mourning; and the brute seems to reckon of that empty saddle. Of the king whom Pius IX. pardoned we have nothing to say. The man was a simple, gallant, large-hearted one, whatever his faults. Merrier to us children were the great floods when the Tiber poured into the Corso, and carriages splashed about half-wheel deep in the water. Thanks to the embank-

ment, this will not be again. No boy, at least in this century, will launch his paper boats in the wind and watch the frail fleet—argosies of his first hope and first fear—founder or pass from sight. Did he but know it, all his life long he will be sailing paper boats; but not always a barefoot urchin hopping in the flood for glee.

In the Piazza di Spagna the foreign element prevails. Six languages is the average you will hear crossing it from one end to the other; sometimes you will hear eight. The place is full of flowers, stalls on stalls and baskets on baskets. Most of them come from the Riviera, but who cares for that? They are very beautiful; and our Roman gardens will never produce enough for all the reckless and lavish Northerners wintering in Rome. Bright-faced American girls are leaning over the flowers bargaining in bad French. Yonder the fair buyers are English. Tourists hurry in and out of the libraries or stand talking in front of Cook's. The idle cabmen at the stand gossip the livelong morning or make fun of one another and the passers-by. Scathing sometimes are those epigrams in broad Roman, if you but knew the fellows' biting wit.

Where they now hold their sway it was not uncommon in the elder days to see travelling coaches drawn up and their occupants sleeping within, having been unable to find lodgings in the crowded city. This seems strange in our own day of hotels and pensions innumerable; but, however little the travellers may have liked it, it had its advantage of picturesqueness; just as the dragoon clattering to your door on horseback with the sealed missive granting a papal audience had some advantage over the unostentatious individual in a soft hat who brings the printed card at present.

Then, as now, in the grey old Piazza,

the Barcaccia tossed its limpid waters. It is the work of Bernini, boat-shaped, as the name will tell you, and commemorates the Naumachia of Domitian held on the spot. In his time the Piazza was an artificial lake. In ours, public porters sit on the fountain-rail waiting for jobs; flower-boys are dipping their tin pails in the water; while others, dark-browed Sicilians and Neapolitans with dazzling white teeth, squat around between their twin orange baskets. All the noisy, gay, pleasant life of the Piazza seems to centre about the fountain; but you can never understand unless you see the sunlight of it,—sunlight pouring on the cobbles, sparkling on the water, flooding all space, and, though it be midwinter, making every figure plastic in its broad, bold-painted chiaroscuro. See that: the shadows black in January from excess of brilliant light; and the light clear, soft, warm, transparent,—the light of an Italian sky. Opposite are the Spanish steps uniting the Church of the Trinità de' Monti, which crowns them, to the Piazza below. Tradition has sanctioned the Spanish steps as the models' favorite resort. I have an idea myself that they have two or three other resorts equally favored, but there you are accustomed to look for them.

Strangers love the velvet coats and many-colored vests and breeches, the sheepskin, and women's striped dresses. "Is that really the peasant costume?" they ask. Yes, that is really the peasant costume. In remote hill-fastnesses, the sanctuaries of old Italy, it is often more quaint and richer. What you doubt, but do not say, is whether these brazen-faced, ready-lipped people are the true type of Italian peasantry. They hail from the country certainly, but I have seen a woman just come down from the mountains into the bustle of our modern streets, and her dress was as purely fifteenth century as any painting

of Ghirlandaio's; and her face was such that had it been on canvas you could have knelt down and prayed before it. She had never heard a foul word in all her life, or fixed her mind on any but pure things. The roughened hands and thick-shod feet alone had gone about the coarser work of life. You could guess what her race had been, reared in the austere purity and holy silence of the mountain, drinking the water of crystal springs and eating the hard bread of toil. You know the atmosphere of the smoke-blackened cottage, and the view from the little window whence sight plunges into the deep green-blue valley below. I often think of that woman when you talk to me of peasants. The models—oh, they are not a bad lot! a gypsy tribe passing from studio to studio, taught how to look their best, true-hearted sometimes, and faithful to those they work for; but genuine, unsophisticated types of real peasants—emphatically no.

The house on the right of the Spanish steps is that in which John Keats "coughed out his life." So many come to Italy to do this that the words are poignant with meaning. The marble slab on the wall records him not undeservedly as a "precocious genius,"—twenty-six when he died.

The great missionary college of the Propaganda Fide occupies the farther end of the Piazza. Students of all nationalities crowd to the new lecture-halls in the Piazza Mignanelli; the different colleges are distinguished by the various colored cassocks and sashes. An ordination in the chapel at the Propaganda is a thing never to be forgotten; when the white-albed figures press together around the altar, and the deep-noted voices—deeper noted than of wont—mingle and clash in the words of that *Credo* which they will carry forth with them into all parts of

the globe, and for which some, it may be, will lay down their lives.

Close to the Propaganda there is another noble building, the palace of the Spanish Ambassador to the Pope. From the balcony, where on gala days the red and yellow floats in glory, Pius IX. stood and blessed the commemorative column and the statue of the Immaculate Conception at its unveiling. There it stands now, beautiful and queenly in sunlight and in starlight, on background of cloud or blue. The little birds flutter around it or poise upon the Lady's circlet, singing their sweet love-songs about her head; the hands that invoke and plead are outstretched for us. At sunrise and sundown the sweeping bronze is rosy gold.

At the base of the column, just above the movement and business of the Piazza, sit the marble prophets Ezekiel, Moses, David, Isaiah,—Isaiah above all. For years you will twist your neck as you pass, trying to solve the problem of that face. It is boldly hewn, sternly magnificent; and never flinches, however much the sun may beat. He has written in the book before him the words given him to record, "*Ecce Virgo concipiet*"; and pauses with pen suspended and thoughtful head upraised. There is no doubt in the splendid countenance, but questioning wonder; a sternness, knowing the words are difficult, and some looking beyond him as for help. There the sculptor has left him in that one moment of his life when, having written, the tremendous import of the conflicting words seized and held him spellbound. The problem is in his face still, and will be there as long as the white stone endures. We, looking up above him, pass with uncovered head.

The Piazza di Spagna is a great place for loitering, because many of the little shops are so interesting. You do not fully realize its possibilities until you

know it well; but after that what storehouses of wonders!—Roman silks, Roman mosaics, Roman vellum; the old emblems of Christian art, the delicate work of the Etruscan goldsmith; the new books in the library windows; engravings and photographs,—all that thinkers and dreamers are doing the whole world over.

Another dear old street is the Babuino. This even more strictly "belongs to the English." There they have their church (of England); and at one o'clock on Sundays, when the congregation pours out, you would find it hard to remember you are in Rome. Men in silk hats and English frock-coats; women English from crown to toe; girls with faces as fresh and fair as Millais' creations; and rosy English boys in white collars and Eton jackets. There, too, the shops are interesting: bronzes and marbles and pictures; the little English bakery where you snatched many a lunch in studio days; that little hole of a flower-shop—such a wonderful place in reality!—and Yuliana's full every evening with the art-talk and art-life of Spain.

Beyond the Babuino, the great square of the Popolo opens out its blue spaces,—a terrible place to cross in summer with the sun scorching its shadeless wastes. There, the Roman tells you with scared eyes, Donna Olympia drives at night. Donna Olympia was some wicked lady of the Pamphili family, whose unhallowed record has made her legendary. In folklore she is condemned for her crimes to race up and down the Corso and Ripetta and across the Popolo, in a chariot drawn by headless, fire-spitting (!) steeds. Woe to those who meet her! Thanks to the hard heads of our Saxon fathers, we are not in such danger of meeting her. Neither will she do us harm in the daylight; so let us cross the Piazza bravely toward the Church of S. Maria del Popolo, one of the quaintest and

most interesting in Rome. On its site Nero was buried, and out of his grave sprang a walnut tree which was haunted by crows of the most obnoxious sort; tradition holds them to have been evil spirits. A slab in the choir behind the high altar marks the spot where the tree stood. Paschal II. had it uprooted and burned, and raised here a fair shrine to the Blessed Virgin. The church was rebuilt for Sixtus IV. in 1480, and much of the fifteenth-century work remains. Baccio Pintelli was the architect.

On the north side of this same chapel is a modern bas-relief tomb of a young mother dead, with her dead child lying face downward on her breast. There is a pathos about the two figures; for the child has turned away its face from the light—which, haply, it never saw,—and seems to mourn less for itself than for the quiet figure it clings to even in death. I never realized the tragedy of that simple group until one Easter Day that it was decked with green. Then the sorrow of it stood out. But the sculptor has graven beneath the sleeping woman her hope and his and ours: "After the dark—for Light."

The tombs in the pavement—curious, full-length effigies more than half effaced, often surrounded by beautiful arabesque borders,—are well worth looking at, though possessing no special historical interest. The Chizi chapel has a curious mosaic ceiling designed by Raphael, who also modelled the figure of Jonah. We are not accustomed to meet Raphael as a sculptor. The other prophets are by Bernini (who modernized the church) and Lorenzetto. Lorenzetto also worked Raphael's Jonah in the marble. The seventeenth-century artist closed the burial vault in the pavement with a mosaic and an inscription.

Now we are come to Pinturicchio's frescoes, the best things in the church,—aye, better even than the dainty Mino

da Fiesole tombs, with their Florentine figures and incredible fineness of marble tracings. The artist must have dreamed many dreams as he worked in the quaint, cool church, which has several chapels painted with his own hand; and, if I may trust my memory, two Nativities. In one of them Mary kneels opposite Joseph, with the Child on the ground between them; and there are flowers in the grass. It is all Pinturicchio, pure and simple, tender and graceful, and not disdaining that sort of mannered prettiness of the pre-Raphaelites,—a joyous, innocent form of beauty that is at once so primitive and so full of charm. The face of the Virgin inspires so deep a reverence for the man that painted it that no inferior work seen later can change that first impression. It is so fresh, so sweet, and so utterly ideal in its thought and in its peace. The blood seems fluid under the fair skin in its roseate transparency; the white wimple, under the heavier blue, veils the maidenly brow; and the whole figure and mien are full of a mystic, gentle holiness. When you have once found that fresco and learned to love it, everything else in the church will group itself insignificantly about that one heavenly face.

Did space permit, we should take a pleasant stroll over the old Pincio,—the hill of gardens overlooking the Popolo, crowded with foreigners and natives every day and all day. We would also take a peep at the quiet, secluded Villa Medici, with its Arcadian avenues so thick that the sun rarely reaches the mossy soil, and its woods so deep and green that you think faun and satyr might dwell there still. In front of the villa—or rather in front of the Academy of France—is that far-famed fountain under the classical black ilexes cut in an arch. It has one low, eternally-sobbing jet of water, and a rich sunset tints

the broken surface in pearl and rose. Beyond, between arch and fountain, lies the indistinct line of the horizon, the darker tracery of the Vatican gardens, the white dot of the Vatican Observatory; and, clear above all, the dome of St. Peter's, faintly blue.

Happy will you be if you time your walk so as to stand on the piazzetta of Trinità de' Monti when the Angelus rings. Others besides you will be leaning on the stone balustrade waiting; for this is the most wonderful hour of all. The whole air is grey and mellow as melted music. The great sky has kept but one sweep of opal, that scarce lights the gloaming; the city, mist-veiled and shadowy, lies outstretched at your feet. Before the glow goes out over Monte Maris a distant bell cadences its note after note; another, nearer, takes it up; then one yet farther, so faint you hardly catch it. The big bell over your head responds; in two minutes hundreds of them are taking and giving soft notes of music the city over. Through the contrasts you detect two, three, that are making chords; then the clashing resumes. One by one presently they die out, thrilling away into silence. It seems that it has been long ended when another breaks forth in haste; then yet another, thinly sweet, half lost at the extreme limit of the horizon. You wait again for some late strain of melody, but this time the bronze *Ave Marias* are finished and said. Only the great, sweet-breathing silences about you echo the song of praise.

MATINS.

When with the virgin morning thou dost rise,
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice.
First wash thy heart in innocence; then bring
Pure hands, pure habits—pure, pure everything.
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense;
Thy golden censers filled with odors sweet
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

—Herrick.

Notes and Remarks.

In his new book, Mr. W. H. Mallock exposes with characteristic felicity the hollowness of the most recent Protestant contention that the Bible is not the Word of God but only contains the Word of God,—that it embraces a body of revelation with an admixture of error which each person is to discover for himself. The Dean of Canterbury, he supposes, wishes to secure the services of five staid and respectable persons for the position of verger. An obliging friend knows five men who will fit the Dean's requirements to a nicety, and their names and addresses are accordingly written on five slips of paper. Unfortunately, however, the names are dropped into a bag containing the names and addresses of other persons who are in no way fit to be vergers. They are gentlemen whose ordinary occupations are those of dog-stealing, mole-catching, poaching, or house-breaking. "What would the Dean reply to a messenger who should bring him the bag and say, 'This bag contains (*complectitur*) an infallible revelation of the names and addresses you require'?" He would say, and most probably with a touch of excusable anger: "The contents of your infallible bag tell me nothing at all, unless together with them I have somebody who will infallibly sort them and pick out the names and addresses which will reveal to me what I want to know from the names and addresses which would mislead me and make a fool of me."

Some of the delegates to the Ecumenical Conference lately held in New York were humoristic. At one of the last sessions the Rev. W. E. Barton, who hails from old Kentucky, was giving an account of uncivilized life among American citizens to a group of home

and foreign missionaries, including representatives from China, India, Japan, and Corea. Brother Barton knew his subject like a book, and waxed eloquent in his descriptions,—his listeners becoming more and more amazed at certain things which he did say; for instance, that the mountaineers in some regions of Kentucky always carry their guns to church with them. They don't go to church often, it is true; but when they do go they go armed, "to avoid trouble." An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the law with these gentle Christians, as with the Hebrews of old. When Brother Barton had concluded his remarks, one of the foreign missionaries was moved to observe fervently that he was glad the Lord had called him to the comparatively civilized field of interior China. At which several of the brethren sardonically smiled and began to search for their hats and umbrellas.

There is no concealing the fact that the Cubans do not love us as much as they did. Their feelings have undergone such a change that they are now beginning to think it must have been affection and confidence they had for the Spaniards rather than hatred and distrust. The editor of the *Havana Herald* is an American; and, being a well-informed person, his explanation of the change that has come over the Cubans deserves consideration. It is due, in the first place, he says, to the presence in Havana and elsewhere of so many of our countrymen who are not—well, let us say regular church-goers or members of total-abstinence societies. But perhaps it would be better to quote the editor man's own words and drop our euphemisms. After calling on the American people in Cuba to be good and no longer cast doubts upon the benevolent intentions of our government,

he adds: "The brow-beating American is largely responsible for the antipathy the masses have against Americans, as a class, to-day; while the vile debaucheries of the army of occupation, in its earlier history in this city, is responsible for much of the change of heart Cuba has undergone toward our government. The drunken orgies of some of our officers were absolutely shameful during the early part of last year; while there has been a certain degree of reprehensibility on the part of both military and civil citizens from that day to this in the direction outlined."

We remember to have predicted once that the Cubans and Filipinos would some day regret that they ever took up arms against Spain. "The sign is on" already.

Three hundred and thirty thousand dollars a day is what Uncle Sam has to pay out for the support of his army, which consists of 7540 officers and 171,646 enlisted men. The politicians are doing their best to conceal the fact that we are maintaining a large army; and, of course, they ignore the other fact that, if present plans are pursued, it will be necessary to increase it. These things should be borne in mind by the intelligent voter; and it might be well also to remember that a few millions more—one hundred and forty or so—are paid out for pensions.

Complaints against sectarian missionaries in foreign countries are becoming loud and frequent. They are accused of meddling in politics, of sending misleading reports to home governments, of engaging in commercial enterprises, and so forth. Unfortunately for the missionaries, the evidence of their misconduct is too strong to be ignored, and the accusations against them come

from sources that can not be considered unfriendly. Only last week a Berlin paper published grave charges against American missionaries in Siam; and a recent issue of one of the New York dailies, speaking of the exorbitant demands now being made by men of this class for claims against Turkey, recalls the frauds perpetrated by representatives of the American Missionary Board sent to Hawaii in 1820. If Protestants were to read the publications devoted to the interests of the foreign missions of the Catholic Church, they would be struck by the absence of criticism of sectarian missionaries; though periodicals like the *Missionary Review of the World* teem with calumnies against our clergy. The only object we have in calling attention to the complaints made against Protestant missionaries by Protestants themselves is to show what sort of men are responsible for the evil reports that are in circulation regarding Catholic missionaries in South America and elsewhere.

The decision of the Anglican archbishops on the question of Reservation is of unusual interest in one respect. The Prayer-Book, it is well known, makes no reference to Reservation; it assumes that participation in the "communion service" is for those alone who are present at it. Little by little the idea intruded that the sick living immediately near the church might also share in it; then it was reserved for any who were known at the time of "celebration" to be seriously ill; next it was reserved for any who might afterward fall ill—that is the real Reservation. Then if the communion was to be reserved, genuflections before it followed of necessity; and so the Eucharistic idea developed until in certain churches and in many Anglican convents the whole Catholic ritual in this matter came to be followed

in scrupulous detail. On this the *London Weekly Register* pertinently observes: "The truth is that though the Catholic practices bound up with our possession of the Blessed Sacrament are deductions going beyond its prime object in communion, they are deductions which are bound to be drawn; and the High Church party, drawing them on the basis of a borrowed faith, has illustrated on a small scale how inevitable was the process which spread over centuries and ended in what we now enjoy." Yet Anglicans do not enter the Church because of what they call the "accretions of doctrine."

What is to be the effect of the archbishops' decision against the practice of Reservation, so dear to many Anglicans, can not now be forecast. It will certainly deepen the dissatisfaction of the High Churchmen, but will the shock be strong enough to wake them? Let us hope—and pray.

The "morning prayer" composed by Robert Louis Stevenson for use in his household in Samoa shows the cheerfulness and courage which animated his frail body during many years of labor and ill-health. It offers such a wholesome contrast to the pessimistic spirit of so many literary weaklings that we gladly quote it:

The sun returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds, weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

Stevenson's "evening prayer," published some years ago, is of the same temper:

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to behold us with favor. Folk in many families and nations are gathered together in the peace of this roof: weak men and women, subsisting under the cover of Thy patience. Be patient still. Suffer us yet a while longer, with ever broken purposes of good, with

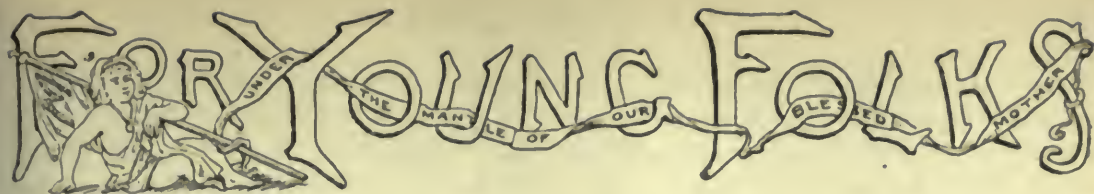
our idle endeavors against evil,—suffer us a while longer to endure; and, if it may be, help us to do better. Bless to us our extra mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends. Be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; and if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching. And when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion; and if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it. We thank Thee and praise Thee, and, in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation: *Our Father*, etc.

Corporal J. G. Hertweck, A Troop, 11th Cavalry, has sent an interesting letter from Manila to the *Los Angeles Tidings*. Corporal Hertweck has no such idle tales to tell about the friars as are so often rehearsed by preachers and politicians. Referring to the stay of our troops at Imus, he writes:

From the high church tower, with a good pair of glasses, one can see a panorama truly wonderful; and can count church spires far and near, each one denoting a town or village. These churches were all built by and under direction of the Spanish clergy; and also the convents, roads, bridges, telegraph lines. Too much good can not be said of the *padres* who came from Spain.

If certain senators were to read these communications of our soldier boys to friends and relatives at home, they would know more about the conditions in the Philippines than they do.

The death of Archbishop Macdonald, of Scotland, is referred to as a national loss. He was fitted in every way for the important position which he held, and had endeared himself to his flock by his charity and self-sacrifice. Those who knew the dead prelate intimately speak feelingly of his singular kindness, gentleness, piety, and humility. There was great rejoicing in Scotland over his appointment to the see of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and his comparatively early death is now widely and deeply mourned. May he rest in peace!



Little Brothers of the Air.

BY M. E. J. KELLEY.

YOUNG people who live in the country sometimes think themselves deserving of a great deal of pity. They envy their city cousins the town dwellers' sights and pleasures. If they only knew it, the country mice are very lucky folk. There is so much to be seen out of doors. Of course the country boys and girls don't know it,—that's the trouble. Here are the city youngsters trying to study birds with nothing but stuffed skins in a museum and a lot of books; and out there in Birdland are the country children who hardly know a bluebird when they see it. And saddest of all, perhaps, is the fact that they seldom have any use for their little brothers of the air except to use them for targets to shy stones at.

Boys and girls really ought to be on more intimate terms with their little brothers and sisters of the air. An acquaintance with birds will be a source of pleasure to them all their lives. And now, when they are young and have more spare minutes for such things than they will have later, is the time to begin. There is nothing "sissy" or "molly" about knowing and loving birds, as some boys think. There was Saint Francis of Assisi, who was a great man in a good many ways, and he was uncommonly fond of birds. He called them his little sisters of the air. They would gather around him when he walked along the country roads, and he would talk to them about the ways

in which they could help their big brother man, just as if they could really understand every word he said. And perhaps they could.

The more you know about birds and their wonderful ways, the less sure you are about how much they know. For instance, it's pretty hard to believe that a little bird will pack its trunk, so to speak, just at the right time in the fall, and, with a crowd of its fellows, start on a journey of two or three thousand miles. Many birds do it every year; and when spring arrives they start back North again, and come to the very same place where they spent the summer before. Some of them have been known to nest in the same tree year after year, although they had spent the winter a thousand miles away. How did they find their way back, and how did they know enough to stop at the right town? They didn't travel by railroad, you understand, and have the great painted signboard facing them at the station. No boy or girl could do what every little bird does so easily,—that's certain.

Some of you may have seen copies of a very lovely picture in the Louvre in Paris, which shows Saint Francis preaching to a flock of birds. If you haven't, you should read Longfellow's poem about it. "Saint Francis' Sermon to the Birds" it is called. Longfellow wrote a great many poems to the birds and flowers. In fact, ever so many books and poems have been written by great big men who have shared Saint Francis' love for his little sisters of the air. Nobody will consider a boy less manly because he knows something about birds.

The best way to get acquainted with birds is to go out in the fields or woods where they live. You must call on them much as you would call on folk whose acquaintance you desire to make. It may make it easier, however, if you read some books about birds first. What others who have gone before have seen and heard is always of the greatest assistance to beginners along any line of investigation. No real bird student, no matter how much he knows, can get on without a book of reference. If he becomes properly enthusiastic, he will be willing to pick berries or do almost anything to earn money to buy more than one. Next best to owning books is to borrow them from a library, if you live near one.

If you're a beginner and a boy or girl of twelve or fifteen years, Frank M. Chapman's "Bird Life" will be the best first book for you. John Burroughs, one of the bird lovers, says: "Take the first step in ornithology and you're ticketed for the whole voyage." So if your love for birds should grow, you may want a more extensive and more technical book. In that case you'll find Dr. Elliott Coues' "Key to North American Birds," and Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "A Manual of North American Birds," as good as any.

For the very little folk there is "Citizen Bird," by Wright and Coues, which tells, in story form, a great deal about the habits of birds. Oliver Thorne Miller's "Little Brothers of the Air" will also interest the younger students.

The number of books describing in chatty, confidential fashion the experiences of bird observers in upland and meadow is legion. Many of them have a literary charm which makes them beloved even by the "grown-ups" who are unfortunate enough never to have taken the first step in bird lore. Of this class are John Burroughs' books: "Wake

Robin," "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Signs and Seasons," "Fresh Fields," and "Birds and Poets." James Russell Lowell added "My Study Window" and "My Garden Acquaintances" to the literature of the birds. "From Blomidon to Smoky" and "Chocura's Tenants" were written by Frank S. Bolles. Everybody knows about Thoreau's journals.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IV.—MYLES' FATHER.

On the Saturday afternoon following there was quite a little stir at the Macartneys. The father was coming home after an absence of several weeks. Supper was being prepared in Susan's department with unusual care; while Katie dusted the parlor and arranged the little knickknacks there to the best advantage possible; running up from time to time to her father's room, to be sure that all was in readiness. A pleasant odor of savory cooking was diffused throughout the house.

After the dusk had fallen Myles ran to the door a dozen times and looked out, or Katie pressed her face to the window panes in the parlor. But, as it chanced, they both missed the traveller's arrival, after all; being in the kitchen giving a hand to busy Susan. There was a quick step on the pavement outside and a sharp ring at the bell. The two children tumbled up the steps together, and in another moment Mr. Macartney's deep, pleasant voice rang through the house:

"How do do, Katie my love? How are you, Myles my boy? Yes, take my bag, lad; and, Katie my pet, there's my umbrella for you to carry. My trunk will be here soon, and we'll see if there isn't something in it for both of you."

So talking, and with Katie holding

his hand and Myles clinging to his shoulder, the father was escorted up to his room, whence he shortly emerged again, to be led captive in the same fashion to the dining-room.

"How are you, Susan?" he cried, as soon as he caught sight of the excellent factotum, red in the face with unusual exertion, but beaming.

"How are you, Mr. Macartney, sir? It's you that's welcome home!"

"It's good to get here, Susan!" he said, rubbing his hands and clapping them together in his satisfaction. "And what's that before me? A beefsteak pie! Capital! I haven't tasted one since I left. I always say it's only Susan can make pies fit to eat."

The gratified woman smiled till her face became a mass of wrinkles; while the master of the house, blessing himself and saying grace aloud, sat down to enjoy his first meal at home.

"Now, Myles," he observed, "I almost think this pie is too good to cut. I'll spoil it if I put a knife into it."

Myles responded to this pleasantry by a smile, and waited patiently for his share of the good things.

"Katie my pet," Mr. Macartney went on, "will you have a bit of the pie?—for I think I must cut it, after all."

A ring at the bell here announced the arrival of Mr. Macartney's luggage. The gruff tones of the expressman were heard above in colloquy with Susan; and then the thud, thud of the trunk,—a sound so pleasant or so desolate according to circumstances.

No sooner was supper over than the trunk had to be opened; for the children could not wait until morning to see what their father had brought home this time. It was his invariable rule to bring something. He unloosed the straps and took a key from his inner pocket, talking pleasantly all the while; for he was really a whole-hearted, genial man,

who had no dearer pleasure in life than to make home happy, and whose only regret was that he could be there so little. Having succeeded in opening the trunk, he dived in amongst its contents, handing Katie a little package, which on being opened was found to contain the prettiest and quaintest of silver tea-sets, with a salver, teapot, coffee-pot, cream jug, and sugar bowl; while the cups and saucers were such as the fairies themselves might have used.

Katie gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, it's lovely!" she exclaimed. "I just love it!" And she was flying off without more ado to show it to Susan, but her father stopped her.

"Take this to Susan at the same time," he said, giving her a fine shawl, for which he knew the old woman had been sighing for a long time.

The little girl hastily executed this commission, bringing Susan to the top of the stairs, almost in tears with the excess of her gratitude.

"O Mr. Macartney, sir, sure it's too much, and you that has enough expense on you as it is!"

"Not a word, Susan,—not a word, or you'll spoil all my pleasure," said her master, kindly; at which the good old soul, overcome by emotion, retreated with her apron to her eyes.

Myles had meanwhile been presented with a book, quite large, and profusely illustrated. It was full of glowing tales of daring and adventure. Nothing could have been more timely, more welcome, in the boy's actual state of mind. Indeed, there is little doubt that Mr. Macartney would have considered it an altogether too appropriate present, could he have guessed what idea had taken possession of his son's mind. Myles' face flushed with pleasure as he took the gift and began to look into it.

"It's just splendid, father!" said he. "Oh, won't Ben love to read it!"

The father laughed.

"Ben hasn't killed any lions since I've been away?" he inquired; "or hasn't started for the African ostrich farms?"

Myles' face turned a deeper red at this remark, being conscious of his secret, the first he had ever kept from his father.

"No, sir," he replied, briefly.

"Well, that's a pity!" remarked Mr. Macartney, carelessly strolling about the parlor and examining the familiar objects there, as if they had been new to him. "He'd make a tiptop hunter, if theories count for anything."

"Perhaps he may some day," said Myles, mysteriously.

"Let's hope so, for his sake," said the father, little dreaming that his son was taking his light, half-jesting words as the sanction of a wild, romantic scheme. "But he's got to finish school first. The Brothers, I take it, won't have any lion-hunters in their classes."

"That's just it, sir," said Myles,— "when he has finished school."

"And what mischief have you been about yourself, my boy?" inquired Mr. Macartney, seating himself and taking Katie on his knee.

Myles laughed uneasily.

"I had a letter on one occasion from your teacher complaining that you let loose a menagerie or something upon them," continued the father. "Of course I told them to do what they thought fit, even to put you yourself in a cage, if necessary. But seriously, my lad, 'tis time you gave up all these pranks. You know I'm not a rich man, and we'll have to be thinking of a career for you one of these days."

Myles' heart swelled. He *had* thought. He was going to make money.

"You ought to give all your attention to your lessons," said Mr. Macartney; adding with a sigh: "I wish I had had your chances when I was a boy! I often feel the want of education now."

None could have guessed this by the man's speech and bearing. He was plain, unpretentious, but thoroughly intelligent and fond of self-improvement.

"And Katie here wants to be a Sister, like Sister Geraldine at the school, she tells me," said the father, stroking the little girl's hair. "Well, we'll see about it. Who knows?—who knows?"

He fell into a reverie. The future at times seizes upon one who has reached mature age with an almost awful force. His little girl, grown up, a Sister, if that was God's will; and Myles a man, battling with the world as he himself had done. After a time he roused himself to continue his talk with these two, who had remained silent, respecting his silence. About half-past nine he rose from his chair.

"We must all get to bed early; for to-morrow is Sunday. We'll go to Mass the first thing, and in the afternoon we must take a trip somewhere."

Myles and Katie fairly beamed at this announcement. It was one of the great pleasures their father always gave them when he was at home.

"Where will we go?" asked Myles.

"I'll think about it," said the father. "Of course it depends, in a measure, on the weather."

Half an hour later he looked out of his bedroom window; the stars were bright in a deep blue and almost unclouded sky, broken by the irregular whiteness of the Milky Way,—that strange, mysterious path lit by hidden stars. The church tower opposite, familiar landmark for many years, lay in shadow; the street was very still. On East Broadway, round the corner, could be heard the rumble of the omnibus, which on that line of traffic preceded the street-car. The sights and sounds, if homely, were all of home; and they gladdened the strong man's heart, and made him rejoice that he could, for a few days at least, escape

the din and bustle of those commercial highways upon which he spent his life. He was not one to complain, however. He was both manly and self-reliant, and had come through all trials and many temptations unscathed.

"I owe that to my Irish mother," he used to say. "She grounded me in the faith and kept me straight; and, with the help of God, I'll do the same by Myles and Katie."

He turned away from the window, after a long look at the heavens, saying:

"I think it will be fine to-morrow and we'll be able to go off somewhere."

In the meantime Myles was lost in a wonderland of delight. He had developed this new love of reading ever since the afternoon at Ben's; and had now surreptitiously run his eyes through the opening story in his book, while Susan, who always looked in after he was in bed, supposed him to be asleep. Indeed he ceased reading only when the careful old woman put out the light. He was in high spirits, too; for he had persuaded himself that his father would be very glad to learn that he had decided upon a career, and one which would prove so lucrative, if the narrative of Wild Dick and the *John P. Norris* could be trusted; or this later tale of the trip of Captain Joransen and his comrades to Greenland. He was very impatient to tell Ben.

(To be continued.)

Strange Stepping-Stones.

Very obscure people have been raised to places of great dignity by suddenly finding favor in the eyes of a king. One sultan of Turkey was attracted by the skill with which a gardener planted a cabbage, and created him viceroy of the Isle of Cyprus. Marc Antony, being delighted with a fine dinner, inquired the name of the cook, and presented him

with a palace. A similar story is told of Henry VIII., of England. A certain widow having presented that detestable monarch with a fine pudding of her own manufacture, he rewarded her skill with the gift of a beautiful priory that he had stolen from the Church.

King James I. had such a fancy for handsome men that simply to have an attractive face and graceful figure was a sure passport to the royal esteem. One minister of France is said to have owed his promotion to his skill at billiards.

When Louis XIII. was a little boy he had for a playmate the young Duke of Luynes, who was so clever in making bird-traps that he won the favor of the Dauphin. These little sparrow traps were the cause of much trouble later on; for their maker proved ungrateful and mischievous, and well-nigh ruined the kingdom.

You all know how Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his cloak that Queen Elizabeth might tread upon it, and thereby gained her good-will; but it is a fact less widely remembered that to his fine dancing before the Queen, Sir Christopher Hatton was entitled for his preferment.

An Old-Time Advertisement.

Here is an advertisement from a London paper of 1664. One feels very sorry for the little blackamoor, and can not help hoping that Mrs. Manby never found him:

"Lost, upon the 13th inst., a little blackamoor boy in a blew livery, about ten years old; his hair not much curled; with a silver collar about his neck, inscribed 'Mrs. Manby's blackamoor in Warwick Lane.' Whoever shall give notice of him to Mrs. Manby, living in the said Lane, or to the 'Three Cranes' in Pater Noster Row, shall be well rewarded for his peynes."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Gutenberg Bible owned by the city of Chicago cost \$14,800. It formerly belonged to the famous Brayton Ives collection.

—The "Father of Polish journalists," Josef Kenig, has passed away at the age of eighty. He was the editor of *Słowo*, an influential Polish paper.

—M. Paul Sabatier, who has already done so much brilliant work for the promotion of the cult of St. Francis of Assisi, is now editing "the original Latin text of the work which, partially translated into Italian, has taken the name of the *Fioretti*." M. Sabatier, as our readers well know, is a French Protestant clergyman.

—It is gratifying to note that certain stories which became suddenly popular on account of their real or suggested immorality, have suddenly and sharply declined. The present demand is for pure and artistic stories of a strong literary flavor. This is one of many signs of a wholesome mental and moral growth.

—The "Diary of White of Selborne," extending over twenty-five years and containing his daily observations on wind and weather and birds and plants and insects, is about to be published. It is proposed to retain so far as possible in the published book the form, interleavings, etc., of the manuscript. The volume will be of exceptional interest to naturalists.

—Compilers of readers and speakers can not afford to overlook the works of John Boyle O'Reilly and Dr. Joyce. Oliver Wendell Holmes once declared, after hearing them recite some of their poems at a meeting of the Papyrus Club in Boston, that there was something in their force and fervor that he missed in the verse of other contemporary poets.

—It is pleasant to learn that many persons were interested in our review of Crashaw's "English Poems." For the benefit of those who have tried in vain to secure copies of the work in this country we may state that it is for sale by the editor, Mr. J. R. Tutin, Gt. Fencote, Bedale, Yorks, England. The edition is limited to five hundred copies.

—It is a significant fact that while book-fanciers can unearth numerous old missals, breviaries, and prayer-books in the French, German and Italian languages, owing to the thoroughness of the reformatory work in England, comparatively few of

these old books are now to be found in our own language. Collectors pay fabulous prices for a few specimens that escaped the hands of their savage, illiterate, unappreciative and destructive ancestors. Readers of Ruskin's Oxford lectures will remember in what vigorous terms he describes these "enemies of all truth, of all art, of all beauty—of all that could raise men's minds to God."

—The Associated Press, which held its annual convention in Chicago last week, is the greatest news-gathering agency on earth. It envelops the whole continent of America in a network of telegraph wires. Every day its 9345 miles of wire is kept sizzling with news from everywhere; and at night 20,461 additional miles keep clicking its telegrams into the offices of the newspapers which it supplies with news. These wires are of course leased for the purpose. The running expenses of the Association each year amount to a little less than \$2,000,000.

—We do not agree with those who prefer cheap medals to books as school prizes. The ownership of a book may inspire a child with a love for reading, and this is no trifle. Father Faber in his "Spiritual Conferences" says that, on the contrary, it is a great aid to heaven. "Any conscientiously-chosen book" is a precious possession, and a taste for reading is a help and a safeguard. The saintly Oratorian once expressed deep regret that a servant of his had not been taught to read. "I intended," he said, "to make him learn to read and write, that I might leave him with a gift more precious than the piasters of bad Turkish silver which he carries away."

—"It is a severe trial to Catholic readers," writes a correspondent in Calcutta, "that not one of the books which I shall name is procurable in English from any of the leading Catholic publishers and booksellers in England, Ireland or America. First there is the *Summa* by St. Thomas Aquinas, which the Holy Father, in an encyclical published years ago, recommends laymen to study, as a safeguard in these perilous times of irreligion. The valuable work of Père St. Jure, so highly recommended by Father Ravignan in his celebrated 'Conferences on a Spiritual Life,' has been out of print many years. Even such simple books as those written by Père Monsabré, Father Burke, and Father Ponlevoy, Catholic booksellers can not supply. I ask you to notice this lack in *THE AVE MARIA*." The trouble is that too few people

experience the trials of which our distant correspondent complains. We know of no Catholic publisher who can afford to publish new books, or reprint old ones, for which there is not something like a general demand. There are innumerable excellent books on the market for which the Catholic public has shown as yet slight appreciation. Catholic publishers, it is only fair to say, get a great deal more abuse and a great deal less encouragement than they deserve.—Another correspondent nearer home, who declares that his newspaper instead of giving interesting news—for instance, a full account of the debate in the Senate regarding Catholic Indian Schools,—is filled with “unreadable stuff,” has more reason to complain. He misses what we have often suggested that Catholic editors should not overlook—the reports published in the “Congressional Record.” It is very much easier, of course, to snap up a garbled report in a newspaper than to prepare a comprehensive one from the columns of the “Record.” We have often been provoked at seeing the best portions of good speeches missed on account of quoting them second-hand.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

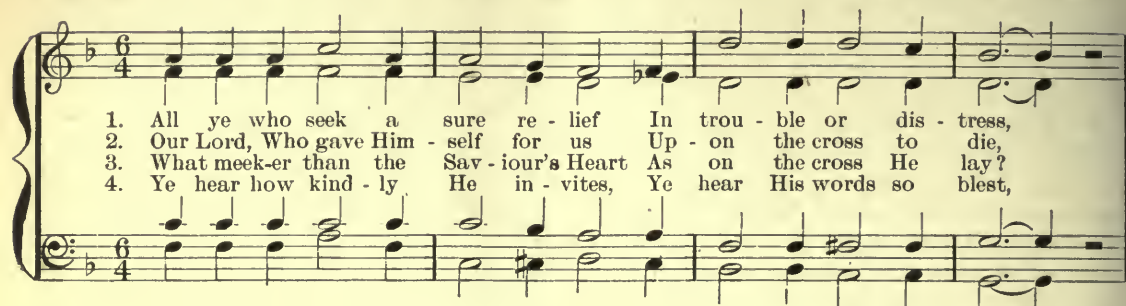
- Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* \$2.
 Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* \$5, net.
 The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* \$1, net.
 The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., net.
 St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* \$1.
 A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., net.
 The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.
 A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* \$1.10, net.

- The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., net.
 Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.25, net.
 Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.
 Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., net.
 The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.
 An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* \$3.50.
 The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1.50, net.
 Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.
 Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.
 The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.
 The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25.
 Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.
 Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.
 Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3 50.
 The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.
 Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.
 My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
 The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.
 Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Ri. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.
 The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.
 For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.
 The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.
 Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.
 A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.
 The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.
 Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.
 Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.
 Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.
 The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.
 New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.
 The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.
 The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Mailand.* \$2.

ALL YE WHO SEEK A SURE RELIEF.

(Hymn to the Sacred Heart.)

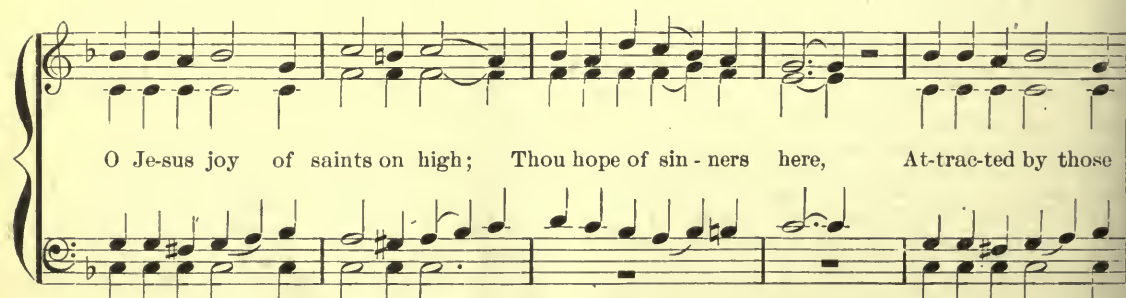
Music by REV. H. G. GANSS.



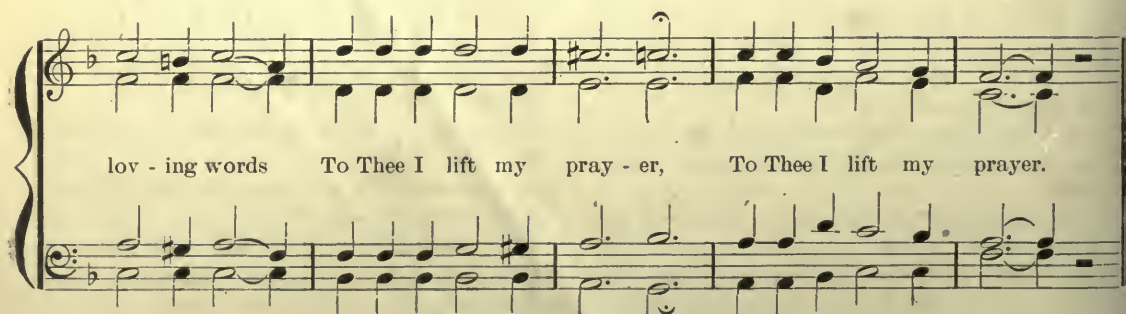
1. All ye who seek a sure re - lief In trou - ble or dis - tress,
 2. Our Lord, Who gave Him - self for us Up - on the cross to die,
 3. What meek-er than the Sav - iour's Heart As on the cross He lay?
 4. Ye hear how kind - ly He in - vites, Ye hear His words so blest,



What - e - ver sor - rows vex the mind, Or guilt the soul op - press.
 Un - folds to us - His Sac - red Heart; Oh! to that Heart draw nigh.
 It did His mur - der - ers for - give, And for their par - don pray.
 All ye that la - bor, come to Me, And I will give you rest.



O Je - sus joy of saints on high; Thou hope of sin - ners here, At - trac - ted by those



lov - ing words To Thee I lift my pray - er, To Thee I lift my prayer.





A MORNING PARADISE.
(Frz. Müller.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 2, 1900.

NO. 22.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Ad Mariam.

BY A. E. J.

O VIRGIN MOTHER of our gracious Lord!
Thou at whose shrine all saints, all Christians
bend;

Mother of Mercies, who thine aid dost lend
To all who hail thee; Mother of the Word,
Solace of sinners, Loadstar ever nigh,
Whose blessed feet the serpent Sin have crushed:
How am I fain, when all rude winds are hushed,
And silvery moonbeams light the upper sky,
Beneath high heaven's blue-vaulted canopy,
In hallowed stillness to invoke thy aid,
And feel my heart grow strong, my sorrows fly!
For but to hail thee once, O spotless Maid!

Brings a bright ray of hope from realms on high,
Where pain dissolves in joys that never fade.

The Popes of the Century.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

IT is at first sight surprising to find how few, even of educated persons, have any intimate knowledge of the history of the century now drawing to a close. A few may enjoy a pretty accurate knowledge of its infancy, when the shadow of the great Napoleon darkened Europe. Others may be old enough to retain a lively recollection of the great war that tore the United States asunder for a time, or of that more recent war that desolated France. But of the last decade or two even they who during those years have daily studied their newspapers have but

a vague and confused knowledge. The very rapidity, variety, and fulness with which modern journalism records passing events makes less lasting impression on men's minds than did the scantier information more calmly and deliberately eked out to our forefathers. The telegraph—making us, as it were, spectators of daily events—so plays on our emotions that we quickly grow callous, and thus a great victory or a great crime fades from our memories with the rapidity with which it was impressed on them.

As most of us are somewhat similarly situated in regard to the history of our times as the photographer is in regard to his sitters, a book such as that Father Van Duerm, S. J.,* has with so much skill and care put together should be welcome to many. Its sub-title best describes its very interesting contents. It was the title the book bore in its first edition. We marvel that the author modified it into a rather claptrap style of title. To some the new title will be repugnant; they will fear to find a book of the Leo Taxil and Diana Vaughan kind. There is nothing of this sort in Father Van Duerm's pages, though he shows the hostility Freemasonry has ever entertained toward the Holy See. But we are not writing a criticism of this book. We purpose

* "Rome et la Franc-Maçonnerie. Vingt-cinq ans de l'histoire des Politiques du Pouvoir Temporel des Papes de 1839 à 1895." Par Charles Van Duerm, S. J. Second Edition. Bruges: Société de Saint-Augustin.

simply to pass its twenty-two chapters in rapid review, and to place before our readers a short account of the trials of the Popes during the past hundred years. As it is a subject which secular newspapers and magazines either ignore or treat unfairly, we think that our article will be useful and agreeable to not a few readers.

History forms a long chain of events, the different links of which can not be severed. We may examine a link here or a link there; but thoroughly to understand its nature we must not take it off from the chain. It is thus that our author was forced to connect, in his opening chapter, his subject not merely with the events of the French Revolution, but even with the great apostasy of the sixteenth century. The Revolution applied to political life the principles Luther had applied to the religious life of nations. And the "Rights of Man" that Luther would not have refused to champion, seemed to have conquered the world when the *Peregrinus Apostolicus* of the pseudo-prophecy of St. Malachy, Pius VI., died in exile at Valence, on August 29, 1799. A century then, as now, was drawing to a close; but with what misgivings even Catholics full of faith must have looked for the dawning of the nineteenth century! Had they been able to see, as we see now, how since then the faith has gone forth to the uttermost ends of the earth, how its light has radiated from Rome, and how a hundred years from their days a Roman Pontiff should be the supreme spiritual ruler of a more extended and a more numerous flock than any successor of St. Peter has ruled, we think such Catholics would have regarded the vision with all that extreme scepticism of which the eighteenth century was so full.

Among the men of little faith of that time there was one at least eagle-eyed

enough to see that Voltaire's watchword, *Ecrasons l'infâme*, had not led to victory when Pius VI. breathed his last. Some six weeks after the Pontiff's death a carriage with two travellers drew up on the highway to Paris under the walls of the citadel of Valence. One of the two travellers desired that some priests he there saw should approach his carriage. He expressed regret when he heard that the Pope was dead; and in answer to the requests made by the priests, attendants of the deceased Pontiff, the traveller promised that he would use his influence with the French government to allow the priests to return to Italy, bearing with them the body of the Pope. The traveller then went on his way,—a way that was to lead him to great glory and to great shame; the road along which he was to become by turn the protector and the persecutor of the Church and its Sovereign Pontiff. The traveller was none other than Napoleon Bonaparte on his return from Egypt.*

While Bonaparte was making his way to empire, thirty-five cardinals had met amid the lagoons of Venice to elect a new Pope. The Cardinal Duke of York, the last of the Stuarts, was then Dean of the Sacred College, and had been for half a century a member of that august body. His presence added antiqueness to a conclave that to many must have seemed an altogether out-of-date proceeding. The very republic on whose ruins the aged Cardinal sat had passed away forever after a life of a thousand years. The Papacy was more venerable by eight centuries; but it seemed as if it, too, had found its tomb with Pius VI. What had the new era in common with it? What could those feeble, vacillating old men in conclave do in face of the ever-advancing and victorious forces of the Revolution? Nevertheless, on the

* Baldassari, "Enlèvement de Pie VI.," p. 563.

14th of March, 1800—thanks, humanly speaking, to the activity of a young secretary of whom the world was soon to hear much under the name of Cardinal Consalvi,—the conclave elected by a vote that would have been unanimous could the elected have voted for himself, Cardinal Chiaramonti to be ruler of the Church. He consented to become the first Pope of the nineteenth century, and in gratitude to his predecessor took the name of Pius VII.

Three months later Bonaparte had beaten the Austrians at Marengo, and Italy lay at his mercy. But already the Pontiff had regained his capital, then occupied by Neapolitan troops and British seamen. When these forces were obliged to abandon Rome, the Pope remained; and the soldier of Marengo had the good sense, in his instructions to his envoy to the Holy See, M. Cacault, to order him to treat with the Holy Father as if he were a sovereign with two hundred thousand men at his command. For a time it looked as if Bonaparte, the First Consul, was to be a second Charles the Great. He concluded that concordat with the Holy See which restored and has maintained to our own times religion in France. We can hardly give Bonaparte too high praise for the great act of restoration of religion in France which Providence had chosen him to accomplish, in face of generals who mocked at him as priest-ridden, and of soldiers who scoffingly lit their pipes at the smoking thuribles in the sacristy.

How grand would have been Bonaparte's career had he, when crowned in Notre Dame at Paris, let his ambitions and his passions rest! But to few is it given to scale the highest pinnacles, to attain the highest peaks of success without growing dizzy. The heights to which Napoleon had climbed turned his head; to judge from his correspondence with or about the affairs of the Holy

See, one would be inclined to believe that the famous "sun of Austerlitz"—that victory over two emperors, and the news of which is said to have hastened Pitt's death,—had stricken Bonaparte in his mental faculties.

We must pass hurriedly by the great struggle that now ensued between might backed by genius and right sustained by holiness,—between Napoleon the Great and the feeble Pius VII. The story has been often told both by contemporary and subsequent writers. We must content ourselves, and we hope our readers, by describing two scenes that marked the close of the struggle between the gentle Pope and the overbearing Emperor. One we shall relate in the words of an eyewitness. After describing an interview he had had with Pius VII., in captivity at Fontainebleau, where the Pope had blessed a rosary which his visitor—a Protestant—had brought from the Holy Land, that illustrious visitor to an illustrious captive goes on to say:

It was eighteen months after this interview that I went out, with almost the whole population of Rome, to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious Father of the Church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova; and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received. It is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and rapture sent up to heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was a universal prostration,—a sobbing, and marks of emotions of joy like the bursting of the heart. I heard everywhere around me cries of "The Holy Father,—the most Holy Father! His restoration is the work of God!" I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women around me,—many of them were sobbing hysterically; and old men were weeping as if they had been children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerated Pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed feeling, as the memorial of a man whose sanctity, firmness, meekness, and benevolence are an honor to his Church and to human nature.

The above eloquent passage is taken from "Consolations in Travel," by that eminent man of science, Sir Humphry

Davy. But almost at the time when the Roman people were proclaiming that the Pope's restoration to his capital was the work of God, another scene was passing. On the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, in the year 1814, Pius VII. re-entered the Papal city; seven weeks earlier, in the very palace of Fontainebleau where Napoleon had kept the Pope prisoner, the Emperor abdicated, to become the lord of a small island of the Mediterranean, in sight of his captive's dominions. Abandoned by his brother-in-law Murat, whom he had made King of Naples; advised to resign by Talleyrand, for whom he had robbed the Holy See of the principality of Benevento, as well as by two favorite Marshals, Berthier and Ney, the "bravest of the brave"; with the armies of the Allies already in Paris and closing in around, Napoleon signed his abdication. And, as if the cup of humiliation was to be drunk to the dregs at Fontainebleau, it was there that the fallen Emperor was parted from his wife and son forever; and lastly it was in the courtyard of that palace, so lately a Pope's prison, that the beaten conqueror bade farewell to the veterans of his Old Guard whom he had so often led to victory,—to those true hearts who were so soon to pour out for him their lifeblood on the fatal field of Waterloo.

And this was the man who, when excommunicated by Pius VII., had cried: "What does the Pontiff expect from his excommunication? Does he think it will make the muskets fall from the hands of my soldiers?" The answer came during the retreat from Moscow, when, amid the severe cold of the Russian winter, masses of soldiers, as the historian of the Moscow campaign relates, were compelled to let fall their weapons. They did not throw them away, says General de Ségur: they

slipped from their hands and were lost in the snow.

Although Pius VII. had been welcomed back to Rome with enthusiasm by the great majority of his subjects, it was still necessary to appeal to the powers of Europe; for Murat held the March of Ancona with his Neapolitan troops, and Austria occupied the Legations; then there were the treaties of Tolentino, Fontainebleau, Paris, to be denounced,—treaties by which the Pope had been deprived of his rights over Avignon, the Comtat-Venaissin, Benevento, Ponte Corvo, Parma and Piacenza.

Cardinal Consalvi, accredited as ambassador to the French monarch, was the able negotiator the Holy See chose to vindicate its rights. His ability soon won to his cause the support of the English and Russian governments. The Congress of Vienna accepted in principle the restoration to the Holy See of its temporal sovereignty. But that Congress did nothing wholly well. No doubt the Pope did not expect it to give him back Avignon and the Comtat, nor that Parma and Piacenza should come under his rule. But Article CIII., ratified by the Congress nine days before Waterloo was won, ignored these claims entirely; and while giving back to the Holy See the Marches, with Camarino and their dependencies, Benevento and Ponte Corvo, and the Legations, it retained such part of Ferrara as lay on the left bank of the Po, and authorized the Austrian Emperor to garrison all the strongholds of Ferrara and Comachio. And so the restoration was partially made of the temporal dominions of the Holy See; but under protest first from Cardinal Consalvi, in a remarkable note written while all Europe was trembling at Napoleon's reappearance at the head of his old armies; and, subsequently, in September, 1815, in a Papal Allocution.

On the Wings of Song.

BY THE BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

I.



AND my violin—my only friend! I drew my Stradavarius out of its case lovingly, and began to play softly in the gathering twilight. The cords were subdued and sweet, as I recalled a faint image of a fair young mother fondly bending over me and blessing me. But the sounds were low and tremulous; for I had been such a little fellow in those days the wonder is that any remembrance had been left behind.

Then came harsher tones; for I had conjured up the image of my grandfather as I first remembered him: tall, erect, hard of feature, "true blue,"—in a word, the "perfect gentleman," as I have since been told. But why *gentle*? Was he ever gentle in his life?

There were the handsome lads too—Robin and John, older than I by ten and eight years. Robin, I had heard, was the future Sir Robert; for my father was dead; so when the stately elderly gentleman left his broad lands my brother should succeed. But this Sir Robert seemed gifted with perpetual youth: he was surely not a day older now than when—ah! how had the thing really happened?

I suppose Robin and John were, as usual, trying "to make a man of Philip," when one of them lifted me onto the high park gate, and began to swing it to and fro as fast as they could. I screamed with terror; and Sir Robert, who at that moment went riding by, stopped to frown at me and say sternly: "Never let me hear you do that again, Philip! Be a man at least, if you can not be a chip of the old block."

After this I set my lips very tight and closed my eyes, and tried to think what "a chip of the old block" could mean. But my head was so dizzy—up went my hands, and the next thing I remember I was lying on the couch in the great hall, hearing the kind old doctor whisper softly: "Poor little chap!—a cripple, I fear, for life."

"Indeed!" Sir Robert's voice expressed surprise and some disgust. "The first Carsford that was ever a cripple! Well, it is fortunate it's only a third son—the last and least."

I soon began to wonder—when the pain would let me—what sort of a disgraceful thing a cripple might be; but when I asked nurse, she only said I should know fast enough, which I certainly did. As time went on the kind doctor would try to console me by saying I should not be a very bad cripple: it would only be a case of a high boot and a stick. But, oh, how I hated these things! (The cords grew fiercer and angrier now.) Where was, where had ever been, the use of cheap comforts dealt out to a life's woe?

It had all been sad, sad, and grey, grey, till one day at the doctor's I heard Jacobi; and then—life might be fuller than ever of suffering, since music could open unexplored regions within for pain, soul-pain, to dwell in. But *grey*? It seemed to me that life could never again be monotonous or grey.

I stood before the great man, simply entranced, trembling, till, when he had done playing, he cried in a hearty voice:

"*Ach, so!* Here is a little man who feels the music right down into his heart. Is it not so?"

"I don't know," I said, drawing a deep breath. It was funny it sounded like a sob. I put my hand up to my face, I didn't know why; and it felt wet—as if I had been crying. But I had only been listening, and been somewhere else

somehow. That *couldn't* have made a fellow cry!

Jacobi laughed, and then he played again. But instead of laughing too, as he had intended, this time I burst out crying in good earnest, and wailed: "Oh, don't! don't!"

"Heyday! what is the matter?" cried the great man with the kind eyes.

I had been leaning against a chair without my crutch; but he now caught sight of it and of my high boot.

"Ah, poor little fellow! Never mind!" said he, earnestly. "The Lord hath put music into thy soul; in the days to come thou wilt soar aloft and fly toward heaven *auf Flügeln des Gesanges*.* Is not that better than treading this earth, however blithely, with feet of clay?"

That evening I sat watching Sir Robert, and trying to screw up my courage with a great effort.

"Grandpapa," I ventured at length, desperately.

"Well?" Sir Robert put down his newspaper, and he seemed six inches bigger or I six inches smaller,—I don't know which.

"May I learn the violin?" I went on, nervously.

I was unprepared for the emphatic "No!" I received in reply. It was such a peculiar "No"; there was more of contempt and surprise in it than of mere displeasure.

I suppose Robin and John were right, and that I was a milksop; for I burst out crying, went to bed, and there sobbed myself to sleep. Presently I awoke to see a light in my room and Sir Robert standing beside me.

"I have been thinking over your strange request, Philip," he said, coldly but not unkindly; "and it shall be granted. Since you will be debarred forever from the ordinary pursuits and pastimes of an English gentleman, you

have a right to claim what you may consider as a kind of compensation—nay, don't thank me! It is justice."

"But—but—" I faltered, "you were displeased when I asked you in the library."

"Displeased!" Sir Robert answered, more sternly. "Hardly that; rather astonished, disgusted, to see how such taints in the blood invariably show themselves. There! you may as well know it sooner as later, I suppose. Your mother was not like Robert's and John's, who was a St. Aubyn. Your mother, my son's second wife, was only a German singer."

My young blood rose then, and I sat up in bed and looked Sir Robert straight in the eyes.

"My mother is an angel in heaven!" I cried; "and old Bridget at the Lodge told me she was an 'angel upon earth.' I don't know what a St. Aubyn is, but I am sure an angel is better."

"She was certainly a good woman," Sir Robert replied, a little thoughtfully. "Avoided the stage, I believe, and had some gentle blood in her veins. But faugh! what could my son be thinking about to entangle himself like that?"

As I could not tell him, not knowing what he meant, I asked humbly:

"When shall I begin?"

"At once," Sir Robert said shortly. He never did things by halves,—a concession once made, it was handsomely made. No, in his narrow, insular way, he had certainly not been unfair to me. Till I came of age he had given me a liberal allowance; and now that I had come in for my mother's slender fortune, he often supplemented it by a substantial cheque, coupled with the pleasant permission to continue wandering on the Continent, since I had the bad taste to like it.

I had been studying in Brussels and Paris for several years, and here I was

* "On the wings of song."

at length in Germany, in the land of music, in my mother's country; but as an unknown stranger. Should I like it, after all?...

My violin grew soft and wistful once more; my hands dropped listlessly, wearily.

"Bravo! *wunderschön!* beautiful!" cried an enthusiastic voice near me,—that of Herr Werner, the "Hausmeister," a sort of glorified hall porter who had carried the remainder of my luggage up the three flights of stairs. He lingered to tell me there would be a charity concert that evening in the large entrance hall. The ladies of the second floor were going to help, as well as many other *gnädige Herren und Damen*; and, as I played like a seraph myself, perhaps I would take a ticket? Ah! that was well; he and his wife would look out for me and reserve me a seat.

I found that the good man had kept a chair for me between himself and his wife, a comfortable person, never parted from her knitting, who, in spite of her busy fingers, did the honors of the fast-filling room very prettily.

"Do you see that fine old gentleman in uniform? That is the Herr General von Hohenstein, of the second floor; and that lady in black silk and lace, by the piano, is his wife. She plays beautifully and is to accompany all the songs. And Fräulein Hilda? Ah! she has gone to fetch some forgotten music; she will be here presently. The lady at the piano, you must know, is a very high lady indeed, though not very wealthy."

Thus did the good soul prattle on till the music began, and then—would that her exemplary silence might be imitated in all English concert rooms!

The music was good to hear,—fine, classical pieces well rendered; but still better was "the very high lady" to look upon; for her handsome, intelligent face was sweet and kindly, as she

welcomed each performer to the piano. Many of the singers were milliners, shop assistants, and small hotel keepers; but for everyone there was the same exquisite courtesy and cordiality; which in return met with respectful deference, unmixed with the smallest false shame or timidity. Music—or perhaps something even higher and better than music, as I learned to suspect later on—made a pleasant bond between these various classes very comforting to look upon.

"Now there is the dear Fräulein Hilda at last!" whispered Frau Werner.

A girl in white was standing by the piano, at whom the kindly lady smiled very fondly, very proudly. And little wonder; for Hilda von Hohenstein was very beautiful: tall and stately, with a fair, serene face, which soft masses of pale golden hair crowned gloriously. She was the sunshine of her parents' lives, I learned to know; and yet Hilda, calm and pensive, never reminded me of sunlight, of bright, bustling, garish day; but rather of quiet evening—of still moonlight, when a calm, peaceful hush has fallen upon all things, and the heart begins to feel conscious of its better, its nobler self, and to long exceedingly for the ever good and beautiful and true. It seemed to me now, as I looked and listened, that Hilda von Hohenstein would be ever associated in my mind with such thoughts; that henceforth, go where I might, at my best moments there would arise before me an image pure and holy,—the image of this peerless, gracious, moonlight maiden.

Her voice was a clear, singularly high soprano, sweet and passionless like a boy's. She sang "Angels ever bright and fair," and "Oh, for the wings of a dove!" and all seemed exactly right.

"*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges!*" Jacobi had been right in his prophecy: I had flown away, away, onward, upward. Life seemed a rich, glorious, unfettered

thing, if we could thus be borne aloft on the golden clouds of music swiftly, swiftly, toward eternal beauty, never-ending harmony and peace.

I started. It was only Herr Werner who touched my arm. One of the promised performers had failed. Would I not consent to fill up the gap? Before I could answer he had gone to the piano and was explaining matters.

I played—I think my very best, for I forgot time and place. There seemed a presence as of “angels ever bright and fair” above me, around me; and my violin spoke to them yearningly, beseechingly, passionately: “Why so far off, so shadowy, though you seem so near? Why are we chained to this miserable, base earth, with the rest of our being, when the voice of music bids the spirit within us come far, far away? Why suffering, why misunderstanding, pain and death? Why the human heart, with its endless capacity and need of loving, of being loved? Why these strong emotions, these noble aspirations doomed to constant sterility? Why the hope of life, rich, wonderful, and complete; the illusory promise of so much and the complete fulfilment of nothing? And then the end! This deluded creature of fire and flames, its end not in the bright clouds, but in the loathsome grave—a handful of dust, a thing of naught!”

I stopped, exhausted. As I looked up, sweet, grave eyes full of tears—full, too, of a heavenly peace—were looking at me sorrowfully. The room rang with loud applause, in which, however, the moonlight maiden with the pitying eyes took no part.

“It was very beautiful, Hilda; was it not, dear child?” her mother whispered. “You should say so too when I speak to him. He is a stranger, and, as you see, lame.”

The kind words seemed to sting me like a whip. “A stranger.” Ah! yes, a

stranger all my life, even in my own family. “And, as you see, lame,”—unlike others; set apart; a stamp upon me; an object of contempt, at best of pity, to my life’s end.

“You play so very, very beautifully!” the older lady said, in fluent English. “Let me, I am sure in the name of all present, thank you very sincerely.”

She looked round for her daughter, but she had gone back to her father. The concert was over and people were hurrying away.

“You are very kind,” I answered, rather stiffly, as I put my violin back into its case.

“My husband and daughter, I feel sure, enjoyed it too. They should tell you so,” she added; “but my husband speaks no English, and Hilda is a little shy of making mistakes.”

“Pray don’t detain them on my account!” I said, seeing her about to summon them. “But there is not the least difficulty about speaking to me. My mother was a German. I have always loved the language since I got the chance to learn it.”

“That is well!” she said heartily, in German. “Now good-night, and may that dear mother’s blessing rest upon you ever!”

I remembered that it was foreign fashion, and that I might. I bent down and kissed the hand of this stranger, who had spoken the kindest words ever said to me in all my life.

(To be continued.)

THE air, with God’s sweetest and tenderest sunshine in it, was meet for mankind to breathe into their hearts, and send forth again with the utterance of prayer.—*Hawthorne.*

LYING makes us vile in our own eyes, and debt makes us slaves.

—*Bishop Spalding.*

Disappointment.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I THOUGHT this day to send thee
 A fair and fragrant rose,—
 The flower that best describes thee,
 The purest bud that blows.
 But, ah, the Fates forestalled me!
 Last night the wind and rain
 Made desolate my garden,
 And all my care is vain.
 Oh, blest will be the pleasure
 Made beautiful by thee!—
 To stand without its hedge-rows
 Must all suffice for me.
 I have no gift to send thee,
 I have no word to say;
 My roses all lie scattered,—
 It is thy bridal day.

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

FAREWELLS TO A HOUSE.

THE day when my physician and friend, Dr. Duchastelet—who, by the way, has twice saved my life since the first of the year,—told me that in the future I would be 'a man who needed watching,' obliged to take the greatest care and precautions, and particularly incapacitated from jumping off the train at the first signal, and from going back and forth between Oudinot Street and Mandres as I had been accustomed to these past summers, I was crushed, I confess, by a great fit of sadness.

A stroller who had been ordered to keep his room as much as possible, a wanderer of the Paris streets condemned to a sedentary and domesticated existence, could not accept this change with very good humor. Moreover, the first result of this medical ukase was the necessity of ridding myself of the modest

but charming country home where I, old resident, had at last learned, within a few years, to distinguish an elm from a linden tree, and the brief roulade of a goldfinch from the capricious run of a black-headed warbler.

My heart was rather heavy while I was talking with the notary of Brunoy the other day, and settling, in accordance with his wise counsel, the text of the placard and the date of the sale by auction. Evidently I have nothing in common with the fierce bourgeois of Gavarni, who, in loud admiration before "his wall," is preparing no doubt to invest it with all kinds of snares, and fragments of broken glass; for I have grown accustomed to the thought that in a few weeks my house will belong to another; and, in the way of property, I shall possess no more than the narrow, rectangular piece of ground situated in the Montparnasse Cemetery, which I came very near having, toward the end of last July, for my permanent abode.

Consequently, it is clear that I possess in but small degree the instincts of a landed proprietor. As far as the outside world is concerned, I always believe that to see is to possess; and I am quite as much disposed to enjoy the beauties of nature on the highroads as in the centre of a two-acre lot bought with my hoarded savings, and protected against invasion less by enclosure than by the menace of forced labor. Yet it would be an error to suppose that I was not fond of my rural home, and that I have given it up without deep melancholy and regret; nevertheless, the sentiments that are daily taking greater possession of me are rendering the sacrifice easier.

It must be cruel to be forced to sell one's homestead, and I can imagine no more painful separation. To wander for the last time under the shade of the old trees planted by one's grandsire; to

pick, before the departure, a rose to be pressed later in the mother's prayer-book, and to take it from the very bush her venerable hands have so often trimmed before one's eyes; to rise from and never more occupy the big arm-chair at the corner of the fireside, in which one's father dozed during the long October evenings; to visit with a lingering glance of love the chambers where beds and cradles recall the death and birth of so many dear ones; to close—with the knowledge that it will nevermore be opened except by the hand of a stranger—the door of the cosy family sitting-room, on which is marked in pencil one's height at different stages of one's childhood; to leave those walls to which memories cling more firmly than the tenacious tendrils of the ivy; to leave those flowers through whose perfume the souls of the departed loved ones seem to revisit one,—that must indeed be a dreadful sorrow, one of those hours of mental agony in which man discovers how much depth and truth there is in the *sunt lacrimarum* of the poet.

I have never known that pang. My poor parents, industrious bees of the great city, inhabited one after the other different hives, as the houses of Paris may be called. They were often obliged to seek another refuge; and all that I now possess of theirs—very humble relics—are two or three pieces of old furniture saved from the fateful movings. A comparison between the tears one sheds over a homestead and the slight sorrow one feels in watching as one goes farther and farther away the diminishing gables of the roof under which one has simply had some beautiful summer days, would be absurd and displeasing. And yet, in reality, the two sentiments are of the same order.

Still, I do leave some of my life in that pretty Fraisière. I had thought to give

myself, as a recompense for all my work, this little park like a corner of the Trianon; these great trees, in which, in May and June, a winged orchestra gave me delightful concerts; these narrow avenues, where I loved to walk slowly at sunset, amid the sweet perfume of the mignonette; this orchard, where, in the golden autumn days, the weight of the fruit makes the branches crack, and where the grape grows ripe on the side of the wall among the dusty and rusted leaves, near those rows of high-stemmed rose-bushes where, during the season, there is great competition among all those queens of beauty.

All those things were dear to me. I had, in owning them, filled them with my dreams; I had given them much of my heart. And now we must part. A stupid illness renders it necessary for me to be near a particular source of help in the future. My carnations and my warblers are too far from the operating knife. A stranger is about to possess them. I hope he may become attached to them; and that he may even have the illusion, perhaps, that the flowers that perfumed the walks of a poet exhale a more exquisite odor, and the birds that sang to please him find sweeter trills. I most sincerely wish a happy sojourn to the new master of the Fraisière. I hope that for him the shade may become still cooler, the turf still greener, the fruit more luscious, and the flower-beds brighter and more perfumed. And I particularly wish him to grow fond of the old house,—but I can not promise him a visit.

I confess my weakness. It would hurt me if in my presence the new master listened to my old choir of chaffinches and blackbirds, and inhaled the perfume of my harem of "Madame Bérard" and "Gloire de Dijon." I should feel a sort of retrospective jealousy; and I should suffer once again from nature's indif-

ference, in ascertaining that birds, like court-poets, sing for no matter whom, and that roses throw out their perfume for the first comer. Once more do I call down all manner of happiness on my unknown successor. May the laughing countenance of the faun, from his leafy cabinet on the plaster column, greet him with a hospitable smile! And as the rain of this sad summer has certainly eaten away the marble of the little sun-dial in the centre of the kitchen-garden, and must have almost effaced the too philosophical inscription which said, *Ultima latet* ("The last hour is hidden from us"), I counsel the new proprietor to substitute in its place this exact expression of my wishes in his regard: *Horas non numero nisi serenas* ("I count only happy hours").

May happiness dwell in the Fraisière! But I shall not again even pass the gate, above which an alder-tree drops the white petals of its flowers. Henceforth that closed door will have for me the hostile and impenetrable physiognomy of the woman one once loved and whom one meets on the arm of another man; and on seeing again the home I have left I shall involuntarily murmur that sorrowful line of the "Tristesse d'Olympio":

My house sees me and knows me not.

Yet I shall never become an utter stranger to the old home; for something of our personality—better and greater than a memory—remains in the spots where we have made a pleasant halt and where we have loved.

Permit my fancy to hunt up the traces left by the first inhabitant of this charming corner of nature, and also to imagine what vestiges will be found long after of him who takes his departure to-day. When I spent my first month of May at the Fraisière I was filled with delight on discovering that my garden was full of nightingales and that

they sang divinely. Now, some of the village folk had told me that long ago, prior to the year 1830, when the spot was marked by only a small cottage and a clump of trees, it belonged to an excellent violinist,—in fact, to a former first violin of the opera.

I know not how I began to associate in my mind the virtuoso and the singing birds. I conjured up for myself a portrait of the old fellow dressed in the fashion of his day—with tight breeches and buckled slippers, and buried in his white cravat, wound thrice about his neck, and in the high collar of his coat *à la Goethe*. I imagined him seated at an open window that looked out upon the green, a music-book before him, the bow in his hand, the Stradivarius at his shoulder; seeking to dispel the *ennui* of his seclusion by evoking memories of past successes in concerts, and executing with admirable skill a favorite piece, of exceptional difficulty, some instrumental marvel,—the variations on the air from the "Carnaval de Venise," for example.

Then the strange idea passed through my head that the nightingales, wounded in their pride and incited by a spirit of emulation, had wished to prove to the old artist that they were as talented as he; that their song was every bit as beautiful as that of the violin; that they were capable of reproducing in their throats the wonders accomplished on the fourth cord in other days by the illustrious Paganini; and that in this musical contest they had fired their rockets of sound with greater daring and agility, had suspended their pauses more lightly, had redoubled their tender modulations, and prolonged their lover-like sighs.

Of course I told myself that the old violinist had been dead for long years, and that many generations of birds had also disappeared. No matter: I was willing to believe that in my lindens this

tradition had been preserved; and that no sooner had the little ones come out of their shells than they received an excellent musical education; and thus I justified my pretension—worthy of a proprietor—of possessing in my garden nightingales that sang better than any others in the world.

They still talk of the old violinist, I believe, in the nests of the Fraisière. So far as I am concerned, I marked my stay there by multiplying as much as I could the very beautiful rose—of a crimson so dark and velvety, spreading so delicate an odor—which a florist who lived in the neighborhood was amiable enough to name after me.

With those flowers that I loved there remains a part of my soul; there is also a fragment of it with those virtuosi who made the other birds jealous; and on beautiful spring mornings the glory and beauty of the poet's rose will be celebrated in passionate song by those extraordinary nightingales, great-grandsons of the old musician's rivals.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1897.

(To be continued.)

In the unbroken vision of the centuries all things are plastic and in motion; a divine energy surges through all; substantial for a moment here as a rock, fragile and vanishing there as a flower; but everywhere the same, and always sweeping onward through its illimitable channel to its appointed end. It is this vital tide on which the universe gleams and floats like a mirage of immutability; never the same for a single moment to the soul that contemplates it: a new creation each hour and to every eye that rests upon it. No dead mechanism moves the stars or lifts the tides or calls the flowers from their sleep. Truly this is the garment of Deity, and here is the awful splendor of the Perpetual Presence.

—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Isidore's Requiem.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

I.

THE rector was scarcely a week in his new parish when he caused a sensation. He was a shrewd young man too, with two years' experience in directing the affairs of small churches. He had a wholesome dread of disturbing local feeling on points of tradition, and he believed that new governors should move slowly and cautiously in old departments. The hasty foot is sure to smash some of custom's old pottery. The best intentions do not undo the mischief of a blunderer. Yet his first official act upset a portion of the town seriously, in that dangerous way which has brought ruin to states; namely, the disturbing fire burned deep in the hold of the ship, while the captain walked the deck unconscious of his danger.

The trouble began with the death of Isidore Tessier. When the undertaker came to the rectory to arrange for the funeral, he puzzled the good priest by inquiring if the church was to be in full or in half mourning.

"What do you mean by that?" said the rector.

It was so astonishing that the priest should not know what was clearly his own business that the undertaker lost his power of expression.

"Better let us go out to the church, and you can show me just what is meant by full mourning and half mourning. Where I came from we buried people in one fashion. I have heard of other fashions, but I do not understand them."

The result of the undertaker's explanation in the church was satisfactory. Half mourning meant that the six windows of the nave would be draped in black; and that two triangular candlesticks,

made of wood, painted black, and holding thirty-two candles, would be placed on each side of the coffin. Full mourning added two more candlesticks, and draped the sanctuary in black, with a white cross in the background.

Out of dusty closets the undertaker drew the draperies and the candlesticks: a sorry sight from long usage, moths, and neglect. The rector made up his mind on the spot.

"I shall send these things to the fire," he said, pointing to the mourning. "As for the candlesticks, well—I suppose they can be cleaned and repainted; but until they are put in good condition, they may stay in the closet."

The undertaker looked blank.

"May I take the things for the pall-bearers?" said he, feebly.

"More mourning?"

For answer he drew out and displayed a quantity of black hat-scarfs, sashes, and gloves, as decayed as the church draperies.

"But can you get any one to wear them?" inquired the priest.

"They've been wearing 'em all along, and I guess once more won't hurt."

So the undertaker took them away, wishing that he might have spoken his mind to the priest as to the wisdom of giving Isidore Tessier so bare a funeral.

"He looked touchy and set, and that sort had best be let alone at first," said the undertaker.

The rector had not spoken his whole mind on this occasion, out of prudence. He was a purist on matters of ritual, and loved the simplicity of the West as against the ornateness of the Orient. Such a funeral as this called for six wax candles, each in its own stick, and a plain black pall for the coffin. Four hideous and dirty triangles of wood carrying sixty-four candles; the whole church in gloom cast by dirty, ragged draperies; the coffin reposing amid the

glare of sputtering and dripping tapers, made of anything but wax,—thought of the scene shocked him, even while he laughed at local ideas of splendor. He made up his mind on the spot that only the sweet, simple rites of the Church were to be seen hereafter in St. Regis', and all unrubrical display was to be forever banished.

When young men make rules for a community severity is the keynote. The people of St. Regis' parish found Father Oswald's ruling on funerals very hard, and discussed the question of funeral rubrics that night at the waking of Isidore Tessier. A tinge of bitterness brightened the argument; for Isidore's mother wept and complained most pitifully at the slight put upon her son and her grief. The trustees of the parish provoked Tom McManus into making remarks, by refusing to explain or account for the rector's feeling against mourning. It was not their business to know all Father Oswald's reasons for doing things; he was his own "boss"; they knew their places, and so on to the limit of nonsense.

"Oh, these thrustees!" said Tom to the assembled mourners. "Are we more to thim than the dusht undherfoot? It's aisy to see how an aristocracy can grow up in a republic. It's in the nature of the beast. Here's two mir as dacint as ye'd want to find whin they're not thrustees; but now they're in office, nothing's their business. They can't see one of us widout lukkin' down from their loftiness, an' they can give no raisons why things are not otherwise than they are. Oh, wirra, wirra! An' what are yez thrustees for? Isn't it to represint *us*? Isn't it to spake up for *us* at the proper time? Ye ought to be able to tell us on the spot why the poor Widdy Tessier can't have the church dhraped. An' if ye're not able, thin go to Father Oswald an' find out."

A murmur of subdued applause made the trustees feel uncomfortable over the aptness of Tom's remarks.

"I reckon there won't be any trouble in finding out for any one," said Trustee Morin. "Just go and ask Father Oswald. Don't fret but you'll get an answer."

"But it's your business to have an answer ready," said Tom. "An' I now move that it's the sinse o' this assimblly that ye two delinquent thrustees march up to his Reverence this minute an' find out why he makes a rule agin the Widdy Tessier in particular, an' the parish o' St. Regis in ginerel, which offends the feelin's o' the entire community."

The motion was carried unanimously; but the trustees only laughed.

"We mind our own business, sir," replied Morin. "Just fancy us walking into Father Oswald and saying: 'Can you inform us, sir, upon what ground you have acted in regard to the funeral of Isidore Tessier?'"

The company laughed at the audacity of the thing.

"Oh, indeed, there's ways an' ways o' doin' things," said Tom, "widout givin' offence! What I'm wondherin' at is why he did it all. They've been buryin' the dead o' St. Regis' in one way for fifty years. Why did he change it?"

"The new broom," said Morin.

"They were a heap of rags, those mourning draperies," interposed the undertaker. "And I guess the dirt had as much to do with it as anything."

The Widow Tessier gathered from the conversation that there was no hope of so far changing the rector's decision as to secure for her boy the splendor of an old-fashioned St. Regis' funeral; and she burst into a passion of tears and sobs and exclamations that stirred the heart of the community. Several of the women wept and the men shifted uneasily. Mrs. Merritt, the doctor's wife, was deeply moved.

"Whatever the reason is," she said to the crowd, "some one ought to ask an exception for this poor mother. I don't see much comfort in a grand funeral, but she does, and she is the one concerned. If I belonged to your church, I myself would go up and have a talk with the rector. He must be sensible, any way."

"Isn't that the thing I've been sayin' the whole evenin'?" cried Tom to the trustees. "Now away wid yez, an' ask right out for a change in the rule in the case o' the Widdy Tessier!"

In spite of entreaties and demands and reproaches, the trustees declined to be drawn into the scheme. They had no desire to be snubbed by the new rector.

"I don't think 'twould do any good, anyhow," said the undertaker. "The new priest is set, as I could tell the minute he spoke. He's got to be coaxed into the thing. Now, I reckon he's Irish, and the best way to manage him would be to send Tom McManus to talk with him, easy like. Tom's Irish most of the time, as his talk shows. Maybe the rector'll take to him strong enough to listen to him, and then the rest may come after a little."

"I'm not so sure he's Irish," said Tom, highly flattered at the office conferred upon him, and delighted at the chance to meet the new rector and give him information. "His name is Reverend Oswald Grey, an' it has a very English sound. Only I know there's no English priests in America, I'd be inclined to take him for one o' the villainous race. To be sure he's a priest, an' it's all one; but it might be an error o' judgment to sind *me*."

The assembly saw a prospect of fun in the encounter of McManus with the rector, and so urged the matter upon him that he hurried off to call upon the Reverend Oswald Grey, determined to win his suit, or at least to fill the

rector's mind with the greatness of Tom McManus.

"An'," said Tom, "I can find out if he's Irish, an' if he is a Cavan man."

Just how far he accomplished his mission Tom was never able to tell to himself. His version of the affair to the people at the wake was one thing and the actual facts were another; between what he told and what he failed to remember poor Tom remained forever uncertain about the real facts.

"Well, I rang the bell," said he to the eager listeners, "an' the girl showed me straight into the presence of his Reverence. He's a shlight, shmall bitteen of a man, that'll need much atin' an' long experience to come up to the mark. But he's no way lackin' in confidence. Whin I mintioned who I was, 'Indeed,' says he, 'an' it's plazed I am to see ye; an' I've heerd that ye're an authority on local matters; an' I have yer name on the buildin' committee for the new school,' says he. 'An' now what can I do for ye?' Wid that he lukked at me in a way that was terrifyin'. 'Shmall wondher,' says I to meself, 'that the thrustees wor afeered to come next or nigh ye; an' I wish I was well out of it.'—'Now, what can I do for you?' says he agin, wid a luk in his eye that said I'd better hurry about it. Then I ups an' tells him a soft story about a poor ould lonely widdy an' her dead son, the lasht lovin' thing she had in the world; an' her hopes of a dacint funeral, an' how he had tuk the hope from her. An' I asked him to make an exception in her case for this once, jist to show his good feelin's to the people o' the parish. 'I dunno but what that's a good argimint, Mr. McManus,' says he; 'an' a lawyer couldn't do better nor you; but I'm afeered I've med up me mind,' says he; 'an' once a priest meks up his mind it's not sacerdotal to go back on his own word,' says he.

"Well, he had me there. 'But,' says I, 'thim dhraperies have been hangin' at funerals for fifty years, an' it's hard on the poor widdy to bury her son widout 'em. Wid the rich I wouldn't mind, but the poor ought to have great consideration in death, it goes so hard wid 'em,' says I.—'Right agin,' says he, 'Mr. McManus. But ye forgit I've med up me mind.'—'The boy ought to have at laste a second-class funeral,' says I.—'That's it,' says he. 'I don't believe at all in yer first an' second an' third-class funerals. The dead are all alike, rich an' poor,' says he; 'an' there should be only one ritual for all o' them.' Wid that he tuk down a beautiful book, wondherful to luk at, an' showed me the Latin for a buryin', which calls for six candles an' a pall an' bier for the coffin, and no more. 'In death we are all Demycrats,' says he; 'an' I'm sure ye wouldn't go back on yer party, Mr. McManus.' An' of coorse I tould him I'd die first. 'I understand this dhrapery business is mostly Frinch,' says he; 'an' I sympathize wid it; for I'm mostly Frinch meself.' An' then I kem away, feelin' it wor more the place of a Frinchman to be argifyin' wid him, if he had no Irish blood in him."

The trustees said to the company, "What did we tell you?" But very little attention was paid to them, so surprised were all to hear that the rector was of French blood.

"I wouldn't give up yet!" said Mrs. Merritt. "Send him a Frenchman right away and let him plead with him."

"By all manes!" said Tom McManus. "An', as before, I move that it is the sinse o' this assimby that Mr. Raoul Chevallier call on the Reverend Oswald Grey an' make a sthrong appeal for the Widdy Tessier."

Raoul objected in vain to the office imposed upon him, and yielded finally to the tears of the widow and the

arguments of Mrs. Merritt. Tom saw him depart on his errand with deep satisfaction, reflecting that the dressing which awaited Raoul would do much to heal his own wounded vanity; for Tom did not tell his neighbors the humiliations which the masterful rector had put upon him before he showed him to the door; such as insisting on his buying a whole pew in the church, joining the debt society and the temperance league, and promising to mend some public faults which had given scandal. He soothed his rising irritation against Father Grey by describing to the people around him the honors lavished on him by the rector because of his knowledge of local affairs. Raoul was back, however, in ten minutes, with a frightened look in his eyes and sweat on his brow.

"Why," he began abruptly, "he's not French any more than he's Irish, but a downright Yank if he's anything. The first thing he says when I tells him what I come for, he says, 'Mr. Chevallier, we're living in the United States and not in Canada. I'm an American, and I'm used to doing things in the nice, simple way they do them in the country where I was born and all my folks was born; and I'll burn the draperies, and there's only one funeral, first-class, after this; and there's no use talking about the Widow Tessier and her son. It don't move me a bit.'—'Well,' says I, 'for one, I'm going to make up my mind that St. Regis' Church is no place for me and mine hereafter; and I'm going to get out.' And I picked up my hat. Then he looked at me with those eyes of his, and he says, 'Sit down.' I did so. Would you believe it?—when I left that house I took two more seats in our pew, paid in advance; he took my name for two societies, and he made me a collector to pay off the church debt. If I'd stayed much longer he'd a-made a priest

out of me and set me a-preaching. And the last words he said was: 'Tell the people there is no sort of earthly use sending up deputations; for I've given my word against any more folly in funerals.'"

Raoul wiped his brow, while the company chattered their astonishment at his story. It was plain to all that Isidore would be buried according to the wonderful book in Latin called the Ritual. So the lonely mother wept, and the neighbors discussed the rector, and Mrs. Merritt quietly thought the matter over. It was not her business, but sympathy with the bereaved mother overpowered her judgment. She had tasted sorrow herself, and knew how trifles are magnified by the grief-stricken. If Mrs. Tessier found consolation in such things as a beautiful coffin for her son, in flowers, and in a draped church, Mrs. Merritt felt that she ought to have them. The new rector was neither Irish nor French-Canadian, but a native of the soil. It followed that she might venture upon a visit to him, and risk an impertinence for the sake of human kindness.

This young priest, she reasoned, is evidently just out of college, and knows as much about human nature as about mining. He has everything cut and dried for his government of the parish, and it might be well for him to learn something from one whom he would regard as a heretic. In her time Mrs. Merritt had been a bold and original school-ma'am, whose success in dealing with boys had been conspicuous. Her mental habit was to find the boy in every man she encountered, and to deal with him accordingly. She had no doubt of her ability to find his mother's son in the Reverend Oswald Grey, rector of St. Regis', and to stir the deeps of his apparently stubborn nature.

The Heart of Acadie.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.

XVIII.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
 And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
 Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,—
 Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
 While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
 Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BEFORE quitting the scenes of Acadian history, it may be well to look back for a brief space at the human elements that have co-operated in the making of Nova Scotia. Certainly, neither the Greek colonization of Asia Minor nor the barbarian settlements in the Roman Empire offer a more human interest, or furnish more food for thought and comparison to the student of institutions and the gradual *werden* of a New World state out of a condition of savagery.*

Greece swarmed outward by the establishment of commercial footholds; the Northern and Eastern barbarians built new homes on the ruins of an admirable human culture; Spain and Portugal established factories for the exploitation of their rich and boundless possessions; France awoke too late to the significance of her children's spiritual and temporal sacrifices and heroism. But in Nova Scotia we see the workings of a different philosophy. It is true that the larger activities of humanity are often shrouded in unconsciousness; still, they may, and usually do, bear a character of unity, quite visible to those who follow in the wake of some lengthy genesis, or contemplate it from some higher standpoint.

Victor Hugo called Paris *la sainte cité du travail*. Here a whole peninsula has been consecrated, more thoroughly,

* A brief and, in general, fair sketch of Nova Scotian history is Sir John G. Bourinot's "Builders of Nova Scotia." Toronto, 1900. 197 pp., 8vo.

perhaps, than any other section of the New World, by human toil. If the corded Right Arm of labor should ever be accorded such a distinction in heraldry as the Red Hand of the sword has often enjoyed, it might well be emblazoned on the shield of Nova Scotia. In looking over the checkered but fascinating annals of this northern bulwark of the Atlantic seaboard, four types of laboring men stand out and claim recognition—the farmer, the fisherman, the woodsman, and the missionary.

The history of Port Royal opens with idyllic scenes of primitive husbandry. This is no political colony; no theory of church and state, stern or lax, is brought over in the cabins of De Monts and Poutrincourt. Catholic and Protestant enter the virgin woods side by side. Slowly and freely the savage embraces the religion of his white friends. Nor is it the passion of gold which leads these wanderers: it is an organic and natural flowering of the life of the peaceful but hardy peasantry of mediæval France, weary of wars, of ambition, of Armagnac raids, and of domestic sedition; and whose *Gaulois* imagination has been fired by the oft-repeated tales of the old sailors of St. Malo and Brest. The peaceful industries of a Norman village open the history of Nova Scotia,—the miller, the baker, the cartwright, the blacksmith, the mason.

Something very humane and just marks the relations of these early French peasants with the wild men of the forest,—nowhere in American history, north or south, if we except Penn and Eliot, is there another page like that of Lescarbot. The advanced critics of another age will deny its truth, in view of the frightful welter of blood and injustice that the next two centuries offer. True, it was a feudal state they founded; but its feudalism was of the large and easy type, open on all sides;

not based on military service, but on the patriarchal relations of seigneur and peasant, of honest capital and free labor working harmoniously in a spirit of charity, justice, and mutual helpfulness. So the valleys of the good Souriquois were civilized; corn, wheat and vegetables were planted on their loamy uplands; dykes, ditches, and drains were constructed; warfare was made only against the too-loving forest and sea; and that pleasant *Terre de Jouvence* was created which, a century later, justified the enthusiasm of an unknown Annapolis poet:

Fair scenes! to which, should angels turn their sight,

Angels might stand astonished with delight.

Majestic groves in every view arise,

And greet with wonder the beholder's eyes.

In gentle windings there the river glides,

And herbage thick its current almost hides,

Where sweet meanders lead his pleasant course;

Where trees and plants and fruits themselves discourse;

Where never fading groves of fragrant fir

And beauteous pine perfume the ambient air;

The air at once both health and fragrance yields,

Like sweet Arabian or Elysian fields.

Seldom has the labor of man been more richly repaid than in the halcyon days of the little Acadian colony. In the mild, long-lingering summer the first settlers could look out over the cool waters of Port Royal, surrounded by the painted children of the forest, amid the immemorial oaks and pines and maples and elms of the North Mountain. The aromatic odors of the rich marshes filled the air they breathed; the ground beneath their feet was one carpet of scented pine needles and spruce boughs; the deer glided through the woods; the rivers ran with fish innumerable; the blue sky, cloudless save for some trailing rags of white, arched over the sweetest paradise known to man.

It was all virgin, fresh and good. No serpent had yet invaded it. It is true that the highest expression of human life was yet before this society; but

by what mystery must it be realized only in blood and the sword and multitudinous shifting conflict, in death and loss and despair,—in all the cruel travail that the Old World had gone through and which was now to be so abundantly the portion of the New? But in the meantime the peasant built his *abatteaux* and increased his prairie. Out of the fine wearings of the red sandstone, the decaying grasses, weeds and foliage, the overflow of salt-sludge, he made the marvellous loamy soil, in color like "old red gold," that yet gives back a hundred for one. Through the forests he built his corduroy roads, and in every tiny inlet his wharf of wood or stone. The savage brought him peltries and game.

In time the Yankee and the English farmers succeeded the Acadian. They deepened the circles of arable land, opened up the valleys of the Cornwallis, Bear River and Avon; doubled the Great Meadow, and built new *abatteaux* against the boring tides of Fundy that forever threaten the neck which binds Nova Scotia to the mainland. The German farmer developed the county of Lunenburg, and showed what might have been done in Shelburne and Queen's. He sold his wood in Halifax, his fish in Boston, and worked with incredible tenacity at the most ungrateful of soils. The Gaelic farmer broke up the land of the eastern counties, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. The returned Acadian exiles took up the southwestern remnant of the peninsula and made it habitable by their long toil and hereditary art. Indeed, seldom has the farmer struggled so long, against such odds, with rare and distant markets, and with so little help and elevation from the contact of towns and industries.

If we turn to the fisherman, he seems to, and really does, cast the farmer in

the shade. As if by instinct, the Basque, Breton and Portuguese fishermen were on these fishing-grounds within a few years of the discovery of America. Their hasty presence suggests in their craft some lingering traditions about these lands from before the time of Columbus. The armateurs of St. Malo, the merchants of Bristol and Barcelona and Lisbon coined great fortunes out of these waters within a century of their discovery. St. Pierre Miquelon, after all, represents what her statesmen long held to be the essential interest of France in the New World. It secures what Quebec and Louisburg once compelled—a foothold for her fishermen.

It was only toward the middle of the eighteenth century that the Bourbons awoke, too late, to the political value of their American possessions. The fishermen of Boston and the New England coast were here as soon as the colonies were founded; and the history of Nova Scotia is largely the history of their endeavors to close the French forts at Port Royal and La Hève, in order to keep free and open those splendid mines of the sea. So that in one chapter, at least, of the deliberations of the late High Joint Commission the beginning goes back to the discovery of America. The improvements of navigation—sails, shape of boats, speed, nautical inventions—are intimately connected with the history of these fisheries; not to speak of the human virtues, the physical strength, the spirit of independence and self-sacrifice they have developed.

In no other region of the world has the life of the woodsman been so large and free. The esteem and affection of the Indians allowed the Acadian widest liberty. He became the typical *coureur des bois*, never so happy as when their solemn depths opened and welcomed him to their sylvan mysteries. The need of homes, the demand for dressed lumber,

the wants of the royal navy, kept him ever searching the forest for the noblest oak and pine. Two centuries ago the skill of the Acadian with adze and axe was notorious. In due time the broad arrow of the English King was on every great stem that his rangers could locate from the Kennebec to Sydney. Ships and smaller craft were an imperious, ever-increasing necessity in a province encircled by seas, and netted in every direction by an unparalleled system of water-ways. The growing population of Europe created a need for the woods of the New World. The forts and the wooden roads and a dozen other sources kept alive the domestic demand for lumber, until the land was shorn many times of its superb crown of forest. Even to-day the accessibility of its timber makes it the resort of abundant capital that is invested in saw-mills and pulp-mills; while the hands that in summer till the little farm, or cast the tarred seine for mackerel and herring, wield the axe in winter along those ridges of the province whence flow the carrier-torrents to Fundy or the Atlantic.

I have kept for the last the work of the man of God—the missionary. Both the Charter of Henri Quatre to De Monts and the Charter of James I. to Sir William Alexander are explicit about the conversion of the savages. Historically, the work fell to the brave Catholic missionaries—Jesuits, Recollets, (Franciscans), Sulpitians, and the good priests of the Seminary of Quebec. The Jesuit "Relations," now accessible in English; the history of Father Sagard and others; the late work of the Abbé Casgrain on the labors of the Sulpitians and the (Quebec) Seminary priests, are a mine of information and sources of Christian edification.

The missionary was the shuttle that wove the web of civilization in Nova Scotia throughout the seventeenth and

eighteenth centuries. In him the savage and the white man met; he kept alive the ideals of religion for the former by his own example; for the latter he was a breakwater against his evil passions of avarice and violence. In him God walked abroad among the susceptible Abenakis; for his sake they clung to the wavering fortunes of the Bourbons. He was the mainspring of an admirable savage chivalry, not the least romantic trait of the Acadian Indians. No Wiglaf dying by the side of Béowulf, no Hagen or Rudiger of the Nibelungen, no clansmen of Flodden Field, exhibit a purer or loftier antique loyalty than the Micmacs showed to the golden lilies of France while they waved over an inch of their ancestral territory. We can not discuss at length the varied services, temporal and spiritual, of the missionary in Acadie. The words of a competent authority may suffice to indicate the nature of his daily life:

By what zeal and devotion, by what exertion and sacrifice, did he [the missionary] justify this confidence of the people placed in his care! The life of a missionary was truly an apostolic life. No fatigue discouraged him, no danger stopped him. He declined no service, no labor. In need he could be their notary and judge; he wrote their contracts, he reconciled their differences, and he rendered judgment. Sometimes he carried the axe of the wood-chopper or the spade for the dyke; he mingled with the roughest workmen who were building a barrier against the waves of the sea. Then, returning from a hard day's labor, he traversed the woods and crossed the rivers and mountains, to visit the poor savages in their distant encampments, to aid the sick or to console the suffering.*

Men and manners have changed since the days when the traveller went from La Hève to Port Royal by the trail that is now the romantic line of the Central Railway of Nova Scotia; but the virtues that make society have not changed. Still the human heart has joys and sorrows, the human mind knows hope and despair; still humanity appre-

ciates the spirit and the deeds of sacrifice. If the external conflict with nature and savagery be quite over, the internal conflict of man with himself runs on through linked phases. Perhaps in the ardor of this self-centering conflict the fire of Christian charity is growing cold; perhaps with the loss of that moral atmosphere of certitude and peace that left men free to undertake great enterprises for the welfare of souls in darkness and bondage, we shall see less and less of that serene and holy altruism, through which men despised all the goods of earth to bear far and near the tidings of salvation. If this be true, then shall the history of the Acadian missionaries stand out forever as one of the last but also one of the most consoling and romantic chapters in the history of the higher life of mankind.

The world grows more grasping and selfish, more exacting in its demands for material development, less curious in things of the spirit, with the increasing rationalism of the age. There is no want of generous sentiment among the men and the women of to-day; but its manifestation is stifled and deadened by the narrowness and hardness of modern life. The tendency of modern civilization is levelling and repressive; the struggle of daily life is more monotonous and confined within narrower limits. The age has lost in individualism, but its egotism is even more intense. The greed for money, luxury, and comfort grows with the increased facilities for securing these necessary conditions of modern life, and blunts the more generous emotions of the soul. Self-abnegation is unknown. It is a prosaic age—an age of eminent shop-keepers,—that sneers at miracles, apostles, and missionaries. These belong to the past. The sciolism of the nineteenth century consigns those marvels of faith to the rude ages of which they form a part: they have no place in the active business of modern life. The world runs more evenly, but we fail in some way to reach the highest level of an earlier age. How far we have gained or lost, who shall pretend to judge? But it reassures us at least to know that the Catholic Church still keeps alive within her sanctuary the memory and example of men who followed with clearer vision the immortal desires of the soul, and leavened with their holy charity the sordid selfishness of the world.*

* Moreau, "Histoire de l'Acadie Française." Paris, 1873.

* *Catholic World*, "Early Missions in Acadia," vol. xli p. 632.

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

ONE of the most remarkable facts connected with the Incarnation is that the sin of poverty was changed thereby into a virtue.

∴

"Mirror of Justice" is, to my mind, one of the most beautiful of our Blessed Lady's titles.

∴

Tell me what music you like and I shall tell you what you are.

∴

If there are no offices to be given out in heaven, there will be trouble in keeping from emigrating the Americans that will enter the gates.

∴

Any one can ride prosperity and a camel when they walk, but when they run most persons are apt to be hurt.

∴

At the end of the *Miserere* comes the *Gloria*; at the edge of the crossed desert are the green grass and the music of running waters. Spring follows winter; the Passion ended in the Resurrection; after earth-life comes the Vision of His face. Therefore be not despondent.

∴

The full moon in a still night is God's most ancient figure of the elevation of the Host.

∴

Criticism of the drama and of music are homeopathic attenuations. The original vision is in the playwright's or the composer's mind. He dilutes this vision with a hundred drops in his expression. The actor, or it may be the violinist, takes up this dilution and adds one hundred drops of his power of receptivity; then he attenuates that third dilution with the one hundred drops of his expression on the stage or

with the instrument. The fourth attenuation is diluted with the receptivity of the critic from a hundredfold to a thousandfold; this fifth dilution is mixed with the critic's expression in print; that sixth out-thinning is spread over the brains of the reading public.

∴

By merely knowing enough to refrain from braying at the wrong time many asses have had statues erected in their honor.

∴

We say that life is empty; yet within one half hour we might see the beauty of a taper-flame in a dim-lit church, and the grace of a moving railway engine's gray plume, and the marvel of bare black boughs in a November rain, and hear the music of a glad boy's whistle.

∴

The owl would banish the robin because this red-breasted swaggerer disturbs his midday sleep, and we still the shrill laughter of children. Yet are robins and children better than owls, and daylight was meant for song and laughter.

∴

If you can not, with filled eyes, thank God for the wonderfulness of a pansy, you are not an artist.

∴

Children and the poor have waking dreams of "The Good Fairy of Wishes," who fulfils, also in dream, their manifold longings. Grown children, too, and the rich have this fond dream. Yet is there really a Good Fairy of Wishes—God.

A Saint.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

HIS silence and his speech are prayer,—
He hears celestial secrets in the sea,
And angel pæans in the air,
So tuned his life unto Eternity.

Notes and Remarks.

The impressive ceremony of canonization, so often described in these pages, but to which no description can do full justice, was witnessed last week by a multitude of people who had flocked to Rome from all parts of the world. It is stated—the report is credible enough—that a more cosmopolitan assembly has never been seen in the Eternal City. The newly canonized were Blessed John Baptist De La Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers; and Blessed Rita of Cascia, a nun of the Order of St. Augustine. The sons of St. John are spread all over the world, and the clients of St. Rita are even more numerous. It was therefore a moment of universal rejoicing when this blessed pair were enrolled among the saints. During the reading of the decree of canonization, as is customary, the bell of St. Peter's and all the bells of the four hundred churches of Rome rang out loud peals; and the enthusiasm was unabated until the aged Pontiff, blessing the reverent throngs as he passed along, returned to the Vatican.

The names of St. John and St. Rita will never again be invoked by so many persons at once as on the day of their canonization; but let us hope that the spirit which animated them may be communicated in some measure to all who hold the faith which they professed. And may they win more grace and greater light for all who walk in the darkness of religious error!

The chaplain of the state-prison at San Quentin, Cal., has published a study of the criminal statistics of the country, in which he proves beyond cavil that while the number of foreign-born criminals is steadily decreasing, the percentage of native-born prisoners is increasing

at an appalling rate. Thus while in 1860 one-half the criminals of the United States were of European birth, in 1890 the percentage had fallen to one-seventh. If these figures are at all accurate, it would seem that what the country needs is not immigration laws to make it hard for outsiders to get in, but immigration inducements to solicit them. It is worthy of note that our parish schools, in which the vast majority of the foreign-born children are educated, have been built up since 1860; and we think it not unfair to attribute the astonishing increase in criminality to the absence of religion from the public schools. After all, it is a simple matter of arithmetic. The influences which should make men good are the home, the church, and the school. Divorce has weakened the power of the home, the unbelief of the preachers has emptied the meeting-houses and turned the sectarian pulpit into derision, and the schools have become less and less Christian. The surprising thing is, not that there should be so little, but that there should be so much, religion left among the people.

There were many interesting replies to the following questions recently addressed to prominent Protestant clergymen by the National Christian Citizenship League: "Is the church Christian? Does she stand for the things for which Jesus stood and teach the truths He taught?" But the answer of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, rector of All Souls' Church, New York city, is the most remarkable of all. He says—we quote his reply in full:

In answer to your question, Is the church Christian? I can at present give only a word. If by this is meant, Are there earnest Christian souls in the church and hosts of them seeking to follow the Master according to their light? no one can fail to answer "Yes." If by the question, however, is meant, Is the church, as an organization, Christly,—possessed of the spirit of Christ,

and organized upon the principles of Christ? then I am afraid the answer must be "No." The teachings of the church are, as a rule, far from following the teachings of Jesus. The organization of the church is planned and patterned upon a policy which is the very antithesis of a true society of Jesus. Commercialism dominates the organization and conventionality tyrannizes the pulpit. The law of the market rather than the law of the Mount is accepted by the church at large. Our Protestant churches are composed for the most part of a constituency drawn from the well-to-do classes, and they see nothing essentially unsound or unethical in the economic system of the day. The pulpit, therefore, is rarely free to deliver its soul—if it has one—upon the burning questions of our generation. Blind leaders of the blind, both seem hastening to fall into the ditch which lies before our civilization. And yet within the Christian Church is the very ideal that the world hungers for, the very law that it needs to apply to its economic problems. Infinitely pathetic the situation!

Yes, indeed, infinitely pathetic that so many who are earnestly seeking to follow Christ do not know where to find Him; that His plain teaching is not recognized by men claiming to be ministers of the Gospel; that the very ideal for which the world hungers should be as if it were not. O the blindness of sectarians who can not see what is plain as the noonday sun—the city seated on a mountain,—the Church of all times and of all lands, with which Jesus Christ promised to abide forever! *Domine, ut videant!*

It is to be regretted that Uncle Samuel has such poor luck in choosing his army chaplains, another of whom, the Rev. Charles C. Pierce, if reports are true, ought to be called back to this country. When Brother Pierce went out to the Philippines he was a Baptist; but he seems soon to have deserted that sect, and founded what he calls the "Anglo-Saxon church." Now, we must not be understood as questioning the inalienable right of every Protestant to found a denomination; what we object to is the dishonest methods by which Brother Pierce attempted to smuggle the con-

verting Filipinos into the new religion, against their will. For instance, he announced that he would have "holy communion in Spanish" every Sunday; he had a statue of the Madonna, with lights before it, which he is reported to have incensed during services; and in many other charming little ways he indulged the Catholic instinct of the bland Filipino while doing his level best to entice him away from the *padre*. We were aware that sectarian missionaries sometimes permit their converts to keep more than one wife, but a Baptist who incenses a statue of the Blessed Virgin is too broad for anything.

There is little doubt that the obnoxious marriage law promulgated by Gen. Brooke while governor of Cuba will soon be abrogated. Protestants joined with Catholics in an appeal to his successor to effect an immediate change, and Gen. Wood has promised to take up the question. The prompt and energetic action of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Sbaretti proves that he is the right man in the right place. His enlightened and firm policy has already effected much good in Cuba, and the brightest hopes are entertained for the future of the Church in that most distressful island.

The real name of the lamented Hungarian painter who was known to the world as Mihaly Munkacsy was Michael Loeb, his art-name being taken from the little village of Munkacs, where he was born in 1842. Munkacsy was at his best in painting the dramatic scenes of religious history; and it is pleasant for Americans to know that his most popular canvas, "Christ before Pilate," is the property of one of our countrymen. Indeed it was the exhibition of this picture in our country which first won world-wide recognition for the painter,

Moreover, it was an American, Mr. John R. Hay, of Baltimore, who enabled Munkacsy to finish what is perhaps his greatest work—the “Last Day of a Condemned Man.” Mr. Hay found the artist penniless, without either food or fuel, in a garret of Düsseldorf; and gave him money and encouragement. In his early life, Munkacsy was a cabinet-maker; and when a stroke of paralysis in 1896 made it necessary to remove him to a mad-house, his skill as a painter entirely forsook him and he returned to his early trade,—a peculiar circumstance even in the history of insanity. His last work, before the coming of the cloud that never passed away from his mind, was an “Ecce Homo.” *R. I. P.*

Through the generosity of our readers we were enabled to send quite a handsome sum of money last week to Bishop Pelvat for the relief of the famine sufferers in his part of India. It would be very edifying if it were permitted us to tell of the saintlike charity and self-sacrifice which prompted many of the offerings that have been entrusted to us. A noble-hearted priest in a parish so small and so poor that only a lover of poverty could eke out a living there contributed one hundred dollars; and there were individuals and families that imposed privations on themselves in order to be able to make an offering. A community of nuns as poor as church-mice begged us to accept and to turn into money articles which the possessors must miss twenty times a day. Many a widow's mite has come to us,—many a hard-earned dollar that could ill be spared. Indeed we have good reason not to be among those who think that charity has grown cold, that self-sacrifice is a thing of the past. The sum contributed since the renewal of the appeal amounts to \$1,724.98; in all,

\$4,342.39. It is pleasant to hear that considerable sums have been sent to Bishop Pelvat direct by readers of THE AVE MARIA. There is dire need of every dollar, even if the contributions were multiplied a hundredfold. The receipt of money entrusted to us is acknowledged in Our Contribution Box.

It is authoritatively announced that Trinity College, Washington, will open Thursday, October 4. Candidates for the Freshman year only will be received this year; and the examinations for matriculation will be given on June 12, 13 and 14, at six different convents of the Sisters of Notre Dame in various sections of the country. On account of the lateness of the announcement, another examination will also be held this year in September. A line addressed to the secretary of Trinity College, Convent of Notre Dame, Washington, D. C., will secure for candidates all necessary information.

We are glad of this opportunity to express our sense of the debt which the Church in this country owes to the Sisters of Notre Dame. Trinity College will be the apex of their magnificent school system, and we hope—indeed we confidently expect—that its success will be both immediate and complete.

The word “candidate” is from the Latin *candidatus*, which means, literally, white-robed. In ancient Rome those who sought office wore a glittering white toga, emblematic of probity. A famous American who was willing to take up the presidential burden about forty years ago always wore a tall white hat, which may have been intended to show the purity of his political aspirations. Of late years white has been eschewed for some reason or other by those who engage in the great game of politics.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Town of Never.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THERE'S a wide and winding byway
Where no cruel breezes blow,
Differing far from any highway
O'er which toil-worn travellers go;
But avoid it, fair however
It may seem before the eye;
For you reach the town of *Never*
By the lane of *By-and-Bye*.*

In that town the winds are sighing,
Sunbeams never glimmer there;
Plans untried, dead hopes are lying
Thick in every street and square;
Birds sing not above the towers,
Wrapped in mist and ghostly gray;
And no blossomed trees nor flowers
Make sad hearts a moment gay.

Words of bitter grief and wailing
There are heard in many a tongue,
Teardrops hot and unavailing
Fall from eyes of old and young;
They are shed for long hours squandered
When their hopes were strong and high,
When with careless feet they wandered
In the lane of *By-and-Bye*.

Then take not that pathway winding,
Pleasant though it seems, my friends;
Never, never dream of finding
Aught of value where it ends:
Lest perchance some sad to-morrow
You may fret and moan and sigh
With the many who now sorrow
That they walked through *By-and-Bye*.

* By the road of *By-and-Bye* you reach the town of *Never*.—*Spanish Proverb*.

A SPARROW that a hawk was chasing took refuge with Xenocrates, the famous Greek philosopher, who hid it under his cloak. "I am strong, you are weak," said the philosopher; "but I should be weaker than you if I refused to protect you."

Saints and Song Birds.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



ERTAINLY, all properly constituted boys and girls are fond of song birds. Any young person who doesn't delight in those pretty little creatures, with their bright eyes and graceful forms and variegated plumage and exquisite trills of melody, is to be sincerely pitied as wanting a faculty without which youth must lose half its legitimate pleasures. If I thought that any really *bad* boys ever read *THE AVE MARIA*, I would add that the unfeeling lad who has the cruelty to go climbing trees for the purpose of robbing birds'-nests deserves to tumble down and sprain his ankle so badly that he will have to stay in the house for a fortnight.

Not only bad boys, however, are cruel to the birds. It seems that good girls and women do these little songsters still more injury, by adopting the fashion of wearing a bird's wings—or, for that matter, the whole body—in their hats. Fashion is so ruthless a tyrant that its decrees concerning the adorning of ladies' headgear with such ornaments have well-nigh totally killed off the birds in many parts of the country. Only a few weeks ago Congress felt itself called upon to pass a law for the protection of the song birds of the United States.

Now, if people, old and young, were just a little holier, if they took after the saints somewhat more than they generally do, there would be no need of any such laws, and the birds would fill

the whole world—outside, of course, the nasty, smoky big cities—with delicious chirps and twitters and roulades of melody. All the saints loved these pretty inhabitants of the air; and many a charming story is told of the particular friendship existing between a holy solitary and the big or little birds that lived in his neighborhood. Perhaps our young folks may be interested in hearing of two saintly bird-lovers whose names will, I think, be novel to most of them.

St. Marien was a religious who lived more than fourteen hundred years ago in a monastery at Auxerre, in France. If any young reader jumps to the conclusion that because he was a religious and became a saint he must have been a very learned abbot, or at least a priest, that reader will make a mistake. St. Marien was a monk, it is true; but his whole life was spent in minding the sheep and cows of the monastery. It doesn't make any difference, you see, what may be a man's business or calling in life; he can be a saint if he really wishes to be one.

The sheep and cows of that French monastery always had a good time. Marien never ill-treated them in any way. They enjoyed the best of care; and, like sensible animals, they repaid it by being very obedient to their master. In fact, it would have been strange if his own flocks didn't love and obey him, because even the wild beasts were his friends. Oftentimes some of the other monks would find Marien seated on a hillside watching his sheep nibbling away at the sweet grass of the pasture, while lying at his feet there would be a great bear or wolf or lion playing with the holy shepherd just as gaily as a favorite collie.

The real pets of St. Marien, however, were the birds. Every time he drove his flock out of the monastery fold the

birds flew toward him in scores and kept about him all day. They would sing to him by the hour, and thought nothing of perching on his shoulders five or six at a time, taking their turns at enjoying the privilege. For his part, the saint never failed to give his little friends many proofs of his affection. He stroked their glistening plumage, caressed them fondly, and invariably shared his meals with them; very often going hungry himself when an especially large number of his feathered guests demanded his hospitality.

Another French monk who lived about the same time as St. Marien, and who, like the latter, was noted for his love of birds, was St. Maixent. Maixent, by the way, was not the name by which he was christened: that was Adjutor. When he was yet a young boy he performed a miracle; and the people made such a fuss about him in consequence that he ran away to a monastery, and while there changed his name to Maixent. In the course of time he became the Father Abbot, and his biography shows that he wrought a great many striking miracles.

The birds in the woods near his monastery soon found out what sort of a man he was, and he and they became fast friends. Whenever he could get time to take a walk in the woods, he used to fill his pockets with seeds and bread-crumbs; then there would be a fine feast out in some sunny glade, whither the birds accompanied him. If he couldn't go to the woods, as was often the case, he would go down to the monastery yard and call out to the birds to come to him. Then there would be a flutter from all the trees near by, and finches, linnets, swallows, sparrows, blackbirds, robins and tomtits would dart as fast as their wings could carry them into the yard and cluster about their kind protector.

If ever you meet with an old-style picture of a gentle-looking monk who has birds by the dozen around his feet, in his hands, on the sleeves of his gown—all over him, in fact,—you may take it for granted that it represents St. Maixent. What a great pity the birds nowadays have not such friends!

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.—AN EXCURSION.

Next morning proved as bright and fair as morning could; and Lady April, who had already superseded March, showed no signs of fickleness, but a blue, resplendent sky, with masses of soft white breaking into fleecy cloudlets, and an air mild and balmy as the heart of man could desire.

Myles and Katie dressed with all possible care to accompany their father to High Mass at St. Teresa's Church in Rutgers Street, where Mr. Macartney had a pew. This church was at that time new, or at least a new acquisition, having been purchased from the Episcopalians. Its pews, cushioned with gray, and its severely simple outlines gave it a something unfamiliar, but yet pleasing and harmonious. Myles confessed on the way home that he found the sermon rather long, it was so hard to sit still; but Katie, who loved music and was naturally devout, loved also to go to High Mass.

In the afternoon the devoted three set forth again for the promised expedition. The father felt a little uncertain at first as to whether they should get on board of the *Sylvan Stream* or the *Sylvan Grove*, whichever might be lying at the dock, and sail away up to Harlem Bridge. But the air was still very sharp and Katie was delicate, so he decided

on the cars; walking over, as Myles did usually in the morning, to take the Third Avenue line at Chatham Square.

Happily, there was no great crowd as yet, the little party having started early. They were therefore able to get good seats; and went on and upward, through the Bowery, which even then offered a rather grotesque and varied side of life. Myles pointed out to his father the funny pictures placarded over the Bowery theatre, representing the prospective performances of G. L. Fox, a popular comedian. Presently they reached Third Avenue, following thence upward what used to be known in the very old days of New York as the Eastern Post Road, and about which still lingered a something of old-time quaintness; especially as they mounted higher and higher, where the houses became lower and more old-fashioned in construction, and the trees became more numerous. The air, too, grew fresher and sweeter and clearer as the breath of the river began to make itself felt.

At last the car stopped with a jolt; and Mr. Macartney, alighting with the two children, was in the midst of the stir and bustle, the noise and confusion which even on Sundays existed in the vicinity of Harlem Bridge, which swung leisurely open to allow vessels to pass, and closed again, regardless of the hurrying crowds of pedestrians, the fast-driving buggies or the many vehicles, full of happy humanity out on a holiday, untrammelled by any conventions, unawed by more conservative elements,—simply enjoying themselves under the free arch of heaven, in heaven's own air and sunshine.

Such were the Sunday crowds which gathered about that great centre of life. Men who had been, perhaps, shut in all the long week in dreary offices or crowded shops lounged now upon the footpath of the bridge, smoking

and enjoying the river breezes; catching about them all the while broad stretches of sunlight, water, and shores already showing a faint greenness under the touch of the spring. Pale children from dismal tenements clung languidly to the skirts of paler mothers, to whom this outing was as a new life; and boys from the slums laughed and danced in the joy of their escape from the dreary town. Gentile jostled Jew in careless good comradeship; Irish and German, Italian and the native of the soil were all commingled; and the black face and woolly head of the Negro shone in the brilliant sunshine. Peanut venders and the keepers of various fruit-stalls did a thriving business in and out among the good-natured multitude.

It was a scene to make the heart glad, and Mr. Macartney expanded under its influence almost as much as did the children. His cheery laugh was good to hear; and he chatted away, answering the children's questions with tireless good-humor.

"I don't mean to stand still here, though," he said, after a while. "We'll go farther up into the country and see what's to be seen. A walk won't do any of us a bit of harm."

So off they went, the young people nothing loath,—the eager Myles trying to subdue his pace to that of the others, but running off every once and a while as the streets gradually became more countrified and he caught sight here and there of green blades piercing the earth, or of budding trees, providing habitations for noisy families of birds. It was only a suburb, to be sure; but it was an infinite delight to the untravelled two.

"If it's not too far," said the father, "I think we will make our way up to Chris Park."

"What's that?" cried both children.

"It's a place of entertainment that used to be up here somewhere. If we

find it, we can sit down and rest before coming back again."

This gave a new impetus to Katie's little feet, for she was much more easily tired than either of her companions. They had indeed to take a cross-town car at one stage of their journey; for Mr. Macartney found that the Park was much farther away than his memory had indicated. "I haven't been there these ten years," he said.

They reached it at last, however; and were soon seated at a small table, in the enjoyment of pink and white ice-cream. Now, it can not be denied that this is a very real enjoyment to the young; and it is enhanced by a certain glamour which the imagination casts about its very name. Ice-cream always suggests festivals, parties, excursions,—all those gala days which youth clothes in its golden enchantments. It is also associated with the scent of flowers or with gay strains of music, or with a birthday reunion of happy hearts, or with the kindly impulse of some dear one who has, as the common phrase goes, "treated" to ice-cream. Altogether it is a magic word in the ears of a child.

After the trio had partaken of this refreshment in the quaint, rustic stall, which lent it a still greater charm, they sat still for a time to rest and look out over the Park, beginning to be green, with little undulating hillocks diversifying the level plain, and the sunshine over it all like a benediction.

Mr. Macartney, who was conscious to the full of that sense of rest, of enjoyment in the open air, which comes to the busy worker weary with the problems of life, remarked to the children:

"There is always something special about the Sunday: a softer light, a stillness over everything. It's the day the Lord has made, and no mistake. He meant it to be for us a day of rest and refreshment; and so it is, especially when

we get away out of the city." And he added, as if half to himself: "I don't think people are grateful enough for the Sunday, particularly nowadays."

After a time he rose to his feet again, though with some reluctance. It was so delightful sitting there silently or listening to the prattle of the children. But he wanted to show them a certain cave which had appealed to him very forcibly in his youth. It was with some difficulty he made his way there; and, oh, what sense of mystery came over Myles and Katie as they approached that awful spot! A real cave it seemed to be, gloomy and dark and divided into various compartments. In the first of these they discovered, almost with a thrill of fear, a number of figures. Staring them in the face, at the entrance, were two soldiers in gorgeous uniforms, erect and tall, with grim rigidity of bearing.

Katie drew back in terror, though Myles confronted them boldly; for he felt that it would not do for the future whaler to yield lightly to alarms. In their hands were gleaming weapons, on their heads burnished metal casques. At a round table within sat three other soldiers, truculent-looking fellows, with hats such as the children had never seen before, and a military costume equally unfamiliar. In their hands were cards, and on the table before them cards and dice were spread out, while tall glasses appeared at their elbows.

"Who are they?" whispered Katie in affright to her father, still holding back and unwilling to trust herself in the gloom of that dimly-lighted cave, with these fierce-looking shapes. It is true they neither moved nor spoke, nor did they show any signs of having perceived the entrance of inquiring visitors. Mr. Macartney, too, seemed undisturbed; and Myles—why, he actually went up and touched one of the grimmest of the warriors, who seemed frozen into some

kind of a trance! At the same time the boy gave a joyous, exulting laugh.

"Oh, they're wax!" he cried in glee. "Do come and feel them, Katie!"

Katie was finally induced to follow her brother's example; after which she and Myles went diligently round to touch the soldiers, their cards and their glasses and their dice, their weapons, their brilliant uniforms, and even their uncouth military hats. Having thus rejoiced in their familiarity with the great and the bold, they followed their father into an adjoining chamber, which impressed them less favorably; though to be sure it gave them a delightful feeling of terror, which to the youthful mind is a certain gratification. Over the door of this rocky apartment were the ominous words, "*Memento mori!*" which the father translated for them as being a reminder of death. Inside were a skull and cross-bones, a bed, a table with a rude jug, supposed to contain water; and a loaf of bread, which it is needless to say was uneatable.

Beside this table, upon a high chair, sat a figure clad in gray, representing the hermit who had betaken himself thus to solitude. The children, though their spirits were rather dampened by the lugubrious aspect of this chamber, examined its details; being particularly delighted with a cunningly contrived alcove in the rock, designed to serve as a cupboard, and where the hermit was supposed to keep his effects.

"He hadn't much to put in there, if he only ate bread and drank water," was Myles' comment.

"I wonder what he kept in it?" said Katie. "It's a dear little cupboard and would be lovely to play in."

"Why that last should be supposed to be a positive attraction for young folk is known only to the proprietors of this place of resort," replied Mr. Macartney, as they emerged into the sunlight.

"I read a story in my new book this morning," said Myles, "about people who lived in caves. They were shipwrecked mariners."

And the boy's heart went back with a bound to his cherished hope of being himself some day a shipwrecked mariner, compelled, perhaps, to live in a cave. Oh, there was a keen joy to him in the sight of this one, that Katie could not know! Myles had seen Ben that morning for a few minutes after High Mass, and had reported to him all that had been said on the previous evening. This so encouraged that dreamy youth that he had begun to give the plan practical shape in his mind and to unfold its workings to Myles. And the latter had loaned him his precious volume to read during that afternoon.

Presently Mr. Macartney remarked:

"It's time to be getting back home. Susan will have the tea ready, and we'll go to Benediction afterward."

Susan had been allowed to shut up the house during the afternoon and go off to display her new shawl to her admiring sisters and old friends. But she was at her post again in time to receive them all home; and the smell of brewing tea and of buttered toast, with promise of other things in the background, greeted the hungry people pleasantly as they entered the house; while the bell from the square church tower opposite invited to evening service.

It was on their way to Benediction that evening that Myles told his father about Mr. Chichester; and the father said that he ought certainly to go as he had promised, and let the old gentleman see that he was not ungrateful.

It may as well be said here that Myles did go on the following afternoon, and once again; but on neither occasion was he fortunate enough to find Mr. Chichester at home.

(To be continued.)

Equal to the Occasion.

On one occasion when Daniel O'Connell was about to address a large crowd, a man who was trembling with terror quickly made his way to the platform and whispered:

"Liberator, the floor of this building is giving way! The beams that support it are cracking."

"Be silent!" replied O'Connell to the frightened man. Then turning to his unsuspecting audience: "My friends, you are very numerous. Let us go outside and hold our meeting."

A few arose and went out, but most of the crowd still kept their seats. Then O'Connell added:

"I see that I must take you into my confidence. You are Irishmen, therefore you are brave. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this place at once. If you make a rush, there will be a panic and the floor will fall the quicker. Let the twelve nearest the door go first, then the next twelve, and so on."

They obeyed, and he quietly waited until all were safe. That accomplished, he walked across the bending floor and reached the door at the moment the defective beams gave way.

Thus did one man, by coolness and bravery, save a multitude.

Superior Splendor.

Croesus was sitting on his throne, dressed in his richest robes.

"Tell me," he said to Solon. "Have you ever seen anything more splendid than I am?"

"Often,—very often," answered Solon. "There are, for instance, the pheasants and the peacocks. Their splendor is superior; for it is natural, while yours is due to art."

With Authors and Publishers.

—"The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints," as Englished by William Caxton, forms the latest issue of the Temple Classics. The work will be completed in six volumes, the first two of which are now ready.

—Some of the hardest things that have ever been written about the Scotch reformer, John Knox, appear in Andrew Lang's new "History of Scotland." In the same book Mr. Lang renews his chivalrous defence of Cardinal Beaton against the charges of Knox and others.

—A cheaper edition of Dom Gasquet's new book, "The Eve of the Reformation," will soon be issued. The ablest critics declare that in this learned work the eminent Benedictine has thrown new light on the great religious movement of the sixteenth century. His book replaces many others, and Catholics should see that it finds its way into every library in the land.

—According to the *Athenæum*, Greek is no more popular in Scottish schools than in those American institutions which leave it optional. In Glasgow University the number of students in Greek has fallen off by more than one half since this study has been made elective, and in the Scottish normal colleges this year forty-six students have elected Latin and only two Greek.

—"The Origin of Lourdes," by Wilfrid Lescher, O. P., is a little book which many Catholics must have desired to see. In less than one hundred pages it explains very satisfactorily the regular growth of a marvellous event of our time, and refutes very ably the theories advanced by those who deny the supernatural origin of Lourdes. M. Zola is met on his own ground, and the contention that "Lourdes was founded by hysteria" is shown to be altogether unwarranted. Neatly published by R. and T. Washbourne.

—Dr. Shahan's monograph on De Rossi, first published in the *Catholic Quarterly Review*, is the fourth number of the Pedagogical Truth Library, issued by the New York Cathedral Library Association. Of all our American scholars, Dr. Shahan was the one to write of the Columbus of the catacombs. His own spirit is twin to De Rossi's; he has an amazing body of information on the subject, and his style, as our readers will be eager to grant, has very unusual literary charm. His account of De Rossi's career, the influences that formed him, his character, methods and work,

will be intensely interesting even to those who think they know their De Rossi well. The publishers, in keeping with the enviable reputation they have already established, have given this valuable brochure (88 pp.) an exceedingly attractive appearance, though the inner margin is exasperatingly narrow.

—It is now asserted that the curved pages of an open book injure the eye by causing a constant change of focus as it turns from one side to another. On account of the curve the light also falls unequally on the ends of the line. Dr. F. G. Murphy, writing in the *New York Medical Journal*, suggests that these evils would be remedied if the printed lines ran parallel to the binding instead of at right angles as now. That is, he would have the lines run the length of the page instead of the breadth. The suggestion is attractive for more reasons than one, and the right publisher will doubtless be found to act upon it.

—Few articles of recent publication have had a greater number of appreciative readers than the Rev. Father Kennedy's exquisite reflections on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, entitled "A Morning Paradise." It will be gratifying to many persons to know that this series of articles has been republished in a booklet of 86 pages. There are innumerable explanations of the Mass in all languages, but it is not too much to say that we have nothing of a devotional character in English superior to Father Kennedy's "Morning Paradise," which deserves to have a host of readers. It is printed from large, clear type, and issued in attractive and convenient form. The nominal price (5 cents) places it within the reach of everybody.

—Being a child was not much fun in colonial days, it would seem. "Dipping" was a favorite form of motherly solicitude; and the manner of it, according to one of the old books, was this:

If you Dip your Child, do it in this manner: viz: naked in the morning, head foremost in Cold Water; don't dress it immediately, but let it be made warm in ye Cradle and sweat at least half an Hour moderately. Do this 3 mornings going; and if one or both feet are Cold while Parts sweat (which is sometimes ye Case), Let a little blood be taken out of ye feet ye 2nd Morning and yt will cause them to sweat afterwards.

Another hardship the children had to endure was the excessive taking of medicine. This austere practice continued till far into the present century, and protests against it received scant toleration.

In 1647 there appeared a book entitled "A Most Desperate Booke written against taking of Phissick." It was promptly ordered to be burned by the gentle Puritan Fathers.

—One of the most hopeful signs in the literature of the present half century is the great attention that has been given to the life of our Divine Lord. Explain it as we will, there has seldom been so much written on this gracious theme as in this age of materialism and unbelief. Within a fortnight of its publication upward of 12,000 copies of *Père Didon's Life of Christ* were disposed of. The work has been translated into several languages; and the demand for it still continues, though numerous other Lives have appeared meantime. A distinguished author informs us that his publishers are urging him to write a popular life of Christ, which they propose to bring out in the best style of bookmaking, with profuse illustrations by the best engravers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Battista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* \$2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* \$5, net.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* \$1, net.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., net.

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* \$1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., net.

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* \$1.10, net.

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., net.

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.25, net.

Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., net.

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Selon.* \$3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1, net.

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.

The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 9, 1900.

NO. 23.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

To a Son of the Soil.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

WITHOUT the man with the seed
Who would do the sowing?
Without the man with the hoe
Who would do the hoeing?
Without the man with the scythe
Who would do the mowing?
God is the God of us all—
Blessings well bestowing.
Son of the son of the soil—
Earth our fost'ring mother,—
Without the rich and the poor
Who would help the other?
Without the call to do good
Each one to another,
Sad were the world. Here's a hand,
Brother,—O my brother!

Corpus Christi.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

I.

GENTLE reader, we are now approaching the most sacred thing that, outside of God, exists or can exist. Indeed, we might drop the exception and say absolutely a more sacred thing does not exist and can not exist; for the Divine Sacrament is God.

St. Gregory, writing on the Ascension, recalls the saying of the Bible, that, "as a giant eager to run his race, He came, leaping on the mountains"; and adds that He leaped from heaven to a stable,

from a stable to a cross, from a cross to a tomb. If you and I may dare to correct so holy a pontiff and so great a saint, we would venture to suggest that he overlooked one, the greatest of them all—from life and human form to a morsel of dead bread.

What do you understand by the word "end" in the saying of St. John—"Having loved His own, . . . He loved them to the end"? No doubt, as you say, it has many meanings; but it pleases and delights me to think we are allowed to put this interpretation upon it: that in our present existence, God knew no more powerful way of bringing us to love Him than by the institution of the Holy Sacrament.

There are, to be sure, no limits to the power or the wisdom of God; but He, in trying to win us to love Him, exercised both His power and wisdom to the utmost when He left Himself to us in the Adorable Eucharist. Not that He could not do anything else, or that He could not do more wonderful, more majestic things; but, taking us as we are, this was the thing that, stronger and more surely than all others, could win us; and if this failed all else was sure to fail. Oh, what a source of everlasting joy to the blessed, and for you and me, if God in His mercy will have us be of their number, to think for all eternity that there was no other thing which would so win us; and that the Divine Lord who loved us, loved us, if we might be allowed to say so, to

the end of His wisdom in devising, and to the end of His power in carrying out, a scheme that was the most powerful to draw us!

Knowing, therefore, from St. John that "He loved us *to the end*," you might almost say that our Blessed Lord was forced to the giving us this Adorable Sacrament. For if He loved us to the end, and if there were some way more powerful to win us to love Him than this, would it not lie in your power and mine, and especially in the power of the lost, to say, "O God, there was a more powerful means of drawing me to Thee, and it was not taken, it was not employed; and if that more powerful means which was not employed had been taken, I had loved Thee better, and in consequence would not have been here among the damned"?

In St. Liguori we read: "Speaking of the institution of this Sacrament, St. John tells us: 'Jesus, knowing that His hour was come to pass from this world to His Father, when He had loved His friends who were in the world, He loved them even to the end.' 'He loved them to the end'; that is, according to the commentators, *He loved them to the utmost of His power*."

But now there is no better means. So when the judgment-day comes—and God will be judged on the judgment-day as well as man,—on that day "He will overcome when He is judged"; for it will lie in the power of no man to say to God that He disregarded the stronger and selected the weaker means to draw us to His love.

If, then, this be the strongest means of drawing us to God, it must be constituted of everything that is capable of leading us to Him. It must, in the words of the Bible and of the Church, "contain within itself every heavenly delight." It is only reasonable to expect that. If, for instance, the Church never

told us the sacred ingredients (I use the word reverently) of this heavenly banquet, our own reason would demand as an elementary requisite that if it was to surpass all that God could by His wisdom invent and by His power produce in order to make us love Him, it must have the most inconceivable elements in its composition.

But words fail to tell its composition. Nay, without hesitation it might be asserted that before it angels are as tongue-tied as men. Bending to human weakness, the divine intelligence deigns to whisper: "Bread from heaven filled with every delight." All God's gifts are unfathomable, but this the most unfathomable of all.

Let us, in the name of God, out of pure shame for our weakness but also out of pure love for this adorable gift, turn to what the saints and servants of Our Lord have said about it.

"The other sacraments contain the gifts of God," remarks St. Liguori; "but the Holy Eucharist contains God Himself. . . . What should be our joy, our hopes and our affections in considering that the Holy of Holies, the true God whose presence gives beatitude to the saints in Paradise, and who is love itself, lives and dwells in the midst of us, in our churches, in the vicinity of our houses! This Sacrament is not only the Sacrament of Love: it is Love itself."

St. John Chrysostom says: "The Lord Jesus has given His Body to us to make us one with Him." And St. Thomas Aquinas: "The other sacraments [Holy Orders or Penance] prepare men either to administer or to receive the Divine Sacrament, which is the consummation of the spiritual life, because from this Sacrament is derived all the perfection of the soul."

"No tongue," observes St. Peter of Alcantara, "can express the greatness of the love which Jesus bears to all

who are in the state of grace. Hence, that His absence from them might not be an occasion of forgetting Him, this most sweet Spouse, before His departure from this world, left as a memorial of His love this Most Holy Sacrament, in which He Himself remains. He did not wish that between Him and His servants there should be any other pledge than Himself to keep alive the remembrance of Him."

St. Teresa used to say: "This great King of Glory has clothed Himself with the appearance of bread in the Blessed Sacrament and has concealed His majesty, to encourage us to approach with confidence to His Divine Heart."

The Council of Trent: "He poured forth, as it were, the riches of His love toward men." Upon which St. Liguori exclaims: "O God, how great the malice and the ingratitude of men! The Lord wished to bestow upon us this infinite gift of love, in which He gives Himself entirely to us. 'He poured forth, as it were, the riches of His love toward men.' But men are unwilling to be grateful to Him, and seek in many ways to distort to another meaning the words of the Lord, 'This is My Body.'"

How beautiful the reply of St. Louis, King of France, to a person inviting him to behold Jesus Christ, who had appeared in the consecrated Host under the form of an infant! "Let those," said the holy King, "who do not believe by faith go and see; I believe more firmly than if I saw Jesus Christ with my eyes." And he remained where he was.

The venerable Segneri used to say: "For a person going to Communion the most appropriate sentiment is one of profound astonishment, which would make him exclaim: 'What! A God to me!—a God to me!'"

From Cardinal Franzelin, the great Jesuit, I have learned one thing that always appeals to me very pathetically.

He talks of a dying man making a testament or will, and he speaks of the love of a father when dying. Now, I am a priest and I have seen it; for I have often attended a dying parent; and the love of a lifetime—rather, the love that *no* lifetime could produce—seems to be in the parent's heart during the last death sickness.

The Lord Jesus was a dying man and He had a human heart. Look how St. John brings out that fact, and will have us take note of it, if we will only give ourselves the trouble to do so. He says: "Jesus, knowing that His hour to pass out of this world was come." In other words—or, if you will, in our own words—Jesus, knowing that "He was going to die," that "His hours were numbered," that "there was no hope" for Him, thought "it time to make His last will and testament."

We know how a father will weigh and consider. He will look over the past life, the past conduct, the past love of each of his children. He will especially look to the weak or the infirm or the disabled. And then he will make his will according to the promptings of his heart and the possessions he has. Now, the Lord Jesus is going to make His will. Let us listen to St. Paul. He wants us to remember well that the bounteous Lord was going to die, and let us remark how solemnly he says so:

"Brethren, I have received from the Lord that which I delivered to you: that the Lord Jesus, *on the very night He was betrayed*, took bread, and, having given thanks [to God the Father], He broke, and said [to His disciples]: Take ye and eat: this is My Body."

There is no need that I should point out to you that St. Paul "received it from the Lord,"—received this fact: namely, that it was "*on the very night He was betrayed*" He took bread. The Lord Himself will have St. Paul know

it, and discloses it by a miracle to him in revelation; for St. Paul had not previously known it. If He had, there was no necessity that the Lord should reveal it to him. St. Paul, then, tells the pathetic fact to the Corinthians, at first, in his preaching; and, because he had "received it from the Lord," we may be sure he looked upon it as important; and did not fail, therefore, to impress it on them with all the powers of his wonderful eloquence. And yet again, when he is writing to them, for fear they might forget that pathetic fact, he observes: "Brethren, I have received from the Lord that which I told unto you: that it was, on the night He was betrayed He took bread," and so forth.

May I ask a question? Did it ever seem singular to you that the ancient patriarchs, when dying, usually gave a blessing to their children? Do you believe the blessing was of any worth, or do you think it was in any sense a prophecy? That it was singular is evident. We have no such prophetic blessings now. And that they were of worth is proved by "the roar" the Scripture says Esau gave when he found that his father's blessing had been "stolen from him." Neither can we have any doubt that they were prophetic. Jacob's prophecy to his twelve sons proves the inspiration from on high of those blessings.

God surely was the author of that custom and the giver of that power. I look on that custom with wonder for its singularity, and with veneration for its mystic worth. But I am attracted to it more than all by love; because it seems a direct and most suggestive type of the blessing the dying Lord and Redeemer was going to give His children, whom He was not to leave orphans. Like the blessing of the patriarchs, His is singular, full of worth, and prophetic; and, better still, effective of happiness

for our future life. I think of the patriarchs, then, when I see the dying Jesus; and I think of Jesus when I see the patriarchs cross their dying hands to prophesy and bless; and each fills me with veneration for the other.

Now, we can easily understand what is insinuated in the liturgy of the Church at the Consecration: "This is the chalice of My Blood, of the new and eternal testament." We know well what a *testament* is; it is the attestation, in writing, of what was in the mind or will of a dying man. Therefore we call it a "will,"—because such was the will, or wish, of the dying. We call it a "testament," inasmuch as it is an evidence, or witness, manifesting to us what was the will of the dying; and, for fear we should miss this specialty regarding it, that a "will" is of no use whatsoever until the person that has made it dies, St. Paul recalls to our mind that "it is void until the death of the testator."

Death, then, is of the essence of a testament. Remembering that, we will always read the sacred Canon of the Church with veneration. It says: "On the day before He suffered He took bread into His holy and venerable hands."

There is another question. When we are speaking to a child we pet it and call it "my little lamb"; but we do not say to a grown up man, "my lamb." Now, does it strike you that the language of St. John the Baptist was strange, if not extraordinary, when he called Our Lord a lamb? Our Lord at the time was "about thirty years of age," and St. John calls Him "the Lamb of God." If it had been in Bethlehem when Our Lord was a babe that he said this, or in Nazareth when He was a child, one could understand it; and especially if St. John had been accustomed to all the tender endearments of domestic life. But he lived in the desert,

wore no soft garments—"for they that wear soft garments are in the palaces of kings." His vestment was of camel's hair, he had a leathern girdle around his loins, and he lived on locusts and wild honey.

In three places in Holy Scripture we read of lambs put to death. Abel offered a sacrifice; this sacrifice was pleasing to God: it was the firstlings of his flock,—that is, lambs. The hand of Abraham was raised to slay his son Isaac, when God called on him to desist; and he saw a ram caught in the thicket, and he offered it instead of his son Isaac. When God was bringing the Jews out of Egypt, He ordered them to slay a lamb and eat it whole; and they were to sprinkle the doorposts of their houses with its blood.

Let us reverently put the two things—testament and lamb—together. Now, a testament demands the death of the testator; therefore because the Lord Jesus was going to make a "new and eternal testament" with us, it was necessary that His death should take place. Then, what kind of a death? We have the answer in St. John's words, "Behold the Lamb of God!" It was not for the one day of His sacred life, when John saw Him at the Jordan and called Him "Lamb of God," that the Divine Redeemer was a lamb; but in life and in death. "The bruised reed He shall not break, and the smoking flax He shall not extinguish; and His voice shall not be heard in the streets." And therefore did the same prophet say: "He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and He shall not open His mouth."*

In harmony with all this, we read in St. John that "the disciples were sad" because Our Lord had said, "I go to prepare a place for you." His going was

to be through death. He could stay if He wished. But He adds: "I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go." And He tells the reason. "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to Myself; that where I am, you also may be."

The idea of His going away through death is here kept before the minds of the disciples. The Lord Jesus is a man about to die. "On the day before He suffered, He took bread into His holy and venerable hands, . . . and gave it to His disciples, saying, This is My Body."

"The sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb was a figure of the Eucharist no less than that of the Cross," Suarez says. "All the Fathers teach this: Cyprian, Leo, Gregory, and others. When, therefore, this sacrifice of the Lamb was a figure of the Eucharist and of the Cross, of the bloody as well as the unbloody, it must have equally represented both in what they agree and in their principal ends; and in what they disagree it represents now one and now the other. Hence, inasmuch as it was a bloody sacrifice, it represented the sacrifice of the Cross; in respect of its institution, use, permanence, and other mysteries, it rather represented the Blessed Eucharist. For as it was instituted to commemorate the Passage (or passing-over) of the angel, and the freedom of the Jews, so does the Blessed Eucharist commemorate the passing of Our Lord from this world and the freedom of mankind. And as the lamb, when immolated, was eaten by the Jews, so the Lamb of God, immolated in the unbloody manner [i. e., on the altar], becomes the food of Christians. So says St. Paul: "'Christ is immolated as our Pasch [Paschal Lamb].'* Moreover, as the Lamb was eaten with unleavened bread, so the Lord is eaten under the species of bread."

* Isaias, liii, 7.

* I. Cor., v, 7.

On the Wings of Song.

BY THE BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

II.

NEXT day was Sunday, and as I looked out of my window I beheld a pleasant sight. It was Fräulein Hilda and her father on their way to church. She was leaning on his arm in a pretty, confiding way; and he was looking down at her—for, tall as she was, he towered above her—with the same love and pride I had noticed on her mother's face.

Some old, sweet-toned bells were ringing—most things seemed Old-World and sweet in this peaceful city,—and I remembered that the Hausmeister had told me the cathedral was close by. He had also informed me there was a Protestant church a good way off, if I preferred it,—with a great stress upon the *if*, and an apologetic glance, as much as to say, “It seems almost rude to suppose such bad taste possible in a gentleman. But one can never tell: foreigners are strange people!” As I intended going to neither, the information had not interested me much; but now I bethought that this would be an opportune moment to visit the cathedral.

Even amidst the throng, it did not take me long to discover Hilda and her father kneeling side by side. And then, as the service proceeded, I gradually grew deeply impressed. This was not so much by the beauty of the building, for I have seen finer cathedrals in England; nor by the music, though it was really excellent; nor even by the stateliness of the solemn function: it was rather by a certain *something* in the worshippers,—which “something” I have since then learned to call devotion.

The General as he knelt on, immovable, with bowed head and clasped hands,

seemed a living assent to the old, old faith, which we poor puny cavillers call “obsolete,” “mediæval,” and what not! An ancient motto came into my mind:

Knightly right hand, Christian knee.

Yes, that was it; how magnificent the old fellow would have looked in armor with the cross upon his breast! Calmly and gallantly he would have known how to lay down his life in Palestine of yore, inspirited by success, undaunted by failure. “Would have known”? Ah, but did he not hold the same secret to-day, in his quiet home and peaceful Fatherland? Hilda, too, and her mother: was there not the stuff in them that would have made them bid husband and father go forth to fight for the dear Lord's grave, unheeding of heartache and loss to themselves? My first thoughts were not unworthy of you, Hilda: even then you were my living picture of what noble womanhood should be.

I had so long been accustomed to think myself born under an unlucky star that I did not wonder when a troublesome accident befell me that same afternoon. The floor of my rooms being highly polished, I slipped and fell, to the damage of that hated old enemy, my crippled leg. The day, however, seemed long, in spite of my philosophy; and I was glad enough of Frau Werner's good-humored prattle. The kind creature had at once constituted herself my sick nurse,—an office she filled, truth to tell, with more kindness than skill. At length, when she had done bustling about and asking me for the twentieth time if I wished for anything else, she said:

“Well, then, I will leave you for the evening; and pleased I am to think, as the *gnädiger Herr* is so musical, he will be able to hear Count Rudolph sing in quite a little while.”

“Who may he be, and how can I hear him?” I inquired listlessly; for I was in much pain.

"Count Rudolph! Oh, he is a near relative to Frau von Hohenstein! He is a captain in the army, and the General loves him. He and Fräulein Hilda sing together—ah, it is beautiful!"

So it was. At the first sounds of that wonderful voice, so strong and full and feeling, the artist soul within me leaped for joy. The next moment I hated this man whom I had never seen,—so strong, prosperous, and happy; so blessed with all the good things of life. "*Ich grolle nicht!*" he was singing. The rich voice rolled out the guttural sounds like sweet, majestic thunder. "*Grolle nicht!*" I should think not! What had he to make him vexed or angry?

I took up a book and tried to read. Hilda was singing now—a hymn to the Virgin Mary,—and I thought of David and Saul; for the pure sounds seemed to chase away the evil spirits of envy and gloom. Bright, good, beautiful and young—were such as these not to be happy, because in a far-distant land, some twenty odd years ago, a small boy had tumbled off a gate, and had never since been resigned to his lot in life?

"I am so sorry—!"

I looked up, startled. It was Frau von Hohenstein.

"Nay, I did knock," she continued, with a pleasant smile; "only you were too preoccupied to hear."

It was unspeakably comforting just to look at her. I thanked her with all my heart for coming.

"*Coming!* Ah, but I am not quickly going!" she said: "I did not know of your accident till five minutes ago. We should not have been so heartless as to make all that noise right under your feet. You liked it? Ah, that is well! Then we will all come up here to-morrow evening, if you are able for it, and have a little concert."

A good many days passed, however, before this was possible. I managed,

somehow, to become really ill; but could hardly regret it, so kind and motherly was my new friend.

"My dear," she said softly, when I tried to thank her, "Hilda had a brother once; he would have been nearly your age had he lived. And, then, there is Rudolph. Fancy if it were Rudolph all alone among strangers—should I not wish for people to care for him then?"

"Ah, but that is different!" I replied, bitterly. "He has never been thought a disgrace to his family. You are the first person, and may be the last, that has ever troubled about me in any way."

A look of perplexity and pain came to my friend's bright face. Then she said:

"Ah, do not speak thus bitterly! I am sure things have been hard for you; but I sometimes think—" she hesitated.

"Speak out, please!" I said.

"That I should like, my son, to see you rise superior to your sorrow; to see you trying with a great heart to find excuses for those who treated you ill. You said once there was little or no positive injustice shown you?"

"None," I answered, shortly.

"We have all the example before us," she returned, gently, "of One to whom supreme injustice was done; and yet His royal Heart was full of excuses, full of compassion."

I was such a pagan that I had to think a moment before I said:

"You mean Christ?"

"Yes, Philip: our Blessed Saviour,—but not only our Saviour: our pattern likewise."

She had never spoken like this before, and I saw it cost her an effort; there was nothing of a preacher about the kind, good woman, with her large human sympathies. Had it been otherwise, I should not have said—humbly I hope:

"I could not resent your words, dear friend, though they find no echo within me. I don't think I ever troubled my

head about religion, and for many years now it has been positively distasteful to me. It has all seemed to me like a moral holding up of skirts from contact with the rest of struggling humanity,—a mere piece of respectability. If God is what they tell us He is, how can there be any posturing before Him. It would be adoration, humble, glad self-forgetfulness. Who ever sees that?"

"I do," she said, a happy look in her bright eyes, "day by day, in my dear good husband. Oh, in many others, too! But I mention him because I know him best. But, Philip, there you are judging again,—always judging. O dear! how narrow-hearted you would-be wide-minded people are! But come," she said, seeing I looked distressed; "are you up to a musical evening now?"

I had longed for yet dreaded this offer ever since it had first been made. But I could not tell her this, and merely begged they would all come.

I found that the fine old General was a good singer still. He and Count Rudolph and Hilda sang a trio, which my dear lady accompanied. As for the young captain, he was just what I had imagined—handsome, gay, full of life, health and vigor. "Live and let live," seemed written on his genial face; and he sang—ah, divinely! I think there was more besides written on that fine, open brow, and expressed in the glance of his fearless brown eyes; but I was not in the mood to do him justice then. The pain in my heart grew when the General bade him sing "The Wanderer"; and I saw Hilda watching him with earnest eyes, which filled with tears at the magnificent burst of song, in the "*Wo bist du, wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?*" I had schooled myself to the thought that the fellow must have Hilda's smiles and sweet laughter, her affection, all her friendship even; but

her tears—was I not to have even these?

When the song ended, unfortunately they pressed me to play. I had no excuse to offer; and thus, as it ever is with me and my other self—my violin,—I was deep in the thick of matters at once. My railings against fate, my jealousy, my bitter cynicism, my unforgiving temper, were all expressed too truly in the stormings and passionate weeping of my music. I was playing well—I felt it. On, on, and on the wail continued,—now murmuring, now raging; but ever re-echoing only one word, "self," in all the rise and fall of that weird whole.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the General and Rudolph as I ended. My friend praised too, though she said, rather anxiously:

"My dear, I think it has been a little too much for you!"

But Hilda—as I turned to look at her my heart sank within me. She was very pale; her eyes were large—but not with tears; ah, no! with horror,—with a nameless, shrinking aversion, which I, who could read her face as she could read my music, saw she was, in her sweet charity, vainly trying to overcome. Count Rudolph, who was standing behind her chair, exclaimed:

"Why, Hilda, you are lazy to-night! Why don't you clap and applaud like a proper German?"

"Fräulein von Hohenstein did not like it; don't press her!" I said, annoyed now as well as distressed. The idea of Hilda acting a part—being anything but absolutely sincere—was worst of all. But I need not have been afraid.

"Mr. Carsford's extraordinary talent is beyond praise," she said, stiffly but gently; she laid much stress upon the word "talent." My friends declared I looked fearfully tired, and that I had had quite enough for one evening. They went, and I was left to my unpleasant reflections.

My Ain Countree.

—
BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.
—

MY ain countree,—'tis so very far away
Sometimes, sometimes, I can hardly wait the day
When, my long stint done and the cruel breakers
passed,
I can anchor safe in the port of Peace at last.
My ain countree,—'tis so very, very near
Sometimes, sometimes, that I almost seem to hear
The angels' song and my mother's "Welcome in!"
From the portals fair I am yearning so to win.
My ain countree,—be it near or be it far,
Oh, there, 'tis there that my happy loved ones are!
I'm a long time out, but the days are going fast,
And we'll all rest together near the Lord's feet at
last.

The Popes of the Century.

—
BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.
—

(CONCLUSION.)

THE warfare against the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See was not ended by the Congress of Vienna. From open it became secret, and the attacks were the more dangerous because they were subtle and hidden. Even before the armies of the French Revolution had crossed the Alps, the principles of that Revolution had been spread and its cause furthered in Italy by the secret societies that honeycombed the land. Some idea of how they worked may be gained from the Jesuit Bressiani's novel, "Ubaldo e Irene," a work of fiction based on facts. With the coming back of the Bourbons to Naples, and with law and order maintained in northern Italy by Austrian bayonets, the Carbonari and other secret societies redoubled their dark efforts. They resulted in open attempts to overthrow the Papal and Neapolitan governments; but, with the Austrians in Italy, the attempt failed.

It was after this that Pius VII., imitating his predecessors, Clement XII.

and Benedict XIV., issued his encyclical of September 13, 1821, condemning the secret societies, excommunicating their members and abettors. This act, which was reinforced by his two immediate successors, was almost the final one of Pius VII.'s long reign. His death, hastened by a fall, took place on August 20, 1823. The saintly Pope was spared the knowledge that a few hours before his death a fire had consumed St. Paul's outside the walls of Rome. But if he knew not of that material fire, he knew of the subterraneous fire that the secret societies were kindling and which was destined so soon to burst forth.

Meanwhile the Conclave elected Cardinal della Genga as Pope, and he took the title of Leo XII. This Pontiff did much for the welfare of his temporal dominions. The taxes were decreased, the customs reorganized, and the laws concerning mortgages revised. He did much to abolish that brigandage which had become almost habitual among the rude mountaineers of some of the Pope's provinces. But when in 1825 thousands of pilgrims crowded to Rome for the Jubilee, they found the roads as secure as in France or in England. In Rome itself the opening of many new charitable institutions and a stricter police put down mendicity. The relations of the Holy See with foreign powers were very friendly during this short yet glorious pontificate. It lasted only a little over five years, during which, except for an attempt on the life of Cardinal Rivarola, legate at Ravenna, the revolutionary forces gave no signs of life. Three members of the secret society of Carbonari were tried and found guilty of this attempted assassination. Their guilt proved that the warnings of the Popes against this and similar societies were well-timed.

Leo XII. had for his successor Cardinal Castiglione, a man as humble as he was

holy and learned. This Pope, who took the name of Pius VIII., also warned the world, in his encyclical after his enthronement, of the dangers that threatened it from secret societies, and against the evil influence exercised by the Freemasons over education and the morals of the rising generation. Pius VIII., in his short reign of twenty months, witnessed two great historical events. The first was Catholic Emancipation in England; the second the planting of the French flag in Algeria. The last event has produced results, and led to that conquest of Africa by civilized nations which is in progress even now. But the last days of the gentle Pontiff were embittered by the fresh revolutionary outbreak which overthrew in France the government of the Bourbons and placed Louis Philippe on the throne of Charles X. In Italy the conspirators were ready; and on the death of Pius VIII., November 30, 1830, they judged their opportunity to have come. "Over the coffin of the Pope," says Father Van Duerm, "they proclaimed their aims—the destruction of the Temporal Power, the final overthrow of the Papacy, and the ruin of the Catholic Church."*

Scarcely had the Conclave which elected Gregory XVI. to be Pope ended when the flag of the Revolution was unfurled in the streets of Rome. Thanks to the faithful people of the Trastevere and of the popular quarter of the city, Dei Monti, the rioters were driven out of Rome; the energetic defenders of the Pope pocketing for their trouble the six thousand dollars with which the agents of the troubles had tried to seduce them from their loyalty. In the Romagna the rising continued for a time. With the Revolutionists served two young princes, the brothers Napoleon, whose family had received hospitality and

protection from the Popes. One of these ungrateful youths was destined, twenty years later, to become known to the world as Emperor Napoleon III. His early connection with the Carbonari of Italy largely explains the double-faced policy of the Second Empire toward the Pope. This first revolutionary attempt was directed by a secret committee in Paris. If not openly encouraged by Louis Philippe's government, it was aided by the policy of non-intervention that government then professed.*

When the Pope requested from Naples a loan of men and arms to put down the troubles in his states, French diplomacy prevented the loan, declaring it would consider it as a breach of the principle of non-intervention. It made a similar protest, even threatening war, when the Pontiff asked the Austrian government to send troops to suppress the Revolution. In spite of the illogical interference of the government of Louis Philippe, which was in reality an intervention on behalf of the revolutionists, the Austrian troops crossed the Po and speedily restored order; retiring after an occupation of a large part of the Papal States during a period of four months.

The French government, so anxious to act on its favorite principle when armed intervention was in question on behalf of the Holy See, did not hesitate to intervene diplomatically in the interior affairs of the Papal States. It had been proposed that a conference of Catholic powers should be held in Rome to see what could be done to stop, once and for all, the troubles in the Papal States. But France, jealous of Austria, agreed that Protestant England should be represented at the conference; Austria in reply called in representatives of Protestant Prussia and schismatical Russia; Sardinia also was admitted; but such

* *Op. cit.*, p. 142.

* C. Van Duerm, *Op. cit.*, p. 145.

Catholic powers as Spain, Portugal, Naples and Bavaria were excluded. The conference met; an envoy representing a country that had no ambassador to the Holy See took a seat thereat, beside the envoys of the other five countries. The result of this gathering was the famous "Memorandum" of May 21, 1831. And then, remarks Cardinal Hergenröther, "foreign diplomatists, knowing little or nothing about the state of the country, interfered and passed judgment on the Pontifical government; thus intervening between a lawful sovereign and rebels it was impossible to satisfy, and sowing seeds of discontent and distrust."*

The whole "Memorandum" and the manner in which it was produced was such an insult to the Sovereign Pontiff that we doubt if the famous concert of Europe—were it capable of acting unanimously—would dare nowadays to present such a diplomatic document to the "Sick Man" of Turkey. It practically told the Pope that the reforms he had promised would not be carried out; that a Pope was incapable of governing his people; that he should forthwith secularize his government. It is curious to note that a little later the Prussian and Russian governments repudiated the document. But long afterward it continued to serve as the Great Charter of the revolutionists.

Nevertheless, not to offend the powers, the Secretary of State of the Pope, Cardinal Bernetti, replied to the "Memorandum," saying that the Pope would take its desires into consideration, and would do what was necessary for his subjects and what his position permitted him to do. The Pope soon after placed the four Legations under lay government, and issued a series of edicts for the betterment of the condition of his subjects. And he granted an amnesty

to all political offenders except to a few ringleaders. A new code of civil laws was compiled, and the criminal laws strictly enforced. But these were so many sops thrown to the Cerberus of the Revolution. The latter did not seek to reform the Papal States: it sought their destruction. It did not want a Pope governing wisely, justly, firmly, yet lovingly. It would far rather have seen him adopt the methods by which the Sultan lords it over Armenia.

New risings consequently took place against the Pope's civil sovereignty. Austria, which a little earlier had been invited by the powers to quit the Papal States, kept ward and watch on the banks of the Po. On January 10, 1832, Gregory XVI., menaced by the rioters, addressed a note to Austria, France, Russia and Prussia, announcing his firm resolve to put down disorder, and, if need were, to call on the powers for help. Cardinal Albani and the Papal troops had meanwhile obtained some success over the rebels. But the Cardinal, to prevent the revolutionists from beginning afresh, called in the Austrians under the brave old Marshal Radetzki, the terror of Young Italy.

Order was restored with hardly any bloodshed, when France, forgetful of its pet principle of non-intervention, suddenly seized the Papal fortress of Ancona. This intervention, however, was too clearly in the interest of the Revolution, and was protested against not merely by the Vatican and Vienna, but, as Metternich in his "Memoirs" tells us, by the British government. Whatever its sympathies with the Italian Revolution, that power did not want the Adriatic turned into a French sea. Still, the French remained in Ancona until 1838, when a convention, signed between the Pope and France and Austria, led to a simultaneous evacuation of the States of the Church by the

* *Histoire de l'Eglise*, t. vii, p. 209.

forces of those two powers. During the eight remaining years of the reign of Gregory XVI. the Revolution continued its work by stealth and underground in the Pope's dominions, by the newspaper press and lectures from university chairs in other lands.

Sixteen days after the death of Gregory XVI., on June 16, 1846, Pius IX. was elected Pope. The new Pope was young: perhaps he might be ambitious; he was certainly large-hearted. So the secret societies passed the word to flatter and cajole the new Pontiff. What a victory for the Revolution could it march onward with its apparent chief wearing the tiara! Pius IX. gave to his people all the reforms that it was possible to grant; and such was his kindness of heart that he did not content himself with pardoning political offenders: he even raised them up and placed them in offices of trust. But when the Revolution tried to lead Pius IX. beyond the limits imposed on him by his office, and enticed his army into an aggressive war against Austria, the Pope refused. Thenceforth the Revolution was his enemy openly. Rossi, his Prime Minister, was stabbed to death; Palma, one of his domestic prelates, was shot in the Pope's palace; and Pius IX. was forced to fly to Gaeta before the violence stirred up by the secret societies in Rome.

The year 1848 was indeed a year of widespread revolution in Europe. The Republic had triumphed in Paris; Berlin and Vienna were in open insurrection; Hungary had revolted; and even in London troubles were averted only by fortifying the Bank of England, and filling public buildings with troops to whom ball-cartridges had been served out. In Rome, Mazzini and Garibaldi replaced the Papal sovereignty by a Roman Republic. Thanks to the Catholic attitude of the French and Spanish people; thanks, perhaps, to the dismay

the wave of Revolution had caused among the governing classes; thanks to the oratory of a Thiers and of a Montalembert in defence of the rights of the Holy See, the Papal States were restored to Pius IX. A French army under the gallant Oudinot recovered Rome for the Pope; while Austrian, Neapolitan and Spanish soldiers completed the pacification of the Papal provinces.

The Revolution was, however, only scotched, not slain. Piedmont, with its new King, Victor Emmanuel, and its able but unscrupulous minister, Cavour, became its henchman; and so did Louis Napoleon, now crowned Emperor of the French. But his services to the Revolution were given grudgingly, out of fear. He was one that saw the better road but followed the worse. He has, we think not unjustly, been called the Pontius Pilate of our times; and if he twice allowed French arms to be used in defence of the Holy See, we can not feel gratitude to him when we remember his letter to Ney in 1849, his convention with Italy in 1864, and his hauling down of the French flag at Civita Vecchia in 1870.

Had that flag been left to float over the ramparts of the Papal seaport, guarded merely by a corporal's squad of French troops, the Italian government would have hesitated to invade the States of the Church and commit an overt act of hostility against France, even though that country was then overwhelmed by the forces of Germany. But it was fondly imagined that the total withdrawal of French troops from the Papal States would make Italy an active ally of France. Alas! this pitiful withdrawal Italy took as a tacit permission to seize upon Rome. It acted on it, as it had acted ten years earlier, when, in the infamous interview between Napoleon III. and the Italian

representatives, Farini and Cialdini, at Chambéry, the Emperor had said, in reference to an invasion of the States of the Church: "Do it, but do it quickly!" Some forty-five thousand Piedmontese troops and a fleet with six hundred and fifty guns were directed against the Pope's dominions. The heroic little Papal Army, under the gallant Lamoricière, was crushed at Castelfidardo; and Ancona, after a hot bombardment of its weak defences, fell before the combined land and sea forces of Victor Emmanuel.

The vacillating, double-dealing policy of Napoleon III., while it added to the misfortunes of the Sovereign Pontiff, in a providential manner provided time for the accomplishment of those great acts by which Pius IX.'s reign will forever hold a memorable place in the annals of the Papacy. After the Revolution of 1848 came the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. After the defeat of Castelfidardo in 1860, followed the publication of that wonderful Syllabus of Modern Errors. After the bright little victory of Mentana in 1867, came the gathering of the Vatican Council. The triumphs and the trials of Pius IX. combined in a marvellous way to make the Pope known and loved by every true Catholic throughout the world. Never was devotion to the Holy See so brought home to every Catholic hearth. And the very instruments of whose invention the nineteenth century may be justly proud—steamers, railways, telegraphs, steam-printing machines, and the camera—helped to make the Sovereign Pontiff a living reality to dwellers in the uttermost parts of the world.

When, then, in the dark days of February, 1878, over the cables of the world was flashed the sad news that Pius IX. was no more, there was deep sorrow, not unmingled with consternation, in every Catholic household. But

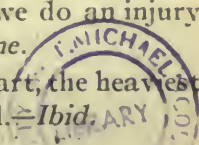
grief gave place to joy when, less than a fortnight later, news came that a new Pope was elected and had taken the name of Leo XIII.,—a comparatively aged Pontiff, frail in appearance, and destined (as thought those who, like the present writer, saw him in the first year of his pontificate) to no long reign. But twenty-two years of a marvellous pontificate have gone by, and the feeble Pontiff from his Vatican captivity still rules Christendom. And, if we may trust those who so lately have skilfully performed a serious operation on the Holy Father's person, there is well-grounded hope that Leo XIII. may live on into the coming century. And here we may close our brief sketch of the Popes of the century with one remark about the present pontificate.

It does not seem rash or rude to say of the pontificate of Pius IX., that his famous *Non possumus* made possible the present reign of Leo XIII. Putting aside for the nonce his wonderful acts as Supreme Pastor, we may consider him as the ablest diplomatist of his age. He has pacified and drawn toward him the nations of the world, just as the pole attracts the compasses of ships of all kinds. Look at Germany, with its Kulturkampf ended. Look at Russia, with its young Czar eager to enlist the aged Pope in his crusade for peace. Look at Africa, with the nations of Europe pouring light and the blessing of freedom into a continent of darkness and slavery. In these things whose name holds a foremost place? That of Leo XIII. Well may we exclaim, "*Vicit Leo!*"

BRUGES, Belgium.

WHENEVER we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world.—*Hawthorne.*

NEXT to the lightest heart, the heaviest is apt to be most playful.—*Ibid.*



Isidore's Requiem.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

II. — (Conclusion.)

TEN years had changed Oswald Grey and Helen Merritt enough to make them wonder as they stood in the parlor of the rectory where they had met before. The rector was the first to recall the circumstances, but Mrs. Merritt was the first to mention them. Studying his somewhat precise features and cold expression for the boy of ten years ago, she turned a corner in memory, as it were, and stood face to face with the brightest, bitterest, most positive boy of her school in those days. The warmth of coming triumph took the chill from her heart.

"Well, this is pleasant!" she observed, when the necessary explanations were over. "It removes all awkwardness from my business here this morning. Do you know I always looked on a priest with a kind of irritation and of anger, as a riddle that made itself ridiculous by not permitting itself to be solved? But now to find one of my own boys a priest—why, it simplifies everything. I know all the priests in you."

The rector did not feel quite at ease, but he smiled indulgently.

"Don't imagine for a moment," went on Mrs. Merritt, "that I shall attempt any airs of the schoolroom now. Our positions are reversed: you are now the teacher. I must come up to hear you preach sometime, and see if you do any better than I did long ago. May I?"

The rector winced—remember he was very young,—and expressed himself as delighted.

"But now," Mrs. Merritt continued glibly—quite at her ease, for she was talking to her old pupil,—“I must tell you my business, and, incidentally, tell

you yours. Did you know that the visits last night of Tom McManus and Raoul Chevallier were a kind of prelude to my own this morning? The scheme was concocted at the wake of young Tessier, to get you to make an exception in favor of the poor widow. It was very funny. Tom was sent because it was thought you were Irish. When he brought back word that perhaps you were French, we sent Raoul Chevallier. He returned with the news that you were surely American, and I then elected myself as a representative of that race on behalf of the widow."

Father Oswald's eyes twinkled. He was beginning to recognize his old teacher in her methods. He ventured to remark:

"It's very much like you."

"Isn't it?" she admitted.

"But I do not quite grasp what interest you can have in a point of Catholic ritual."

"I haven't any. But I am interested in the Widow Tessier, who has just lost her only child, her support in life. My! if I lost my one boy, life would turn to ashes and brine! But this poor mother in losing him loses all. She has nothing left and must go to work. Well, one of her little consolations has been the idea of a grand funeral for that boy, which you, who are supposed to be the bringer of consolation, have taken from her. Now, I don't see why that should be."

"There it is!" said Father Oswald. "Human nature over again. Here am I, just beginning to reform things—to banish Oriental ornateness and dirt from the simple ceremonies of the Church in this village,—and behold! the representative of a faith that discards ritual, and makes soap and water a dogma, comes forward in defence of dirt and barbarism. I tell you, Miss Hastings, the foolish things of this world thrive because the good defend them."

Then both laughed at the situation, and at the rector's humorous use of her maiden name.

"You ought to see the hangings and the candlesticks which are to add to the happiness of the Widow Tessier! They go into the fire this very day—the hangings. I'd like to do the same with the candlesticks."

"I know I'm the advocate of a bad case," said she; "but I can not help bringing the poor lonely mother into the question. The soiled decorations will please her. When a human being suffers, what does it matter how relief comes, if it be only relief?"

"True, up to a certain point. But you can see the fix in which I am. I have made the rule—"

"Which exceptions will prove."

"And if I break it for your friend, how can I refuse to do as much for the next unfortunate?"

"But are such rulings of so great importance that the heavens will fall when they fail?"

"That sounds still more like Miss Hastings"

"I wish," she said, with emphasis, "that I could really be Miss Hastings again for ten minutes, and could order you about as in your school-days."

"I wouldn't object, if you might take the responsibility of executing your own orders. But I'm afraid even the Widow Tessier would object to the rulings of a heretic so uncompromising."

The lady felt that argument was of little use with the rector. He was the same positive character as of old, and looked at her now and then with the expression so frequent on the faces of pupils meeting their terrible teachers in after years: the sphinx had turned out an old woman!

"I can make things easy for the widow," said he, "and compensate for the loss of the mourning draperies by

some unusual attention. For instance, the choir shall come to sing 'Calvary.'"

"Then, perhaps, if you called to see her yourself, it would soothe the poor thing. She is a dear old creature, and her life has been one of great trouble."

"As a matter of course, I shall visit her. I was going down this afternoon."

"And I may come to hear you preach sometime?"

"Aren't you afraid to put yourself at such a disadvantage,—to be silent while I lecture?"

"Not at all," was the prompt reply. "I have learned to take my own medicine without making faces."

"Such is marriage!"

"It is clear," said Mrs. Merritt to herself as she walked homeward, "that his mother is strong in him. I'll see that his visit to the Widow Tessier brings out as much of that nature as possible."

She was pleased with her visit, and hastened to make known to her friends that the Reverend Oswald Grey had once been the cleverest pupil in her school.

The rector had rather mixed feelings as a result of her visit. He was both alarmed and irritated at the assault made upon him by his parishioners. It was unheard of! A man was not to make a simple and legitimate change in local customs without bringing upon himself deputations and protests and arguments! Why, what was the world coming to? And what sort of a town had he fallen upon, that even amiable heretics could invade his sphere on the score of sentiment? He went out that afternoon to gaze directly in the face of the situation. After all, it was only a poor old mother, withered with years, shamed by poverty, and grieving now over a supposed insult to her dead son! The rector sat down beside her in the sad room of death, with its darkened windows, the flicker of the candles, and the broken body in the winding-sheet.

The young have no understanding of death as it affects the living. They can not see how the last throb of the dead heart lacerated the hearts of those who loved him, and left them to bleed perhaps unto the end. Father Grey was young, and he had never seen or tasted the real bitterness of death. He was a matter-of-fact man, and often wondered why people bewailed their dead so bitterly. It was a waste of strength to no purpose. All had to die. Heaven received us. The living had work to do, and other hearts to love. What folly to shriek and rave as if the earth were giving way!

So he had gone through his first experiences without learning anything, in his confidence that he knew all that was worth knowing about the great things which had never scarred him. He had not yet learned that sickness, death and sin wound and scar the soul as fire the flesh, and that even the heavenly comfort will not always subdue the physical pain. He was saddened as he sat by the Widow Tessier to see how bitterly the artist, Sorrow, had engraved the lines on her face. Here was another widow of Nain; but, alas! no Deliverer waited at the city gate to comfort her. The poor soul was awed by the dignity of the young priest, and spoke amid gaspings which he hardly noticed; for he was busy with the thoughts which her feeble sentences aroused in him.

"He was the bes' boy," she said, in her poor English. He knew that. Death made them all best, which is an argument in favor of the dark angel. "If he were bad, I would not care so much. He go to work in de morning and he come back at night, and always he sing or he whistle; and I hear him strike de fence wid his lunch-pail when he turn de corner, and my heart was so light. And he would say, when he sat down to his supper, 'Moder, anoder day and anoder

dollar for you.' Always for me, my poor boy. And for de church, he was de very bes' boy. Never miss de holy Mass, go to confession and Holy Communion, and speak always de good word for de pries'. For he was always loving de pries' since he was altar-boy."

"Oh, he was an altar-boy!" exclaimed Father Grey.

"*Vraiment!*" said the mother. "And how he cried when he was too big to be dere any more! I make him his own soutane and surplice, and he keep dem always for a remembrance."

Cunning mother! she went to a closet at the foot of the bier and showed him, hanging in its place, the beloved uniform of the sanctuary. Beside it hung his baseball suit; and on a third nail a brilliant coat, which was worn on great occasions by the members of the village band.

"And he will never wear dem again!" she moaned.

Some feeling crushed composure and officiality in the priest by invading him like a tide. What was it? He thought of the joy of his own mother when he first put on his soutane and surplice; when, later, he won the right to wear a baseball suit; and, last, when he donned the college uniform. How often she had shared in his delight when he had strutted about in one or the other, or had posed for his photograph! He saw her standing before the closet where the discarded uniforms hung, and dreaming of that happy past and the boy who would never wear them again. Then he looked at the dead boy and at his living mother. Some hardness broke within him, and he looked at the widow in astonishment. She was talking calmly between her gaspings; and he was saying to himself:

"Son of God, how can she live under such sorrow!" For all at once it had become plain to him the long martyrdom

of such sorrow. She had borne her Isidore; she had trained him; she had carried him in her mind every minute of twenty years, until he was more to her than the air or life or bread, which would be bitter to her for evermore; until he was little less to her than her own soul, which would never know happiness again while life separated them. Oh, the pity of it! Hour by hour, for the rest of her life, she would be forced by Sorrow and Memory to live over the twenty years of her joy in him, and always with the taste of ashes and tears in her mouth. A feeling akin to despair overcame him for a moment.

The afflicted widow was closing her pathetic dirge.

"Now I am all alone, more willing to die than to live. He is happy, but I am miserable. He was afraid of dat for me: to be alone, and to work for my livin'. But he said to me, 'Moder, if it is de will of God, den you will not be alone; for He mus' do for you what He takes me from doin' for you. For your friends, moder, you will have God—and de pries'."

"Dear, faithful heart!" thought the priest, as he looked at the wasted face of the boy. "Death has not robbed you of the power to help your mother."

Openly he spoke with much sympathy and propriety to the Widow Tessier, so that if Mrs. Merritt or any other member of the recent deputations were within earshot he could not be accused of blubbering; and he concluded a consoling discourse with the wish to do for her and her dead whatever he could. She was poor? That made no difference: such a boy must be buried with the respect due to one who had served in the sanctuary. A High Mass? Assuredly, and the very best singers. The draperies and candles? Yes, every rag and drip of them,—full mourning, as if the Mayor of Quebec were the

hero of the Requiem. Was anything too good for such a boy as Isidore? She admitted there was nothing on earth worthy of him; but that she alone was undeserving of the honors heaped upon her by God in giving her such a priest in her hour of sorrow:

It was only in the fields on the way home that Father Grey surrendered himself to his feelings, and beat his breast over that blindness which now seemed to him a grievous sin, though it was only the natural condition of his youth. He surrendered absolutely to the barbaric splendor of the Orient. As he rightly said to his severer self, which arraigned him for his weakness, if the great sorrow of death is relieved for the Widow Tessier by a few candles and draperies, I am not going to refuse the relief. Human hearts are more than young men's interpretations of the rubrics. Let the heavens be draped in ragged mourning, and sputtering tapers grease the earth and smoke the stars, rather than one shade be added to the darkness of death. He would not care even if Mrs. Merritt was lost in wonder at the depth of his humiliation.

And she was. She had attended many funerals at St. Regis', but this eclipsed the most ornate in her memory. Hardly a ray of light got into the church. The draperies had all been mended and cleaned, the candlesticks repainted. The great white cross on the black background behind the altar looked like judgment. The music was touchingly sad, and the sermon of the priest a thing of beauty. It revealed his thought to his old schoolma'am. Neither she nor the deputies had persuaded him, nor yet the lonely mother, thus to invite into the house of God what he had called in scorn the ornateness of the Orient. It was the pity of death which had moved him, or rather its piteousness,—never felt by his earnest and healthy

youth till now. He spoke of the faithful boy whose body lay broken before them, and his desolate mother bereft of her treasure of joy, as the newest and freshest picture of that great sorrow of Calvary, when an admirable Mother stood in anguish by the broken body of her Divine Son.

Tears fell from many eyes, as they ever do amid such ceremonies. Though Helen Merritt had rather "dry eyes," she was not ashamed to weep from the sermon to the last prayer over the body in the grave. She had no criticism even to herself for the priest. It was his gift that, once in the deeps, he could show men deeper depths of pity, of pain, and still of hope and consolation.

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

KNIGHTS OF CHRIST.

A YOUNG man of whom I think a great deal, and who, carried away by an irresistible vocation, is soon to become a foreign missionary, has, just before receiving Holy Orders and taking the supreme vow, written me a letter that has caused me great emotion. This youth—I have rarely met so enthusiastic and pure a soul as his—informs me that in a few days, at the moment of his mystic betrothal, when he will be stretched out on the marble slabs of the church, a humble and fragile victim, he will pray for me; and asks in exchange that I bestow a thought on him at that decisive hour of his life.

I shall not await that hour to proclaim aloud and to all the world how much to be envied my young friend seems to me, in the ardor and sincerity of his faith. For even in the eyes of the unbelieving—and when I pronounce this word it is not of myself, thank God!

that I am speaking,—even in the eyes of the unbelieving, I repeat, the missionary is admirable.

Not only does he accept in all their severity the rules imposed on priests and monks, but he also renounces, with no hope of ever seeing them again, his country, his parents, and all whom he holds most dear. He departs forever, to live in fatal climates, among people barbarous and cruel. He appears before them alone and defenceless, escorted only by his Guardian Angel, and armed solely with his courage and his Bible.

To those savages, trembling in terror before menacing idols, he speaks of a God of love, who desires only that homage be paid Him in spirit and in truth. To those beings, governed solely by their instincts, he teaches the beautiful Christian morality that overcomes evil inclinations and inculcates new virtues, of which he himself is the living example. The spirit of war and hatred is the normal condition of those men: the missionary demands that they pardon their enemies, and his first words to them are, "May peace be with you!" Their first act is theft and pillage: the missionary commands them to be just and to despise the goods of earth. They live in beastly promiscuity: the missionary teaches them the chaste joys of the family. They reduce their vanquished foes to slavery and traffic in human flesh: the missionary tells them that all men are brothers in Jesus Christ, and bids them break the chains that bind their fellows.

How many perils surround that gentle priest, who can raise only his crucifix in opposition to the hideous weapons raised in menace at his every step! Often he falls, struck down at the first halt on his apostolic journey, without having made even a single conversion. But, having long ago offered the sacrifice of his life, he is resigned to the agonies of

death. Nay, more: he desires, he awaits that glorious death; he accepts it with enthusiasm, convinced that the blood of a martyr fertilizes heathen soil more than even the waters of baptism; and that the name of God, in whose faith he is tortured, will not be forgotten by the executioners, who are terrified by his heroism, and whom he blesses before expiring.

Those noble foreign missionaries figure among my earliest recollections, in the remotest corners of my memory; for in the part of the Faubourg Saint-Germain where I was born—it will soon be fifty-six years ago—and where I still live, one frequently meets them on the broad sidewalks of the Rue de Sevres or in the crowded Rue du Bac. When I was little they excited my childish curiosity to the highest degree. I found them so different from other ecclesiastics. Their bronzed skins, their long beards, the bold, rapid stride that whipped their cassocks as they walked, and in all their person that indescribable air of virility, I might almost say military,—all these traits filled me with surprise.

Sometimes, in front of a private house of clerical aspect, which has long since disappeared before the spread of the ever-increasing buildings of the Bon Marché, I would catch sight of an aged bishop descending from a carriage, with a green and golden cord around his Roman hat and the pastoral cross glistening between the silver threads of a patriarchal beard. And the people of the neighborhood would respectfully murmur the name of the foreign prelate, and that of his diocese among the blacks in Africa, or among the yellow-skinned in the heart of frightful Asia.

At sight of those travelled priests, I dreamed, school-boy that I then was, of the vast seas and mysterious countries marked on my atlas; of long voyages; of shipwrecks on unknown islands; of

frightful adventures among savages armed with clubs and bedecked with diadems of feathers. Little do the good Fathers dream of all this; yet, through them, when I was about twelve years of age, I lived in imagination through twenty experiences like those of Robinson Crusoe and Captain Cook.

With these priests, who for so long a time have appeared to me bathed in the poetry of my childish memories, I have very recently come in close contact in one of the most solemn hours of their religious life; one of their pupils—the excellent young man of whom I made mention at the beginning of my narrative—having invited me to be present at the touching ceremony attending the departure of a missionary. I shall not try to give a description of the scene, since it has already been so beautifully done by Louis Veuillot; but shall merely mention the impression I received,—the most vivid that ever touched my heart.

It was in the naked garden under the hazy sky of autumn. The high windows of the old buildings—noble structures in the style of the France of other days—seemed to stare at the priests and laymen who came hurrying along the narrow paths bordered with box-trees, at the call of a big Chinese gong. In an angle of the garden the statue of Our Lady appeared, radiant amid the golden tongues of tapers. Before her were the ten Departing Ones, in prayer.

From where I stood I could see the backs and shoulders that were so soon to bend beneath the weight of painful fatigue; the heads bowed as though already offered to the executioner's sword. Still kneeling, they sang the touching litanies, to which those present, standing, answered in chorus the "*Ora pro nobis!*" But when they invoked the Queen of Apostles, the Queen of Confessors, the Queen of Martyrs, all present fell on their knees among the

dead leaves; and I felt a holy thrill pass over that crowd and over my inner heart. Yes, we experienced at that moment, by reflex action and out of sympathy for those young men who were delivering themselves up to death, something of the anguish that bowed the head of our Blessed Lord on the eve of His sacrifice, in that tragic night under the gloomy olive-trees.

At the close of the litanies we followed the Departing Ones into the cold, bare chapel. Sober and severe also was the speech of Father Superior, who, in the name of the congregation, bade them farewell in this world—forever! With rare firmness he dwelt upon this leave-taking, impressing upon the travellers that they were going without the slightest hope of ever returning; that they were leaving forever their country and their families; that the separation was definite, complete, absolute.

The choir and tribune of the church were filled with the parents and friends of the young missionaries. These last stood impassible, with downcast eyes, their arms crossed on their breasts, listening without a gesture, without a sigh, without even the movement of an eyelid, to the speaker, who continued to repeat the word, "Good-bye!"

When the superior had finished his allocution, the Departing Ones placed themselves in line before the altar. There they stood in all their youth and strength, seeming to await massacre. I pictured the hostages in the time of the dread Commune facing the platoon of the Federates.

Then began the most impressive and touching part of the ceremony. All those present approached the missionaries in turn, kissing first their feet, then their faces,—their feet, to wish them a happy journey and a large harvest of souls among the heathen; and their two

cheeks, as a sign of fraternal tenderness and as an eternal farewell.

I was accompanied by a young poet friend of mine, and neither of us hesitated to perform the rite; for those whose souls enshrine an ideal bow their heads without an effort before what is really great. We both had our eyes full of tears on leaving the open arms of those knights of Christ, of those wandering cavaliers of the faith, who had pressed us to their hearts with a joyous smile, recommending themselves to our prayers.

My prayers! You, in your turn, ask them to-day, dear child,—you who are about to enter the service of God, to be bound by eternal vows, and whom next year, if I be alive, I shall embrace in the missionary church. My prayers! I had forgotten them for many years, and I needed long months of illness and suffering to teach me to lisp them again; to repel with disgust the old enigmas propounded to my reason, and to raise my hands in utmost confidence toward a Heavenly Father whose mysterious will I wish in future to accept in all obedience. But, alas! notwithstanding all the efforts I make to fill my heart with humble confidence, I am destined, I know, to suffer much from doubt; and many a time will I need to repeat to myself the words that the great Pascal dared attribute to God: "Thou wouldst not seek me if thou hadst not already found me."

My prayers! I need yours, pious and brave youth,—yours and those of your companions of the Foreign Missions: those admirable Christians, who, in imitating the life of Jesus Christ, have from preference chosen His passion and His death, and whom I have seen, in an ever-memorable hour, ranged before the altar in the attitude of victims ready to be crucified.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1897.

Criticism of Sisters and Sisters' Schools.

A REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

A CATHOLIC person, let us call him, who means well and who writes well, has sent us a long series of criticisms regarding the organization and methods of religious communities of women operating in the United States,—criticisms of Sisters in general and of some sisterhoods in particular. The writer has a genius for finding fault. He does not neglect, it is true, to bestow praise, but he is much more generous with blame. He is a confident man, to say the least, to suppose that such an article as he has written might find place in these pages. It is contrary to our custom to assign reasons for not accepting unsolicited contributions; but we are entirely willing to make an exception in this case, and, in a general way, to tell why the present manuscript is declined without thanks.

Its length condemns it, in the first place; its tone, in the second place. All the fault that can reasonably be found with Sisters, it seems to us, might be written on the back of a Columbian postage-stamp. We have sometimes wished that they would not furnish puffs of patent medicines, or allow their pictures to be taken for advertising purposes. But how few of them ever do such things, after all! And what trifling faults these are! We hear, now and then, of Sisters being blamed for collecting money without proper authorization; but when it is remembered that they do not beg for the pleasure of it, or for themselves, criticism is silenced,—if it isn't, it ought to be.

When a Catholic writer begins to look for faults in the sisterhoods of the Church, losing sight of the incalculable amount of good they are doing, for-

getting how indispensable their services are, instead of taking up his pen, he ought to take his hat and go out into the open air and bask in the warm sunlight. Let him diet himself and take more time for exercise. If there be a high mountain anywhere near, it might be well to ascend it occasionally—say three or four times a week.

The sisterhoods of the Church are about as near perfection as anything on earth. If all their members were to observe minor rules, the wisdom of which is not always understood, as faithfully as they fulfil the evident obligations of the religious state, we fail to see how any one could wish these institutions to be at all different from what they are. Most of the female religious orders were founded by women, they are governed by women, as is proper, and all of them are approved by the Church. This ought to count for something with critics, especially critics of the sex that is not fair. Whatever may be thought of rules, customs, and traditions pertaining to such religious communities, it is unquestionable that the institutes in which they are most zealously safeguarded are the communities that are most abundantly blessed.

It is not necessary that outsiders should understand all the whys and wherefores of regulations governing convents and convent schools; and if those in charge of them decline to act on the suggestion of every innovator that comes along, it is for good and sufficient reasons. It is the height of folly to be forever formulating new regulations and letting old ones fall into desuetude; and there could be no greater waste of energy than experimenting with every new method that is invented. The general laws which govern religious communities are the work of saints like Saint Augustine and Saint Benedict; and saints have their peculiar point of view.

It must ever seem peculiar to those who are not saints. The particular observances of different orders and congregations are the fruit of experience; and it stands to reason that every religious family ought to be the best judge of what is most likely to promote its spiritual welfare and render it as efficient as possible for the work which it was founded to carry on.

It is true that certain communities of Sisters are very conservative in their methods of teaching and discipline. It is also true, as a professor of Oxford observes, that conservatism represents ideas which have proved themselves capable of being practically worked out. "The ideas of progress may be beautiful to look at and to talk about, but whether they will work or not no one knows until they are tried. Out of every hundred new ideas ninety-nine are generally nonsense." Our convent schools of all grades, just as they stand, are the admiration of non-Catholics; and experienced educators declare that the system which obtains in them is the ideal one. The general excellence of Sisters' schools is everywhere recognized. In a notice of a new school for girls established by Methodists, the editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* asserted as proof of its superiority that it compared favorably with the Sisters' school of the Catholic Church.

Our religious are criticised for being too strict in their disciplinary regulations. This is a fault on the right side. It is decidedly better that they be a little too strict than the least bit lax. Certain rules of conduct which they insist upon, and have always insisted upon, are now being introduced in the best society. People of refinement, especially those who have lived abroad, are never heard to complain of the restrictions imposed upon their daughters in convent schools.

It is not claimed that Sisters' schools are perfect, that nothing about them is susceptible of further improvement. This would be foolish. But when constant efforts are being made to raise their standard, to better their equipment, to increase their usefulness, what possible excuse can any one have for public fault finding? If all Catholic colleges were as well conducted and as progressive as many of our preparatory schools and academies for girls, the prospects of the Catholic University of America, we venture to assert, would be brighter than they are.

Sisters need keen criticism, like other mortals; but it ought to be kindly, and not everyone is competent or called upon to give it. Cynical criticism is to no purpose. We have tried to be patient with our would-be contributor; and if we have said anything to give offence it should be condoned in view of what we have refrained from saying. In private conversation with a Catholic who indulged in harsh criticism of our sisterhoods, we should be inclined to express ourselves with much more warmth and with much less respect for stupid snobbishness and unreasoning prejudice. The untold sacrifices of the Sisters of the different religious orders in the cause of Christian education, and in many other causes, constitute one of the glories of the Church in America. Anything like abuse of these noble women should be left to the bigots whose hearts are black.

THE moment a man discerns that this earthly experience is part of an endless life, that he is open to heavenly as well as earthly influences, that behind the apparent order there is another and a spiritual order, mystery remains, but confusion and contradiction vanish.

—"The Life of the Spirit," *Mabie*.

Notes and Remarks.

The Bishop of Trenton has renewed his plea for some sort of federation among the Catholic societies of our country. Bishop McFaul's own words best convey his meaning, and they express, we may add, the almost unanimous opinion of both clergy and laity: "All societies composed of Catholics should endeavor to touch at certain points; that while retaining their identity and pursuing their own aims independently of other organizations, there should be a bond of union enabling them in given circumstances to exert a united influence. Let me not be misunderstood: I have not the remotest idea of advocating a Catholic, a German or an Irish party in America; but I believe that when there is a question of our rights as Christians and as Catholics, we should be in a position to maintain and protect them in an intelligent, forcible and legitimate manner."

There has been too much scoffing at the ecumenical character of the Protestant missionary congress. The sects have a precedent to guide them in this matter; for did not the Three Tailors of Tooley Street hold an ecumenical council when they met and styled themselves "We, the people of England"? The criticism of one of the secular journals which declared that missions is the only subject on which the sects can muster enough harmony to hold a convention was penetrating; yet even here the compliment is exaggerated. One of the chief functions of the congress was to deplore "the unhappy sectarian rivalries" which render the labors of the missionaries nugatory. There has also been noted a tendency on the part of non-missionary divines to insist on the celibacy of those who go to carry the good tidings to the heathen, which reminds us of Artemus

Ward's chivalrous zeal to have all his wife's relatives go to the war. But the most important work of the congress—if only it were not an impossible one—is the draughting of a statement of just what that gospel shall be which the missionaries are to carry into heathendom. Of the fourteen thousand apostles said to be represented at the ecumenical congress, probably no ten would exactly agree about that.

From its *Annals* we learn that the Association for the Propagation of the Faith has collected about fifteen thousand dollars more this year than last, though last year's collection exceeded its predecessor by about twenty thousand. This means that the collections for the propagation of the faith have been doubled since the Sulpician Fathers assumed charge of the work, about two years ago. The whole amount collected the world over by the Association since the beginning is nearly sixty millions, almost one-tenth of which was distributed among the missions in this country. Indeed fourteen dioceses in the United States even now share in the disbursement of these funds. In view of these figures, the duty of American Catholics to the Association is very plain.

Our esteemed Canadian contemporary, the *Casket* of Antigonish, N. S., in a leading article entitled "*The Ave Maria* and Foreign Missions," accuses us of encouraging carelessness about foreign missions by excuses which to most readers appear to be full justification, whereas they are no justification at all. Like Brutus, whatever the *Casket* wills, it wills strongly. Its object is to prove that if American Catholics exercised greater zeal for foreign missions, they would soon be influenced to support more generously home missions to the Negroes and Indians. Granted! But

our contention was simply that these missions have a special claim on the faithful of this country. The generous support of them would be no excuse, of course, for the neglect of missions abroad. It is only a question as to where we ought to take up our duty. Strictly speaking, as some one has well said, there can be no such thing as a "foreign" mission to a Catholic. Still, charity ought to begin at home, wherever it may end. The duty at one's door is the duty to perform first, which is not to say that any other duties may be neglected. Our excellent Scotch-Canadian friend will not deny this: If you want to get to a distant place, the surest way is to start from where you find yourself at the moment you form the intention.

But we have no wish to appear disputatious, and we fully agree with our valued contemporary that if Saint Paul returned to earth now and began missions among the Negroes and Indians, one of his first moves would be to take up a collection among them for foreign missions and for the famine-stricken in India.

From correspondence published in the *Standard and Times* it appears that the immortal Leary of Guam has a rival in Major Tasker H. Bliss, Collector of Customs in Havana. A great effort is now making to rehabilitate the churches and chapels that were abandoned during war times; and, to facilitate this good work, the War Department in Washington directed Major Bliss "to admit free of duty such articles as are ordinarily necessary in the equipment of a church or chapel for religious purposes, upon the declaration of the local representative of the religious society shipping or receiving such articles that they are for immediate and exclusive use in such building." Now, this is broad enough, and would have worked well if it did

not happen that in this particular case ignorance is Bliss. The Ursuline nuns in Havana received a gift of a chalice and a set of vestments from a Tabernacle Society in Washington, D. C., and were taxed by Major Bliss about one half the total value of the articles. Remonstrance with the gallant Major elicited the information that tariff must be paid on all articles "except those which in some way or other are used in Protestant as well as Catholic churches." Later he bethought him of the communion cup of the Episcopal service, and admitted the chalice free; regarding the vestments, however, he remained obdurate.

In reconstructing a country after a war occurrences like this are to be expected, perhaps; and certainly it must be admitted that Mr. McKinley's administration has had to face more and greater difficulties than any other since the Civil War. But in the fairest non-partisan spirit we feel obliged to say that these mistakes and stupidities have been far more common than they had need to be if ordinary prudence had been invoked to avoid them. The mere fact that President McKinley and his advisers did not think it worth while to appoint a single Catholic to an important post in Cuba, Puerto Rico, or the Philippines—all Catholic countries,—shows that he did not lie awake nights worrying about the affronts likely to be put upon Catholic citizens through the inconsiderateness or incompetence of his chosen representatives.

The decision of the Anglican archbishops condemning the practice of Reservation has provoked very defiant criticism from the two most prominent laymen of the High Church party. Lord Halifax says that "the laity will not consent to run the risk of dying without the sacraments. Reservation for the

sick and dying can not be given up." And Mr. Athelstan Riley declares that there are limits to obedience, and asks: "On the subject of the Eucharist, is the Church of England Catholic or Protestant?" We wonder it does not occur to Mr. Riley to ask himself whether his own attitude toward those whom he recognizes as his bishops is Catholic or Protestant. Newman has told us that before his conversion he regarded the voice of his bishop as for him the voice of God; and when his conscience no longer permitted him to follow the voice of his superiors, Newman, being truly Catholic-minded, did not remain to hector their Graces, but simply withdrew from their jurisdiction. This is one of the differences between the Tractarians and the modern High Churchmen.

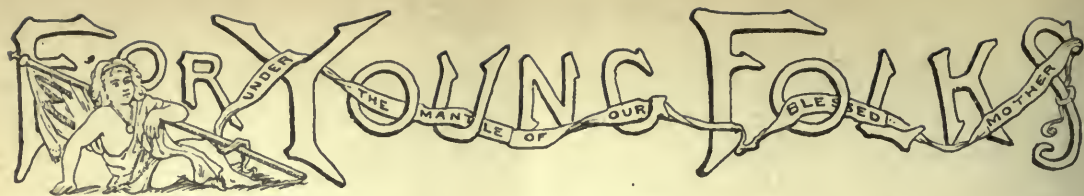
The sympathy of American Catholics for the Benedictine Fathers, whose college at Belmont, North Carolina, was destroyed by fire recently, will manifest itself, we hope, in a practical way. In a single hour the beautiful college—which, with the church and the abbey, represented the fruit of twenty-five years of struggle against heavy odds—was transformed into a mass of smoking ruins. When it became evident that the collegiate building was hopelessly doomed, an eye-witness tells us, "the saintly Bishop and Abbot Haid, crushed by grief, heart-broken and almost a mental and physical wreck, stepped upon the abbey porch and, with arms outstretched toward the pitiless flames, called upon God's mercy, begging that his monastery and church might be saved. It was a magnificent sight, leading one back to the Ages of Faith." That prayer was granted, for the church and the abbey were saved; and Bishop Haid has already begun to rebuild St. Mary's College. In this brave undertaking he ought

to have, and we venture to prophesy that he will have, the hearty support and assistance of Catholics all over the country. For the destruction of a Catholic college among the pineries of North Carolina ought not to be regarded as a loss to the Benedictine Order, but as a loss to the Church in this country. In the most densely Protestant State in the Union, St. Mary's has already exerted a blessed influence. The Catholics of North Carolina, who best understand what the loss of the college means to them, would gladly rebuild it themselves if their circumstances permitted; as things are, they are constrained to call upon the charity of their brethren in the Northern States, and we gladly lend our voice to their appeal.

There is a suggestive passage in the new preface to Mr. Richard Whiteing's old novel, "The Island." It is this:

I once read a French story in which it suited the hero to feign insanity for a while. He accomplished it in the simplest way in the world—by leading a perfectly rational life. When he had anything to say, he said it, and he never made idle talk. When he had eaten his fill, he rose from table. In warm weather he laid aside all purely ceremonial clothing. In short, he lived according to reason and he told the truth. The doctors agreed that it was an extremely bad case, and they had him in a strait-jacket in less than a week.

It has been truly said that every step forward in the process of civilization has meant the further abridgment of the liberty of the individual. The only perfectly "free" man that ever lived was Adam before the creation of Eve; just as soon as the second member of the human family appeared on the scene, the first had to accommodate himself in some respect to her wishes. There is, perhaps, no slavery in the world just at present more irksome than that imposed by Society on the Society Woman. If her religious duties were half so exacting as her social duties, she would consider them an intolerable hardship.



The Pied Piper.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

OWING to the great changes that the fortunes of war have made in the government of the Philippine Islands, everything concerning the natives who inhabit them is of especial interest. All the quaint legends and traditions with which the dusky mothers of that far-off land have amused their children and kept their own hearts light will now come to the knowledge of other people.

It is strange to find in their collection of folk-lore a story which strongly resembles that famous one of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and how he charmed not only the rats but the children. Some of you may be acquainted with the musician who made such havoc and wrought such ruin; but to others the tale may be new. So, in few words, here it is:

About five hundred years ago the people who dwelt in Hamelin, a thriving town on the river Weser, were greatly troubled with rats. They drove away the cats, they bit the babies as they lay asleep, they licked the soup-ladles while the cook's back was turned, and they ate so much that everyone began to fear a famine.

At length there was what we should now call an indignation meeting, and with one accord the citizens flocked to the town-hall and told the mayor and alderman that if they could not plan some way to get rid of the vermin, they themselves would be sent packing at once.

"What under the sun shall we do!" said the poor mayor, scratching his head; and as he spoke there was a rap at the door.

"Come in!" cried the mayor; and in walked the strangest man you ever saw. Half of his long coat was yellow, half of it red, and around his neck a pipe was hanging.

"I hear you are in trouble," he said; "and I have come to offer my services. I am only a poor piper, but last year I chased the gnats out of Tartary and the bats out of all Asia, and I think I am equal to your rats."

"What will you charge us?" asked the mayor.

"A thousand guilders."

"Done!" replied the mayor, winking at the alderman as much as to say, "He could have had fifty thousand if he had asked for them."

The piper began to play and the rats began to gather about him,—every kind of rat you ever heard of: old, young, little and big. And the stranger led them into the river Weser and drowned them all, save one, that swam across and lived to tell the tale.

Then the people rang the bells and danced for joy—but suddenly the red and yellow robe of the piper appeared in the market-place.

"Who are you?" they inquired; for, as the story goes, they had already forgotten their benefactor.

"I am he—don't you know?—who charmed and drowned your rats."

"And what do you want?"

"My thousand guilders."

They all began to remember and to look very sad. A thousand guilders would buy a fine lot of wine and much

rich food, and this was but a gypsy fellow, a vagabond.

"Oh, we were only joking!" said the mayor. "We'll give you fifty guilders, but no more."

"I won't take a guilder less than a thousand," replied the piper. "And I wish you would hurry up the payment; for I have promised to be in Bagdad to-day, to rid the caliph's kitchen of scorpions."

"If you're so insulting," observed the mayor, "you can pipe for your money. We won't give you a single guilder."

"Very well," answered the piper, with a pleasant smile, taking his pipe and blowing on it some notes so sweet that the children began to gather to listen. From every house they came—babies, youths, black-eyed, blue-eyed, fair and dark. They saw not their frightened parents, but only the charming piper; and they heard not their mothers' voices, but only the pipe's strains.

To the hillside the stranger led them, and into a door that opened for them. The children were never seen again, so the story runs. In Hamelin there is to this day a Pied Piper's Street, which marks the path they took; and the story of the Pied Piper is recorded in many fashions in the old city.

Now for the Philippine legend. There is, they say, a fowl in the jungle that once a year has a strange power over children; and on that day, it is told, mothers clasp their little ones when it is clear by their actions that they hear the strange, sweet music made by the bankiva. If the little ones once follow the sound, they will never return,—so think the loving and affrighted mothers. And they will tell you of how children have gone to find whence the song came, and have been the victims of crocodiles or poisonous snakes or man-eating tigers; and that sometimes men as old as Rip Van Wink'e have suddenly reap-

peared, not remembering anything only that when they were little boys they followed the bankiva, as the toddlers of Hamelin ran after the Pied Piper.

No grown person can hear the song the bankiva sings,—only the children; and so the mothers and fathers are in the power of this strange jungle fowl, which is the enemy of mankind.

Men have undertaken to "civilize" the poor Filipinos by killing them; but we will hope that the old legends may be spared to lighten the dull days which seem to be in store for those of this harmless and confiding race who shall survive.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.—A MAY FESTIVAL.

Mr. Macartney remained at home for about two or three weeks on that occasion; but the early part of May found him setting out on a journey to Mexico, so that the little household was once more left alone and lonely. The cheery personality of the master of the house was sadly missed, and both Myles and Katie and even old Susan felt quite desolate for the first few days after his departure. But the heart grows accustomed to absence as it does to death. Moreover, the weather was exquisite.

May is the spring personified. April touches the frost-bound earth, causing a stray crocus or a primrose to peep shyly from the scarce melted snow-wreaths, and bidding the trees give signs of promise by an embryo leaf or bud; but May has clothed the trees as the bodies of the just shall be clothed after the resurrection. The greenness of leaf and the whiteness of blossom blend in that unrivalled harmony of Nature, and her fields and meadows are green. Even in the cities blades spring up by the

wayside, and parks and squares and the very grass-plots are a joy and a wonder to behold. May lets loose the birds, with many voices, to which the piping notes of fledgelings are attuned; and her airs are soft and sweet with the scent of blossoms. It is the season of youth, and that is why all young things love it.

At the beginning of May, the weather being mild and Katie feeling stronger, the little girl returned to school, where one of the great events was a May festival. A queen was elected by popular vote, and Katie was chosen as maid of honor to that dignitary.

It was regarded as quite an event in the Macartney household. Susan had prepared a simple muslin frock, daintily trimmed with Valenciennes lace. She curled Katie's pretty hair and tried on it the wreath of pink roses,—which had, however, to be carried to the school, together with the white shoes.

Myles was in a state of the greatest excitement. He could hardly wait, so impatient was he to see Katie dressed. He kept calling up the stairs to know if she were ready,—a proceeding which much irritated the irascible Susan, who gave him more than one sharp answer.

Katie seemed to him more than ever like a doll when she came down, so frail and ethereal looked she in her soft white garments, with the wreath, for Myles' benefit, laid on her curls of shining gold. Myles danced about her in glee. He did not say much, but his whole bearing showed the liveliest satisfaction. He wanted to take her round to the shop at the corner of Division Street, so that old Lucas Meyers and Miss Julia might have an opportunity of seeing her. But Katie objected, saying that it was quite bad enough to walk all the way to school in that costume. Myles was rather disappointed, but he did not press the point.

"Suppose we get into the omnibus then?" he suggested.

Katie again demurred, saying that it would cost a good deal; and that she would be just as much ashamed, if it were full of people, as she would be walking the street. So they set out; and on the corner of East Broadway whom should they meet but good old Mr. Chichester, driving in his carriage? Perceiving them, he stopped at once. He greeted Myles pleasantly, and the boy introduced his sister. Then he inquired:

"What is all this finery? Why, my dear, I thought it was an angel that had stepped down from yonder cloud,"—pointing as he spoke to a soft golden mass in the sky above their heads.

Katie blushed a rosy-red. She felt sensitive about her costume, which she had disguised as well as she could by throwing over it a dark silk cloak, which her father had bought for her before his departure, and which little girls of that period often wore.

"There's a May play at Katie's school, sir," said Myles, answering for her; "and my sister is maid of honor to the queen."

"Now, if I had had a vote," said Mr. Chichester, "Katie herself should have been the queen. But as I can not elect her to that office, I am going to drive the maid of honor to her destination."

This was indeed an honor and a great comfort too. It was most unpleasant for a timid girl like Katie to walk all the way in her gala attire, besides the risk of spoiling her white dress.

Myles was invited to accompany his sister, which he did nothing loath; and as they drove along Mr. Chichester told the boy how sorry he was to have been absent from town at the time of his visits, and urged him to come again.

Now, Katie's school was "St. Mary's Academy" then, and perhaps still, on East Broadway, near Clinton Street. It

consisted of two private houses thrown into one, which gave it an air of exclusiveness; and it was in truth an establishment of uncommon refinement. On that particular day of May, when the world was at least a quarter of a century younger, the fragrance of many flowers came forth from the open doorway; and through the half-closed window-shutters one could easily get a glimpse of the decorations within.

"So this is your school, Katie?" said Mr. Chichester. "And a very proper one to make you grow up like yonder tall lily that I see in the window. Under the care of those gentle ladies you can not fail to do so. Good-bye, my dear! I wish you a joyful festival."

He bade Myles good-bye too, as that sturdy lad jumped onto the pavement to help Katie from the carriage, and went up the steps with her to catch as many glimpses as possible of the glory within. And indeed the rooms were a very pretty sight, with the daylight shut out to give effect to the glow of the candles. Plants and flowers of every description, contributed by the pupils themselves, produced the impression of a bower. The throne prepared for the queen, and raised very high, also the steps leading thither, on which were seats for the maids of honor, were all embowered in beautiful plants and branches of odorous green. The flushed, eager faces of the girls, with their pretty costumes, made them seem like so many flowers themselves. There was an air of youth, of innocence, of unclouded gayety rare in this aged world of care and sin.

The Sisters, in their simple black costume, with tiny cap of black, moving about, seemed like guardian spirits, and were quite as happy as their young charges. Everywhere they heightened the pleasure, and encouraged the big girls and the little girls to make the most of the passing hour.

It was such a scene as impresses itself on the mind of a child, and recurs through the mists of years, "smiling and fair as in youth's happy day." Choruses were sung, which sounded very sweetly indeed in the pure, girlish voices. Later on refreshments were served of ice-cream, strawberries, lemonade and cake, with, of course, abundance of confectionery.

This part of the entertainment had especially commended itself to Myles, who reported upon it to Ben Morris and one or two others of "the fellows," somewhat in the following terms:

"My sister Katie is gone to a festival at her school, where they get ice-cream and lots of things."

"I wish they'd give us something like that at De La Salle!" replied Art Egan.

"Catch them!" exclaimed Ben Morris, with a tinge of bitterness. He had been "kept in" the day before, which was rather unusual with him.

"Well," said Myles, who often took a just and common-sense view of things, "they couldn't very well have a May play just with the fellows. The girls have to put on white dresses and fixings. My sister had a wreath of pink roses on her head, and white shoes and a filmy dress,—Susan said it was filmy."

"I'm pretty sure girls have a better time at school, any way, than we do," grumbled Ben.

Myles shook his head doubtfully. Some of Katie's amusements seemed a little tame to him. But he did not pursue the subject further. He and Ben had far weightier things to consider as soon as they could stroll away by themselves; for their great scheme was fast being perfected in all its details,—that is to say, in their heads. They had not as yet taken a single step toward realizing their project; and they still spoke vaguely of that future time when they should proceed to Martha's Vineyard to take up the calling of

whalers, and sail to those mysterious, ice-bound oceans which have fascinated many an imagination.

Meanwhile Myles and Ben attended school very faithfully, giving special heed to mathematics, geography, and other studies which they thought might be of service to them, once embarked on their career. Ben even talked of studying navigation; but Myles argued that this would take a long time; and that, as neither hoped to be captain or mate for many years to come, they need not trouble about the guidance of a vessel. They were sure to have a complete set of officers over them, including "a boatswain bold." They were regular in their attendance at church, and Myles served as an altar-boy at St. Teresa's.

So it came about that he had a share in the second eventful occasion upon which Katie wore her white frock, the costume being completed this time by her First Communion veil. It was a May procession; and Myles, in his capacity of acolyte, accompanied the priest, whilst the statue of the Queen of Heaven was borne aloft by four of the sturdiest lads in the parish, preceded by the white-clad girls. The Litany of Our Lady was chanted, with one after another of the exquisite and familiar old hymns—"On this day, O beautiful Mother!" "Hail Virgin, dearest Mary!" and "*O Sanctissima!*"

The boys and girls of that occasion are long since men and women; many amongst them, perhaps, have passed into another life to hear the singing of canticles eternal. But some may read these lines and recall that happy, holy memory. Myles was so impressed by the beauty and solemnity of the hour that for the time being he forgot all about the whaling expedition, and almost made up his mind that he might be a priest, especially if Katie carried out her present intention of being a Sister.

Ben Morris, however, who had been present as a spectator and had been quite as deeply impressed, suggested to Myles that they might convert the crew of the whaler, who were presumably godless, and even carry the faith to unknown regions.

(To be continued.)

The Royal Porter.

To be a king is not of necessity to be a happy man. A certain king of Poland was once found in the garb of a porter, earning a few pence as best he could by carrying great loads from one place to another. The courtier who surprised him at that unaccustomed employment carried the strange news to others; and soon there was a crowd of finely dressed people about him, expressing astonishment that he should thus condescend to toil. Finally the king spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the load which I have laid down is far greater than any you see me carry here in the marketplace; the heaviest of my burdens is but a straw compared with the cares of state. And I have had more refreshing slumber during the past four nights than in all the years of my reign."

"But, your Majesty, you were a king and could rule over every one: now you are ordered about by others!"

"You mistake," he said. "When I was king I was the slave of my people: now I am my own master. You may choose any one you like to take my throne. I shall go back to it no more."

Perhaps the misfortunes which were always the lot of the kings of Poland had something to do with their wish to lay aside a monarch's responsibilities. At any rate, they seem to have accepted them reluctantly and given them up with pleasure. One said, when they placed the sceptre in his hand: "I would rather tug at an oar."

With Authors and Publishers.

—A lot of Tennyson manuscript has been discovered in Sheffield. It is said to include "much correspondence between Arthur Hallam and Tennyson, as well as drafts of some of Tennyson's earlier poems. The correspondence is, perhaps, too sacredly private for publication."

—News of the finding of unpublished manuscripts of famous writers is apt to provoke a smile nowadays, so many literary finds have proved to be literary "fakes." But there seems to be no doubt that Batiffol has really discovered at Orleans an unknown Codex containing twenty discourses by Origen,—at least we read that he has published them through Picard and Son, Paris. They are said to form a sort of disconnected commentary on passages from the Pentateuch, the Prophets and the Acts. They are in the Latin version of Victorinus of Pettau.

—In South Africa, as elsewhere, Catholics are divided on political issues. Some of the bishops—among them prelates of Irish blood—have spoken strenuously in favor of the British cause; others have as stoutly defended the Boers. The Rev. Dr. Kolbe, who has made his *South African Catholic Magazine* an influential publication, has been from the beginning among the most stalwart champions of the Boers. It is only honest to state that his policy met with so much protest from Catholics that Dr. Kolbe has felt constrained to withdraw from the magazine.

—Students of what has been called the Negro Difficulty will read with pleasure an address delivered by the Hon. W. A. MacCorkle, late governor of West Virginia, before the Southern Conference on Race Problems held at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 9th ult. The Negro Difficulty, it seems, is the problem of restraining the colored man from voting without violating the letter of the Constitution; and Mr. MacCorkle's solution of it consists in setting up franchise restrictions based on literacy and property-ownership. The address is perfervid in feeling and may seem somewhat frisky with rhetoric; but in reality Mr. MacCorkle is in deadly earnest, and he feels very benevolently toward the Negro. Robert Clarke Co.

—According to the *North American Notes and Queries*, the first printing-press in Canada was set up by Franklin in 1775 for the purpose of printing manifestos urging the Canadians to cast their lot with the United States as against England. The

press was afterward removed to this country, but the vault in which it was set up is still shown to visitors. Speaking of Franklin, it seems he owned lands in Nova Scotia which, together with some books and personal papers, he bequeathed to his son William, the loyalist governor of New Jersey. "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety," says Franklin's last will and testament, "will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavored to deprive me of."

—Mr. Edmund Gosse has been amusing himself with the study of the Milton MSS. owned by Trinity College, Cambridge. The following sentence from the article in which he publishes the results of that study ought to have a soothing effect on those young writers who are just beginning to learn that the making of decent verse is a matter of perspiration rather than of inspiration: "As an instance of the extreme and punctilious care the poet took to make his expression exactly suit his thought and his music, it may be worth the notice and analysis of the reader that he tried 'ever-endless light,' 'ever-glorious,' 'uneclipsed,' 'where day dwells without night,' 'endless morn of light,' 'in cloudless birth of light,' 'in never-parting light,' before finally returning to the fifth (and certainly the best) of these seven variants."

—It is a singular fact that "The Imitation of Christ," next to the New Testament the most Christian book ever written, is really less popular with English-speaking Catholics than with English-speaking Protestants. A non-Catholic publisher once informed us that there was no book in his long list of religious works of which he sold so many copies or issued so many editions as "The Imitation of Christ." Percy Fitzgerald's admirable "Notes on the Imitation," first published in these pages, should have helped to revive interest in the sovereign author among those of the household of the faith; but, alas! teachers of less authority are more popular with us. Of the esteem in which A Kempis is held by outsiders there is abundant proof.

George Eliot shows her deep appreciation of his book in her "Mill on the Floss," where she says that "it works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness. It is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph. . . . It remains a lasting record of human needs and consolations." Charles Kings-

ley calls it "the school of many a noble soul." Hallam speaks of the sentences as "heart-piercing," and the expression as "concise and energetic." Most people will acknowledge that Dr. Samuel Johnson was a keen critic, and he says that "Thomas à Kempis must be a good book, as the world has opened its arms to receive it." Matthew Arnold calls "The Imitation" the "most exquisite document, after the New Testament, of all that the Christian spirit has inspired." The late Dean Church says: "No book of human composition has been the companion of so many serious hours, has been prized in so widely different religious communions, has nerved and comforted so many and such different minds—preacher and soldier and solitary thinker, Christian, or even, it may be, one unable to believe." De Quincey gives his opinion in these words: "Next to the Bible in European publicity and currency, the book came forward as an answer to the sighing of Christian Europe for light from heaven."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.
 Giovanni Battista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.
 Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* \$2.
 Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* \$5, net.
 The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* \$1, net.
 The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., net.
 St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* \$1.
 A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., net.
 The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.
 A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* \$1.10, net.

- The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., net.
 Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.25, net.
 Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.
 Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., net.
 The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.
 An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* \$3.50.
 The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1, net.
 Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.
 Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.
 The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.
 The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25.
 Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.
 Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.
 Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3 50.
 The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.
 Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.
 My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
 The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.
 Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.
 The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.
 For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.
 The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.
 Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.
 A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.
 The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.
 Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.
 Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.
 Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.
 The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.
 New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.
 The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.
 The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 16, 1900.

NO. 24.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Living Present.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

THE Future and the Past are things of naught;
Full on the living Present fix thy thought;
The Past is as a place of mouldering dead,
The Future is a phantom—far ahead.

But the brave, breathing Present bears you on
Near and more near unto the coming Dawn;
Then, when the Past and Future both are o'er,
Shall there be naught but Present evermore!

The Commemoration of a Crusade.

BY T. L. L. TEELING.



O those who are familiar with the France of to-day, and with the ignoble spirit which now breathes over it—of blatant officialism, of prosaic republicanism, with a sneering undercurrent of unfaith, if not more open mockery of "all that is lovely and of good report among us,"—it may well have seemed passing strange (as it so seemed to ourselves) to learn that a special festival was about to be held in Boulogne in honor of—not Victor Hugo or Gambetta, but so ancient and chivalrous, feudal and Christian an event as the taking of Jerusalem by the brave Godefroi de Bouillon during the Crusades.

Everyone who has visited Boulogne is well acquainted with its new-old shrine, the Lady of the Sea, who stands, in all her sweet solemnity, forever calm and

erect within that frail bark crossing the waves, looking out over the stormy seas toward that shore to which angels are steering the mysterious boat-load, to the land that was and is and shall be *hers*, from fair Provence across to rugged Lourdes, and from wave-kissed Normandy and channel-washed North to Grenoble and Pontmain and the mountains of La Salette. And it was there, in the summer of last year, that pious hands were decking the spacious pile rebuilt on the site of a more ancient building which the Great Destroyer of 1792 had laid waste.

Strange decoration! For once, not the red, white and blue of republican tricolor, nor the crimson hangings of ecclesiastical feast, but white pennants hanging from the roof or clustered in groups at the capitals of each graceful pillar down the nave, blazing with the blood-red cross of the Crusaders,—the same cross which wives and mothers, eight centuries ago, bound, weeping, on arm or breast of one they loved, as they sent forth husband, father, brother, to draw his sword against the infidel,—to fight and, if need be, die for Jerusalem.

Here and there the arms of the noble family who were the lords of Boulogne and its surrounding lands; here and there the symbols of Crusade—lance or helmet or warlike badge; the "*Dieu le veut!*" shouted by every Crusader as he rushed upon the foe; or more special Boulognese war-cry of "*Boulogne belle!*" Up above the crimson-draped

baldachin shone a group of golden reliquaries, light-encircled, with frame of castellated ramparts beyond, simulating a medieval city wall—the walls of Jerusalem. Just so the first old cathedral may have looked long ago, when came news—not flashed by telegraph as now within a few hours of victory, but borne by pilgrim feet returning through many a long month homeward—that Count Godefroi had conquered the foe and won Jerusalem.

Let us recall for one moment the historic scene. We remember how “all the Catholic nations made a truce in their combats to take part together in the holy journey; princes ceasing to wage war, or even to remember their grievances against one another; the very brigands, robbers and adventurers asking for the cross, thereby to expiate their faults and to die at peace with Our Lord. Old men, women, children, beside themselves in the enthusiasm of the moment,—going forth wildly and joyously to an unknown land, all but certain that no return was possible for them, yet triumphantly glad of the glorious death that they knew awaited them. Young men, men in the prime of life, veteran soldiers, dukes, counts, vassals and liegemen,—one and all following the double call of conscience and of popular opinion, requesting their mothers, wives, betrothed, to fasten with their own fair, trembling hands the red cross of the Crusader upon their breasts; and often even selling a portion of their ancestral domains in order to obtain the necessary funds for equipping and maintaining their followers.

“During one whole year, in response to the appeals of Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban, the popular movement was so widespread, so vast, that it seemed as though the whole of Europe *en masse* were about to flock eastward. Not a town, not a village, scarcely a castle in

the length and breadth of the land could be found which was not sending forth its contingent of armed warriors to the great exodus. All that multitude—about a million souls of all ranks and all nations—going out gladly, joyously; chanting the hymns of the Crusaders as they went; traversing with difficulty the intervening countries—Germany and Hungary and the Eastern provinces,—finally the sacred, desecrated soil of Palestine, to range themselves in battle, or encamp before some beleaguered city—Nicaea or Antioch or Jerusalem.”

And why? Wherefore this wholehearted venture, this generous sacrifice of self; leaving home and kindred, ease and riches, for the camp, the battlefield, and, for the most part, the grave? Was it a political experiment, a military movement,—a mere vent for ambition, for greed of gain, for vanity? Ah, no!

For it was the age of faith,—an age from which we are so far removed that a student of the Crusades to-day finds himself wondering what mysterious influence, what secret power, could have thus moved the great multitudes; so incomprehensible have become to us the actions born of a living faith. We indeed should not have been of that vast following—“old men, women and children, who, being unable to fight, followed, praying, in the steps of that army; and at each town they came to on their way asked naïvely whether this were the Jerusalem they had come to deliver.”

Among the princes, dukes and nobles who led the grand Crusade of 1096 through Germany and Hungary to Constantinople, and passed on thence fearlessly to the Holy Land, were the Duke of Normandy, Raymond, Count of Toulouse, lord of songful troubadour land; and one whose name was destined to become more famous still—Godefroi de Bouillon, Duke of Lower Lorraine, with

his younger brother Baudouin, both natives of Boulogne and sons of its noble count and seigneur, Eustache-aux-Grenons; and of his saintly wife, Ida of Lorraine.

It was not only a noble but a very loving home into which were born three little sons, in quick succession; followed later by some sisters and a brother, who died young. Their mother, the saintly Countess Ida, gave herself with completest devotion to the care of her babes; and, contrary to the luxurious custom of those times, she insisted, in spite of the protests of her ladies in waiting, on nursing her babes at her own breast.

Count Eustache-aux-Grenons was among the group of nobles who, with their vassals, accompanied William of Normandy in his descent upon England; and, leaving one of his little sons, Eustache, a hostage at the Duchess Matilda's court in Normandy, he fought by William's side at the battle of Hastings, and was grievously wounded. Meanwhile the plague, that periodical decimator of Europe, broke out within his domains; and St. Ida, fearful for her children, took them in haste from Boulogne to a place some miles distant from the town, where many years afterward an ancient fortress still bore the name of "Godefroi's Tower," in memory of the child-count who had been installed for safety there.

Here, for a brief while, the Countess Ida ruled her husband's little kingdom in his absence; and superintended the education of her young sons, in all piety as well as in the exceptional learning which distinguished herself, and which she therefore encouraged in her children. They learned Latin, Teutonic or German, and the romance language, now represented by modern French,—all which languages Godefroi spoke fluently in later years; while the usual training

of a young noble in horsemanship and arms was, needless to say, not wanting.

But, above all, we trace in this early maternal influence the deep religious feeling which has made the name of Godefroi de Bouillon synonymous with the highest ideal of a perfect Christian knight. We are told that as a child he confided to his mother that he "desired to go to Jerusalem,—not as the pilgrims go, but at the head of an army, if only he had the means to do so." And one fancies that as he knelt before the shrine of the miraculous image in his native town, and heard its story from his mother's lips, the first thought may have come to him of what was to be the glory of his future career.

About the year 636—hundreds of years before St. Ida and her sons knelt there—a knot of soldier-sentinels, standing on the ramparts of the town they guarded, and looking out to sea across the storm-tossed channel which divided their mainland from the rocky island beyond, saw a frail bark approaching, which obeyed the guidance of no human hand. As it drifted slowly, yet with strange purposefulness, toward the spot where they stood, they saw it filled, not by any human form, but by a weather-stained yet graceful wooden figure—the image of the Mother of God holding her Divine Child. The people rushed to the strand. The boat came nearer, until, as wave after wave drew it on, it reached the land and rested there; and the crowd murmured and shouted with joy and awe; and took the statue which stood upon its prow and bore it in triumph up to the town, where they left it within a church already erected, and hereafter to become the often rebuilt shrine of Our Lady of the Sea.

Some legend or tradition woven round it told how, cast out by unbelievers from the shores of Palestine, an angel crew had guided the little bark and its

burden to these northern shores; and Mary had come, as so often since that day, to bless with her presence the Eldest Daughter of the Church. And so the pious thought of Godefroi's biographers pictures him as receiving his first call to the service of the Holy Places from the venerated statue which the sea had brought thence.

When only thirteen years old, young Godefroi was adopted by his mother's brother, Godefroi le Bossu, Count of Lorraine, who had no heir; and went to live with him. He was already "the admiration of all men, both for his piety and his knightly qualities"; and when, two years later, the Duke passed to a better life, his nephew changed his name from Godefroi de Boulogne to Godefroi de Bouillon, the title of one of the Lorraine estates of his mother, and began in his own right to reign. A troublous time followed. The youthful sovereign found himself opposed on all sides, his possessions wrested from him by powerful neighbors, his patrimony despoiled by unscrupulous relatives; and it was not until several years later that, in 1088 or 1089, he obtained from the Emperor, his suzerain, investiture to the Duchy of Lower Lorraine.

Before this, however, young Godefroi had fought under the Emperor Henry at the battle of Wolchsheim, and turned the tide of success in favor of his chief by slaying in single combat the famous Saxon leader, Rudolph of Suabia.

But God had other and greater designs for this chosen soul than to let his life pass in mere mercenary or ambitious wars, whether for liege-lord or his own personal aggrandizement. As the clash of arms died away round his victorious path, another sound fell on his inner ear,—the voice of Peter the Hermit and of Pope Urban, calling from the Council of Clermont (held on French soil) to every knight and prince in Christendom

to come forward and rescue the Holy Places and the Christian captives who languished in chains; and, as we have already said, the Christian peoples in their thousands rose up and answered that appeal. France first—France most numerous, from Raymond of Toulouse in the south to Godefroi in the north; on through succeeding years, till St. Louis, King of France, with the flower of his nobles, the battalions of his armies, left home and wife and ease and country to fight and to die in the Land of Promise. Godefroi, the first of the Great Crusaders, St. Louis, the last, seem to have won for France the proud and dearly-bought privilege of Defender and Custodian of the Holy Land, from those days to this, until, with the decay of faith, the power to hold has slackened, and William of Prussia stepped in to offer a protectorate which it was France's right to give.

But to return to Godefroi de Bouillon. We have told how in his childish days he talked of going to the Holy Land, and now in his young manhood he was to fulfil that boyish dream. Selling lands and castles one by one till he had raised with their proceeds a chosen band of warriors round him (his mother, St. Ida, helped him with money and prayers); taking also with him, as we are told, a body of monks who were to pray and say Mass on the way for the success of their arms, Count Godefroi de Bouillon set forth amid the great body of men who formed the First Crusade.

After many weary months of marching, and fighting by the way, at length the historic moment came when, "having climbed the last hill which separated them from the Holy City, the Crusaders at the sight of its ramparts cried out in transports, 'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!'" and then the entire army of men fell prostrate upon this sacred earth; after

which they advanced, barefoot, up to the walls of Sion.

A weary siege followed. Godefroi, Raymond of Toulouse, and Tancred, nephew of King Bohemond, held each his separate camp; and the sufferings from heat and lack of provisions became so intense that it required all Duke Godefroi's authority and encouragement to keep his army from despair. At last the day dawned which was to bring victory to their arms. The battle began on July 14, 1099. Most if not all the brave soldiers had confessed and received Holy Communion the day before; their leader himself had spent the night in prayer; and at break of day the whole army, like one vast flood, with its guns, catapults, the huge wooden towers used to throw projectiles into a besieged city, and every sort of weapon, poured fire upon and across the opposing ramparts.

All that day the battle raged, and at evening seemed almost lost; besiegers and besieged alike took advantage of the darkness to repair, to an extent, the ravages in their machines of war; and with daylight the fight was vigorously renewed. After some hours—the attack in all its details would fill too much space,—while yet the fate of the city and victory or defeat hung in the balance, as the time of midday approached, that hour at which every Christian church in Europe was ringing the newly prescribed Angelus bell (a devotion instituted by Pope Urban II. for the success of the Crusades), a supernatural occurrence is recorded to have taken place, similar to the well-known apparition in the time of Constantine. As most of the besiegers, weary and discouraged, were turning from the walls to go to their camps, Godefroi and his brother, looking up to heaven, saw—and we may infer that the vision was visible also to the men around them—a warlike figure hovering over the Mount of Olives and signing

to them to proceed with the combat.

The sight nerved leaders and men to renewed exertion; battering-rams and scaling ladders at length effected an opening; and, flushed with victory as they shouted their war-cry, the Christian army entered the city. Jerusalem was taken! It was the 15th of July, 1099, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

And so on the 15th of July, in the year 1899, the chimes of "*Boulogne Belle*" rang out at the selfsame hour, in joyous commemoration of that long-ago hour of triumph. And there beyond, in the Church of Notre Dame, hung the blood-red crosses of the Crusaders' banners; while above the high altar glittered a crystal reliquary containing a relic of the Precious Blood, which Godefroi had sent as his most priceless treasure from Jerusalem to his mother Ida; and beside it shone a fac-simile of the crown he refused to wear "in the place where Our Lord had worn one of thorns"; with a fragment of the old miraculous statue of Notre Dame de la Mer before which his mother and he had knelt together,—a statue destroyed, alas! during the Reign of Terror.

The Church in her wisdom has not seen fit to raise Godefroi de Bouillon to her altars; but the mother whose arms cradled him, whose lips taught him, whose prayers and penances and holy aspirations followed him throughout his career, stands to-day in effigy, in her queenly robes and gracious, thoughtful attitude, above an altar in the church she loved and restored; while a newly-placed fac-simile of the great Crusader's tomb in Jerusalem, where he reigned and died, was solemnly unveiled and blessed by the bishop on that commemoration festival which, with Mass and chant and lengthy panegyric, filled the summer day. Upon its cover are cut the words inscribed upon the original:

"Hic jacet inclytus dux Godefridus de Bouillon qui totam istam Terram acquisivit cultui Christiano, cujus anima regnat cum Christo. Amen."

And upon its base may be read:

"The Catholics of Boulogne, to glorify the memory of Godefroi de Bouillon, and recall his birth in our town, have reconstructed his tomb on the exact plan of that which existed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. July 15, 1899,—the eight hundredth anniversary of the taking of Jerusalem by the Christian army."

On the Wings of Song.

BY THE BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

III.



YOU have looked ill for a day or two, Mr. Carsford,—just when I thought you were quite restored," the *mater*—as she let me call her—said to me one afternoon.

"I have felt worried," I replied; then I added, trying to assume an indifferent air: "Will you not all come again this evening?" I longed for her to say "Yes"; for I intended to play what even Hilda must like.

"I fear not," she said, gravely.

My heart sank, and no doubt I showed a little of my disappointment; for she went on quickly:

"The fact is, Hilda is—indeed we all are—a little sad just now; we are on the eve of a good-bye. Rudolph is going away very shortly."

"Indeed!" I said, relieved, and yet gloomy at Hilda's sorrow over the matter. "But not for long, I suppose?" I added, tentatively.

"Yes—that is—well, to be honest, it's a secret at present, Philip; else I should certainly tell you."

She looked away, but I saw there were tears in her eyes. I could not bear that.

I took her hand and kissed it, and told her—and indeed I hope I spoke the truth—that I would give anything in the world to save her and hers pain or distress of any kind.

"Ah, Philip! it is not that,—you would not understand," she said, smiling through her tears. But as I pressed her, she continued softly: "One must be a Christian to be able to feel how joy and sorrow can come together."

"I am nothing but a pagan dog, I know," I said, gloomily; "but do come to me this evening. I have set my heart upon it. Don't disappoint me."

It was very good of her; but, then, she always was good,—she and Hilda came, leaving the General and Count Rudolph "to smoke and talk business."

"Fräulein, will you let me play to you?" I asked, rather humbly, when Hilda and her mother were ensconced in the window-seat, their nimble fingers busy with work for the poor.

"But not as you did last time, please!" she said, firmly.

"Never again!" I replied, earnestly.

I tried hard to play joyfully, but that I could not do. If I played joyfully for a moment, all became shallow and hollow,—a mere ball-room kind of brightness. Why try for it even? Hilda would not, I knew, turn from tears and struggle and yearning; it was to angry evil passions, unchecked and uncombated, glorified into music, that she was severe. The blind stretching out of the hands to "the choir invisible" awoke, I felt it, her tender compassion; and yet I longed to express more than this. I knew that to Hilda life meant a glorious promise of immortality, not a shadowy longing for it,—a promise so sure that music might, indeed *should*, express it as already fulfilled. Music was a cord snatched by mortals from heaven—or rather, perhaps, heaven's gift to men, borne down by angel voices

that sung around the Saviour's birth-place. To give Hilda full pleasure, I must see the things she saw, and hear the strains no unbeliever's ear might ever catch. Ah, Hilda, how hard did not I and my violin try to soar! How had we ever to sink to earth again, after but a little flight, as the tired lark sinks down into the barren field!

But, Hilda, do not turn away just yet. Let me but imagine it—a tender, a pitying, an eternal love,—a love stronger than death, which the floods of man's ingratitude and sin could not quench,—that would say in spite of all, "*Ecce venio!*"—that would bend down with infinite condescension to a Virgin purer, holier than you, Hilda,—a Virgin through whose sweet hands He will be offered to a sinful world; to those whom, in spite of all, He will deign to call His brethren. Let me imagine this, feast upon its beauty. To the fair Saxon maiden before me these things are not a gracious dream: they are the light of her life, the source of her purity, the secret of her beautiful, calm strength.

O man, for once, this once, fall down and adore, if only in imagination! Come and adore, come and adore! My violin rang out, clear, loud, triumphant: *Cujus regni non erit finis*. "Her King shall triumph; He shall reign from sea to sea, till His enemies are made His footstool. She shall see Him; for He, the Everlasting Truth, has promised it—the vision of Himself to the pure, the pure of heart!"

I must have played close upon an hour; for as I looked up the evening light was gone, and, lo! the pale moon was shining upon Hilda, whose sweet voice was tremulous as she bade me good-night. After her mother had warmly thanked me, she said simply:

"Ah! be your best self always, Mr. Carsford. Is it a small thing to unlock the doors of paradise with music? You

can do it: you have done it for us this very night."

I was now practically well again, but I saw little of the Hohensteins for several days. At length one afternoon, to my great joy, the dear, kind *mater* tapped for admittance.

"I thought you might be ill again and want me," she said; "so I came to see for myself. No: you look well and bright. I am so glad! You must come to see us. We all need a bit of cheering"—her lips were trembling though they smiled,—"for Rudolph is gone."

My heart gave one bound; the next moment I had schooled it to feel for my friend and to hate its selfish joy.

"Dear *mater*," I replied, "I must not and will not ask you any questions; but I do offer you my deepest sympathy."

"Ah, but you may ask me!" she said through her tears. "The secret is out. Rudolph has gone to the seminary; he is to be Christ's soldier now."

Through very much German idealism within me, the English side of me—my common-sense—jumped to the surface.

"The man's clean demented!" I cried. "Why, *all*—he had simply *all* the world can give; and not to know its value, and just to chuck it away as if it were a bad shilling!"

My *mater* could not help smiling.

"No, Philip, you are wrong there; but"—and the bright look on her face made her seem as young and innocent as Hilda—"eighteen hundred years ago a man, filled with the same folly that has filled many a generous heart since then, 'counted all things as it were dung for the love of Christ.' Rudolph has but followed in his footsteps, for the charity of Christ has urged him."

After this, for many weeks, I went to the Hohensteins nearly every evening. We used to have plenty of music and a good deal of quiet talking; for the General was almost as kind to me as

his amiable wife. Then I began to be uneasy. Was I, too, going to be a fool, a Don Quixote? Was I going to put out the light of my eyes with my own silly hands? Most probably; and yet I could not rest till it was done.

I chose my opportunity one afternoon when Hilda and her father were absent, and I had the dear old-fashioned room, with only the *mater* in it, all to myself. I told her of my love for Hilda—my hopeless love, as I called it; for never even in my dreams had I, a cripple, fancied she could be mine. Daily she was growing dearer, more worshipful to me. Now the time must surely come when one to whom she could give the rich treasure of her heart would enter into her life: would it be wrong for me, would it be against her parents' wishes, if I should feel then that I could not cut myself off from her entirely,—that I must often see her, and come under her influence and unconscious guidance?

"What would Hilda think? How would she have me act?"—such questions were more and more becoming a fixed habit of my life. They took me to church Sunday after Sunday; they had checked the cynical words on my lips, even crushed the ungenerous thoughts in my heart. But if I must part from Hilda, let it be *now*; for the longer deferred the harder it would be. I owed it to my *mater* to tell her all this. I still could go,—I *would* go if she said the word.

She did not say it: she rather told me how much she cared for me; how much indeed they all three cared for me. But—and a look of pain crossed her face—she thought they must have been selfish never to have foreseen that their friendship might bring me suffering in the end. She must speak to her husband: he always knew what it was right to do.

I spent a sleepless night after this, but I can not say a miserable one. I was preparing for the worst—for being

told to go. "But no ope," I thought proudly, "can rob me of my one secret treasure. I can never be as if I had not known and loved Hilda. If I have to go, I will do it gallantly; I will live my life manfully." Then the thought of life—long life perhaps—without her, spread itself out before me in all its bitterness; and I cried upon the God and Father of my good friends, who perhaps for their sakes was mine also, to help me in this hour of need. And then other thoughts, braver thoughts, came to me, and I fell asleep at last.

They did not keep me in suspense long. Next morning the General came to me. I had shaped a course for myself, and I spoke first.

"Let me say a few words," I said; "and then, dear honored friend, you will know better how to answer me. I feel unworthy of Hilda—as unworthy as when I told her mother yesterday I could never presume to ask more than for leave to worship her in silence. But now the thought has come to me that there is something holy, something worthy even of Hilda, in such a love as mine,—a love that urges to noble thoughts and brave deeds. There is my crippled body, I know; but I have heart and head and hands. Can not I achieve *something* with these,—something to lay at the feet of Hilda? Do not fear, even if you could hold out hopes that she would welcome me, that I shall ever come back to ask were it for her mere friendship, unless—or until I have done this *something*. Can you give me any encouragement?"

"You have spoken well, Philip," the General replied,— "well and manfully. I could not have given my child to a mere dreamer: he who would win her must be able to *do* as well as to dream. But," he continued earnestly, the brave, weather-beaten old face shining with a light not of this world, "before you

may claim her, you must, my son, have done one act without which no man is great; for from it comes all man's greatness."

"What is it?" I cried, ready at that moment to do or die.

"You must," he answered reverently, "from the depths of your true, sincere heart have made an act of faith."

They gave me leave to speak to Hilda,—to speak to her alone.

"Fräulein," I said, "I have come to bid you good-bye. I am going away."

She suddenly looked up from her work surprised,—surprised at her mother's absence from the room, surprised at my words.

"Going! I hope not for long."

There was kindly interest in her words, but I feared there was nothing more. Perhaps, after all, it might be as well to go away silent, and return only when—ah! *when?*

I walked to the window and looked out mournfully, leaning on my stick with one hand and on the frame of the window with the other. I suppose it was a restful attitude for a cripple, and that I had fallen into it unconsciously. Then I looked down into the street. To-morrow at this same hour the old fountain beneath would as usual be filling the pitchers, the women would be singing as cheerfully, the sun shining as brightly; there would only be one pair of eyes less to note these things,—one weary heart would already be far away.

"Must you go?"

I turned round quickly. Hilda was looking at me, a whole wave of holiest pity in her gentle glance.

"O Hilda, Hilda!" In a moment I was telling her all.

"Philip," she said, laying her hand on mine when I had done, "I might say, 'Don't go.' But it is bravest, it is best,

that you should"—her voice faltered a little. "It seems unkind," she added, softly; "but I wish my parents, I wish myself, to honor and respect as well as love you. Ah, dear friend! I would also not have you come back to me till you have made an act of love toward Him from whom alone pure human love can flow—the only love that is worth having, that will last beyond the grave."

God has been very good to me. I returned to Paris, where, among the many worthless acquaintances I had made, there was one different from the rest, of whom I now remember having heard that he was *un croyant, un dévot*. I had always liked him as a generous fellow; perhaps he would be able to put me in the way of some good beginning. He did,—may Heaven be his reward! He associated me, heretic as I was, to the great schemes of philanthropy and mercy in which he and some of his more influential friends were engaged. It was a terrible year for sickness, poverty, and distress of every kind. After a while I found my work interesting, absorbing; and each blessing uttered by the lips of the suffering and dying in spirit I sent on to Hilda. Meanwhile I carried on my musical studies with a will, and then began composing under an assumed name. Somewhat to my surprise, for I suspected my music was too "German" and "mystical" to be acceptable in Paris, it met with a perfect storm of success. And then came the day on which I did such an easy and cheap thing, and yet it was just *that* which men picked out to make me famous by.

A Russian grand duke was staying in *la cité lumière*. His life was attempted. I happened to be near the carriage, amidst the block. I noticed a wild-looking man near me. In a minute he had raised a pistol, which I knocked out of his hand with my stick. The poor

creature was marched off to jail, and I was slightly wounded. In a day or two I received a diamond snuff-box and an autograph letter of thanks, and woke up to find myself a kind of celebrity. The matter had got into the English newspapers. My grandfather wrote to me quite warmly, saying:

"You are a true Carsford,—a gallant Englishman, after all!"

Ah! but had I done enough to win Hilda? Not yet. My act of faith in Christ and His Church had still to be made; also the act of divine love that alone could guarantee and sanctify the union of earthly loves. Then I bethought me of Rudolph.

"My dear friend," I wrote,—"*friend* though we have hardly ever seen each other,—you who have given up everything, *everything* that man holds dear, for the inestimable love of Christ, pray for me of your very best, that I, too, in my poor way, may believe in Him and love Him with sincerity and truth."

And the light at length came; and I rose from the waters of baptism and the sacred absolution, feeling that now even I was not wholly unworthy of Hilda, since we belonged to the one great family of the Lord Jesus.

And so I returned, and I had ready to lay at Hilda's feet the poor, ridiculous snuff-box and letter of empty phrases, the scores of my successful compositions, and a beautiful letter of thanks from my fellow-workers, signed by a thousand of the poorest of the poor. This last Hilda took up and kissed, as she pushed aside the diamonds, and gave but one bright, proud glance at the music.

"Ah! but, Philip," she whispered, through glad tears, "there is something better even than this. You are *His*,—that is best of all. 'There remaineth now these three—faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity.'"

(The End.)

Reveries.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

I.

WHEN June is teacher in the flower temple,
Implanting in rose-hearts her creed of beauty,
Waking baby-blossoms in cradles green
To learn the secret of their brief life-duty;

When all the songs of love, of joy and praise
That are adapted to the voice of birds,
Resound through bosky glades, where every line
Of the rhymed scene seems set to them for words;

When in the east, like huge millwheel of fire,
Looms the red sun, by Time's slow breezes fanned,
Grinding to dust the golden grain of light,
And feeding it to all the hungry land;

When o'er the work-worn world, with restful touch,
Smiling, a bright-eyed Sabbath morn hums low
Her silver lullaby of church-bell notes,
Borne 'cross daisy drifts—the field's summer snow;

Unclasping the warm hands of Love, Joy, Life,
To part the blue folds of a curt'ning sky,—
On such glad day, midst blossoms, birds, and June,
Meseems, God willing, 'twould be sweet to die!

II.

When Winter, conquering tyrant, comes
And on prattling lips white seal of silence lays,
He to whose power e'en the imperial sun,
Retreating, bows, and forced homage, standing,
pays;

When every frowning cloud has stormy thoughts,
And ice-chained rivers mourn lost liberty;
When all frail things are hunted, wounded, slain,
That vandal winds may set wild passions free;

When lily-cups are crushed, rose-castles sacked
Which once sheltered some belated fairy;
When birds are hushed as bells in Passion Week,
And forests chant grieved Nature's *Miserere*,—

On such chill days of loneliness and gloom,
Could we but feel, through word or deed of ours,
We might make summer in the humblest soul,
Across one life-path train a branch of flowers;

Thread the round darkness on a ray of light,
To some sad heart one moment's solace give,—
Though we were weary, weary unto death,
Meseems, God willing, 'twould be sweet to live!

PLEASURE once tasted satisfies less
than the desire experienced for it torments.—*Abbé Roux.*

Corpus Christi.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

II.

WE turn now to hear what the holy Gospels, St. Paul, and the Church say. St. Matthew tells us: "And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread and blessed and broke, and gave to His disciples, and said: Take ye and eat: this is My body. And taking the chalice He gave thanks, and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this; for this is My blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins."

St. Mark says: "And whilst they were eating, Jesus took bread, and, blessing, broke and gave to them, and said: Take ye: this is My body. And having taken the chalice, giving thanks, He gave it to them. And they all drank of it. And He said to them: This is My blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for many."

St. Luke: "And taking bread, He gave thanks and broke, and gave to them, saying: This is My body, which is given for you. Do this for a commemoration of Me. In like manner the chalice also, after He had supped, saying: This is the chalice, the new testament in My blood, which shall be shed for you."

St. Paul: "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you; that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, giving thanks, broke, and said: Take ye and eat: this is My body, which shall be delivered for you. This do for the commemoration of Me. In like manner also the chalice, after He had supped, saying: This chalice is the new testament in My blood; this do ye, as often as you shall drink, for the commemoration of Me."

The Church, in the liturgy used every day at Mass, says: "And He, on the day before He suffered, took bread into His holy and venerable hands, raising His eyes to heaven and giving thanks to Thee, O God, His Almighty Father, blessed, brake, and gave to His disciples, saying: Take all of you and eat of this, for this is My body."

In an instant I will give the consecration of the chalice; but let me interrupt to draw attention to two things:

(1.) These words of the missal used by the priest are from the oldest and the most authentic copies of the liturgy used at Rome from apostolic times (2.) St. Peter was the Apostle of Rome, and therefore we unhesitatingly conclude that this liturgy, and even its minutest rubrics—"lifting up the eyes," "making the Sign of the Cross," inclining, and so forth—were done by St. Peter himself; and were ordered by him, and obeyed by that Church to the letter. And we just as readily conclude that, as he was present at the divine institution, and saw what the Lord did, and as he revered His slightest action (if any movement or action of the Lord could be called slight), we have little difficulty in believing that St. Peter was merely reproducing to the letter, with reverence and adoration, what he saw the Lord Himself do. So that, as far as historical documents can attest a fact, we have all but indisputable proof that at the consecration the priest, even in the least minutiae, does now what the Lord Jesus Himself did at the Last Supper.

We have the authority of Pope St. Leo IX. that it was by the orders of St. Peter the words *mysterium fidei* ("mystery of faith") were inserted in the consecration of the chalice; and you will notice that they are not to be found in the Evangelists or St. Paul.

The Church, at the consecration of the chalice, says: "In like manner,

after He had supped, taking also the most excellent chalice into His holy and venerable hands, once again giving thanks to Thee, He blessed and gave to His disciples, saying: "For this is the chalice of My blood, of the new and eternal testament; the mystery of faith, which [blood] shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins. As often as you do these things, you shall do them in remembrance of me."

Do you know how many miracles the Lord Jesus has to work before you or I can receive the grace of Holy Communion? Some say ten, some count as many as twelve miracles. In a moment we shall state some of the more prominent; for the present we will briefly think of a few miracles, in order that our minds may come to see.

A small miracle and a big miracle are one and the same thing to God. "He spoke and all things were made." Let us suppose that a person is blind and paralyzed, deaf and dumb, and has lost all brain-power so that he is a fool. Let us suppose that, with all these defects, Our Lord wills him to receive Holy Communion. (1.) The man is blind and can not see the road to go. (2.) He is deaf and dumb and can ask no one. (3.) He is paralyzed and can not walk. (4.) Worst of all, he is demented and can not think to go. The Lord Jesus gives him mind, and he can think of going. The Lord Jesus gives him limb-power, and he can walk. The Lord Jesus gives him speech and hearing, and he can ask. The Lord Jesus gives him sight, and he can see his way.

It is amazing to think that ten or twelve miracles, astounding as these, and more so, the Lord Jesus works, and has to work, every time we go to Holy Communion. And it is by miracle that the priest is enabled to work the miracle of consecration. I am a priest; and it is because of the miraculous and dread

power given at ordination and exercised at consecration that I ask a prayer while writing this paper; and, secondly, that I may speak of this adorable and beloved mystery with due reverence and love.

(1.) The first miracle, then, is the miracle which makes the priest able to work miracles every time he says Holy Mass. Now, think of all the Masses that are said all over the globe in the twenty-four hours,—of all the miracles worked by the love of God every morning to enable priests to work the miracle of consecration.

(2.) The priest orders the *substance* of bread to depart and leave the *accidents* behind. I will say this more accurately in a moment; but I state it this way at present that you may more easily follow me. It is a miracle to make the substance depart and the accidents to remain; but there is a greater miracle: it is to make the substance of bread be changed into God.

We speak of *substance* and *accidents*; let us try to understand them. You take a fruit—an apple or a pear. The taste, the color, and the form are the accidents, or appearance; the rest of the fruit we call the substance. It would be a great juggler that could make you take an apple to be a watch, but it is beyond the power of a juggler to change an apple really into a watch. It would be, if anything, a still greater miracle to make the watch retain the taste, the color, and the form of an apple.

(3.) It is a miracle for anybody to be in two places at the same time. You can not be here and a hundred miles away just now. Some of God's great servants were, by the power of God, and for the time, endowed with the gift of bilocation, or of being in two places at the same time. St. Liguori was in his convent and assisting at the dying bed of Pope Gregory. I do not know if he

was really in the two places, or whether he was physically in one and merely in appearance in the other. This is a famous question between the Scotists and Thomists—whether even God, by His infinite power, could make an earthly body to be really in two places at the same time. Now, the adorable body of Our Lord is no more gifted with bilocation than any human body. It is, therefore, a miracle that He is at one and the same time really and truly in heaven, at the right hand of God, and on the altar.

So, if a number of priests are saying Mass, He is on a number of altars really and truly at the same time. If a hundred priests, then on a hundred altars; if a thousand priests, then on a thousand altars.

(4.) It is a miracle for a creature to receive the Creator,—for a human being to receive God. Say it seriously to yourself: "I am going to receive God." Repeat it: "I am going to receive God." Do you believe it? Can you believe it? You neither would nor could if our Lord had not said it, and if an infallible Church had not taught it. Here is one of the advantages of an *infallible* Church. If a *fallible* church taught it to me, would I believe it? No. Why so? Because it is impossible, without a miracle, that I could receive Him who is infinite; and I would sooner believe that the fallible church was deceived than that I could do what without a miracle was impossible. But an infallible Church tells me that, by a miracle of God, a creature can receive and does receive the Creator; and I bow my head to God's messenger, for an infallible Church can not be from any one but from God.

(5.) The veiling His majesty is a miracle. It is a question between holy and learned men whether the Transfiguration on Thabor was a miracle or the

cessation of a great miracle. You and I will have a long talk about that when we come to the Office of August the 6th. One thing is certain—that a glorified body has wonderful prerogatives from God; and of all glorified bodies our Blessed Lord's has, it need not be said, the greatest of all,—nay, many times greater, many million times greater, than all put together.

One gift, or prerogative, is brightness. "The just shall shine as the sun." Holy writers say that the sun was taken as a type of the brightness of the just; not that the light of the sun was anything like their brightness, but because the sun was the brightest thing known to the minds of people living on earth. Well, let us suppose the sun to convey some idea of their brightness. You know that our sun, with its vast system of worlds, is only one of the numberless systems that exist. You go out at night, and astronomers tell you the wonderful tale that all those stars you see are, each one of them, a sun, with a vast and complicated system of worlds accompanying them. Most of those stars equal our sun; many of them are several times larger and brighter than that planet.

Put the sum and brilliancy of all those vast and dazzling systems of creation—suns and worlds—all together. Now, have you a pin about you? Look at its point. You have no doubt—have you?—that all the wondrous and the bewildering systems of creation, all their brilliancy and glory, are less than that pin's point to the boundless, limitless majesty of the infinite God. And tell me now, my brother, could you or I venture near to receive this God of majesty without a signal and most manifest miracle?

How many miracles would that be in one day? Let us suppose that, out of four hundred million or so of Catholics, five million receive Holy Communion

daily; and that, in tabernacles all over the world, as many more sacred species are reserved. That would give us ten million. Now, if we multiply that by those five miracles we have counted; or by ten, as is commonly laid down; or by twelve, as some say, we get fifty or one hundred or one hundred and twenty million of miracles in a single day. And if, furthermore, we multiply that by three hundred and sixty-five, we get a number that staggers us. So many miracles worked in one year by the God of love for love of us at the altar!

Well may we cry out with mother Church: "Let my mouth, O Lord, be filled with praise!"—"That I may sing Thy glory and magnificence all the day long." We join most heartily with the Church in applying to this divine Gift the inspired words: "He hath made a *memorial* of His wonderful works."

How fitting, how little exaggerated, are the words of St. Thomas in the hymn of the Office of Corpus Christi:

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur, cernui.

So wonderful a Sacrament, then,
Let us worship, bowed down to earth.

On our side, have we any miraculous power to meet, as it were, this amazing array of power on the part of our Divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist? Thank God, we have,—we have a triple miraculous power; and, like every good gift, it has come to us from above. We have faith, hope, and charity. Faith moves mountains. Mountains mean, of course, obstacles, impossibilities; faith moves them all. Hope brings God down to us and raises us up to Him. It is Jacob's ladder, by which we reach to heaven's gate. Charity holds the keys of the kingdom of heaven and puts them in our hands. It does more: it holds even the Heart of God and gives it to us; and He abides in us and we in Him. A little handful of dust on earth and

the great God of heaven are, by charity, made one.

We bring, then, on our feeble part, this triple miraculous power, or gift, to the foot of the altar to meet His sacred tenfold power. And, oh, how we ought to pray that our triple gift may be increased and multiplied! There is, I think, no prayer of such efficacy or merit as the prayer that asks for an increase of faith, hope, and charity. "O almighty and eternal God," prays the Church on the thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost,— "O almighty and eternal God, grant unto us an increase of faith, hope, and charity," and so forth.

But what effect does this God of love produce in the soul when in His mercy He comes to it? We turn for answer to the simple but admirable and holy Gury,—another Jesuit Father. He tells us that the principal effects are:

(1.) An increase of sanctifying grace. This is its principal effect; for, according to Our Lord's words, "My flesh is meat indeed,"* this Sacrament is instituted as a spiritual nourishment. But nourishment supposes that he is alive who receives it; therefore this nourishment strengthens and increases the life of the soul, which is sanctifying grace.

(2.) The acquisition of eternal glory. For Christ, who is the giver of glory, promises this: "If any man shall eat of this bread, he shall live forever."†

(3.) The most abundant bestowal of actual graces. These flow from habitual grace and infused habits.

(4.) A weakening of evil inclinations and a correction of vices, especially immodesty.

(5.) The forgiveness of venial sins. The Council of Trent calls the Holy Eucharist the antidote by which we are absolved from daily faults and preserved from serious crimes.

(6.) Remission of the punishment due

* St. John, vi, 56.

† Ibid., vi, 52.

to our sins, in proportion to our fervor and devotion, as St. Thomas teaches.

(7.) A special union with Christ and His sacred members: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him."

(8.) Preservation from future falls, which is effected in a twofold way: by the increase of charity,—through this holy food the soul is strengthened against corrupt nature; and, secondly, the memory of the sacred Passion, which puts the demons to flight, is more alive in the soul.

(To be continued.)

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

THREE or four years ago, during an exceptionally foggy month of January, I was obliged to spend a week at Geneva, Switzerland. It is only under the sad and sombre sky of winter that the Calvinistic Rome assumes its real aspect. To pay the city a hasty visit during the summer season as most tourists do is not to know it. What recollections can they retain, in fact? The incomparable scenery of lake and mountain, the luxurious hotels on the quays, the fashionable shops on the Coratterie, the cosmopolitan babble of the passengers on the deck of the Lausanne steamer,—that is about all. Calvin's memory holds no attraction; few people are tempted to hunt for traces of that terrible sectarian in the narrow, steep streets of the old quarter of the town, and under the pointed arches of the Church of St. Peter. The tourist carries away from Geneva merely the superficial impression of a rich and beautiful city, situated in the midst of a most enchanting landscape.

On the contrary, to appreciate the cold

but intense poetry of the ancient citadel of the Reformation, one must be there in the heart of winter, when the rigor of the temperature is in accord with that of the local customs, and when the *bise* blows as bitter as a controversy. Lake Lemman is veiled in fog, its voluptuous azure almost fearing to offend Huguenot pudicity; and the very skeletons of the trees are as dry as a lecture. Then it is that one should ascend the dark, damp streets of the higher portion of the city. One finds up there some solitary spots where a barren elm bristles at the top of an ancient stairway; and, without being blessed with great imaginative powers, one can fancy that Calvin is about to appear in person, in gown and cap, holding a Bible with heavy clasps under his fleshless arm, and muttering in his pointed beard some malediction against libertines and heretics.

In that sombre neighborhood is the great Rue de Granges, the Faubourg St. Germain of Geneva, where ancient houses are inhabited by very wealthy and very pious *momiers*, who pass the whole year in praying and economizing. Then, if one descends into the modern part of the town and mixes with the active crowd in the commercial streets, one finds in many of the faces this same expression of crabbed austerity. The women, buried in their furs and veils, seem to conceal their beauty as though it were an object of scandal; and at the entrance to the Bourse one sees men of grave and concentrated mien, who are in reality bankers, and who are talking among themselves about the rate of exchange; but one might take them for learned doctors in exegesis discussing the interpretation of a scriptural text.

May the good Genevese forgive the innocent malice of this sketch! I do not forget the cordial welcome they tendered me when I went there to give a reading of my verses, and the cherished

friends I have made among them. Who would not esteem and admire that hospitable and studious city,—that city of intelligence and of liberty, the natural asylum of so many exiles! But the citizens of Geneva will acknowledge that winters are fierce on the shores of Lake Lemman. My chilliness and general physical distress were therefore quite pardonable on that January morning when, on awaking, I discovered through my window-panes an atmosphere of despair and suicide,—a horrible fog that smelled of soot and that penetrated into my very apartments.

Suddenly the friend whose guest I was entered my room and said gaily: “Do you wish to see the sun?” I thought at first it was a stupid joke. Not at all! Nothing was easier. All we need do was to get into a carriage and be driven to a certain height on Mount Saleve, then continue some few rods farther up the mountain on foot, and we should find ourselves above the fog and should see the sun and the blue sky.

Let us be just. That is a treat we could not procure ourselves in the heart of winter in Paris, or even on Montmartre from the towers of the Church of the Sacred Heart. I joyously accepted the seductive proposition, and a half hour later we were settled in a very comfortable landau, but isolated from the outer world by an opaque glaze that covered the windows.

We drove for a considerable time,—first trotting, then at a walk; insensible to the ascent save from the effort made by the horse, and which one feels so well from the back of a carriage. When ours halted, we stepped out into a thick fog. The cold was piercing. At ten steps ahead of us we could see nothing. We were obliged, besides, to keep our eyes on the ground in order not to fall into the ruts and half-frozen mud. To right and left the trunks of trees vaguely

rose, gnarled, and wrapped as in wool. Though I was at that time a good walker—alas! I can not say as much at present,—the climb seemed a hard one. We perspired under our coats, we panted and puffed; and my companion and myself exhaled through our mouths and nostrils a triple jet of steam, that melted into and mixed with the fog. Meanwhile, leaning on our canes and walking slowly with the lengthened step of mountain-climbers, we advanced and rose by degrees into the white vapor.

Finally it became less dense, and was slightly colored with a tinge of pink,—a sort of presentiment of the presence of the sun. We were approaching the goal. Now we could distinguish the grass on the slope, the vermiculated bark of the oak-trees, and the verdure of the thickets with their evergreen foliage. At length the tops of the pines arose out of the mist in front of us; and above our heads there spread a blue, tender and exquisite light.

It was the sky. We were above the clouds. I could live a hundred years—which I do not at all desire—without forgetting the joy, the enchantment, the intoxication, that filled and penetrated me at sight of that marvellous spectacle. We found ourselves on the summit of a sort of promontory, while on all sides there extended and developed before our eyes an immense gulf, the color of milk,—the cloud through which we had passed, and at the bottom of which was Geneva and its lake. Out of that vaporous sea arose cries and calls, the rolling of carriages, at times the shrill whistle of a train; in fact, all the noises of a large city. I dreamed there of the mysterious Atlantis; and I recalled the legend of the city of Is, swallowed up by the waters of the Morbihan, and whose bells the drowning sailors think they hear.

Facing us, and on the opposite shore,

so to speak, the white chain of the Jura emerged from the clouds; whilst on our right the milky ocean lost itself in the horizon and melted, by insensible degrees, into the pale azure of the sky. At times a gull from Lake Lemman would brusquely soar out of the misty abyss, circle for a moment or two with wide sweep in the full light, then precipitate itself into the cloud again with a loud screech, as though jeering at the inhabitants of the large city, who grovelled at the bottom of the abyss. And nothing was more fantastic than that white sea, out of which the birds sprang and into which they plunged unceasingly. Over all those marvels a winter sun, cold and clear, was throned triumphantly in the middle of the sky, shedding far out on the snow-capped mountain a lilac light of an adorable shade, and making the damp verdure near us glisten like enamel.

Yes, I shall always remember the delightful beating of my heart and my deep sigh of enthusiasm when, after our trying excursion through the dark fog, I was transported to this fairy-land of Nature, and remained dazzled, by so much immaculate splendor.

Why does the memory of that admirable and perhaps unique experience of so long ago haunt me to-day with such persistence? Ah! it is because I have suffered cruelly, and because I still suffer each day, in the flesh; because for me the winter of life, old age with its infirmities, has come. But a short time ago this decay filled me with despair, and I was all but suffocated in a gulf of darkness. Fortunately, the hand of a paternal and pious friend was placed in mine, and ordered me, with gentle firmness, to set out and climb toward the light. How happy I am to have found within myself something of the soul and the prayers of my childhood!

Oh, the sweetness of humility, of faith, of obedience! Hardly have I reached the first stage of my journey, and already the mist of pride and impurity that veiled the right path is melting away.

Still higher, my soul!—still higher—even above all that we can see of the vault of heaven! What memory have I just evoked? On the mountain I was climbing only toward the sun; to-day I mount toward an incomparably more dazzling light; for, according to the words of Michael Angelo, the sun is but the shadow of God.

OCTOBER 28, 1897.

(To be continued.)

Sunny Memories of Rome.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

VI.—THE VIA APPIA ANTICA.

THERE is one drive in Rome which is the most beautiful of all drives; and the season doesn't matter, because in all seasons it is at its best. I mean the Appia Antica. The first part of it is, perhaps, loveliest in spring. As you leave the city, soon, upon your right, you pass the old baths of Caracalla,—very large, well-preserved masses of red masonry, and interesting as relics, but shorn of their beauty since the present government discovered that weeds and flowers overgrowing ruins hasten their destruction, and ordered a general crusade against all the beautiful wild flora and parasites of old Rome. I am not competent to discuss that theory of destruction, but feel sure that many would agree with me in preferring the ruins a little more ruinous and a little more picturesque. No Shelley of to-day will write his Prometheus among the bare, gaunt arches of Caracalla's baths.

At the Gate S. Sebastiano you pass under the dark, echoing arch of Drusus;

on again past the tomb of the murdered Geta; and at the first junction before you come to the cross-roads a church stands on your left. It is very small and humble, but the atmosphere all about it and the country round are so quiet and peaceful that you think it would be pleasant to sit on the chapel step and rest. This is *Domine Quo Vadis*, a name so familiar that the Roman boys tell you they have been for a walk to "*Dominequovadis*," as though the quaint vocable were one word. The tradition that here St. Peter, flying from persecution, met Christ our Lord and asked in wonder where He was going, is of great interest; placing as it does the figure of Peter where beyond all doubt Paul also passed on his way to the city where both were to receive their crown.

After *Quo Vadis* the road somewhat alters in aspect. Often we are between monotonous walls, relieved only by a tangle of ivy or some tall cypress standing within the grounds. Now and again we pass a gateway with its little image of Our Lady in majolica gracing the iron-studded portal. If the gateways are open, we catch glimpses of old-fashioned Roman gardens, sombre bushes of box and laurel; long, narrow avenues bordered with monthly roses; tomato beds and potato plots mixed up with the flowers; and wreaths on wreaths of the little white creeper rose garlanding post and gate. Farther on, the archways will afford glimpses of the blue hills and Campagna and aqueducts, snatch of a bowling-alley or vineyard in the front. And they are exquisite things, those archway pictures, done in such delicate colors like a spring pastel, and set there for you by the roadside ready-framed.

Soon, to our right, lie the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, exceedingly interesting, provided the monk who shows you over does not hurry you. As a rule, only

a small portion of the catacombs are gone through: the frescoed chapels, or cubicula, at the back; the Chapel of the Popes; and the arcosolium, where the body of St. Cecilia was found in 820 by Pope Paschal I. The dream in which her resting-place was revealed to him is recorded in the antique fresco at the Church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, which had been her house and where she was martyred. The body lay absolutely perfect, clothed in cloth of gold, while linen pieces stained with blood were rolled up at the feet. Stefano Maderno saw the body in the sixteenth century, uncorrupted still; and he modelled its fac-simile in that beautiful little statue which now lies over her shrine. A cast of it is in the catacomb at the spot where the body was found and where an altar enables Mass to be said.

It would be impossible to pass the Catacombs of St. Calixtus without one word of homage to the quaint, lovable old man who lavished so much of his lifework there—the archæologist De Rossi. His bust is placed deservedly at the entrance of the catacombs. In his time he was so familiar and so honored a figure at the religious celebrations of the Collegium Cultorum Martyrum and at the cordial *agapæ* following them, that something seems to have gone out of the Roman life with him that can never be replaced.

Before you reach the Basilica of S. Sebastiano a road branches off to the left, leading to the Fountain of Egeria and the Bosco Sacro. Modern investigation has positively denied that this is the authentic fountain, placing it instead within the grounds of the Villa Celimontana. No doubt the authorities are right, since the cracking of the muleteer's whip was to be heard from the Porta Capena by travellers at the fountain. How much we have lost—we who listened to the wranglings of

antiquaries! Who would dare to say now where the Prince of the Apostles was crucified? Let us be thankful they do not impugn the fact itself, or dare to question blessed Peter's identity.

To return to the *ci-devant* Fountain of Egeria. Its chief charm lies in the beautiful sloping hills among which it stands. Those great sweeps of meadow are so cool and inviting that you would like to be a child again for the sake of one glorious, wind-blown run across the lea. A narrow path bordered with iris brings you to the little church of S. Urbano, a property of the Barberinis, who have a pretty annual procession here in the early summer. Originally it was a temple of Bacchus or Ceres, but was later consecrated in honor of Pope Urban,—he who assisted St. Cecilia when she was dying, and whose face, whether real or imaginary, we are familiar with, owing to that remarkably beautiful fresco on the vault as you go down to her crypt in the Trastevere.

The little door leading to the catacomb beneath S. Urbano, where he is believed to have celebrated the holy mysteries and baptized neophytes, is now locked and guarded by the two old women who keep the place. They will tell you that years ago some seminarists lost their lives down there, having missed the passage; so the place is forbidden to strangers. One of these ladies is clean, the other is not. She who is not goes down with you to the fountain; and you wonder how far it is possible to evoke Numa and his enchantress with a draggled, beslippered old dame talking to you all the time of the scarcity of her wardrobe and the urgent necessity of having it restocked—at your expense.

Trying hard to lose her down the steep path—she will not be lost, not she!—you reach a vaulted arch that looks like the remains of an open-air banqueting hall or temple, the walls and floor of

which are overgrown with ivy and delicate ferns. At the extreme end is a mutilated, reclining statue, irre recognizable, but held to represent the nymph; and water that has a fresh, soft sound trickles down to some underground channel beneath.

The grove of ilexes not far from this, supposed to be the wood of Egeria, and which still retains the name of the Bosco Sacro, has at present the unenviable reputation of being the favorite spot for duels. But to return to the Appia Antica and the Basilica of S. Sebastiano, which we had almost reached. Just outside the church a little column, cross-surmounted and raised up on the greensward, makes a graceful vignette against the over-arching background of trees. A picturesque staircase leads down to the basilica. This was modernized in the seventeenth century, but had been originally founded by Constantine at the spot where the matron Lucina buried (on her own property) the body of the martyr Sebastian. His beautiful statue lies under the altar, pierced with arrows; as we may suppose the young captain to have fallen beneath the bows of the Moorish guard.

Artists prefer his first martyrdom, as a subject, to the brutality of the second; and no wonder. Historically, we know that he will rise up again, go before Diocletian and speak with the burning zeal of an apostle for Christ and the Christians, ere being sentenced anew and beaten to death with clubs. But Bernini makes him lie dead, dart-pierced; his head thrown back against his armor; and the long smooth arms hold no weapon that had been trained to sword and buckler. It is clear to you that he might have fought for his life and did not fight for it; and Bernini has put some of his best into the figure, which is really fine, and out of which he has almost kept those irrepressible

twists and mannerisms of his that so often try your patience. Giorgetti worked it in the marble; but Bernini designed, as you would see at a glance, and deserves honor for it.

An inscription records that "in this sacred spot called the catacombs were buried the bodies of one hundred and seventy-four thousand blessed martyrs, as well as forty-six sovereign pontiffs, who were also martyred. At the altar in which lies the body of St. Sebastian, the athlete of Christ, the Sovereign Pontiff St. Gregory the Great saw an angel of God whiter than snow assisting him in the tremendous sacrifice, and saying: 'This is that most holy spot in which is the divine promise and the remission of all sins, splendor and light eternal, joy without end, which the martyr of Christ Sebastian possesses through His merits.'" The bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul also rested here for a time, when, the Eastern Church having claimed them for her own, the relics were about to leave Rome by the Appian Way, and were saved to the Eternal City only by a storm, which delayed the Orientals, and enabled the Roman Christians to reclaim their treasure.

The catacombs adjoining the basilica are not as interesting as some of the others, but they are among the very few that were never quite lost sight of through succeeding ages, and which constantly occupied the devotion of the faithful. In the fifteenth century they were the only ones open. It is, perhaps, for this reason that so many saints have loved S. Sebastiano. St. Bridget, St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Philip Neri spent so much of their time here in prayer that their names seem connected with the memory of the martyrs. Before leaving the basilica we must not forget the print of the foot on a stone removed here from Domine Quo Vadis, where a copy of it is kept, held to be that

made by the sacred foot when Christ our Lord paused on the Appian Way to answer Peter.

As we get out into the country beyond S. Sebastiano, the walls and dwellings fall away, and the great, still breath of the Campagna begins to blow silently in our faces. We ascend a pretty stiff hill, and at the top, on the left, stands the tomb of Cecilia Metella, a great, round, drum-shaped mausoleum of rich-toned brick. It was once cased in marble, but—where is the marble now? The battlements are relics of mediæval days when the historical Caëtanis held it as a fortress. Now, occasionally, the hounds meet at Cecilia Metella; and, with the scarlet-coated horsemen and fair sports-women in English habits, under the walls of their once castle ride the Caëtanis of our own day. One of them bears the name of his ancestor, Pope Gelasius; another that of the Knight Roffredo, and so on, and so on. Thus in Rome the past and the present are ever meeting. Here and there links stand out in the unbroken chain; dead centuries are as yesterday; and how many names and customs, lore and wording, can we trace back not unfoundedly to days far from our own!

Beyond Cecilia Metella the Roman tombs begin. The road is narrow, and much of the original pavement still in place makes it terrible to carriages. On either side of you, just off the road, stones grey or white, fragments of wall or arch, base or entablature, and cippus and pillar and frieze, and bas-relief and statue,—now in flawless preservation, now mutilated beyond hope. They stand erect or have toppled over after long enduring, and lie half-buried in the grass. Lizards cling to the sun-warmed stones; a tall, hardy flower rears its head beside some broken marble, and between them they make a poem. I am not sure of its moral: whether the

shortness and sadness of all things or their endless, unceasing beauty and joy.

Neither the tombs nor the flowers of the Appian Way say hard things of death or life. The dust laid away there may have been agonizingly loved; there is nothing left to tell of that now. You wonder, idly, who and what the men portrayed in the bas-reliefs may have been. Their faces are calm. The graves are warm in the sunlight; thistles nod their heavy, still heads in the breeze; larks go piping up into the blue above you with swift, gladsome snatches of flight; the sounds and sights are all joy and, still more, peace. So you also will live your little life of work, which was not needed; of sorrow, which will be comforted; of flimsy doubt, perhaps, in face of the eternal, immutable, great white truths of God. Your days will be neither longer nor sadder nor happier (save in their Christianity, and in that much happier) than those of the slumberers by the Appian Way. You, too, will be laid away—with tears!—after your wanderings, which were hard, and which you by many faults made harder; and by and by—O my heart!—when time enough has passed, against the stone that marks our unremembered sleeping, flowers will spring up. Do not remind me that the flower, too, will wither and the stone fall: God stays.

If you meet carriages, they contain tourists of all sorts and descriptions, from the bearded, be-spectacled professor, or landau full of stout German fraus, to the young couple on their honeymoon. As they turn back from that road which still lies as a white ribbon before them, winding away through all Italy even to the sea, and set their face toward the city, and that faint blue dome of St. Peter's everywhere visible, they stand up in their carriages for one last long look over the plain. The spell of the great, breathing, soft-undulated solitude

is upon them. For one moment all else has gone out of existence; and only this inscrutable, silent-speaking, ever-changeful miracle of space, color and infinitude holds them.

They will not explain the Campagna: no man has ever explained it. There it lies, and they have not even described it; for each says what he thinks, and it is true. But they have not so much as fixed its color. Green, brown, purple heather,—none of these distinctly, yet all blended; in the mist a blue transparency; in the winter sunset, one vast blaze and glory rolling away like a burnished sea. You think you love the Campagna. Wait till one day in a strange land a man steps back from his unfinished canvas, that you may see his work; and, unexpectedly, the sweet blue Alban hills, the sweeping pastures, and still Roman pools of skylit water lie in your sight. You stand silent, and he waits for your praise. Then he speaks, and you must needs turn to him; and—oh, well!—he has brought tears to your eyes.

I still remember my farewell to the Via Appia. A quiet, cloudy afternoon in October,—the month when all things go. No light to speak of, but just one universal tint; the whole view lying beneath it infinitely sad and dreamy. When we came near that spot which is, perhaps, the most picturesque of the whole Appian, where the grouped pine-trees reach out their branches over the roadside, and the green grave-mound on the right rises up tall and smooth, I walked forward alone. The silence was intense: not a voice or sound anywhere, save, as I waded through it, the threshing of the yellow finocchiella against my knees. I clambered up a knoll, and then sat, thinking how soft the grass was under my hands.

Properly, I should have been in utter misery: I look back to it as one of the

most exquisite hours of my life. There were people on the road—a thousand miles from me,—and the whole beautiful landscape lay around, as far as the eye could reach, like some vision that had forgotten to fade. In the purple distance, the boundless plain; a curl of blue smoke from some lost farmstead; the white Appian, the tombs; and the air so pure that it made you draw deep breaths in rapture. From far away in the great stillness, where the sheep were gathering for nightfall, came the soft, dim tinklings of bells. So it has stayed with me. No sorrow, but, when I think of it, an October serenely lovely; for sound, the threshing of the wild fennel as it lies a low, feathery sea of pale-gold; the vivid breeze, quick-blowing; and then, through all the fresh, sweet silence of the hyacinth evening, that jangling, soft clangor of bells.

Cameos.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IX.—JOHN B. TABB.

OF the life of one of the most exquisite and original poets of our time, John B. Tabb, all the literary biographers tell. You can get the dates of his birth and his conversion and ordination to the priesthood; and discover the fact that he directs the English studies in the Sulpitian College of St. Charles, near Ellicott, Maryland. And persons who visit that delightful place will tell you that he is invisible except to his intimate friends; though he may be seen in the distance, breviary in hand.

The only time I had a good look at him was during a sermon delivered in the chapel at the Carroll Manor. Everything was propitious for the little discourse, illumined by the light of the Resurrection, which he preached to the

country folk. The apple and cherry trees were in full bloom, and he held a spray of the cherry blossom in his hand when he began to talk. The chapel at the Manor, with its beautiful, soft-toned copy of the Immaculate Conception by Murillo, is full of the atmosphere of devotion. There is a "nearness to God" about it such as one finds in places like old St. Joseph's in Philadelphia, but not in newer churches.

Father Tabb, tall, slender, wrapt in his thought, and illumined by the grace of the moment, spoke, with the cherry blossoms as an illustration of his text, that poetry which, Cardinal Newman tells us, is of the very life of every Christian. Flee as he may from older eyes, a boy can always reach Father Tabb; for all who know his poetry must know that he loves children as really of the kingdom of heaven.

He has the poetic spirit and the poetic form. He has the soul of the poet and the music of a poet. He sees and feels; and, as the cherry blossoms were somehow or other woven into his sermon, all that he sees and feels is woven into the praise of the God of all love and beauty. He has been called, on one side, the greatest poet of America; and, on the other, a mere carver of cherry-stones. It is a very difficult thing to decide who is the greatest poet of any country; hitherto the rhetoricians have reserved that title for the man who makes an epic.

Now, Father Tabb will never make an epic. He is not a mere carver of cherry-stones; for he creates first what he afterward molds with consummate art. And a cherry-stone is not an emerald or a ruby or a shell where the carver can put his intaglio. No living poet can carve more delicately,—that may be admitted. And this is true: if a vote were taken among English-speaking readers as to the poets of America, there

would be no dissenting black stone cast against the proposition that Father Tabb's work answers to all the possible definitions of poetry.

He has not achieved his great vogue in England through a barbaric "yaup" or by an "American flavor"; the best of the English have said: "This is a poet as essential, as unique as Keats or Shelley." He is a lyrist of the first quality. No compressed, yet free, song of Heine's or Tennyson's is finer in quality than "The White Jessamine" or the "Grief-Song." The deep suggestion of Goethe's "Mailed" and "Nachtlied"—where every word touches unknown vibrations from the heart—is in nearly all Tabb's poems.

As a lyrist, his name stands among the finest five. The best of the Elizabethans is no more than his equal. In some of the objectively religious poems, there is a touch of exaggeration that seems to border on the grotesque. This may be because he sometimes sees things from a child's point of view. You know, of course, the famous "Grief-Song"?

New grief, new tears,—
Brief the reign of sorrow:
Clouds that gather with the night
Scatter on the morrow.

Old grief, old tears,—
Come and gone together;
Not a fleck upon the sky
Telling whence or whether.

Old grief, new tears,—
Deep to deep is calling;
Life is but a passing cloud
Whence the rain is falling.

The following is in "Lyrics," 1894:

Among the trees, O God!
Is there not one
That with unrivalled love
Thou look'st upon?

And of all blessed birds,
Hath not Thy love
Found for its fitting mate
The homing dove?

Or, mid the flame of flowers
That light the land,
Doth not the lily first
Before Thee stand?

So says my soul, O God!
The type of Thee;
In each life-circle, *one*
Was made for me.

Nobody has ever fully defined poetry. The expression of the beautiful in fitting words? Imagination at a white heat? A cogent appeal, made musically, to the emotions through the imagination? There is something more in real poetry than all this; and you find it in the verses of John B. Tabb in perfection. It is inexplicable: you can not analyze it, but you can not fail to feel it. Cardinal Newman observes somewhere that all non-Catholic churches, while they place themselves first, put the Catholic Church second. Similarly, while some who make lists of real poets writing in English may put others first, all will put Father Tabb very near the first.

Unhappily, with us the conditions of fine art are so little understood generally that a man must make a big thing in literature to be recognized at all. It is only in France that one could be made an Academician because of a handful of exquisite poems. In English-speaking countries a big canvas or many canvases help much in the estimate of the artist. A study of the little poems of Father Tabb will show how the very shades and essence of words and music may express the highest philosophy. The title of "Tenebræ" is in itself a poem:

Whate'er my darkness be,
'Tis not, O Lord! of Thee;
The light is Thine alone,
The shadows all my own.

Just as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.—*Hawthorne.*

THE hours in which we come in contact with great souls are always memorable in our history.

—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Notes and Remarks.

From Basutoland, near the seat of the South African war, comes the tardy news of the conversion of the chief Massupha, a Kaffir of very unusual ability. Indeed, he was a sort of black Napoleon, and both Englishman and Boer found in him a warrior worthy of their genius. In his youth he was baptized by a Protestant missionary; but his new faith hardly penetrated deeper than did the baptismal water, and he soon returned to all the superstitions of paganism. Withal he had great respect for the Church and for priests, and often dismissed with scant courtesy those who attempted to inflame his mind against Catholics. In 1883 there was a grand reunion of the Kaffir nation, at which, among other topics, religious questions were discussed. One of the missionaries having attacked devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Massupha replied in a very effective speech, from which we quote:

A minister has said there is an impassable gulf between them and Catholics, and that gulf is Mary. I have heard priests speak and they give this explanation: Mary is the Mother of Jesus, and Jesus is the Son of God, and consequently a great chief, greater than Moshesh; hence Mary is the Mother of a great King. Now, the mother of a king we call queen; consequently Mary is a queen. Her Son, who went up into heaven, called His Mother to Him; she is seated near Him full of glory and power. So the Romanists address this Queen, saying to her: "O thou who art near God, pray for us!" Understand, they do not say, "We pray to thee," but "Pray for us." All this seems very reasonable to me. See, for instance, the mother of your chief: do not all respect her? Do not all call her queen? Does not some one serve her, sweep her home, light her fire, and cook her food? Who would compare her to the low-born woman that gathers the herbs of the field for food? No one. Well, then, the Queen of Heaven is the much more grand as Jesus is much more powerful than my father Moshesh.

Massupha then procured a statue of Our Lady, which he set in a conspicuous place in his hut; and within a year he asked to be received into the Church, requesting that the ceremony be as public

as possible, in order to show that a great warrior was not ashamed to profess his faith before the pagans. Soon afterward he died.

The "non-conformist conscience" is a phrase that has struck terror into the soul of many a politician; but, while the thing itself seems destined to remain yet a little while, the phrase is already discarded. The non-Anglican Protestant bodies in England have adopted the title of "Free Churches," and the non-conformists become "Free Churchmen." As yet they have hardly been affected by the so-called Catholic movement in the Church of England, but occasionally one sees a promising sign. The war with the Boers seems to have aroused fresh interest in the question of prayers for the dead; and a Protestant journal of the old-fashioned type, the *Christian World*, in the course of an argument in favor of the Catholic practice, says: "Thoughtful minds are now asking themselves whether the sixteenth century onslaught on Purgatory and priestcraft did not, in the rush, carry away with it some precious things that it is now time to restore."

We can not say that we have read word by word all the speeches made at the recent Congress of Mothers. They are not easy reading, though most of them would seem to have been written as Sandy always jokes—"wi' deefficoolty." To be candid, the only speech we have read was the one by Prof. Mary Smith, professor of sociology or something at some state university. She is nothing if not learned, intent and intense. She spoke on motherhood, manliness, education, and other themes too numerous to mention. We can not undertake to combat her views, which are decidedly novel and somewhat foggy besides. Mr.

Spencer is obscure at times, but Prof. Smith is misty most of the time. She is what might be called a sociological latitudinarian, and the arguments of these people are not easy to follow. But, then, we were distracted. We were thinking of another address by our celebrated countryman, Mr. A. Ward, to a deputation of ladies belonging to the Bunkumville Female Moral Reform and Woman's Rights Association. These ladies, as Mr. Ward relates, wanted to be admitted to his great moral exhibition without paying, and the genial showman was indignant. The incident is related in Artemus Ward's *Complete Works*, page 85:

"O woman, woman!" I cried, my feelin's worked up to a hi poetick pitch; "you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when...you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin' lyons, seekin' whom you may devour,—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin', "way well what A. Ward has sed!"

If Prof. Mary Smith's speech contained any passage as notable and quotable as this, we should here reproduce it. Mr. Ward could not boast of orthographic powers, but we venture to assert that his spelling is as good as Prof. Smith's sociology any day.

Lord Denbigh, who received Queen Victoria on her recent visit to Ireland, is not a member of one of the old Catholic families of England, as has been assumed; his father was a convert, and, according to the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, a convert by an unusual process. In 1848 Lord Denbigh's father, then Lord Fielding, fresh from his university studies and impregnated with prejudice, visited Ireland. The *Weekly Register* thus summarizes the rest of the story:

There was in Ireland at that time a man named McClusky, who, in reputation, was second only to Dan O'Connell. His official position was a guard on the coaches that plied on the western roads.

But his wit and humor and genial intelligence made him famous from one end of the country to another. A seat beside McClusky on the coach was regarded as an intellectual privilege; this Viscount Fielding was fortunate enough to secure. They talked of religion and of politics; and the guard's knowledge, readiness, and intelligence amazed the nobleman. Still he was not quite satisfied. He dilated on the cramping effect of the Catholic religion on the minds of the young.

McClusky proposed a simple test. They picked at random a barefooted boy of twelve or thirteen years from a crowd that swarmed out of the school with their books under their arms. The Viscount was more amazed by the intelligence of the boy than he had been by the intelligence of the guard. He was specially impressed with the child's devotion to his religion and practical knowledge of its teaching. At parting he offered him a sovereign, which the bare-legged boy refused, suspecting that his lordship was one of the proselytizers who then infested the country, and which McClusky accepted for the boy's use. In parting with the guard at the end of their journey in Mullingar, his lordship told him that he had learned more from the little boy than he had done from all his reading. A year later McClusky received from Lord Fielding a handsome silver-mounted innerschaum pipe in remembrance of the day and drive, to which he said, he owed, under God, his conversion to the Catholic religion.

Could anything better illustrate the power of the Penny Catechism or the need of thorough and systematic instruction of the young? Could anything be more encouraging to the conscientious catechist, whose efforts both secure the faith of his pupils and make of each of them an apostle of the good tidings?

The "commencement season" is at hand; and it is just possible that some of our overworked priests and devoted religious, reflecting on the sacrifice of money and comforts entailed by the support of our own schools, may be tempted to wonder whether it is all really necessary, or to ask, What's the use? A portion of a letter written by St. Vincent de Paul to M. Olier supplies so pat an answer that we gladly quote it:

I wish we could have a school filled with the supernatural spirit, where children might learn to read and write and also be trained into good parishioners. For to see money spent on teaching them merely to read and write without making

them better Christians, is really a pity; and yet this is generally the case. Nowadays all classes of children go to school, but to schools where nature is everything. We must not, therefore, be surprised if afterward they do not lead Christian lives; for in order to have a school useful to Christianity, one must have masters who will labor there like perfect Christians, and not like hirelings, regarding the office as a miserable trade, taken up to earn their bread. For my part, I declare from my heart that I would willingly beg from door to door to procure the means of living for a real schoolmaster; and, like St. Francis Xavier, I would implore all the universities for men not to go off to Japan and the Indies to convert the infidel, but to begin this excellent work. I believe that a priest who had the science of the saints would be a schoolmaster, and would be canonized for it. I believe that if St. Paul and St. Denis were to come to France now, they would undertake the work of schoolmasters in preference to any other. For fifty-seven years I have been familiar with the work of a field-laborer, and during all that time I have seen no work more futile than that of sowing in ground that had not previously been well manured and ploughed. Now, it is by means of Christian schools that hearts are prepared to receive the word of God from preachers. The school is the novitiate of Christianity; it is the seminary of seminaries.

Every line of this paragraph hits our own needs and conditions so accurately that it is difficult to believe it was penned by a French saint so long ago. "The school is the novitiate of Christianity; it is the seminary of seminaries," are memorable words.

The late Bishop Vertue, of Portsmouth, England, probably lived long enough to revise the unfavorable judgment he must have formed of Americans as the result of his first visit to this country. When a young priest, he accompanied Mgr. Bedini as secretary and interpreter during the Italian prelate's visit to the United States, which coincided with the heat of the Know-nothing madness. A malicious story to the effect that Mgr. Bedini had put an Italian revolutionary hero to death while governor of Bologna led to a serious riot, and the house in which the Nuncio and his secretary were staying was repeatedly mobbed. One night the onslaught was

so furious that both gave up all hope of rescue and prepared for death. This was not the only stirring episode in Bishop Vertue's career. He had arrived in Rome as a seminarian in 1848, just when the Revolution broke out. He was also one of the first priests appointed as chaplains to the British Army, and was frequently commended by the government for extraordinary courage and devotedness. He went through a yellow-fever epidemic in Bermuda, where he was permitted, on his own request, to remain till the plague had abated. It is a singular circumstance that, after escaping so many perils, his death should have resulted from a trifling accident. Dr. Vertue was an active and forceful bishop, and his death is very widely mourned. *R. I. P.*

There is an evident tendency among the newspapers and magazines to hold up the case of the unfortunate Dr. Mivart as proof that the Church is incapable of assimilating modern thought, while the sects have no such difficulty. This comparison of the Church with the sects not only limps: it hasn't a leg to stand on. Father Ryder has pointed out that a healthy man will naturally reject indigestible food that is offered to him, while a carpet-bag rejects nothing that is put into it. But since a man is a living organism, and the carpet-bag is not, it is inconclusive to point to the greater receptive power of the carpet-bag, which really assimilates nothing of what it takes in. Moreover, when poison is offered as food, what a healthy man needs is not power of assimilation but an emetic; and in cases of heresy the Church promptly administers an emetic. That sort of medicine has never been pleasant to take, but is it reasonable to cast the odium of it on the physician who finds it necessary to prescribe the emetic, rather than on the poison for which it is the antidote?

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Angelus.

WHEN across the eastern hilltops
Gleams the sun's first golden ray,
Mary's name is whispered softly,
Consecrating all the day.

When at noon the bell's sweet chiming
Fills with harmony the air,
Whisper we again our *Aves*,
Pouring forth our love in prayer.
And when night hath come upon us
Rings the Angelus afar,
Turning grateful hearts to Mary—
Love's unfading Evening Star.

So in life we need our Mother
Through the onward speeding hours:
In glad youth-tide, life's fair morning,
When the dew is on joy's flowers.
And we need her more at noontide
In the labor and the heat,
When her very name gives courage
To our weary, lagging feet.
But we need her most when shadows
Mark the close of life's full day;
Then it is we seek her guidance
For the ending of the way.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

VII.—A STRANGE ACQUAINTANCE.

THE last suggestion of Ben Morris clinched the matter in Myles' mind. Not only would they be whalers, but missionaries as well. No reasonable parent could object to such an enterprise. From that time forth he went into the scheme with redoubled ardor and made a special study of the subject. He made one important discovery: that it is not alone in those frozen seas of the far North or the far South that whales

abound. As he said to Ben, he was not at all sure that it would not be better to steer their course for the tropics, and in the still waters of those warm latitudes throw their first harpoon.

Some discussions arose on this point. Ben had a preference for Greenland's icy mountain or for the Antarctic Ocean; whereas Myles had a confused but strong partiality for the Southern Cross, for sugar plantations, orange groves, banyan trees, and bananas, within reach of his hand,—always, of course, when they had landed, after undergoing their full share of the perils of the deep. He fancied, too, that missionary work might be more prosperously carried on where the danger of frost bites to the neophytes was less imminent. However, they agreed that this subject of latitude was a minor point to be settled later meanwhile their chats abounded more than ever in appropriate phrases. They talked of "whaler's luck," of "raising" a whale, and so forth.

Myles was very near betraying his secret to the keen-eyed and keen-witted German who worked so faithfully and so silently in a dark corner of Miss Mills' establishment. Susan had sent him round there to see about having the dining-room clock mended; for Lucas Meyers' trade of watchmaker included the care of clocks. Myles stood beside him as he examined the works, and observed the various fine and delicate instruments with which the old man had just been busy.

"It must be hard to make watches," said Myles.

"Everything is hard that is worth doing," said the old man, in his strong foreign accent.

"That's what *I* say!" returned the lad, with enthusiasm. "But difficulties should never prevent a man—I mean a boy—from undertaking anything."

"*Nein!*" said the old man, giving a keen glance at him over his spectacles.

"Well, I mean dangers, opposition, hardships!" explained Myles.

"Dangers, opposition, hardships!" repeated the German slowly, as though he were considering the meaning of the words. He had experienced all three himself; but what did Myles mean?

"If a boy chooses a career," observed Myles, "he must not be turned back by what people say or by fear of having to rough it."

"What kind of a career chooses he?" asked the watchmaker, fixing his dark eyes on Myles, who suddenly became confused, stammered, hesitated, and realized that he had come very near to revealing his secret.

"Take that watch," said the old man, pointing to his unfinished work. "If the fine wheels I put in there where is the big and coarse wheel, what will happen? If I seek to press the big and coarse wheel where should be the fine one, there is an end of the watch; and the fine wheel is no use and the coarse wheel it is broke. So must a boy fit his career and the career fit the boy."

Mr. Meyers having made this rather long speech, relapsed into silence; nor was Myles very eager to draw him into conversation again. The boy hurried away, in fact, feeling that his old acquaintance had made a rough guess at the truth. And Lucas Meyers smiled grimly, recalling the boy's talk.

"I have heard him say harpoons," muttered the old man; "and he speaks of the dangers and the hardships and the opposition." Then, as he bent over his watch, he continued his soliloquy: "O fool youth! O fire that must be quenched with the dark of year! O light

that will soon burn dim! I, Lucas Meyers, have dreamed, have dared, have hoped. Who sees it in the wrinkles of my cheeks, in the frosts of my hair, in the bend of my shoulders?"

Miss Julia here came in, quite in a pleasant fluster, smiling, affable, effusive; and the lips of that sphinx-like man were closed as grimly as ever, and the worker was once more as silent as the statues in the show-case.

Myles meanwhile, pondering that speech, went home rather subdued. There was something in the aptness of the illustration which appealed to his good sense. But by the next morning he had persuaded himself that he would be the right wheel in the right place, if once embarked on a whaler; and was more than ever determined to follow that calling and no other.

The next day was a holiday, so Miles called for Ben early to go down to the docks. On the way they met Art Egan. The docks had been a favorite place of resort with them always, but especially since it seemed to bring them nearer to the realization of their project. To look out over the water, to see the great ships lying at anchor afar off in the bay, to note the very fishing sloops going upward through Hell Gate to the Sound,—each had its special joy. Some day they would set sail; they would feel the glorious scent of tar in their nostrils mingled with the fresh odor of salt waves. Standing upon those piers, they burned with an eager longing for the new life of change, of adventure, of danger. This craving for the unknown and for the life of daring adventure, did not prevent them from enjoying the passing hour. They climbed to perilous spots, overhanging deep waters; they stood in the sunshine on the pier and yelled to the people on the ferry-boats, each of which they identified.

"There goes the *Hunter's Point!*

That's the *Astoria Ferry*! There's the *Sylvan Stream* going way up to Harlem!" Myles cried out, as each in turn steamed onward, leaving in its wake so wide a track of foam.

Sometimes children on one or other of these passenger boats returned the boys' waving of hats or handkerchiefs; or shouted in response to their cries,—the voices coming faintly over the waters.

"Father's going to take us up in the *Sylvan Stream* some day to Mt. Morris for nutting. That will be in the fall, of course, and we will come home in the evening in the *Sylvan Grove*."

Myles said this rather gravely,—not with the joy with which he would have made such an announcement before. He exchanged a mysterious glance with Ben, and both boys felt that their souls had gone far beyond expeditions for nuts or berries.

Art Egan, who was an unsophisticated lad, and never dreamed what wonderful visions had crossed the minds of his companions, said enthusiastically:

"Cricky! I'd like to go. 'Cause I think nutting's the best fun out, besides the two long sails."

At this point they were interrupted by the appearance quite close beside them of a very singular personage,—a man who seemed to be a foreign sailor of some sort, most probably a Turk; for he wore loose, baggy trousers, an embroidered jacket, and a scarlet fez upon his head. In his ears were rings. His face, which was naturally swarthy, was darkened by the effect of sun and weather almost to blackness. The boys looked at him startled. Myles' first impulse, as he said himself, was to "cut and run." He didn't like the looks of this "chap" at all. The man, however, spread out his hands in deprecation, and spoke in what the boys set down as "pigeon English," resembling that which they heard from the Chinese.

"Me not make afraid. Very nice leetle mister boys!"

It was very hard for the lads to keep their countenance at this address. However, standing in such attitude as to be prepared to run if necessary, they waited to hear more.

"Leetle mister boys," he said, "they look out over the river. A pretty water and a nice enough sky. But the mister boys they tink it run not fast like the sea, and it have not the nice smell of the big ocean."

Both Myles and Ben were startled by this perception of what they had been actually thinking. The man, though invisible to them, must have been observing them closely. Myles cast a swift, curious look into the man's face, which he, catching, smiled—if the grin which contorted his whole face could have been called a smile.

"There is big world over there," he continued, waving his hand toward the bay. "Me old and go many places."

This struck a sympathetic cord in both boys.

"Go north, go south. Feel cold, feel very hot. See nice enough tings."

Myles' heart began to beat, and he knew that there was a sympathetic movement on Ben's part, which showed that he had cast out all fear. The man seated himself on an end of the pier, looking out over the water, shaking his head, and letting fall strange phrases, which sounded like music in the ears of the listeners. It was as the voice of the siren long ago tempting the fated mariners.

"The ocean in the storm and in the fine. Oh, very big waves, loud thunder! Another day calm, with gold shine on it. Very nice."

Neither Myles nor Ben thought of interrupting him by a word, but stood breathless.

"Me go England, France and Italy."

Each country me see. India very big, wonderful; palms, flowers; the castles of marble—each color, all color. The gardens of the roses nice enough. The jungle, very wild beasts in there; fine fur on them, beauty skins. Gold, jewel, diamonds in that land. Pretty hot. Me go to Russia, cold enough; frozen lands; river froze too; skate, sleigh, hunt the wolves. Me go more north; cold, cold; much ice, big, big!"

Myles could not here refrain from a question.

"Mister," he said, "were you ever on board a whaler?"

(To be continued.)

An Honest Judge.

Sir Matthew Hale was known as the Honest Baron of the Exchequer. The cause of the poorest and most obscure man was safe in his hands. Once one of the greatest peers of England called at his rooms.

"I have a suit which is to be tried before you," said the nobleman; "and should like to acquaint you with my side of the question before discussing the matter in court."

"My dear sir," answered Sir Matthew, "you have wasted your time in calling upon me. I never listen to one side of a question unless the other is ready to be presented. You can tell me your grievances in the court-room."

At that the nobleman was affronted and complained to the king.

"Ah!" said the monarch, "you can thank your stars that you got off as well as you did. I believe that if I had gone to Sir Matthew on a similar errand I should have been used in the same fashion."

Once when he was going about the circuit trying disputes at law, a gentleman who had a case on the docket sent him a fine deer as a present.

"Who sent it?" inquired Sir Matthew of his cook.

The servant told him the name of the donor.

"Pay him for it without delay," said Sir Matthew.

But the gentleman refused to accept payment, and sent word that he was not a dealer in venison, and that he had only followed his usual practice of sending a fine deer to every judge who travelled that way.

"And I follow my usual practice in refusing to accept bribes," returned Sir Matthew.

At Salisbury the dean and chapter sent him six sugar loaves, saying they had a case in court, and that the present was no bribe, but that they simply observed an ancient custom.

"It is an ancient custom with me," replied the judge, "to pay for my sugar." And pay for it he did.

An Illustrious House.

Pope Sixtus V., on account of his humble origin, was the subject of much derision from his enemies. "They do not know," he said gently, "that they speak the truth when they say I was born of an illustrious house. But it is so. The sunbeams could easily find their way through the broken walls and ragged roof of my father's hut, making it indeed illustrious."

This saying of the good Pontiff is one which the humble people of Italy are fond of repeating to their children.

A GREAT deal may be done by united effort. There was once a famine in Smyrna, and the Lacedemonians came to the rescue with a large quantity of corn. "How could you do so much?" asked the sufferers. "By giving up our dinner for one day," said the Lacedemonians.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Henry Dickens, the son of the great English novelist, married a Catholic, and his children are being brought up in the faith. Adverting to this fact, the *London Tablet* makes this interesting reflection: "Dickens' memorable dream, in which he was told in a vision that the Catholic Church was the true one, and that he ought to belong to it, will have a measure of fulfilment at any rate in his family's third generation."

—The famous library formed mostly by Sir Robert Peel and bearing his name was sold last week. Among the autographs comprised in it are four pages from Dr. Samuel Johnson's memorandum-book, containing prayers, resolutions, etc. Here is a transcript of one paragraph entitled "Resolutions":

To conquer scruples.
To read the Bible this year.
To try and rise more early.
To study divinity.
To live methodically.
To oppose idleness.
To frequent divine worship.

—Apropos of the new edition of the "Third Grade" in the series of text-books of religion prepared by Father Yorke for parish and Sunday schools, we learn that the idea underlying this series has already been handsomely vindicated by success in the class-room. This is but natural. Religion has to be mastered in the same manner as any other branch of knowledge; and since we have a graded series of text-books for the sciences, why not for religion? Father Yorke's idea of teaching the child by means of pictures, Scripture-lessons, hymns and catechism combined, also deserves high praise. Nothing kills interest like monotony.

—In matters of language (which, being a living organism, must change constantly), it is ridiculous to formulate hard and fast general rules; and the rule which sets down slang as anathema at all times is no exception. An aptitude for picturesque and virile expression is perhaps not so rare among shoeblacks as among the college professors who affect to despise pithy and apt colloquialisms, and even slang. The English critic, William Archer, hits the bull's-eye in this sensible statement: "In order to remain healthy and vigorous, a literary language must be rooted in the soil of a copious vernacular, from which it can extract and assimilate, by a chemistry peculiar to itself, whatever nourishment it requires. It must keep in touch with life in the broadest acceptation of the word; and life at

certain levels, obeying a psychological law which must simply be accepted as one of the conditions of the problem, will always express itself in dialect, provincialism, slang." Slang that really makes its way does so because of some quality of force or humor or imagination; and the slang of one decade often proves the rhetoric of the next.

—The young people are favored in late publications, and many pleasant hours are promised by some of the children's favorite authors. Benziger Brothers have added several new stories to their entertaining series for young folk, among them "Pancho and Panchita," by Mrs. Mannix; "Fred's Little Daughter," by Sara Trainer Smith; and "A Hostage of War," by Mary Bonesteel.

—"The Convent Choir Book," published by J. Fischer & Bro., is a collection of sacred music especially adapted for female voices. It includes two arrangements for Mass, Vespers, and the principal hymns. With the exception of four Gregorian chants and one composition by the Rev. I. M. Wilkens, O. F. M., the work is due to the talent and labor of B. Hammer.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has issued five new pamphlets, all timely and excellent. "A North-Country Martyr," by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., is a most interesting and edifying biographical sketch of the Ven. John Duckett, a little-known English martyr who died for the faith September 7, 1644. "For Christ's Sake," by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., is a reprint of Part II. of his "St. Francis and You," which was intended for Franciscan Tertiaries only. The present pamphlet, which is an earnest plea for a social crusade, is addressed to Catholics in general. "Sacerdotalism" (Second Series), by the Bishop of Clifton, deals with the Sacrifice of the Mass, and explains in the happiest manner the teaching of the Apostles and Fathers on the Holy Eucharist. The two others are lectures by Cardinal Newman on "The Social State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church" and "The Religious State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church." Both of these pamphlets are reprinted from the well-known work "Difficulties felt by Anglicans in Catholic Teaching." It was a good idea to issue these lectures as pamphlets, and we hope they will be widely circulated.—To its devotional series the same admirable Society has added Savonarola's "Meditation on the Miserere," edited by the Rev.

Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. This little book, which penitent souls will welcome, was written by the devout author during the solitary confinement preceding his barbarous execution. "A Little Book of Prayers from Old English Sources" is a collection of devotional exercises, beautiful in their simplicity, used by English Catholics before the Norman Conquest. All who prefer simple and solid piety, and to whom most modern prayer-books are unattractive, will be grateful to the learned Dom Gasquet for this booklet. "A Little Book for Holy Communion" is the title of another manual which is sure to become a favorite with those who love simple prayers. It contains "The Lay Folk's Mass Book," "The Jesus Psalter," and "Prayers from the Sarum Missal," which had already been published separately. The Catholic Truth Society could dispose of a great many copies of their publications in the United States if they were to establish a depot in one of our large Eastern cities.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* \$2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* \$5, net.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* \$1, net.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., net.

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* \$1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., net.

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* \$1.10, net.

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., net.

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.25, net.

Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., net.

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* \$3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1, net.

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.

The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3 50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. *Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Edwin de Lisle.* Two vols. \$10.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. *Rev. J. F. Hogan, D. D.* \$4.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

The Franciscans in Arizona. *Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F.* \$1.10.

The Morrow of Life. *Abbé Henry Bolo.* \$1.25, net.

The Reformation in England. *Samuel R. Maitland.* \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 23, 1900.

NO. 25.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

His Answer.

BY MARION MUIR.

THROUGH the cloud and through the swarm
Of the evil things that storm
Close around, St. Catharine cries,
Weeps and prays, and all but dies,
For the hope that once was hers.
But no angel message stirs
The thick darkness of the air
Where she murmurs her despair.

But at last, when wearied sore,
Comes a Presence by the door.
"Lord," she sighs, "where hast Thou been?
Hast Thou not my danger seen?"

Comes His answer: "In thy heart,
Bearing in thy strife a part;
Else thou hadst forgot the right,
Else thou hadst not won the fight."

A Saint on American Soil.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE VEN. ANTONIO
MARIA CLARET.

BY THE VERY REV. J. ADAM.



WAS about the age of ten or eleven when I was called out of school one afternoon to be present at the death of my great-grandfather. When I reached home he had already been six hours in his agony; and as I was hustled into the room of death I overheard a sympathetic voice saying that grandfather would not die till the arrival of some mysterious person, who had promised to be present

and to comfort him in his last hours. We were all weeping bitterly when all of a sudden a priest entered and said quickly, as he passed us on the way to my great-grandfather's bedside: "When a man is dying, the right thing is to pray, not to cry." Then the Litany of Our Lady was begun, while the priest knelt at the head of the bed, suggesting pious ejaculations to the passing soul. My great-grandfather had always been specially devout to Our Lady of the Rosary, whose blessed image had the place of honor in his bedroom; and at the invocation, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us!" he breathed his last. Then the priest gathered us all about the bed of death, and made a few reflections that went to the hearts of all of us. The only remark I recall with special distinctness was a reminder that he whom we were lamenting so bitterly had lived a true Christian life, that a holy man had gone to heaven, and that we must pattern our lives on his if we wished to die his pious death.

Once again I saw this impressive young priest when as an Archbishop of the Church of God he came to our house to say Mass for the family in the oratory of my great-grandfather. We all received Holy Communion at his hands, and after making our thanksgiving we gathered in the dining-room to take a cup of chocolate. One of the family remarked that it would have given great-grandfather much pleasure

if he had lived to be with us that morning; and the Archbishop, I remember, answered: "My dear children, do not forget that our actions are reflected in heaven as in a mirror. My friend is now looking down on us and enjoying our meeting even as if he were one of us." This was said with so much unction and sweet persuasiveness that all felt that the beloved dead was indeed with us in person. In after years when I, too, had become a priest and a missionary in the United States, I heard some of my relatives recall that the holy man that morning inquired who I was; and having learned of my relationship to his friend, he said: "Take great care of this child. He will one day be a priest and a missionary."

Twice afterward I tried to hear him preach and failed,—once when I was literally pushed forward by the crowd from the rear of the church to the very foot of the pulpit, only to hear the closing words of his sermon, an invocation to Mary Immaculate; and again when, thronged and almost suffocated by the immense congregation, I had to slip away into the open air to avoid fainting. I saw him last in December of the year 1850, when he was taking ship for America, and when he turned to bless the vast multitude that had followed him to the wharf, and even pushed out into the shallow water to bid him farewell.

The name of this priest? Ask any Spanish child, Who was the modern apostle of your country? and he will promptly answer with the name of Padre Antonio Maria Claret. As he now wears throughout God's Church the title of *Venerable*—for the Holy Father a few months ago gave permission for the opening of the process for his beatification,—and as a part of his apostolate was exercised on American soil, I deem it well to set before the

readers of THE AVE MARIA the outlines of his laborious and holy life.

In the little village of Salleut, not far from Manresa, the Ven. Claret was born on the 23d of December, 1807; and two days later, on the feast of Our Lord's birth, he was baptized Antonio Maria. The gravity of mind that was afterward to be such a marked characteristic of him was manifest at an early age. In a manuscript which he has left us the holy man wrote: "When I was only five years of age I could not sleep at night—I was never a heavy sleeper,—for the thought of heaven and hell used to keep me awake for hours. Is it possible, I would say to myself, that the damned will never cease to suffer?"

At a remarkably early age Antonio had the whole catechism by heart, and he was often surprised by his teachers in the act of repeating long passages of Holy Writ for the delight or instruction of his companions. He also used to kneel a long time each day in presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament, his eyes seemingly glued onto the tabernacle. "At the age of five," says one who knew him then, "he seemed more an angel than a boy." Because of his marked piety—always boyish and sane and normal, be it remembered,—he was allowed to make his First Communion at the age of ten.

A tender devotion to Our Lady, the hall-mark of all the saints, also began to be conspicuous in his early boyhood. The Blessed Virgin's altar was, after the tabernacle, the spot which he most frequented; and he himself related with charming simplicity how he used to fancy he heard the Blessed Mother calling to him while he was at play and bidding him come to her; and Antonio would rise and go to her and pray, while his companions finished their games. Before his tenth year, too, not satisfied with saying the beads with the

other children at school, he began the practice of reciting the fifteen decades of the Rosary every day in private.

Very early he began the study of Latin; but his teacher having died, Antonio's father obliged him to learn his trade of weaver. Great was his sorrow at seeing his studies interrupted, but he speedily resolved to make the best of his new conditions. He turned that weaver's factory into a school of morals, winning the hearts of the laborers by his unostentatious goodness. His father, seeing his marked capacity for this kind of work, sent him to Barcelona. Here he made such progress in weaving that many shop-owners tried to secure his services as foreman. It was then that God opened the eyes of the young man and showed him he was destined for the sanctuary instead of the factory. He resumed his study of Latin during his leisure hours. And I am proud to record here that it was my great-grandfather who helped him to continue his studies. (It was for this service that young Claret had promised to attend my aged relative on his death-bed.) And I am also proud to add that I had the honor of having for my teacher in Latin the same revered pedagogue that had taught the saintly Claret over twenty-five years before.

From Barcelona Antonio went to Vich and placed himself under the direction of a priest of the Oratory. His first purpose was to become a Carthusian, but God by unmistakable signs showed him that he was called to the missionary life. He entered the seminary of Vich, and in 1835 was ordained priest. There he was brought into contact with the celebrated writer Balmes, and a holy friendship sprung up between these two noble souls.

"No prophet is accepted in his own country"; yet when the young Padre Claret was appointed curate in his

native parish the marvellous results that were to follow his labors everywhere began to be evident. The first time he heard confessions he was kept six consecutive hours "in the box"; the time soon came when he spent the whole day and a large part of the night in this Christlike work. Next to his labors in the confessional, Father Claret's great charity seemed now his chief characteristic. One day, when he had returned home tired and hungry long after the regular dinner hour, two beggars stood at the door and asked for alms. The holy priest had absolutely nothing to give them except the dinner to which he was just about to sit down; but that was eagerly offered and as eagerly accepted, and Father Claret fasted till the next meal.

The young priest never forgot his purpose of becoming a missionary; so in 1837 he set out on foot for Rome, not only without staff or scrip but literally without a coin in his pocket. At Marseilles a young man of noble bearing appeared, and, offering himself as guide, not only set Father Claret up at a lodging-house but also paid his passage to Rome by boat. The voyage lasted five days, and the priest's whole store of provisions during that time was a bit of cheese and a few small loaves, which by some accident became soaked with salt-water. Father Claret used to say, with a smile, that the bread tasted better with salt-water for a sauce. His holiness could not be hidden during the intimacies of life aboard ship, and one day an English gentleman offered him a large sum of money in alms; but there were several exiled Benedictines on board, and the money was immediately put into their hands,—their need was greater than his, he declared.

Father Claret spent two years in Italy, and then concluded that it was God's will that he should return to Spain.

Appointed vice-rector of the parish of Viladrau, he soon made his blessed influence felt not only among his own flock but also in the neighboring parishes where he was invited to preach. Of his labors here wonderful stories are told, and many marvellous cures were ascribed to him; but as the Holy See has not yet passed upon these matters, and as I have not had opportunity for rigid investigation myself, I prefer not to enter minutely into them. At any rate, he soon returned to Vich and asked his ecclesiastical superior to accredit him as a missionary.

The permission was gladly given, and now commenced a new and astonishing exhibition of the zeal of the young priest. The fruits of his preaching were so great that soon all the parishes of Catalonia were clamoring to hear him. His life, no doubt, had a larger share in these results than his eloquence. He insisted on travelling through the principality on foot; he never accepted a penny for his hard labors; he even refused the usual alms for Masses, saying that he offered the Holy Sacrifice each day for the conversion of sinners. He took scarcely enough food to keep body and soul together; although, what with hearing confessions and preaching, every moment of his day was fully occupied. His sermons lasted usually an hour, and he preached from two to six times a day. Moreover, it was a source of perpetual marvel where he found such excellent matter for his sermons; for he carried no book with him save his breviary. He took only three hours' sleep at night, and that not upon a bed, but sitting in his chair or at most lying on the hard floor. It is said by those who knew him at that time that he never went to bed during all the years he was employed in giving missions. Is it any wonder that the largest churches in city or country were

too small to admit the crowds that thronged to hear him, and that often he was obliged to preach from a balcony in the open air?

The effect of his sermons, too, recalled the days of the great saints. Large numbers of people who had not been to confession for years would throw themselves at his feet with many tears and confess their sins. Perhaps his seeming insight into the secrets of hearts may have had something to do with this. There are people yet living who have informed me that, going to confession to Father Claret, they were told by him, "I will make your confession for you"; and he actually did so, too. He even called to their mind serious transgressions long since forgotten by themselves. Once, while travelling afoot as usual, he met a muleteer who was on his way to the same city; and the yokel, thinking to knock a little amusement out of the *padre*, asked him if he would hear the confession of his mule. Padre Claret answered, with a gentle gravity: "It is not the mule that needs confession, but yourself, who have not been absolved these seven years." That man made his confession before they reached the city, kneeling there in the dust by the wayside.

In 1846, while the holy priest was engaged with signal success in the work of the missions, and in laying the foundations of a new religious society to continue the work, the Missionary Priests of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, he was suddenly disheartened by the news that the Holy See had appointed him Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba. He begged the Holy Father to spare him, and it was only at the peremptory command of the Nuncio that he assumed the responsibility. The news of his appointment caused mingled emotions throughout the province: the people rejoiced that so good a man

was called to so great a responsibility, but they could not help grieving at the thought of losing their holy *padre*. It was a sad day when he took boat for Cuba,—the day when as a child I wondered at the multitude thronging to the sea-shore so eagerly that some were forced into the shallow water.

The religious condition of Cuba about the middle of the century was unspeakably sad. For centuries it had been the "stopping-off place" of all the thieves, cutthroats, and adventurers of Spain on their way to the continent of America. Red-handed Murder did not wait to stalk forth at night: he essayed forth without a scruple in broad daylight. The civil power had vainly tried to put down lawlessness without the aid of religion, and had failed ignominiously. Religious institutions in the mother-country had been suppressed, and the capital of Cuba had been deprived of its lawful pastors. Since 1834 hardly any priests were to be found in the island; hence the people were growing up without any religious training whatever. Immorality ran riot, and more than a third of the children were born out of wedlock.

To such a condition of things came Archbishop Claret; but it was not long before the purifying effect of his presence was felt in every dark street and blind alley in Santiago. He collected the panic-stricken and demoralized clergy together and gave them a rigid course of spiritual retreats. He sent the priests whom he had brought from Spain to give missions throughout the diocese. He preached incessantly; he catechised everyday; he threatened the people with the vengeance of God, and prophesied pestilences, earthquakes, insurrections,—all of which actually took place. And, lo! it was not long before the priests were overtaxed by their duties in the confessional. On the last day of the

mission in the cathedral, three priests were employed in distributing Holy Communion without interruption from six o'clock in the morning till one in the afternoon; and it is said that there was not a soul in the city that did not receive the Holy Eucharist that day.

This prompt and vigorous reform was not, of course, achieved without strenuous opposition. Officers in high station, whose pagan lives the prelate denounced in words as plain as they were public, did their best to cripple his power or to have him removed. Once he was severely wounded by an emissary of one of the secret societies, and in several other ways his life was attempted. He had all but completed the reformation of the whole island when, as sudden as the summons to go to Cuba, came the summons to return to Spain. Queen Isabella wanted the holy Archbishop for her confessor; and in the same obedient spirit in which he accepted the great responsibility in Santiago, he now laid it down. His all too short life in the mother-country after his return would furnish an inspiring subject for a brief sketch, but another pen must take it up. Suffice it to say that Archbishop Claret was exiled with the Queen during the troubles of 1868, and died in the odor of sanctity a short time afterward.

• EVERY part indeed of the framework of the Christian religion is supported on the central truth—the great and inexplicable, all but inconceivable, act of mercy and goodness transcending all thought, surpassing all tenderness of the human heart—that God has become man for man's sake. Every particle of the Church's doctrine and discipline is the outcome of this truth. And as this truth is supernatural in the highest degree, so likewise is the system generated by it.

—T. W. Allies.

Eben Howe's Falsehood.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

A JUNE afternoon along the upper reaches of the Santa Inez Valley. Across the great wheat-fields a soft breeze passed, and the silvery-green grasses trembled beneath its touch, bearing an odd likeness to the shimmering sea viewed adown along perspective walled in by wooded hills. For background, the barren terraces of the San Rafael Mountains,—palpitating masses of color notching the fair blue sky. Through the shallow river, tranquilly plodding seaward in summer, unconcerned by memories of winter storms and floods, the stage had just plunged, and was beginning its long climb up the grade, leaving two wet streaks in the dust of the road. Under the oaks by the shingle cottage stood a woman, with an open paper in her hand, and two half-grown children—a girl and a boy—clinging to her.

"Any news from Ray, mother?" sung out a cheery voice, and Eben Howe came up from the fields, walking with a free, swinging stride; his stalwart figure clad in brown overalls and jumper; the blouse unbuttoned at the neck, showing a firm, shapely throat; the tanned face above, crowned with clustering brown curls, instinct with youth and energy,—so like the boy who had gone beyond seas to fight his country's battles that the two, father and son, had often been taken for brothers.

The woman did not answer. She held out the paper to him, with one finger pointing to a dispatch from Manila in the telegraphic columns:

"Killed: Eben R. Howe."

A blur came over the man's eyes; the solid earth seemed to quiver under his feet, while a great clamor filled his ears.

Through it all there came a voice,—a piteous, entreating, woman's voice:

"O Eben, I can not stand it! My little Ray! My first-born! My baby! Shot—murdered,—dying out there alone!"

The man's strong brain had reeled at the shock, but this sharp cry of a mother's anguish pierced to his heart,—that compassionate heart which had so long sheltered her. He looked down upon her; such a slight little being to meet this overwhelming wave of sorrow! Her eyes were dry, her face wild and distorted like some tortured creature's. She pushed away the two sobbing children. Never before had Eleanor Howe been indifferent to another's pain. Her hands were locked together, her every breath a moan.

Suddenly Eben Howe's face cleared.

"Why, Nellie, you didn't read the rest! Ray was in the First California. This poor lad was in another regiment. He came from another State. The dispatch reads: 'Eben R. Howe, First Nebraska Volunteers.'"

She gave him one quick, reproachful look, then answered:

"You know that means nothing,—nothing at all. The California boys assigned to garrison duty in Manila, like Ray, are all the while asking transfers to other regiments to get to the front. You know how Ray chafed over being penned up there. O Eben, Eben, why do you try to mislead me? My boy is dead!"

Mother-hearts are sometimes like snow-white lilies, lifting chalice blooms to the sky and glorifying a homely spot with their beauty and fragrance, but breaking under the first rude blast that strikes them. Weighed down with a sense of appalling calamity, the father's heart was smitten anew as he realized how unfit she was to wrestle with a mighty grief. He gathered her in his arms, stroking the soft blonde hair in

which white threads were weaving a silvery sheen.

"Don't you worry one moment, Nellie! There isn't the least occasion," he said. "The newspapers are always getting things wrong, in the first place. In the second place, I stood right by Ray's side and saw him sign his name 'E. Ray Howe,'—just what we've always called him, so his name and mine shouldn't get confused. There's scarcely a person around here, where he's grown up, who knows the name he was christened by; and how do you suppose they'd learn it out there in the Philippines? Why, little woman, I wouldn't have believed you'd be so foolish. Just wait till you get a letter from Ray, telling you he's safe and well and tired of war, and coming home with the California boys, to be lionized and spoiled in August."

There was a rasping note in the short laugh with which he ended this little speech, but she was too happy to observe it. She hung about his neck like a tired child; and a great shout went up from brother and sister as the father lifted her like a child to his shoulder, and carried her up to the house and set her down on the porch.

"Now run into the house, like a good little girl, and get supper ready!" he bade her. "I shall be coming around soon, hungry as a ravening wolf."

It can not be truthfully set down that Eben Howe fulfilled this promise. They remembered, long afterward, that this very night marked the beginning of the strange change in 'father.' He was long in finishing his chores; and when he finally sat down to the table he scarcely tasted of the food that was set before him, but fell into deep fits of abstraction, from which he roused only to give random answers to their questions. The next day and the next it was no better. He went the round of his daily tasks, now addressing himself to them with

fierce energy, now relapsing into a slow, mechanical discharge of duty. He shunned the neighbors; or when, by chance, he encountered them, met them with downcast face or averted eyes, like one who carried a load of guilt,—he who had been the sympathetic friend and cheery comrade of all the dwellers in the valley; in whom everyone had unbounded confidence, whose word was as good as a bond. His face was thinned, his form grew shrunken, his step lagged, and white threads came in his brown hair. His wife, quick to perceive his failing appetite, but slow to detect the signs of waning health and strength, as familiar eyes are wont, at length grew alarmed, and tried to persuade him to consult their physician in the town down the valley; but he obstinately refused.

"It's only a touch of malaria. I'll pick up in the fall, Nellie."

"When Ray comes home!" the fond mother would say, her eyes tender with anticipation.

"Yes, yes! when Ray comes home."

The summer days sped happily by, and throughout California a great wave of thanksgiving was rising from hundreds of homes; for the boys were coming back to be mustered out. The boys of the First, pick and flower of California youth, who had rushed forward to offer their services to the country when patriotic sentiment was at its height, the issues of the campaign still wrapped in uncertainty, and the unprotected ports of the Pacific believed to be in danger from a foreign fleet;—the boys of the First, who had taken passage for the Philippines on the first transports that crossed the Pacific, speeding to the gallant Dewey's aid; who had served their country in field and swamp and trench and hospital; suffering many disillusion, but always remaining true to the flag and doing their duty; who had gone away for the most part

untried lads, and who were coming back men,—for these, her sons, the Golden State was preparing a royal welcome.

No letter had come from Ray for many weeks, but Mrs. Howe did not permit herself to be troubled on this account; for throughout July the troops had been held in Manila, subject to sailing orders which were daily expected. Under such circumstances and in view of the notorious uncertainty of trans-Pacific mails, it was natural that letter-writing should be generally suspended. Few of the letters he had written during his absence had reached their destination.

"I shall not go up to San Francisco to meet my son. I prefer to wait for him here," the mother assured her neighbors in these days. "Mildred and Mary and I are fixing up his room, so that it doesn't look like the same place; and on the day when we hear he has been mustered out and is really on the way to us, we shall prepare our own little reception for him here."

This with visions of the farm-house beautified with ferns and flowers from garden and cañons, and thoughts of the wonderful dinner she would make ready, in which all his boyish fancies should be humored and gratified. Mildred was the young schoolmistress who taught over at the Corners, between whom and the volunteer there had been a suspicion of an "understanding" before he went away.

Mildred was at the ranch much of the time nowadays; and she and the mother sat long into the night whispering tender confidences to each other, making and revising their plans for Ray's home-coming. It was not their fault that Eben Howe was excluded from these consultations. They had frequently tried to arouse his interest in the joyous day that was fast approaching, but he heard them without response or comment.

"It does seem as if father had lost all interest in Ray!" the poor mother once murmured to Miss Mildred. "He never has a word to say about him, and he doesn't seem to care in the least what we are doing."

Yet all the time no one studied the daily papers more faithfully or fearfully than Eben Howe. He had planned with the stage-driver that mail for the ranch should be left at the bend of the road below the hill, where he had nailed a box to a tall white oak; and beside this box he daily waited,—sometimes concealing himself in the bushes, lest his constant watchfulness should form the subject of comment and be brought to his wife's ears.

"She shan't know it till the last hour," he insisted to his own guilty conscience. "There's always just a chance it's a mistake. I'll keep it from her anyhow till it can't be helped."

But would the short reprieve help her? He shrank from making answer.

Eben Howe knew that on the same day the transport had left Manila, bearing the volunteers who were coming home to be mustered out, another lonely ship had cleared from the same port for San Francisco, bringing the coffined remains of the brave young volunteers whom Death had mustered out under a tropical sun. Day by day the troop-ship danced over the waters, her gunwales lined with eager faces, whose leaping pulse-beats marked the lessening distance between them and loved ones. Day by day the funeral ship sullenly ploughed her way through the waters, with her sombre cargo, bringing sorrow and heartbreak to a thousand homes.

"She'll know, she's bound to know, when the transport gets in. They'll print the names of the soldiers, and she'll see Ray's isn't there. Maybe that'll sort of ease it to her," said the unhappy man, as he took the daily paper from the

mail-box one day late in August and slipped it out of its wrapper. And, lo! there, in staring lines, was the announcement that the big troop-ship had been sighted the night before and was lying just outside the Golden Gate, to come in on the morrow with flaunting banners and a proud escort composed of all the craft that could be mustered from the fleet anchored in San Francisco Bay. Tug-boats and launches had already run out to her, and newspaper men had boarded her, but there was as yet no list of her passengers. With trembling hand he replaced the paper in the wrapper and gave it to his daughter Mary to carry up to the house. On the morrow the fatal blow must fall. On the morrow conviction would become certainty, and the mother must know.

His hands shook unaccountably as he buckled the heavy plow harness on the horses the next morning.

"I'm going to summer-fallow that strip of land I had in corn last year," he said to his wife, who had followed him to the stable and watched his preparations with mild surprise. "There are some weeds down there that ought to be turned under, and the horses need exercise," he explained.

She watched him guide the horses down the road, the plow skating along on its side and leaving a track as of some great squirming reptile in the dust; then she turned back to the house with a sigh.

"I don't know what's come over Eben this summer. He never used to 'drive' so in hot weather," she said to Miss Mildred, who had come to spend the day.

But when he did not come to his noonday meal, his little daughter, sent to call him, found him prone on his knees in a furrow, his head bare and his face upturned to the blazing midday sun; while the horses, dragging the plow, were lazily browsing along the

edge of the field. When she had coaxed him to the house, he ate his morsel in silence, and before the others had finished pushed back his chair and betook himself to the field again.

The day wore slowly on. Quiet brooded over the sunlit valley and the shadows gathered about the oaks on the northern slopes of the mountains. Eben Howe had ceased all pretence of work. Seated on a lichen-grown sandstone boulder, a miserable and abject figure, he patiently waited. At length he heard, far down the valley, a familiar sound. Standing up and peering out through the bushes, he could see a whirl of dust advancing up the road. He dropped back in the shelter of the chaparral. Nearer and nearer the stage approached; and then, as it reached the foot of the grade leading up the rise, on the summit of which the farm-house stood, the horses, forgetting their usual stopping-place beside the mail-box under the oak, broke into a mad gallop and tore up the road, amid shouts from the driver and a Babel of voices from within the vehicle. There was another clatter of hoofs, and racing in its wake there appeared a mounted cavalcade, wherein the hidden observer discerned familiar faces from the village below. And then the hubbub resolved into ringing cheers, three times three, repeated with a will from the hilltop, and a child's shrill scream.

Eben Howe plodded up the rise which hid the farm buildings from sight, and, coming out into the open, was just in time to see the stage whirling down the driveway and out through the open gate. Some tired-looking broncos stood limply about on three legs or trailed their bridle-reins on the ground; while their owners, who had dismounted, awkwardly turned their backs on the spectacle in their midst, where a big fellow in faded khaki held two women

in his embrace, with a couple of half-crazed children clinging to his legs. He was trying to speak now. Do voices grow hoarse and choky out in the Philippines?

"I couldn't wait to be mustered out, and the colonel gave me a three-days' leave to see the home-folks. Mother, I was awfully afraid you and father might come across the name of a fellow in the First Nebraska, same as mine even to the initial, who was killed in a skirmish near San Fernando two months ago."

"Of course we saw it, Ray."

How placid the mother's voice!

"I'd have wired you at the time, if I could; but Pacific cable rates are just a little beyond the reach of a private's purse. Then I thought you'd reason that, being from a different State—"

"That didn't save me one bit, Ray," said the mother, with an hysterical note of triumph. "I could have worried myself to death over it, easily, in spite of that. I accounted in a dozen ways for your being transferred to the other regiment: I thought them all out on the spot. But father came to the rescue. He told me he stood by when you entered your name on the recruiting books, and you signed 'E. Ray Howe,' and nobody out there would know you by any other name."

"Father said so! Bless father!" cried the young man, in surprise. "Where is he? I want to see father."

It was at that moment that Eben Howe stumbled into sight, tried to hold himself upright, but found the world whirling round him, lurched forward and would have fallen if strong arms had not caught him and gently lowered him to the earth.

With a practice born of experience in hospital and camp, Ray, the coolest man among them, eased his position, loosened his collar and fanned him with a helmet hat; while the women fluttered around,

performing all the loving and lovable foolish little offices that tender hearts can conceive when a sick or guilty soul loses dominion over its fleshly garment.

After a while consciousness stirred again, and the father's eyes opened, to rest gladly, incredulously, upon the face of his first-born son. He stretched out a trembling hand, gnarled with labor, and laid it on the close-cropped brown curls of the soldier boy. Then a great sob shivered through the form of the prostrate man, and he turned his face quickly away,—but not before they had all seen a tear overflow his eye and trickle down his cheek.

"Why, father, father!—dear heart!" said Eleanor Howe, bending down to lay her cheek against his face. Then, in apology for his weakness: "I don't know what ails father, Ray. He hasn't been himself all summer. You see, he's been doing all the work alone; and lately he hasn't eaten enough to keep a three-year-old child. Being weakly like, what with the excitement of your coming home and the overwork."

"We'll make him take a good rest now," said young Eben, in the pride of his youthful strength. "Just you bear in mind, father, I'm on deck again; and if there's a man in California good for a better day's work on a ranch—"

But the color was coming back into the father's face,—a deep, accusing flush. He raised himself on his elbow, looking from one to the other earnestly and eloquently, albeit with a lingering trace of shame.

"'Tain't that, Ray. You're all astray, mother,—wife, I lied to you. I did see Ray write his name, and he wrote it, '*Eben R. Howe.*'"

He ceased. His wife's hand clasped his own and her head was buried on his breast. The young people fixed upon each other a gaze which seemed to ask a question of the years.

A Granny.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THE cross her withered fingers hold
 Within the coffin is not gold;
 But, as she pressed it day and night,
 Her lips have worn its rude brass bright;
 Its blurred-out figure crucified
 Broke her soft whisper as she died.
 And as she lies there, all her years,
 So full of failures and of tears,
 Seem half unreal; all her prayer—
 The simple solace of her care—
 Dead on her lips; her mother-love
 Chilled in a summons from above.

With candles flickering o'er her head,
 Her hurried *Requiem* is said;
 The *Dies Ira* sung once more,
 They take her out the narrow door;
 And while the old neighbors kneel around,
 They lay her in the blessed ground.
 Few there her artless life to moan,
 That erred through tenderness alone;
 Long was its humble course of pain
 And prayers, of tears and prayers again,
 Until her bowed and whitened head
 Felt the great Dawning—without dread.

O Love Eternal, stand'st Thou too apart?
 This was the meek, the trusting, stainless heart!

Corpus Christi.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

III.—(Conclusion.)

WE shall now consider the blessed Office, which is the honey of the breviary. You know the legend. The Pope ordered the two great Saints, Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure—one a white-robed Dominican, the other a cord-girded Franciscan; one called by his contemporaries, and by all generations since, the Angelic Doctor, the other the Seraphic Doctor; both, as became saints of God, earnest worshipers of the Holy Sacrament,—the Pope ordered each of these two learned and holy men to draw up an Office for this divine feast—

the *Fête Dieu* of devout souls in France. They did so, and came into the presence of the Pontiff on the appointed day. St. Thomas was called upon to read the Office he had prepared. In pious and reverent tones he went on; and while he read the humble Franciscan friar Bonaventure was so enraptured with the office of St. Thomas that, beneath his robe, he was tearing his own manuscript into fragments; and when called upon to read his he could only point to the scraps lying around his sandalled feet. The legend may be true; at any rate, it is very beautiful; and that Office of St. Thomas is what you and I are now going to read and consider. May God assist us!

It must ever be borne in mind that the first and chief end of a priest is to offer sacrifice to God. It is not to teach or preach or administer sacraments, but to offer sacrifice. It was so even in pagan religions; it was so in the Jewish religion, it is so in the Christian. We pass by the proof this offers of the false position of a creed that does not possess sacrifice,—we do not wish to enter into controversy. But this must be said and must be borne in mind, that it is not possible for man on earth to do a higher or more meritorious act than to offer sacrifice to God. If this be true, as absolutely and unconditionally it is, what is to be thought of the value of our sacrifice when the Victim is the very Son of God?

On the eve of the feast, as the summer sun is declining in the west, the Church begins to prepare for the following day by intoning Vespers:

"Christ the Lord, a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec, offered bread and wine. The compassionate Lord hath given food to them that fear Him, for a memorial of His wonderful works. The cup of salvation I will receive, and I will offer a Victim

of praise. As young branches of olives, so are the children of the Church round the Table of the Lord. The Lord, who hath set the bounds of the Church, He doth feed us with the riches of wheat."

The Church calls upon St. Paul. And how earnestly does the fervent Apostle teach devotion to this Holy Sacrament! "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you: that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, giving thanks, broke and said: Take ye and eat: this is My body which shall be delivered for you. This do for the commemoration of Me."*

St. Thomas Aquinas, next summoned by the Church, bursts forth with his magnificent hymn:

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium.†

The poet Pope attempted a translation of this beautiful hymn. He failed,—he was bound to fail. I have come to believe that the writers of the grand hymns of the Church—this hymn, the *Lauda Sion*, the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, and so forth,—were, to some extent at least, inspired by the Holy Ghost. Else, I ask, how is it that the original hymns have lived, have struck every scholar, and the translations and translators are forgotten? And if we can not suppose a special assistance of the Holy Ghost, they, at any rate, may be likened to those sublime Gothic churches raised in Catholic times, or those wonderful masterpieces of Fra Angelico, Raphael or Michael Angelo, which the modern world admires but can not rival. As I remarked before, I would gladly learn the Latin language over again for the sole pleasure of understanding the hymns and Offices of the Church.

* I Cor., xi, 23, 24.

† My tongue, declare the mystery of this glorious Body!

Says the Church: "Bread from heaven, O Lord, Thou hast given them! Alleluia." And her children reply: "Having in itself every delight. Alleluia."

Antiphon: "Oh, how tender a spirit is Thine, O Lord, that, in order to manifest Thy sweetness to Thy children, Thou givest most sweet bread from heaven, filling the hungry with good things, and sending the proud and fastidious empty away!"

When the midnight bell rings for Matins, then in ecstasy the Church and her children cry aloud:

"Christ the Lord, ruling the nations, let us adore. Who giveth the richness of His spirit to them that receive Him."—"The Ruler of the nations, Christ the Lord, let us adore. Who giveth the sweetness of His spirit to them that receive Him."

Antiphon: "Fruit savory to the table did the Lord give at the hour of His death. By the fruit of corn and wine are the faithful multiplied; and they rest in the peace of Christ. By the reception of the chalice, in which God Himself is taken, and not by the blood of goats, did the Lord gather us together."

"Thou hast, O Lord, given them bread from heaven! Alleluia."—"And man has eaten the Bread of Angels. Alleluia."

The Church calls again upon the great Apostle of the Gentiles. He rises, and, with that fiery and irresistible eloquence of his, cries out:

"Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ,"* and so on to the end of the chapter.

Then follows the antiphon for the second nocturn:

"May the Lord have regard to our sacrifice, and may our holocaust be made fat [in His eyes]. A table is prepared for us by the Lord against all who trouble us. In joyous tones let all raise

* I Cor., ii, 1.

their voices who feast at the Banquet of the Lord."

"He hath fed them with the fat of corn. Alleluia."—"And with honey from the rock He hath filled them. Alleluia."

At the fourth lesson the Church calls upon St. Thomas Aquinas; and the saintly philosopher of the Middle Ages, the greatest mind (with perhaps one exception) the Church ever saw—he who wrote all his innumerable volumes of philosophy and theology at the foot of the Cross; and to whom the Cross bowed and said, "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas: what reward will I give thee?" and he answered, "No other reward but Thyself, O Lord!"—that Thomas comes forth and exclaims:

"The immense benefits of the divine bounty that have been given to the Christian people confer on them an inestimable dignity. For there is not and there never was a nation that had its God so near unto it as our God is to us. And the only Son of God, desiring, forsooth, to make us partners of His divinity, assumed our nature; that God being made man, men might by Him be made like unto God. And this, moreover, He did: everything which He took from us He gave back again for our salvation. His body He offered to His Father on the altar of the cross for our reconciliation; and His blood He poured forth both as a price and a bath; that, being bought from the slavery of sin, we might be washed clean from all sins. And in order that the memory of so great a benefit might remain forever with us, He left us His body as food and His blood as drink, to be received by the faithful under the appearances of bread and wine."

"While they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed and broke, and gave to His disciples."—"Take ye and eat: this is My body."—"The men of my tabernacle said: Who will give

us of His flesh, that we may be filled?"

Fifth lesson: "O precious and admirable banquet, health-giving and full of all sweetness! For what can be more precious than this banquet, in which not the flesh of calves and oxen, as under the Old Law, but Christ Himself is offered to us to be received? What more admirable than this banquet, in which bread and wine are substantially changed into the body and blood of Jesus Christ; and thus Christ, really God and really man, becomes contained under the appearance of a little bread and wine! Truly, therefore, is He eaten; yet is He not torn. Nay, under each divided portion of the Host He remains undivided and whole. Further, without their proper substance, the accidents depend on Him, in order that our faith might be exercised; and thus invisibly the visible is received, but hidden by a species [or appearance] not its own; and all the time our senses, which judge according to the usual appearance, are preserved free from deception."

"After He had supped, Jesus took the chalice, saying: This chalice is the new testament in My blood."—"Do ye this in commemoration of Me."—"I will be a memory forever; and let my soul faint away within me."

Sixth lesson: "For there is no sacrament more salutary; since by it sins are cleansed, virtues increased, and the soul is enriched with an abundance of all heavenly gifts. It is offered in the Church for the living and the dead; that what was offered for all might be of advantage to all. The sweetness of this sacrament can not be expressed in words; through it heavenly sweetness is tasted at its very fountain-head, and remembrance is made of that most excellent charity which He displayed in His passion. And that the immensity of this charity be more markedly impressed on the hearts of the faithful, He at

the Last Supper, after having celebrated the Pasch with His disciples, and when presently He was to pass from this world to the Father, instituted this sacrament as an everlasting memorial of His passion, the fulfilment of all the olden figures, and the greatest even of all the miracles wrought by Himself; and left it as a singular consolation to those who mourned His absence."

"I am the bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead."—"This is the bread that cometh down from heaven; that if any man eat of it he shall not die."—"I am the living bread that cometh down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever."

The antiphon for the third nocturn:

"I will go to the altar of God and will receive Christ, who reneweth my youth. The Lord hath fed us on the fat of corn; and with honey from the rock hath satiated us. At Thy altar, O Lord, we receive Christ, in whom our heart and our flesh rejoice!"

"Thou dost bring forth bread out of the earth. Alleluia."—"And wine rejoiceth the heart of man. Alleluia."

The Church takes the book of the Gospels and reads from the sixth chapter according to St. John: "At that time Jesus said to the multitude of the Jews: My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed." Then, at the seventh lesson, she calls on St. Augustine, and a fit companion is he for St. Thomas of Aquin; both being, in the estimation of all men, the greatest minds that God gave to His Church since the days of the Apostles:

"By food and drink men desire to obtain one thing: that they hunger and thirst no more. But this no food or drink effects, save that food and drink which can make the receivers immortal and incorruptible; that is, companions of the elect in heaven, where is peace, with

perfect and unalloyed unity. Wherefore, in truth, long before us, men of God have drawn attention to this: that the Lord Jesus Christ entrusted His body and blood to those elements which from many individual things have been made into one whole. For one [of the species bread] out of many grains [of wheat] is made into one whole; and the other [the wine being pressed] from many grapes floweth into one whole. And now Our Lord explains how that is done which He speaks of, and what it is to eat His flesh and drink His blood."

"He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him."—"There is no nation so great that hath its gods so near to it as ours is to us."

"He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him," continues St. Augustine in the eighth lesson. "This, then, is what is meant by eating that food and taking that drink,—namely, that he abides in Christ and Christ in him. And by this—if any man does not abide in Christ—is meant that he does not spiritually eat His flesh and drink His blood, although carnally and sensibly he receives the body and blood of Christ on his tongue. Nay, even, he eats and drinks this sacrament to his own damnation; because, though unclean, he dares to approach the sacramental species, which no one but the clean worthily receive, as it is written: Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

"The Living Father sent Me. I live by the Father; and he that eateth Me lives by Me."—"It is written: With the bread of life and knowledge the Lord hath fed him."

And St. Augustine, in the ninth lesson: "'As the Father hath sent Me,' says Our Lord, 'and I live by the Father, so he who eateth Me the same also shall live by Me.' As if He would tell us: It is by that annihilation into which He

sent Me that I am able to live by the Father; in other words, that I can refer My life to Him as greater than I am. But it is by participation, wherewith he eats Me, that any one can live by Me. I, therefore, by being humiliated, live by the Father; but he [who eats], by being raised up, lives through Me.

"If, on the other hand, it was thus said in the Gospel, 'I live by the Father, since I am from him, not He from Me,' that was said without any detriment to the equality [of Father and Son]. But when He said, 'He that eateth Me shall live by Me,' He did not, in the same way, signify an equality between Him and us: He merely manifested the condescension of the Mediator."*

At Lauds the Church alludes to the Most Blessed Sacrament in various ways, mystically and otherwise; as, for instance, in the antiphon:

"Wisdom hath built herself a house; hath mingled the wine and set the table. Alleluia. With the food of angels Thou hast nourished Thy people [O Lord!], and bread from heaven Thou hast given them. Alleluia. Rich is the bread of Christ. It will give delight to kings [heroic souls]. Alleluia. Holy priests offer incense and loaves to God. Alleluia. To him that overcomes [himself] I will give hidden manna and a new name. Alleluia."

Then follows the grand hymn:

Verbum supernum prodiens,
Nec Patris linquens dexteram,
Ad opus suum exiens,
Venit ad vitæ vesperam.

The Eternal Word going forth,
Yet not leaving the Father's hand,
Proceeding to perfect His work,
Reached the eve of His death-day here.

* Is it too late to suggest that St. Augustine must always be read slowly and attentively? His mind was cast in a wonderfully comprehensive and most logical mould; and from long meditation he saw at a glance difficult questions, with all their complex relations and oppositions, when it would take us long to understand them. The flash of electricity passes at once from end to end of the world, lighting up everything mightily as it passes; but the dull, heavy cloud moves slowly and with difficulty.

From this hymn is taken the beautiful *O Salutaris* sung at Benediction:

O salutaris Hostia!
(O salvation-giving Host!)
Quæ cœli pandis ostium:
(That of heaven dost open the door:)
Bella premunt hostilia,
(Wars press on us from enemies,)
Da robur, fer auxilium.
(Give strength, bring help unto us.)

Uni, Trinoque Domino
(To the One and Triune Lord)
Sit sempiterna gloria;
(Be everlasting glory;)
Qui vitam sine termino
(Who life without an end)
Nobis donet in patria.
(To us will give in our true home.)

"He hath set peace in thy bounds. Alleluia," chants the Church. And her children reply: "He filleth thee with the fat of corn. Alleluia."

Antiphon: "I am the true bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat this bread he shall live forever. Alleluia."

Priest: "O God, who hast left us in this wonderful sacrament a memorial of Thy passion, grant us, we beseech Thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Thy body and blood that we may ever feel in us the fruit of Thy redemption. Who livest and reignest one God, world without end!"

The antiphon at Second Vespers is the beautiful cry of the Church; it is so beautiful that one might safely call it the cry of the turtle,—"The cry of the turtle is heard in our land." This it is: "O sacred Banquet, wherein Christ is received, remembrance is made of His passion, the soul is filled with grace, and a pledge is given of future glory!"

JESUS CHRIST is our Advocate, and so is Mary; but with what difference! In right of justice, the Saviour is alone our Advocate. Mary and all the saints exercise also the office of advocate in our favor: it is only by way of intercession.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

FILIAL REMEMBRANCE.

YESTERDAY, while trying to establish some degree of order among the rubbish in my library, I met with the old book in which my mother taught me to read. That "Life of St. Louis," published at the beginning of the Restoration—a volume plainly bound in sheepskin,—was given as a prize to my mother when she was going to school. That souvenir of my childhood was also a witness of hers.

Now, after long years, I glance through the yellow leaves, on which I began spelling—how slowly and with what difficulty!—the words that she pointed out to me with her knitting-needle; and suddenly I realize that over those very pages a long time ago a little girl bent her studious brow, and that that little girl was my mother. How strange a thing!—how sweet a memory! The thought that my mother was once a child strikes me for the first time in my life, and surprises me as much as it moves me.

My mother was drawing near the forties when I was born. I have been told that in her youth she had much bloom and freshness; but the only portrait that exists of her was taken a few years before her death, and in the remotest recesses of my memory her beloved face appears already touched by age. Do those who knew their mother young and beautiful feel a particular sweetness in recalling her when she was thus? I can not tell. Yet, according to my ideas, I consider them very privileged whose first glances met, leaning over their cradles, a brow marked by the fatigues of life, and to whom their mother always seemed an aged mother.

The remembrance they will keep of her throughout life is, if not dearer, at least more sacred; and all that is venerable in old age is added to all that is august in maternity.

That valueless old book in which my mother used to teach me the difficult art of reading—that book which she already possessed when she herself was a school-girl—makes me therefore realize that she was once a little girl. But I can no more picture her games and childish works than her maiden dreams or her joys of well-beloved wifehood. I only wish to see in her my mother—my old mother.

It would seem to me as though I were sinning against the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue—"Honor thy father and thy mother,"—and some of the tender respect with which my memory envelops the cherished image of my mother would disappear, if for an instant I tried to picture her out of her maternal duties and without the first grey hair and the few wrinkles she already had when I was small. It would require the light and exquisite pen which I do not possess, a choice of diaphanous words, to express that pious, jealous sentiment, that delicate scruple, that shade of the soul. I can only give an idea of so ideal a purity in recalling that touching and profound mystery of Christian faith which surrounds the Mother of Jesus. Yes, his mother must be truly immaculate to the son whose heart is truly filial. After all, is it not quite natural that I should evoke her solely under the maternal aspect,—she to whom I was always but a child?

When she died she was seventy-one years old, and I thirty-three. I was therefore a man,—a man having lived, worked, enjoyed, suffered; having gone twenty times through the flame of passion; a man having remained faith-

ful, without doubt, to his principal duties, but guilty of many failings, alas! and shorn of his innocence. My mother certainly knew it. She knew my efforts, and encouraged them; my weaknesses, and excused them. She shared my joys and consoled me in my hours of sorrow. But if, woman of masculine intelligence and of high and sure judgment that she was, she spoke to me as to a man when I asked her advice, I became once again — adorable illusion! — her child, her poor little child, when I needed her maternal love.

I am not only recalling here the moments when I actually gave way to sorrow, and found new courage only in embracing my mother and drying on her cheeks my eyes smarting with tears, as in the days when she carried me in her arms. No: it was in the daily life, in those unimportant everyday incidents, that my mother treated me as in my childhood, attributing to me all its imprudences and awkwardnesses. How tenderly she would say: "Look out for the last step at the bottom of the stairs!" "Take care not to catch cold!" "I am sure, dear, you have again forgotten your handkerchief!"

I pity those who receive with impatience and without a tender smile those childish recommendations. They have always touched me to the bottom of my heart. Besides, I was perhaps more than any other the object of those small attentions; for in my youth, my health being precarious, my mother worried over me, not only as over a child but as over an ailing one.

One winter the doctors sent me to the South; but I found my poor mother so changed after those months of separation that the following year, though still in poor health, I remained in Paris, living like a prisoner throughout the bad season. My mother, already aged and weak, never left my room, so to speak.

May I be allowed to copy here a very old ten-versed stanza? I never read over my old verses, but these have remained forever engraved in my memory. They recall such sweet hours of perfect bliss spent in the maternal atmosphere:

*J'écris près de la lampe. Il fait bon. Rien ne bouge.
Toute petite, en noir, dans le grand fauteuil rouge,
Tranquille auprès du feu, ma vieille mère est là.
Elle songe sans doute au mal qui m'exila
Loin d'elle, l'autre hiver, mais sans trop d'épou-
vante;*

*Car je suis sage et reste au logis quand il vente.
Et puis, se souvenant qu'en Octobre la nuit
Peut fraîchir, vivement et sans faire de bruit,
Elle met une bûche au foyer plein de flammes.
Ma mère, sois benie entre toutes les femmes!**

I was just murmuring those lines in looking through the book in which my mother taught me my letters,—in looking for and in kissing the traces of her fingers. And yet how much sorrow, how much anguish, have I caused that admirable woman! Not that I ever gave her occasion to doubt for an instant my respect and love, thank Heaven! But when one is young one hurls oneself into life, pushed by the sharp wind of concupiscence; and one forgets that there is near the familiar hearth, and too often abandoned, a poor old mother—oh, so full of infinite indulgence! and who hardly dares address a timid reproach to her big boy, but who is alarmed over the dangers to which he exposes himself, who suffers to see him lose his candor and purity—and who weeps!

May this page fall under the eyes of some young man and stop him on the eve of some serious misstep! If he only

* I am writing near the lamp. I am comfortable. All is silent. In the big red arm-chair, all dressed in black, very small, and very quietly seated near the fire, is my old mother. She is thinking, no doubt, of the illness that exiled me far from her last winter; but without much alarm, for I am wise and remain at home when the wind blows. Then, as though remembering that the October nights can grow cool, quickly and silently she puts a log on the flaming hearth. My mother, blessed be thou among women!

knew the bitterness that it is for the soul later, at the decline of life, to think that one has not been a wicked man, that one has nothing serious with which to reproach oneself, but that, notwithstanding, one has made one's mother weep! It is already over twenty years that mine has been dead; and, after all, I had the heart of a son; for on that day something exquisite was extinguished in me, and since then I have never more felt young.

Never have I more often evoked the memory of my mother than during the illness and that long convalescence that have inspired in me such serious meditation. It is in stumbling over, after so many years, the prayers taught me by my mother in my childhood, that my soul has tried to soar toward God. Oh, how I did think of her on the day when, to deserve the recompense of meeting her again in heaven, I decided that my remaining years should be filled with purer dreams and better actions! Jesus, who made His Mother' triumph near Him in His blessed kingdom, will bless the prayer of a son and a Christian.

Mystical country! sojourn of the just! glorious home of light and love! They say that our feeble intelligences can not conceive the greatness and perfection of the joys that thou reservest for thy chosen ones! But I think—I poor of spirit, I repentant sinner—that I had a presentiment of paradise when, as a little and innocent child, I slept with my arms round your neck, O my holy mother and good nurse!

NOVEMBER 11, 1897.

(To be continued.)

Fairer than Orchid.

JUST a tiny spray of cypress
From the grass-grown graves at home
Fairer is than gayest orchid
Nurtured 'neath a foreign dome.

St. John's Eve in Rome.

THE Feast of St. John the Baptist is essentially a Roman *fiesta*. The majority of the English and American visitors and residents have betaken themselves to cooler climes; and, with the exception of the seminarians of various nationalities who are to be seen on every side, it is a purely Italian crowd that fills the spacious Basilica of San Giovanni Laterano.

On the eve of the *fiesta* bonfires blaze in neighboring towns and villages and over the far-stretching Campagna; and all through the brief summer night a midnight fair is held in the broad open space in front of St. John Lateran's. The stalls are gaily decorated; the refreshment tents are greatly in demand; and the Roman populace bivouac on the church steps and upon the ground, eating, laughing and talking, until the first rays of the sun appear in the east.

Fire and noise are apparently indispensable items in this "midsummer night's dream." The centre of the fair is thronged with people, bearing flaming torches or colored lanterns, singing at the top of their voices and playing on various instruments—drums and pipes and trumpets. Lights gleam in every direction; colored lanterns glitter on the branches of the surrounding trees, and burning torches are placed here and there among the booths.

In former times the fair on St. John's Eve was patronized by the families of the Roman nobles; but latterly that custom has fallen into disuse, and the *fiesta* in these days is somewhat shorn of its picturesqueness. Even Italian gayety loses a little of its sprightliness under the weight of heavy taxes and an insufficiency of macaroni.

It is on this night that the dark-eyed Roman maidens select a *compare*, or

valentine, for the year; which term, signifying godfather, is a word of very elastic meaning in the sunny south. At day-dawn the bells of the great basilica ring for the first Mass, and the revellers pack up their baskets and make ready for their homeward journey.

The Feast of St. John the Baptist is an occasion for the presentation of gifts and for the amicable settlement of all family disputes. This custom is of very ancient origin; a remnant, perhaps, of the old festival of Concordia. Relations-in-law meet together on the 24th of June and regale themselves, amongst other delicacies, on dainty dishes of snails. Fresh green figs are also an important feature of the menu, and are partaken of at the beginning of dinner with the accompaniment of raw ham.

The Church of San Giovanni Laterano is draped with gorgeous silken hangings of crimson, white, and gold; and its lofty walls echo to the melodious strains of the psalm *Laudate pueri Dominum*, with its haunting refrain. From four in the morning until the glowing hour of noontide Masses are celebrated at every altar; and during the Pontifical High Mass, which takes place at half-past ten, the exquisite voices of the Sistine choir rise and fall in waves of harmony upon the incense-laden air.

By five o'clock the basilica is again filled with a dense crowd for Vespers; and then the blessing of the cloves—a ceremony performed by a bishop and dating from the mediæval ages—takes place in the sacristy. Cloves, carnations, and lavender,—these are all irrevocably associated with the Feast of St. John, and are sold in great profusion on each anniversary.

By seven o'clock the ceremonies are all concluded, and the broad stone portico outside the Lateran is black with the departing crowd. The heat of the long midsummer day is at an end, and the

evening breeze is fragrant with the subtle perfume of "St. John's pinks." A faint, roseate glow rests on the distant Sabine mountains, and a deeper tinge of amethyst on the Alban hills.

The quaint superstition "of St. John's witches" was one which in former times was widely credited. These ladies of the broomstick were supposed to be peculiarly fatal in the case of children, whose ordinary infantile maladies were invariably laid at their door. Prayers were accordingly murmured in infants' ears in order to counteract the evil influence. But the greatest safeguard was supposed to consist in placing a plate of salt on the threshold. With the first glimmer of dawn, however, the danger was at an end.

A war against black cats was also waged by the Romans on the eve of St. John. These are usually considered lucky in Italy, and their presence is decidedly encouraged; but should a wandering puss of that sombre hue enter a house on the 23d of June, woe to its inmates; for misfortunes of divers kinds will inevitably follow in its footsteps.

Time was, in the pagan days of ancient Rome, when this midsummer festival was called *Ambarvalia* and dedicated to the goddess Ceres. A sheep or a bull was offered up in sacrifice, and hymns imploring her protection for the harvest were sung in solemn procession. These rites were presided over by as many as twelve priests, belonging to a society known as the "Arvales Brothers," and whose heads were adorned with a fillet of wheat. The laity in the meantime were occupied in exorcising and keeping at a respectful distance the numerous evil spirits that were holding high revelry on this balmy summer night. Here also fire and noise played their accustomed rôles. Men and women and children danced and leaped round great bonfires of hay and straw; and those

who were too young to take an active part in the program were held in their mother's arms during her share in the performance.

These customs, however, are things of the very remote past; still, the 23d and the 24th of June—the eve and the *festa* of St. John the Baptist—are celebrated in France and Italy not only with religious pomp and ceremony, but with all manner of innocent and harmless merry-making.

G. V. C.

Notes and Remarks.

The fatuity of the heathen Chinese is a never-failing source of wonder. A secret society known as the Boxers, whose object is the extermination of all foreigners, or at least their expulsion from Chinese territory, has been guilty of such systematic depredation as to make outside interference necessary. The Boxers, it is pretty generally known, have the approval and support of the Empress, and the result will probably be the long-expected disintegration of China. The almond-eyed celestial is, therefore, pursuing a policy which, instead of discouraging the foreigner, is likely to place the whole country under foreign domination. Meantime missions and native Christian communities are suffering what amounts to extermination, and the number of martyrs is large.

T. Thomas Fortune, a colored man and brother, has come out squarely in favor of a shot-gun policy for the Negro. Mr. Fortune is an influential personage among the blacks, being the editor of a leading Afro-American journal, and a speaker of considerable power. In an address delivered before the blacks of Brooklyn on a recent occasion, he exhorted his hearers to demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth

whenever they were insulted or outraged by the whites. He was greeted with frenzied shouts of approval when he said: "There are now 10,000,000 of us, with 2,000,000 fighting men; and there will come a time when we will get at the throats of the white men who have tried to wrong and to outrage us as citizens." We have no doubt that Mr. Fortune means to uplift and befriend his fellow-Negroes, but he has taken an extraordinary way to do it. We fear that the very best that can be said of speeches like his is that they set the Negro back many years.

It can hardly be doubted, as the expansionists assert, that we shall receive back many fold every dollar that we have expended in subduing the Filipinos. The war has already cost our government many millions of dollars, and it is not over yet: it may continue for years to come. But it will pay in the long run. That is the main consideration with the expansionists. However, at the next presidential election many voters will be influenced by other considerations. Up to date, over 4000 American soldiers have been killed, wounded or invalided. The official figures on the other side report 10,780 Filipinos killed, 2104 wounded. Not every American citizen, thank God, is so worshipful of the Mighty Dollar as to be indifferent to a record like this, which represents so much suffering—so many broken hearts and ruined homes.

The unwise declaration attributed to Cardinal Satolli, that Italy takes great care of its pagan monuments but entirely neglects the Christian antiquities, threatens to lead to regrettable results, if we may believe the Roman correspondent of the *Weekly Register*. Already it has been proposed to transfer the catacombs

from papal to government jurisdiction, on the plea that the Pope neglects them, and that they might be used to the detriment of the government in times of war or public disturbance. The proposal is just such a one as is likely to find favor with the minions of Humberto. It will count for nothing that it was De Rossi, working under the Pope's direction, who "recalled the catacombs into existence"; that the money to re-excavate them was supplied by Pius IX., and that the scholars who interpreted them to the world were inspired and encouraged by that great Pope. It is reported that the Trappists derive a revenue of about \$5000 a year from the Catacomb of Callistus; and this fact alone, in the opinion of the Italian patriots, is good reason why the government should appropriate and "take care" of it.

Those who are of opinion that athletics have been made a little too prominent in the curriculum of our colleges will be interested to learn that the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago has decided to refuse recognition of athletics, and no longer to give official sanction to the college football team. The dean of the college, in explanation of this action, said: "Experience has taught us that college athletics have a demoralizing and disturbing influence on the students, and interfere with the educational work of the college. We do not deny that athletics have a beneficial influence on the physical development of the young man, but the interests of education demand first recognition."

The familiar letters of soldiers in the Philippines to relatives in this country throw a great deal more light on the situation in the islands than the perfunctory reports of government com-

missioners. We are glad to notice that the leading newspapers are now disposed to publish such letters, and it is to be hoped that before long the American people will entertain different ideas as to the merits of the war in which we are engaged and about the people we are trying to exterminate. A letter of Lieut. Raynor, addressed to a relative in Brooklyn, is published in the *Daily Eagle* of that city. He writes from Caloocan and says among other things:

We had a visit from one of those female women called missionaries. She informed me that they were here in force, and intended to linger here until every germ of sin peculiar to this archipelago was no more. Bless her dear deluded heart! When these people become as sinful and irreligious as we Americans, then we may hope for better things of them. But on the religious question as it stands at present, they can give us all cards and spades and then run out easily. We are in the midst of Easter festivities. Tell your friends who are in the habit of celebrating Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Easter, etc., that they would not make a side-show to the Filipino devotions. What we want to teach these people is commerce as it is practised in the United States: how to beat your fellowman in trade, and do it first. No, the American on a religious tack is too slow for these people. When it comes to going to church they simply get there with both feet before daylight. I can count from where I am sitting the spires or domes of seven Catholic churches. Where can you equal that in our country, except, perhaps, in Brooklyn? And these are no small camp-meeting affairs either, but grand structures built of stone.

Certain European journals have attempted to show that the Catholic Party in Belgium received a great setback in the recent elections, because the majority possessed by the party is now only eighteen, whereas last session it was seventy-two. They forget to explain, however, that last session's large majority was the result of a peculiar election-law which the Catholic Party voluntarily changed because it made no provision for the representation of minorities in the legislature; and it in no way detracts from the generosity of the dominant Catholic Party to add

that the electoral law was changed with full knowledge of the fact that the Catholic majority was sure to be greatly diminished. It was, indeed, generally believed that the Liberals and Socialists could secure the majority by combining their interests and their votes. The Belgian elections, therefore, far from dealing a blow to the Catholic Party, have given it a notable victory, which its enlightened and large-minded policy well deserved.

During a lecture recently delivered by him in London, Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen made extensive quotations from certain papyri (dating from the second century) which he had just received from Egypt. From Mr. Boscawen's discourse a correspondent of the *Tablet* extracts these interesting and highly important words: "Gnostics laid hold of everything. They borrowed from Greek, Persian and Syriac sources. In one of their texts occurred these words, plainly written in Greek and described as being said over a cup of wine: 'This is not wine: this is the blood of Osiris.' Then over a piece of bread: 'This is not bread: it is the very body of Osiris.'" The importance of these words can be fully realized only by those who have followed those dreary controversies which give out more heat than light, and in which it is contended that no trace of the doctrine underlying Transubstantiation can be found before medieval times.

We find the following paragraph in *The Angelus*, which is Anglican; it is credited to *St. Clement's Magazine*, which is probably also Anglican. It will be noticed that the Church of England is confounded with the Church of All Lands. *The Angelus* is often a puzzle to us. It is as hard for a member of the Church with a big C to understand the

pretensions of Anglicans as to comprehend the vagaries of other sectarians:

The Catholic party is sure ultimately to triumph in the church, for the simple reason that it regards poverty as Christ did. The Catholic priest can live on less money than the Protestant minister. He does not have an expensive family and household to support. Anybody who will study the conditions of church life in our cities will see that Protestant churches can not live in poor neighborhoods unless they happen to have the assistance of one or two millionaires. It costs too much to keep the Protestant kind of religion alive. And since with Protestants it is comparatively indifferent whether one goes to church or not; and since Protestants, as a rule, do not believe in the idea of God's worship, at least as connected necessarily with the church, poor people naturally prefer to spend their money for more entertaining amusements than a strawberry festival religion. As a consequence, the Protestant church in the less fashionable quarter dies. Its building, or at least its people, fall into the hands of Catholics; and it is certainly a fact that in city life the Catholic religion is gaining numerically and the Protestant religion is losing. This is as it should be.

Our East India exchanges chronicle the death of Brother Charles Goubert, S. J., for many years the able and zealous manager of the Catholic Orphan Press of Calcutta and the founder of the *Examiner* Press of Bombay. He was a native of Flanders and went to India in 1862. Ill health forced him to return home for a time; but he went back to Bengal as soon as he was able to bear the rigors of the climate, and continued the important work which he had begun until Death called him to the reward of his devoted labors. It is not too much to say that the missions of India owe not a little of their success to this humble religious. *R. I. P.*

According to the *North American Notes and Queries*, the first white child born on the American continent—excluding Greenland, of course—was Snorro, son of Thorfinn Karlsefni, who first saw light in the year 1006, in Vinland, wherever that was. Thorwaldsen the sculptor was a descendant of Snorro.

Notable New Books.

St. Jerome. By Father Largent. Duckworth & Co.

There can be no doubt, as the learned author of "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire" observes, that St. Jerome was a tremendous and beneficent force in the cause of Christianity. "In his fearless determination to ascertain the proper meaning of the Sacred Text, he offers a splendid example of rare candor and patient industry. In his still more fearless denunciation of moral evil, even in the classes with whom he was most closely associated, and with the risk of ruin to his own reputation, he did a service to the cause of human progress of which the value can hardly be exaggerated." If St. Jerome's views as to the ideal of virtue seem extreme to us, if we are shocked by the harshness of his language and the violence of his polemics, it must be remembered that he was born in the midst of a semi-barbaric population, and that ferocity rather than meekness was the fashion of his day with the champions of orthodoxy. Their opponents were men of the same stamp, strenuous and intense to the last degree.

Father Largent has produced a most interesting volume, but we can not say that it has inspired us with a feeling of tender admiration for St. Jerome. His great personality will ever be prominent in the history of Christianity, but it is in the nature of things that his austerity and sanctity should be admired rather than imitated. The difference of tone between the ancients and ourselves is never to be lost sight of in studying the lives of saints like the Doctor of Bethlehem; however, we may rejoice that modern saints like St. Francis de Sales have given us very different conceptions of Christian holiness.

Christian Philosophy—God. Being a Contribution to a Philosophy of Theism. By the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L. Benziger Brothers.

The idea of God and His relation to the universe has been a subject of much earnest study within recent years. Splendid expository writings dealing with the question from various view-points have been put forward by the ablest thinkers here and in the Old World. With the exception of a few notable essays, however, the Christian idea of God has not had fair treatment in English. There was need, therefore, of a thorough, up-to-date work on natural theology from the pen of a Catholic writer; and Father Driscoll deserves our thanks for supplying this want, and our congratulations

on the excellent manner in which he has executed his task.

The book contains sixteen chapters dealing with those phases of the subject that are most commonly in dispute. There is, first, a refutation of Agnosticism in its various forms, followed by a discussion about the origin of the belief in God. The purpose of the author is not to investigate how the idea comes to the individual mind: he shows clearly that the possession of the idea is not a singular but a universal fact, and then attempts to find grounds for the fact. In doing this he is obliged to cross much disputed territory in philosophy and to take account of the findings of the natural sciences. Cosmic Theism as held by Fiske, the modified Hegelian concept of Royce, and the evolution hypothesis that would do away with design, come in for a full share of criticism. The data of geology, biology, chemistry, physics, astronomy and mathematics are used with telling effect in support of the Christian idea. Indeed Father Driscoll grants more to the so-called truths of the natural sciences than perhaps they deserve; for, contrary to the view of Dr. Ward in his recent work on "Naturalism and Agnosticism," he accepts the principles of the conservation of matter and the conservation of energy as established.

The fairness and fearlessness with which Father Driscoll has written this book will make it especially helpful to students. Another thing to be grateful for is that the terminology is easy. The fact, too, that the references cover a wide range, and are not confined to philosophy and the natural sciences, ought to win for the work a wide reading among the general public.

The Nursing Sister. A Manual for Candidates and Novices of Hospital Communities and Beginners in Training Schools in General, in Questions and Answers. Prepared by St. John's Hospital Training School, Springfield, Illinois.

The title of this manual, which we present in full, explains its purpose. The author is the director of the institution from which the book emanates, and is distinguished for zeal and efficiency in hospital work. The need of such a manual has often been felt by those for whose benefit it has been prepared. By means of Father Hinssen's hand-book, every hospital in charge of a religious community can now have a school for the intelligent and practical training of nurses. Indebtedness is acknowledged by the compiler to the excellent manual of nursing issued by the Connecticut Training School, also to several works of theo-

retical instruction on the vocation of nurse. It will be seen from this that the present volume embodies the best features of numerous other works. Heads of religious communities in charge of hospitals who do not cling to the fallacy that the habit makes the nurse will welcome this manual, and will be grateful to the author of it. He has rendered a very important service.

Arden Massiter. By Dr. William Barry. The Century Co.

Arden Massiter is a young English journalist, who, having quarrelled with his father on account of his socialistic opinions, goes to Italy to study the social problem there. His friendship with Don Gaetano Sorelli gives him the much desired opportunity to analyze the Catholic and papal element in the Italian *pot-pourri*; and it is an agreeable duty for us to say that a more beautiful type of character than this representative of the old papal families has seldom been presented in fiction. The socialistic phase of Italian life, as Father Barry pictures it, is one of the most lurid afforded by the whole range of human history; and one wonders how long it will be before Rome shall see the sights which Paris witnessed during the Commune. We thought we knew something of the underground world of Italy; but, unless Father Barry has painted with a broom—and nothing is more unlikely,—hardly a modicum of the truth is known.

As a *story* "Arden Massiter" is vastly superior to the "Two Standards," but it is not so great a *book*. It is steady, well-measured, interesting and convincing at every point; but it lacks the magnificent writing, the lyric force and rhapsodic beauty of its predecessor. We venture to think it will be far more popular, however. We recommend it without any reserve, and we present our congratulations to Father Barry.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. By Marion Ames Taggart. Benziger Brothers.

The adventure-loving boys who followed with delight the wondrous incidents and thrilling episodes in "Jack Hildreth among the Indians" will welcome with especial heartiness this romantic chronicle of a favorite hero's further exploits. Others who have yet to make the acquaintance of the redoubtable Jack will be captivated by the narrative of what he did on the Nile and in the Egyptian desert. There is nothing mediocre about Jack Hildreth. Ferocious slave-dealers may bind him as tightly as they wish, clap handcuffs on him, put his neck in a "schebah," and otherwise

deprive him of all apparent means of movement; but when they are perfectly sure that he is quite helpless, and safe to figure as chief victim in an approaching torture,—presto, Jack has burst his bonds, broken the handcuffs, freed his neck from the oppressive yoke, and is proceeding to turn the tables on his enemies with a thoroughness that satisfies one's most fastidious sense of retributive justice.

The Redemption of David Corson. By Charles Frederic Goss. The Bowen-Merrill Co.

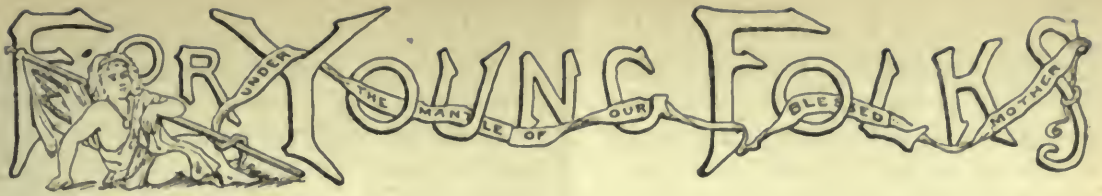
This is a "notable new book" only in the sense that it has already achieved a popularity far beyond its deserts, thanks to the callow young collegians who make literary reputations through the book-reviews in the newspapers. It is melodrama run mad; but, like the melodrama, it has a certain sort of interest that holds the imagination captive till the end. It is a story of sin, punishment and repentance; and as the *dramatis personæ* are a Quaker, a gypsy and a quack, it is, perhaps, needless to say that the sin, the punishment and the repentance are odd in many of the details. The tone of the book, however, is good; and its lesson—that the wages of sin is death and unhappiness—is a wholesome one to enforce. The men of the story are poor specimens; but the gypsy girl, Pepeeta, is a noble figure. It is but justice to say that Mr. Goss seems capable of extremely good work on a better theme. The publishers, who have a keen instinct for successful novels, have issued the volume in good form.

The Heiress of Cronenstein. By the Countess Hahn-Hahn. Adapted from the German by Mary H. Allies. Benziger Brothers.

This is a story in which there is no attempt at characterization: all the persons we meet therein are of the same color. There is a gambler that marries the heiress, and he is drowned when he has richly deserved his fate; the heiress dies of a decline. There is a youth named Telesphor who loses his vocation through the talk of an infidel physician, falls in love violently with an actress, dies converted because the heiress wishes him to do so; and the rascally doctor lives happy ever afterward. A good sculptor, Franz, who talks in a very edifying manner and quotes Latin, becomes a priest; but a healthy boy would call Franz a "stick."

The story runs smoothly, and it would be enjoyed by any one that has not been sophisticated by the genuine novel. It is a pious tale which may be safely given to young folk for perusal.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Nip and the Burglars.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

I WONDER whether or not all THE AVE MARIA boys have forgotten Fred Morgan's dog Nip, about whom I told them a story some three months ago? I hope not; for Nip was—and for that matter *is*, although he's not so frisky nowadays as he used to be—an exceptionally clever animal. Even Si Perkins, whom Nip forced to fight fair, reluctantly admitted that "that there Nip ain't no slouch of a purp"; and on several occasions endeavored to establish friendly relations between the dog and himself, with the probable ulterior design of eventually stealing Nip and making away with him.

The pup, however, was proof against all Si's blandishments; and whenever he found himself in the vicinity of the district inhabited by the "Young Terrors" kept a sharp eye about him. As a rule, indeed, he avoided that part of the town unless when accompanied by some canine policeman, such as Snarler or Ponto, of whose prowess against any number of bad boys he entertained the most flattering estimate.

One afternoon, while Fred was at school, Nip accepted an invitation from Snarler to take a run about town. They proceeded down toward the railway station, and suddenly came upon Si and Buck Davis sitting on a flat-car in the freight yard.

Nip stopped short as soon as he noticed them, and said to his companion:

"There's two of my enemies; let's turn back."

"Not much!" replied Snarler. "You are my guest on this outing; and I'll look after you all right, sonny. Don't let on you notice them; and if they cut up any shins, you just keep back a little and watch me attend to them."

The dogs proceeded along the track, and when they arrived opposite the flat-car, were somewhat surprised to hear Si call out in his most coaxing accents: "Hello, Nip! Come here, good little doggie! Here, Nip, poor little feller!"

"Don't you take any stock in that sort of soft soap, youngster," growled Snarler. "He's just trying to pull your leg. Come on!"

Nip looked at Perkins steadily for some ten or fifteen seconds, as if deliberating whether that youth was sincere or treacherous in his greeting; and then, with a contemptuous little bark that said as clearly as could be, "You're a fraud!" trotted on alongside of Snarler.

Seeing now that his intentions were mistrusted, Si jumped off the car, picked up a stone and threw it with all his might at the retreating dogs. It struck the iron rail just ahead of Snarler. That sagacious animal turned his head, saw Perkins looking about for another missile, and forthwith bounded back toward his assailant.

"Look out, Si! He's a comin' for yer!" said Buck, who immediately began climbing to the top of a box-car.

Si did look, and then jumped and ran for dear life to the car where he had been sitting. He reached it just a second or two ahead of Snarler, and boy and dog sprang at the same moment,—Si, to mount the car, and Snarler to fasten his teeth in any part of Si's anatomy that might be available. The terrified

hoodlum managed to throw himself upon the floor of the car, but did not draw in his legs quickly enough altogether to escape the angry bulldog. Si's right foot was hanging down as Snarler jumped, and the dog's teeth came together through the heel of the boy's boot. Fortunately, the boot was several sizes too large for Perkins, so that his foot escaped injury.

The boot, however, was soon a mere wreck. Snarler brought it with him to the ground, where he proceeded to tear the sole from the upper, and then rip the upper into a dozen distinct pieces. In the meantime Si had followed his chum's example and gained the roof of the box-car, whence he hurled at the bulldog the worst names he could think of.

Nip, who had been an interested spectator of the incident, manifested his thorough approval of its termination by a series of triumphant barks, which irritated Perkins still more than did the loss of his boot. Fred himself could not have taunted Si more plainly than did his intelligent pup; for that delighted animal was clearly saying:

"Aha, Mr. Perkins! You got sold, didn't you? Wanted to pull my leg; eh? Well, I guess Snarler has pulled *yours* for you. Better leave respectable dogs alone after this; or the first thing you know some fine day Snarler will tear *you* to pieces, just as he has done to your boot. Oh, golly! what a guy you look up there! Come along, Snarler! Come along! You've frightened what little wits the fellow had quite out of him. Bow-wow, bow-w-w!"

I fear I have dwelt rather long on this occurrence, especially as Nip did not play the leading rôle therein; so let me hasten to record some exciting events in which he did act as chief hero,—when he came out of an adventure with first-class honors, not shared by Snarler, Ponto, or any other of his friends.

Mrs. Morgan and Clara usually spent the latter half of May with friends in Boston, leaving Dan and Fred at home to be cared for by Kathleen, the cook and general servant. Kathleen, whose family name was Mooney (although nobody in Rockland seemed to know it, except Father O'Flaherty, who always read out, in the list of the Christmas and Easter collections, "Miss Kathleen Mooney, \$2,") was what they call in the old country a fine, strapping woman, pleasant-featured, good-humored, and sincerely devoted to the Morgans, with whom she had lived since she first landed in America from the County Limerick, when Fred was a bright little toddler of two years.

Well, his mother and sister being in Boston, and Dan spending most of his time in Lawyer Quigley's office, where he was preparing for his final examination as an attorney, Fred went to school, took occasional rambles with Nip, and spent considerable time down in the kitchen, chatting with Kathleen, and sampling her doughnuts, ginger-snaps, roly-polies, and pastry generally. After supper Dan would stay with him for an hour or so, and then return to the office to work until half-past ten or eleven. Dan had a latch-key by which to let himself into the house; so neither Fred nor Kathleen ever sat up for him. Both were sound asleep by nine, or half-past nine o'clock at the latest.

One night Fred was awakened by a low, gruff growl from Nip, who always slept on a rug in his young master's room. Starting up, he saw the dog standing by the chamber door, his ears cocked up and his whole attitude one of alarmed attention. A moment later he heard what sounded like a suppressed scream in the direction of Kathleen's room. Although only thirteen years of age, Fred was a bright boy, and he at once suspected that burglars were in

the house. Spring weather had brought its usual accompaniment of numerous tramps to Rockland, and the *Morning Advertiser* had commented on the vicious aspect of several who had been seen prowling about the suburbs of the town only a few nights previous.

Fred's first act was to turn the key in his door, thus preventing any intrusion, at least until the door should be broken in. He then ran to the window, opened it and looked out. The window was in the rear of the house and looked upon the backyard and the roof of the one-story kitchen. The house being a good third of a mile from any other, Fred thought he wouldn't waste time by shouting for help, especially as he heard the steps of two or three persons moving about in the dining-room downstairs. The roof of the kitchen was fully twelve feet away, and not directly under his window either, so he could not risk to jump it. He was about to try the traditional plan of making a rope of the sheets and quilts and so lowering himself to the ground, when Nip jumped upon the window-sill and looked expectantly into his master's face. His look evidently meant:

"Now, Fred, what am I to do?"

Fred answered, just as if the question had been put to him:

"Dr. Broderick, Nip; and *quick!* Go it, old fellow!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Nip bounded from the window to the kitchen's roof, jumped from that to a wood pile in the yard, and scampered away as if the whole gang of "Young Terrors" were at his heels. Neither Nip nor Fred had made any noise in the course of these proceedings,—the former contenting himself with the one low, guarded growl that had awakened his master; and the latter not being at all anxious to invite the presumed burglars to his part of the house.

Meanwhile, downstairs, the burglars in question—three determined-looking tramps—had been gorging themselves with the contents of Kathleen's pantry. Their hunger satisfied, they began a systematic rifling of dining-room and parlor. Ten minutes sufficed to discover all the portable articles of value in these apartments; Mrs. Morgan's solid silver service being the most important part of the booty. Fred, listening at his door, heard the men ascending the stairs again, and rightly conjectured that they were going to visit the bedrooms, in the hope of discovering money or jewels. The minutes went by very slowly, as Fred thought; and he began to fear that Nip had not understood what he was expected to do, or that his uncle, Dr. Broderick, was not at home. More than once he was tempted to unlock his door, slip out quietly and try to get downstairs unperceived; but he concluded that one of the burglars was sure to be on the watch below, and that the better plan was to await developments. At last, when he was becoming desperate at the thought of his mother's loss, poor Kathleen's probable murder, and his own danger if the robbers discovered him, he heard a rush of feet on the gravel walk of the garden. A moment later the main door was flung open and his uncle's voice was heard:

"Up with your hands, fellow,—quick, or I'll put a bullet through you!"

Next there was a rush upstairs of apparently half a dozen men, and Fred immediately recognized Sheriff Doherty's sharp accents: "Drop it, you fellows! Your game's up."

Then Fred opened his door and found himself in the company of Dr. Broderick, his brother Dan, the sheriff and three policemen, who already had the burglars in handcuffs.

"Oh, Kathleen's killed!" he exclaimed, after the first rush of relief. "I heard

her last scream half an hour ago when these awful men murdered her."

"Killed nothin'," promptly replied one of the tramps. "Chloroform don't kill, 'specially a she-devil of a prize-fighter like that one. She came nearer killin' me than I did her."

Investigation proved that he was right. Kathleen was simply under the influence of chloroform, from which in the course of an hour or two she quite recovered; while the bruises her sturdy fists had inflicted on the burglar's countenance were very likely to remain for a week or two at least.

The sheriff and policemen went away with their prisoners, and then Fred suddenly cried out:

"By the way, where's Nip?"

"Laid up for repairs in my office," answered the Doctor.

"What's the matter? Did the poor fellow hurt himself? What is it?"

"Well," replied his uncle, "the matter seems to be that, as he couldn't ring my bell, he took a more expeditious way of attracting my attention. How in the world he managed to get on the roof of my porch I don't know; but I do know that he sprang from the porch head-first against my bedroom window, broke two panes of glass, landed on my bed, bow-wow-ed like a young canine demon, and gave me the greatest fright I've had since I was a boy. His forehead is cut up considerably, and I told my office boy to pick the broken glass out of his head, wash the cuts and put sticking-plaster—but, hello! here he is himself!"

"Bow-wow-wow!" assented Nip, as he came tearing into the room, and, jumping into Fred's arms, licked his face in an ecstasy of joy.

The burglars were sentenced to ten years in the state-prison; and Nip—well, Nip became the lion in all the dog circles of Rockland.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

VII.—(Continued.)

The stranger, puzzled for a moment at the word "whaler," quickly realized the meaning of the question, and a gleam of intelligence came into his face. It gave the man of many experiences a clue to what was uppermost in the minds of these lads,—something of which he had already suspected from their looks and gestures, and the wistfulness with which they regarded the circumscribed limits of the stream before them.

"No: me never go on whale vessel," said he. "Me see the catch of whale. Way up in Greenland. Ship fast to the ice bank. Great cry, whale come. Nice enough sight; harpoon go in him; land him very hard. Big fish, much oil, much fat; much joy in whale men."

Ben's eyes sparkled. Myles and he involuntarily seated themselves quite close to the stranger, forgetting fear and distrust alike. And even Art Egan, who had no special interest in the subject, stood with open mouth and eager eyes to hear these tales of wonder.

"Up there me see strange ting to make afraid," he added, turning to the boys. "That whale ship, with captain from Norway, stay dere when whale caught. In the morning early sailor man walk on ice for shoot someting. Bear come, very white, like piece ice. Walk up straight on two leg; catch sailor man by neck, drag away, eat."

This was a gruesome tale, but it only lent an edge to the appetite of the two seekers after adventure. And, having spun this yarn, he continued to spin, passing from country to country with surprising celerity.

"And me see them catch crocodiles. Negro man do that. Crocodile come near land; Negro shout for make afraid."

Crocodile swim way out. Negro man thrown harpoon for go in beast's mouth when he open. He stick in him more harpoons and drag to the land."

Ben and Myles exchanged glances. Think of sports like that taking place on this green earth, while they were studying dry mathematics and parsing dull sentences!

"Me see much elephants," said the foreigner, dreamily. "Big beasts, very good. In India, white elephants live in big palace, eat off gold dish, wear fine tings: gold, yes; jewels, yes. They their knee bend to great emperor. Everyone else bow to them. Sometimes elephant bad. Me see him kill man. Man take big cocoanut, for fun; break that at head of beast. Beast say nothing at all. Next day walk in street, see cocoanut at the stall. Take one, break head of man. Elephant laugh mebbe at that trick." (Here the Turk himself laughed heartily, as if it had been the richest of jests.) "Do funny ting elephant. Ah, yes, very funny!"

Having added one or two more stories to those already told, and contrived to let fall high-sounding phrases, bits and descriptions and glimpses of the glories which lay in that world beyond the sea-line, the foreigner arose.

"Me now go to ship. That wait in bay. Leetle ship over there wait too."

He took a whistle from his pocket and blew it vigorously. Instantly a small row-boat put forth from the vessel to which the boys' attention had just been called, and which seemed an ordinary fishing craft. The rowers, who were clad in much less conspicuous fashion than their chief, handled the oars with great swiftness and lightness; and presently they brought it alongside, saying no word, but leaning on their oars and waiting any further signal from the mysterious stranger, who stood, with the three boys about him, on the very

extremity of the pier. They felt quite regretful at his departure, especially Myles and Ben, who had already begun to live in the new world of their hopes and desires.

The man, before stepping into his boat, remarked carelessly:

"Some day, to-morrow, next day, I come. I tell to the leetle mister boys some yarns of sailor. I tell true story, not lie,—no, not lie."

The boys' faces brightened at this news. No greater treat could have been offered them; for, though the English of the narrator was fragmentary, imagination—most potent of wizards—supplied a glowing background for each separate recital. And, moreover, their books of travels made Myles and Ben sufficiently familiar with their favorite subject to fill in details.

As they watched the receding boat, which so quickly left the shore behind, something like envy filled their minds at the thought of all that this man had seen and done and dared. The boat, following a luminous track of sunshine, and sending up an occasional shower of spray, which the sun again caught and changed to drops of molten gold, was soon at its destination.

Art Egan, after expressing in his own fashion the pleasure the man's talk gave him, hastened away, as he knew he was wanted at home to go on an errand down town; so Myles and Ben were left alone to enjoy the pleasures of the imagination. It seemed as if an enchanter had touched that dull shore and clothed it with a variety of images; and as if lions, tigers, wolves or bears were hiding behind any pile of timber; while in those tranquil depths of the East River, smiling responsive to the joy of May, caymans or whales might be lurking.

"We'll come down here to-morrow afternoon," said Myles.

"Take care and don't get kept in!" urged Ben. "Don't be at any of your mischief in class to-morrow, or we may miss him." And he pointed after the disappearing Turk as he spoke.

"I won't," promised Myles; adding, with some offence in his tone: "It was *you* that got kept in last."

"Oh, I know!" replied Ben, abashed. "But that wasn't for any mischief. I got mixed up in my geography lesson through reading that book of yours."

"He's a wonderful old fellow, that!" said Myles, reflectively.

"A walking geography," said Ben. "And he really tells you lots we don't learn at school. I wonder what he's doing round here?"

"He's trading, I suppose," said Myles.

Ben did not answer. He stood still, watching the sails of the fishing boat spread themselves under a stiff breeze. The light vessel fairly danced over the water. Ben gave one long-drawn sigh; he was wishing to be up and away. Instead of that Myles reminded him that they had better be getting home; and they walked slowly up Catherine Street, feeling as if they had been in a dream. The great wax figures in the shop-windows, which had often held them spellbound, representing ladies and gentlemen in a variety of costumes, passed unnoticed. Even the windows of the confectionery, full of good things to eat, and of cunningly devised candy boxes, ornamented cakes, and glittering mottoes, did not attract their attention. They walked home almost in silence, Myles being diverted from his abstraction only by the temptation to steal a ride on the steps of the East Broadway stage, from Catherine to Market; after which he soberly rejoined Ben, and they parted, both already looking forward to a new meeting with that stranger who seemed to hold the key to all the kingdoms of the earth.

"I'll ask him about the Pacific Islands to-morrow," said Myles, irrelevantly. "That's a splendid whaling ground."

"The Antarctic has been less worked, Myles," replied Ben, dogmatically; "but we'll get his advice about it; I expect he's been there."

"He's been *everywhere*," said Myles. "I never saw such a fellow."

And having now reached the familiar iron railing of the area, which was, indeed a narrow boundary for a hero soul, Myles, with a brief "Good-bye!" to his friend, dived in, retaining a very respectable appetite for the plain but wholesome midday dinner which Susan presently put before him.

(To be continued.)

Measuring Time.

There have been strange ways devised for measuring time. In the ages called "dark" men used hour-glasses; "black marble dust boiled three times in wine" being a favorite formula for the preparation of the sand. Alfred the Great kept track of the hours by means of marked candles. As the wind made them burn faster, they were enclosed in protecting armor, and thus lanterns were invented. When clocks were first used they ran by water-power. One has been made in Germany that is warranted to run for nine thousand years. It is placed in a hall into which the street-door opens. When any one enters, the opening of the door winds the clock. Sundials have always been used, and are common even now; but they are uncertain things, dependent upon the caprice of the weather. "Big Ben" of Westminster is the largest clock in the world, and one of the most correct. It varies less than a second each week. It takes five hours to wind one of the weights, and the dial measures over 22 feet in diameter.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Consolations of the Sick-Room and the Christian Nurse's Guide" is the title of a booklet, or rather two booklets in one, by the Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J., just issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates. It will be useful to patients and nurses everywhere. "Consolations of the Sick-Room," which consists of practical points and devotional exercises, may be had separately.

—The life of St. Mechtildis, that ornament of the great Order of St. Benedict, has an interest that seems to increase in those who admire her sanctity, giving at the same time a desire for greater heights of holiness. New narrations of her words and deeds, her favors from God and her unceasing correspondence to grace, always command a wide reading. From the Vatican Press, Rome, we have received a new biography of this admirable saint, which must meet with favor; for its make-up, typographical and literary, is all that could be desired.

—The following paragraph which *Notes and Queries* credits to an old writer, seems to suggest that an effective remedy for snakes in boots is eels in wine:

"If you would make some notorious Drunkard and common swil-bowle to loth and abhorre his beastlie Vice, and forever after to hate the drinking of Wine: put an Eele alyue into some wyde-mouthed Potte with a Couer, having in it suche a Quantitie of Wine as maye suffice of it selfe to suffocate and strangle the Eele to Death. Which doone, take out the dead Eele, and let the Partie whom you would have reelaymed from his Bibacitie, not knowing hereof, drinke of that Wine onely even as much as he listeth."

—In one of the new books, "How England Saved Europe," by W. H. Fitchett, the statement is made, on the authority of Sir William Fraser, that Napoleon at one time actually contemplated becoming a sailor and joining the British Navy! It was at Brienne, when an English lad named Lawley, afterward Lord Wenlock, was Bonaparte's schoolfellow. "One day," Fraser is quoted as saying, "the little Corsican came to his school-mate and showed him a letter addressed to the British Admiralty, requesting permission to enter our navy. 'The difficulty, I am afraid,' said Bonaparte, 'will be my religion.' Lawley replied: 'You young rascal! I don't believe you have any religion at all.'—'But my family have!' answered Napoleon." Fraser says that Napoleon's letter

was actually sent. If it had been favorably entertained, how differently modern history might read!

—"The Little Maid of Israel," by Emma Howard Wight, is a story for children—a certain kind of children. They will like it very much, perhaps; other children will not. It is a sad story and it is told with much solemnity. B. Herder, publisher,

—A revised edition of Rodriguez' well-known treatise on "Christian Perfection" has long been a desideratum. The work is so excellent as a whole that its grave defects are all the more deplorable. These are attributable to the fact that all English translations of the book have been made from a garbled French version instead of the Spanish original. Among the manuscripts of the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea was found a translation of "Christian Perfection" from the edition published at Seville during the lifetime of Padre Rodriguez. It is gratifying to hear that this manuscript is to be published in the autumn. Let us hope that it will be carefully revised,—so carefully that there will be no hesitation in destroying copies of the edition now in use.

—Father Brosnahan, S. J., has made a pretty pamphlet of the notable paper read by him before the Conference of Catholic educators in Chicago. The object of the paper is a comparison of the relative merits of "The courses leading to the Baccalaureate in Harvard College and Boston College,"—the words quoted are the title of the essay. Whatever one may think of President Eliot's motive in this matter, there can be no doubt in the mind of any competent judge that Boston College has been unfairly discriminated against,—a glance at the list of colleges whose degrees Harvard accepts is sufficient to satisfy any educator as to that. But we wonder whether it is worth while making an international fuss about the refusal of one college to honor the degree of another college. Also whether Catholics are not a bit inconsistent when they deplore the drift of Catholic students to non-Catholic colleges, and in the same breath deplore with equal fervor the difficulties which non-Catholic colleges put in the way of Catholic students who may wish to enter them. Father Brosnahan is a vigorous and a pungent pamphleteer, but we think his subject not altogether well-chosen this time.

—The scholarly *Athenæum* continues its good work of popularizing honest history,—a work in

which it is all the more potent because the famous literary weekly can not be charged with Catholic bias. It reprints the solemn declaration of King James VI. and I. "on the word of a king" that—

No man hath lost his life, no man hath indured the Racke, no man hath suffered corporall punishment in other kinds, meerey or simply, or in any degree of respect, for his conscience in matters of religion; but for wicked conspiring against my life or estate, or Royall Dignitie; or els for some notorious crime, or some obstinate and wilfull disobedience.

On this the *Athenæum* comments as follows: "That is to say, when Roman Catholic priests, under James, were condemned to death for exercising the priestly functions which their consciences prompted them to exercise, and were then hanged because they refused to save their lives by taking an oath which their consciences forbade them to take as contrary to their faith, they were punished, forsooth, not for their consciences, 'in matter of religion,' but for obstinate disobedience. The proceedings of the government may or may not have been necessitated or justified by reasons of state policy: but, not daring to look facts in the face, James here plays with words and undoubtedly quibbles."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Christian Philosophy—God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* \$1.25, net.
- St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* \$1.
- Arden Massiter. *Dr. William Barry.* \$1.50.
- The Heiress of Cronestein. *Countess Hahn Hahn.* \$1.25.
- The Nursing Sister. \$1.25.
- Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.
- The Redemption of David Corson. *Charles Frederic Goss.* \$1.50.
- Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.
- Giovanni Battista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

- Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* \$2.
- Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* \$5, net.
- The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* \$1, net.
- The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., net.
- St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* \$1.
- A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., net.
- The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.
- A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* \$1.10, net.
- The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., net.
- Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.25, net.
- Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.
- Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., net.
- The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.
- An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* \$3.50.
- The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1, net.
- Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.
- Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.
- The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.
- The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25.
- Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.
- Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.
- Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3 50.
- The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.
- Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.
- My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
- The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.
- Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.
- The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.
- For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.
- The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.
- Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.
- A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.
- The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.
- Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 30, 1900.

NO. 26.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Ere Parting.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

I FEAR Thou callest her, Jesu,
Yet hope it may not be:
Is my heart weak or selfish,
That holds her back from Thee?

Search Thou my inmost spirit;
And if it be we part,
My faith shall say Thou lov'st me well,
For Thou wilt have my heart.

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

OUR LADY'S VISITATION.

THE mystery of the Visitation of Holy Mary has been for many ages past the subject of special commemoration on the Friday of the Advent Ember week; a casual glance at the Mass for that day will be evidence sufficient of this fact. But an event so important in the life of Our Lady seemed to require greater prominence in the ecclesiastical calendar; hence through the influence of the gentle Spirit that overrules even the ordering of the sacred liturgy there originated during the Middle Ages the welcome festival in honor of the Visitation of the Mother of God.

We are indebted to the inspired pen of Mary's own Evangelist, St. Luke, for the full account which we possess of all that took place on this holy festival.

When Our Lady had understood from the words of the Angel that her cousin St. Elizabeth was shortly to realize the joys of motherhood, she set out with haste to render those offices of charity which lay within her power.

St. Luke is silent as to whether or not Our Lady had a companion with her on her journey across the Galilean hills, but it is generally thought she would not travel so great a distance unaccompanied. If Christian art may be trusted in this matter, St. Joseph was her companion on the journey. Pope Benedict XIV., however, in his work "De Festis," says that certain writers think St. Joseph could not have travelled with Our Lady; otherwise he would have learned from the salutation of her cousin the mystery of the Incarnation; and this, according to the Evangelist, he did not know until the special message was vouchsafed him by the Angel. The time required for the accomplishment of the journey from Nazareth to the house of Zachary would be, in all probability, from four to five days.

One detail mentioned in connection with the Visitation arrests our attention; namely, the apparent haste of the Blessed Virgin to fulfil her intentions. The Holy Ghost has doubtless left this fact on record to indicate the fervor of Mary's charity; it was a charity identical with that mentioned by St. Paul, which urges and presses us.*

* II Cor., v, 14.

The Spirit of God was present at the greeting of Our Lady and St. Elizabeth. The latter, moved by divine inspiration, exclaimed: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb!" The lowly Virgin, filled with the same Holy Spirit, expressed her joy and gratitude to Almighty God by uttering the sublime canticle known as the *Magnificat*. From primitive times the Church took up Mary's Visitation song and embodied it in the evening Office of Vespers.*

The visit of our Blessed Lady probably extended over the space of three months, during which period she was employed by God as the means of accomplishing many marvels, the greatest of which was the sanctification of the Baptist. If, according to the records of the Old Testament, God blessed Obededom and all that was his for sheltering within his house for two months the Ark of the Covenant, what would God not do for that favored household which harbored for so long a time the Immaculate Mother, of whom the Ark was but a figure?

There are two opinions as to whether Our Lady remained with her cousin till after the circumcision of St. John, and in this matter the erudite Benedict XIV. allows perfect freedom.† It may be of interest to know, however, that there are writers who see in the date assigned to the festival (namely, the morrow of St. John's octave day) an indication that the Church does not consider the visit to have terminated until after the solemn imposing of a name on the Precursor of Christ. Should this have been so, then Our Lady must have heard from the inspired lips of Zachary that other noble canticle, the *Benedictus*, which finds a place in the daily Office of Lauds.

INSTITUTION.

The general celebration of a festival in honor of the Visitation dates from the time of the Great Schism in the West, during the fourteenth century. Pope Urban VI., A. D. 1389, being desirous of putting an end to the confusion which was then desolating the Church, turned to the powerful help of the Blessed Virgin; and, in order to win her aid more speedily in bringing back to the fold the sheep who had followed the voice of hirelings, the Pontiff instituted the solemnity of the Visitation. Previous to this date the feast had been kept by the Order of Friars Minor, and it was not altogether unknown in the East.

The death of Pope Urban hindered the promulgation of the bull establishing the feast throughout the Church; so it devolved on his successor, Boniface IX., to carry out the cherished project. Pope Urban enriched the feast with the same indulgences as a former Pontiff had attached to the solemnity of Corpus Christi.* Besides which it was part of the original scheme to observe a vigil with a fast and also an octave; but these latter arrangements were never carried into effect, and Pope Boniface was content with advising a fast of devotion only.

At the time when the Visitation festival first graced the calendar of the Church, evil days had fallen on Europe. The faithful were perplexed as to the lawful chief pastor, and the air was rife with dissensions; but Our Lady's help did not fail. Faith was ever preserved intact; and not only was Western Christendom reunited *in fact* as well as *in principle*,† but the heads of the Greek schism also gave in their adherence to the successor of St. Peter. Thus the Feast of the Visitation is not only the solemn commemoration of a mystery

* "History of Roman Breviary," Battifol.

† De Festis B. M. V.

* For assisting at Mass and the Divine Office.

† "Liturgical Year," Gueranger.

associated with the Incarnation of our Redeemer, but it is also a standing memorial in the liturgy of the restored peace of Christendom.

FEAST IN OUR TIMES.

Even in our own times the powerful intercession of the Mother of God has made itself manifest on behalf of the needs of the Church at the recurrence of this same festival. It was on the 2d of July, 1849, that Rome was once again restored to the Sovereign Pontiffs in the person of Pius IX. On November 24, 1848, the Holy Father had been driven forth from the Eternal City by the action of the Italian revolutionary party. In memory of his happy return the Feast of the Precious Blood was instituted, to be observed annually on the first Sunday of July; and at the same time the Visitation of our Blessed Lady was raised from the rank of double major to that of a double of the second class. This act was but a prelude to that further manifestation of devotion to the Mother of God so characteristic of the reign of Pius IX., which culminated in the solemn definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.*

DATE OF VISITATION.

As a matter of fact, the Visitation must have taken place immediately after the Annunciation; hence its proper place in the calendar would have been toward the end of the month of March. The celebration of the mystery, however, at that period would have necessitated the introduction of a new feast into the season of Lent, when, according to an established usage, none but the most ancient and important solemnities found a place. Even the Annunciation, for a time, was relegated to the month of December. It is obvious, therefore, that the desire not to multiply the celebration of feasts during Lent led to

the postponement of the Visitation to a date which probably coincided with the return of the Blessed Virgin to her own home, after spending some three months with her cousin St. Elizabeth.

THE OFFICE.

According to Pope Benedict XIV., an English cardinal composed the Office for the Feast of the Visitation. The Vesper antiphons are taken from the text of the Gospel of St. Luke. The *Magnificat* deserves special notice, as this is the anniversary of its first intonation by our Blessed Lady. Every day throughout the year, not even excepting Good Friday, this glorious canticle forms an integral portion of the Vesper Office. On Sundays and festivals solemn rites and the fragrance of incense accompany the chanting of this joyous song. In some monasteries, at the Vespers of the Visitation, the church bells peal during the singing of the *Magnificat*.

In the first Vespers a commemoration is made of the octave day of St. John Baptist; thus, by a happy coincidence, the celebration of the birth of Our Lord's Precursor blends with the praises of her who brought him sanctification.

THE MASS.

With regard to the Mass—at the Introit the Church greets the Virgin Mother with the familiar words of Sedulius: "*Salve sancta parens.*" The Collect prays that the solemnity of the Visitation may be the means of procuring for the faithful the gift of peace.

In private Masses a commemoration is made of the holy martyrs Processus and Martinianus, two Roman soldiers who were converted and baptized by St. Peter in the Mamertine Prison. The relics of these martyrs are still venerated in one of the transepts of St. Peter's at Rome. It is needless to add that their cultus on the 2d of July is anterior to the festival of Our Lady.

* "Liturgical Year."

During the verse of the Gradual, the Church addresses Mary in joyful strains. The *Virgo Dei Genitrix*, with its quaint and beautiful Gregorian melody, is a portion of a hymn especially popular during the Middle Ages. A twelfth-century manuscript of the monastery of St. Gall combines this verse with *Salve sancta parens*. The Secret and the Post-communion are not really proper to this feast alone, but they are used in other Masses of our Blessed Lady.

In concluding these notes, it may be said that this festival of our Immaculate Mother unites the whole Church in prayer for peace and unity. Indeed, it has been shown that for this object the solemnity was especially instituted; the faithful, therefore, who desire to live in union with the life of the Church should endeavor to make these intentions their own. Outside the fold of Peter there are darkness and unrest; many who have hitherto been accustomed to follow the voice of the hireling are dissatisfied and impatient; the help of Our Lady will hasten the time when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

MINOR FEASTS IN JULY.

As there are two or three minor feasts of Our Lady falling during the course of the month of July, it may not be inappropriate to mention them here. On the 16th is celebrated the popular Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. In reality, this is the patronal feast of the Carmelite Order; but, on account of the widespread use of the Scapular among the faithful, Benedict XIII. inserted the festival in the calendar of the universal Church. A proper Mass for Our Lady of Mount Carmel is to be found in the Roman Missal.

The Feast of the Prodigies of the Blessed Virgin, on the 9th of July, is not universally celebrated. It is intended

to commemorate certain miraculous movements observed to have taken place in several representations of Our Lady in 1796. These supernatural signs were regarded as premonitory of troubles about to fall on the Church in connection with the great Revolution. In some places the commemoration is authorized under the title of Queen of Peace.

The mother of our Blessed Lady, St. Anne, is also venerated during the month of July. St. Anne's Day is a double of the second class, and was appointed to be celebrated on the 26th of July, by order of Pope Gregory XIII., in the year 1584. The Introit of the Mass of St. Anne is the jubilant *Gaudeamus omnes in Domino*; the rest of the Mass, with the exception of the Epistle and Gospel, is special to the day.

After Long Grief and Pain.

BY MARY CROSS.

ABOUT a week after Patrick Nugent had been commissioned by a well-known publishing firm to contribute a volume to its series of "Fin-de-Siècle Novels," he wakened one morning—not to find himself famous, but absolutely barren of ideas. His brain refused to work, the wells of fancy had run dry, imagination ceased to wave her fairy wand.

"I am played out at last: I shall never produce another page worth reading. The course of true literature never did run smooth, I know; but when it won't run at all the thing grows serious," he confided to one of his intimates, a rising young artist, the bare mention of whose name generally produced a chorus of "I do like Ted O'Connor. He's an awfully good sort!"

"Oh, nonsense!" replied he. "You've been worried that way often before and

it all came right again. You aren't a tap that can be opened at any minute for a pint of incident or a quart of dialogue. What you want at present is complete rest—a holiday, change of air and scene,—and so do I. That point is settled. Next question is, where shall we go?"

"Leave that to chance," said Patrick, languidly. "I hate plans to be cut and dry, hard and fast."

"My dear child, you are old enough to be told that there is no such thing as chance. Shut your eyes, stick this pin into that map of Ireland, and we'll prepare to go to whatsoever spot the pin touches. Now, do try to look pleasant over it."

"I shan't shirk hanging, but don't expect me to skip with the rope first," said Patrick. "For aught you know, I may hit on a bog or a mountain range, and I don't yearn after either as a holiday resort."

However, when he had followed his friend's instructions, he was found to have impaled Bray, and he uttered a cry of "Saved!" whilst Ted took a turn round the room with an imaginary partner.

"Couldn't have been better, Pat! I told you there was no 'chance.' That little town is the wide earth to me. In other words, she for whom I'd cheerfully give my life has gone there for the summer season. I was in doubt whether I should follow her or not, because she has refused me twice already."

"What! And you still would offer yourself to her? Well, well! I suppose Carlyle was right when he said that the inhabitants of these countries were 'maistly fools.'"

"Which is why they accept him as a sage, perhaps. Carlyle me no Carlyles, I mean to keep on asking until either she says 'Yes' or gives a valid reason why I should take 'No.' She is an

orphan, and lately a hitherto unheard-of uncle arrived from India, found her after much searching, and has taken benevolent possession of her until my turn comes, as come it will. Your hitting on Bray seems a good omen, and the 'third time' is proverbially lucky. You can leave all details of our journey to me; I'll attend to them. Don't worry about anything. You've got brain-fag as it is."

The two men had been acquainted for a couple of years, during which their intimacy had gradually increased and strengthened with better knowledge and appreciation of each other's good qualities. Ted knew little or nothing of Patrick's antecedents. His own life was open as the day; and if he did wear his heart and his emotions on his sleeve, the heart was manly, the emotions not unworthy. He was aware that neither time nor study could account for the silver streaks in Patrick's hair, and the fits of abstracted melancholy which at intervals came upon him; but he made no attempt to force confidence, or to pry into a hidden and obviously sad chapter in the other man's life.

It was a lovely summer evening when they arrived at Bray. The stately steamers flying past; yachts like giant butterflies flickering on the surface of the water; the exquisite foam-fringed curve of the land; the solemn headlands where the gloom of shadow and the glory of sunshine alternated; the sea "waving a thousand white-handed good-byes" to the green Irish shore, made up a picture which thrilled each heart with indescribable delight. The esplanade seemed a rendezvous for sailor hats and sunshades; a band of stringed instruments was playing lively airs; all was gaiety and animation.

"What next?" asked Patrick, as they stood on the platform. "Am I to shut my eyes again, stick a pin into one of

the porters, and proceed to whatsoever spot he mentions?"

"Nay, for that might involve your—leaving this world," answered Ted, wickedly. "Bray Cottage is our destination. I have arranged all that."

Patrick admitted that the arrangements were beyond criticism when he saw the dainty dwelling shrinking shyly behind a veil of roses; a ruddy fuchsia hedge dividing it from the road, which wound inland with many a bend and turn, ever alluring one on with its revelation of fresh scenes of beauty.

Ted naturally soon sought out his friends; but Patrick, as usual, preferred seclusion. Wandering whither he listed, apprenticed to his thoughts, he found his dormant talent reviving; and, as he had often done before, he thanked Heaven for an occupation that compels and absorbs thought, and forbids the indulgence of vain regret or idle longing for the irrevocable past. And thus the days and weeks slipped by, until a memorable evening when the lives of both men and one woman reached a climax and a crisis.

On the rocks in the sunset stood Ted, and facing him was a tall, slight girl, whose hazel eyes held the memory of a bygone tragedy. She was saying:

"Since you persist, I will tell you why you must cease to seek me. I will give you a sufficient reason why you must never again approach me in this way—I love him yet."

"*Him!*" Ted's face flushed; his voice took a sharper note. "*Him!*"

"Yes: one to whom I was engaged five years ago, but who left me without any explanation. He is alive, prosperous, presumably happy; but I know not what fault of mine caused him to break faith with me. I have never and I shall never love another. There is no other in the world for me. That is the simple truth. It is easy to talk of pride and

self-respect, and all the other things that a woman is supposed to call to her aid in such a case; but they have not helped me to forget. Perhaps I sin against them by confessing thus much to you; still you must not waste your life in futile hopes—in a dream that can never come true."

"I should not have forced you to say this," he faltered. "I am sorry. Forgive me!" And, dreading a complete loss of self-control, he left her.

Patrick came home in the sunset which flushed each lofty summit, the sea, the clear, untrammelled sky; even the white walls of the houses had a pink and purple tinge.

Ted was slowly pacing the fragrant garden, and as Patrick met his eyes "a sudden sense of stars blown out" smote the young man.

"Why so pale and sad, fond lover?" he quoted.

"Don't, Pat! I'm not in the humor for it. She has refused me."

Now it was Patrick's turn to act the comforter.

"As you said to me in my dark hour, dear boy, you've been worried that way before and it all came right again. Is there some unmistakable finality about this refusal that you take it in such a different spirit?"

"Yes: there's another man in the case. I should like to have the kicking of him. You understand human nature better than I do. Can you explain why a girl should remain faithful to the memory of a heartless fellow who has jilted her, and why for his sake she should be indifferent to every other man?"

"Isn't it a bit like your own case, Ted? You are faithful to a woman who doesn't care for you; who—"

"She is worthy," Ted interrupted, "and the other is not. He won her love, and then apparently tired of his sport, and left her without rhyme or reason."

as such fellows do. Possibly she clings to some fond theory of a mistake, a misunderstanding,—anything, in fact, but dishonor in him. I hope I may find him out some day. I should like to see what sort of a creature it is that could break the heart of such a girl as Kathleen Desmond."

"Kathleen Desmond!"

The sudden horror of look and tone, the shock of surprise and dismay which marked Patrick's repetition of the girl's name could have but one meaning, one explanation, though Ted did not for the moment grasp it. Then understanding came like the pain of wakening life in one newly snatched from the sea.

"So you are the man, Nugent!" he said, slowly.

"Yes, I am the man."

Then they surveyed each other in a breathless pause, the soft rustle of grass and swaying branches intensifying the sudden stillness. It ceased with Ted's harsh laugh.

"Well, for once you have heard a plain, unvarnished opinion of yourself, Pat. May you profit by it! Fool that I was not to understand her interest in you, and why she encouraged me to talk of you and your work! She tolerated me that she might hear of you. You must be proud of your achievements. Not every man can boast that he has spoiled two lives. You never thought fit to tell me, of course, that the girl I loved had first been won—and rejected—by you."

"You forget that until now you have never mentioned her name," said Patrick, quietly—not the quiet of self-control but of intense and hopeless sadness. "Her memory is at once the joy and anguish of my life. Be comforted, my friend; for I can tell you that which should make you thankful, for her sake and your own, that she has not loved you and will never be your wife. My conduct, doubtless, did seem heartless. I intended

that it should when I had to choose between two evils. In making myself appear a dishonorable trifler, I believe I chose the least. During my engagement to Kathleen I received a letter, by whom written I have never discovered, warning me that Kathleen's mother and grandmother had died insane, and asking me if I would wilfully prolong the evil to another generation?—if I wished to see the taint of insanity in my children? The facts, the writer said, had been carefully concealed from Kathleen in order that no undue strain should be placed upon her, thus hastening the inevitable; and she had always thought that Mrs. Desmond's delusions were merely a natural accompaniment of her illness. Certain particulars were given which enabled me to make an investigation, and I found that the story was true. In those circumstances, how would *you* have acted?"

The young fellow did not answer. He had grown very pale, staring with unseeing eyes at the path of glory made by moonlight across the heaving sea.

"I could not tell Kathleen this awful thing," Patrick resumed; "to do so would only precipitate her own fate, I thought. Some might maintain that it was my duty to tell her; but if so, I lacked the necessary moral courage. I sent her a letter, simply saying that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, I could not marry. That was all. My hope, my happiness died. Only for her sake did I struggle on, nerving myself to further effort because I felt that upon me devolved the duty of providing for her; that I must stand between her and poverty at least. She was led to suppose that a remote connection had bequeathed her an annuity; for I knew that she would not voluntarily accept any gift of mine. My only consolation, Ted, has been in knowing that if that affliction must come upon her, its awful

darkness will be lightened and relieved as far as lies in human power."

For one minute of maddening jealousy Ted asked himself if this tale were true,—if Patrick had not invented it to justify himself. But a glance at the pale, stricken face of his friend settled that doubt. And now began a struggle between the good and ill within him, the noble striving for supremacy over the base. Should he remain silent and thus condemn these two to remain forever apart? Should he unite them after the long grief and pain? Happiness was his, to give or to withhold.

All at once, and with a gesture as if he broke a chain and flung it from him, panting as if he had been running hard, he laid both hands on Patrick's shoulders and gasped forth:

"It has all been a dreadful mistake, my friend,—a dreadful mistake! Mrs. Desmond was not Kathleen's mother."

"What are you saying,—what do you mean?"

"Kathleen's parents were drowned on their way to India when she was only a baby; and the Desmonds, in whose care she had been left, adopted her and brought her up as their own child. When Mrs. Desmond died, the young girl had to fight life's battle for herself. Only lately has she known of her real parentage through the uncle I mentioned to you when we were arranging this holiday, and who, by infinite pains and trouble, succeeded in finding his sister's child. Do you understand what it means to you, Patrick?"

Their hands clung together as men's do when they have seen into the depths of each other's heart, have known similar sorrows, have gone through the same desert of loss.

"I shall pack my traps and depart," said Ted, slowly. "But tell her, Pat, that I hope she may be happy—nay, that I *know* she will be, in your care!"

Our Maisie.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

UNDER a quilt of daisies she sleeps,
But still our Maisie watch o'er us keeps.
Faded her pretty frock of sky-blue,
All her wee playthings hidden from view;
Tiny red shoes are standing unworn;
Gathered our rosebud, garnered our corn.
Up the two hundred steps of worn stone
Carried we Maisie, making no moan.

O'er her the sea-gulls sail through the sky,
Round her sea-captains peacefully lie;
Maisie's sweet lullabys sung by the sea,—
Maisie who once sang sweetly to me!
Voices are hushed when breathing her name,
Yet home our darling cometh the same;
Unseen she climbs the old oaken stair,
Unseen she fills her little arm-chair;
She whom we called our ewe lamb, our pride,
Comforts the mourner, blesses the bride.

Unseen she comes down heaven's high stair,
Light on her face and gold in her hair;
Clad in white raiment fresh from her God,—
Fresh from the fields by saintly ones trod.
Untouched by sickness, unhurt by care,
As are the angels, lily-like, fair.
When the mist falleth o'er the gray town,
Bright is the stairway Maisie comes down;
Just like a birdling seeking its nest,
Unseen she lays her head on my breast.

In this old homestead down by the sea,
Maisie, *my* Maisie, whisp'reth to me:
"Mother, I saw you bend down your head;
Mother, I heard you weep for the dead;
Mother, I kissed you grieving alone,
Went with you up the steps of worn stone.
Just as a ship sails out of the bay,
So did my little soul pass away,—
Pass unto gladness, pass unto rest,
Where are the folded lambs Christ loves best.
Arms that held Jesus circle me round:
Near to His Mother, mother, *I'm* found.
Mary has sent me down the bright stair,—
Sent me to comfort you, for you to care."
Thus does our Maisie whisper to me
In this old city down by the sea.

EVEN earthly affections are perfected
by absence and crowned by death.

—Aubrey de Vere.

A Visit to Port Royal.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

FEW spots in the neighborhood of Paris are more picturesque than the little wooded valley that lies beyond Versailles, and where in bygone days stood the far-famed monastery of Port Royal des Champs. On a bright April day—one of those days that have a peculiar charm after the long dreary winter—we visited the solitary valley, rich in historical and literary reminiscences, and over which the past has cast a glamour that is not easily dispelled. Before describing what remains of the abbey, it will, perhaps, be well to remind our readers of the chief features of its history,—a history that lends a rather melancholy interest to its remains.

As far back as 1204 a convent of nuns was founded at Port Royal by a noble lady, Mathilde de Garlande. She wished to draw down God's blessing on her absent lord, Mathieu de Montmorency, who was taking part in the fourth Crusade; and the spot she selected for her foundation was, from its solitary position, well suited to become a home of penance and prayer.

The convent flourished, with varying fortunes, for nearly four hundred years; but toward the end of the sixteenth century its inmates, who were supposed to follow the rule of Citeaux, had become worldly and dissipated. They came and went freely, regardless of their rule; wore silk and embroidered garments instead of their white robe; made use of perfumes and cosmetics, and presented the picture of a group of women of the world living together in comfort and even luxury.

Among the many abuses that had crept in among them one of the gravest was the extremely uncanonical election

of a little girl of twelve to be their abbess. This child, whose baby hands wielded the crosier that in bygone times had been borne by many saintly and venerable women, was one of the twenty children of Antoine Arnauld, a lawyer and a politician, well known for his great talents and also for his intriguing spirit. Of his large family, ten children remained, and all his thoughts were bent upon settling them in life as advantageously as possible. His able manœuvres brought about the election of his daughter Angélique as abbess of Port Royal, where many years later her widowed mother and five of her sisters also took the veil.

At the age of seventeen an important change came over the young abbess, who until then had borne her honors and responsibilities with the carelessness of a child. A monk named Eustache de St. Paul came to preach at Port Royal. He seems to have been a fervent and courageous man, for he boldly rebuked the nuns for their worldly spirit and habits. His words sank deeply into the earnest, impetuous soul of Angélique; the sense of her responsibility struck her with sudden force, and she resolved at whatever cost to re-establish religious discipline among her community.

The task was a difficult one. The young reformer had to contend with the opposition not only of the nuns, but also of her own father, who looked upon Port Royal as a convenient country-house where he and his family might come and go as they pleased. From her mother, on the contrary, the young abbess met with sympathy, and by degrees she succeeded in what appeared at first an almost hopeless undertaking. Under her powerful but gentle influence the community became most regular and edifying.

The Jesuit historian, Père Rapin, who is the great opponent of the Jansenists,

renders homage to the fervor of Mère Angélique's community at this early period of its history. "Both the abbess and the nuns," he tells us, "aspired to the most sublime perfection." Happy it would have been for the noble young abbess if her career had closed on this glorious episode of her stormy life!

It would be too long to relate how the famous Jansenist leader, St. Cyran, gradually acquired absolute power over both the abbess and her nuns. During the best and happiest years of her life, Angélique had been under the guidance of St. Francis of Sales, whose letters addressed to her are among the most beautiful he ever penned. Influenced by one so holy, so gentle and so wise, who knows to what heights of sanctity her soul might have reached! St. Cyran, on the contrary, under the cover of extreme austerity, involved her and her Sisters in the long, wearisome controversies to which Jansenism, that most subtle and dangerous of errors, gave rise during the seventeenth century.

Toward 1637 the celebrity of Port Royal was at its height. Around the picturesque monastery, where religious discipline reigned in all its purity, had risen dwelling-houses, where great ladies like Madame de Longueville, the heroine of the Fronde, spent their time in prayer and penance. Scattered here and there, in the valley and on the surrounding heights, were other houses where the solitaires—or, as they were called, the "Messieurs"—of Port Royal resided. Thus a house that still exists, called the Granges, situated on the brow of the hill above the abbey, was the home of the famous Pascal; of Lemaitre de Sacy, the translator of the Bible; of Nicole, Arnauld, and other men of undoubted genius. Here, too, Racine the poet spent part of his youth. Besides these famous writers and thinkers were many other solitaires, less celebrated, but whose

individuality presents certain quaint traits of character. We are told of a Monsieur de la Rivière, once a prominent soldier, who "fasted continually and spent his days in the woods praying and meditating"; of a Monsieur de la Petitière, "more like a lion than a man," who in order to curb his pride became shoemaker to the community.

Unhappily, these men, whose talent and character were above the average, had embraced in a more or less degree the erroneous doctrines professed by the Jansenists on "Grace," of which St. Cyran was the apostle. Under the guise of austerity and humility, these opinions tended to replace love by fear in man's relations with his Creator. Violent controversies ensued between the Jansenists and their opponents. By degrees the affair assumed a political as well as a religious aspect; and King Louis XIV. declared himself the enemy of the new doctrines. At last, irritated by the obstinacy of the Jansenists, whose centre was Port Royal, the King caused the "hermits" to be dispersed, and the once flourishing community of nuns to disband.

These measures were justified by the tenacity with which the Jansenists clung to doctrines that were distinctly in opposition to those of the Church, and by the King's desire to put an end to a wearisome controversy. But nothing can excuse the ruthless destruction that followed. In the year 1709 the church and monastic buildings were deliberately pulled down; and, worse still, the dead bodies that filled the adjoining cemetery were torn from their graves and taken to the neighboring villages, where they were hastily buried. These repulsive and unnecessary proceedings, which, observes St. Simon, were carried out with the utmost indecency and brutality, might surely have been avoided.

It was on a bright April day that we

rode on our bicycles from Paris to Port Royal,—past St. Cloud, with its ruined palace, once a favorite resort of the imperial court; past Versailles, with its somewhat desolate aspect of vanished splendor; up the wooded heights of Satory; then across a bare plain, with villages scattered far apart, and at the end of which the ground slopes downward and Port Royal appears.

The situation is an ideal one. Below us is a valley, in the midst of which once rose the famous Cistercian abbey. All around are thick woods, covering the adjoining slopes. Fine fruit-trees in full bloom stand out like huge bridal bouquets against the turquoise sky; while the pastures have the freshness of early spring, and carpets of cowslips and wood-anemones extend beneath the brushwood.

Leaving our bicycles at a farm-house, we descended by a steep pathway to the spot where the convent once stood. The soldiers of Louis XIV. did their work thoroughly: absolutely nothing remains of the vast monastic buildings, nor of the adjoining dwelling-houses where the Duchess de Longueville and her friends elected to live in retirement and penance. Only the outline of the church is visible, the foundations of the pillars having escaped destruction. Here and there is a bit of wall clothed with ivy. In the rear of the church, the entrance of Madame de Longueville's cellars indicates the site of her *hôtel*; close by is a venerable, tottering walnut-tree,—a contemporary, says tradition, of Mère Angélique.

In the centre of the ruins rises a small modern building, half museum, half oratory, erected by Monsieur Siloy, who seems to have inherited the Messieurs' admiration for all that concerns Port Royal. Within is a curious collection of portraits, books, papers, and other souvenirs of the famous abbey. Mère

Angélique's dark, resolute face looks down upon us from the wall, by the side of her sister, Mère Agnès, with gentler but less characteristic features; and of young Jaqueline Pascal, sister to the writer, and herself one of the most attractive and sympathetic members of the Order. Then we find copies of the most famous Jansenist books; among others, "La Fréquente Communion," in which are embodied in a practical form the doctrines that made the Jansenist teaching so dangerous; also letters, portions of the white habit of the nuns, the community clock, and relics that were formerly kept in the church.

Of these things the portraits are the most interesting. Men and women have curiously characteristic countenances, full of energy and resolution. We realize painfully as we gaze upon these gifted but misguided adherents of a most subtle heresy how much true power for good and genuine earnestness were here misdirected and misapplied; how the fatal taint of spiritual pride rendered the glorious intellectual gifts of these men and women a curse instead of a blessing to themselves and to others.

The country-house called the Granges, where Nicole, Arnauld, Pascal and young Racine lived and wrote, is still in much the same state as it was three hundred years ago. It is the private property of a gentleman who willingly allows visitors to enter. A steep pathway leads through the woods to the valley below; this is the identical pathway that was trod by the Messieurs in bygone days, when they went from the Granges to join in the religious functions of the abbey church.

About four miles from Port Royal is a little village called Magny les Hameaux, whose church is worth a visit. When, in 1709, the tombs of the abbey were broken open, many of the tombstones were brought to Magny, together with

some of the bodies disinterred from the convent cemetery. These tombstones have been placed against the walls of the church; some of them have long and flowery Latin inscriptions; others are more impressive in their terseness. Thus on the tomb of Arnauld d'Audilly, one of Mère Angélique's brothers, are the striking Latin words: *Sub sole vanitas, super solem veritas*,—"Under the sun is vanity, above it is truth." The yellow and red marble altar of the little church comes from Port Royal; the white marble holy-water stoup is the one into which Mère Angélique, her nuns and their friends from the outside, the world-weary court-ladies, once dipped their fingers.

At Magny les Hameaux still live three aged nuns, "les Sœurs de Ste.-Marthe," the last survivors of a congregation of nuns that once served the chief hospitals of Paris. This congregation formerly professed the Jansenist doctrines that prevailed at Port Royal; and it is said that its members refused to accept the dogma of the Papal Infallibility in 1870. Be this as it may, the three survivors of the community now at Magny, live in peaceful terms with their pastor, the *curé* of the place; and if any lingering shadow of Jansenism still rests on these aged women, it is merely a vague feeling of affectionate loyalty toward those who once made Port Royal famous. They have nothing, poor souls! of the militant and argumentative spirit that marred Angélique Arnauld's naturally noble character.

As we ride on through green pastures and past hedgerows peeping into bloom, we muse on the fate of the celebrated convent whose fame once made the now lonely valley celebrated throughout France as a home of learning and piety. Of the errors that at different times have led the children of the Church astray, Jansenism, with its apparent respect

for holy things, was one of the most delusive; and the remembrance of the souls whom its influence blighted and dwarfed in their heavenward flight overshadows even the brightness of that April day. Happily, human errors and weaknesses are judged by One who alone can rightly measure how far the error is voluntary and how far the weakness is culpable; and if He is infinite Justice, He is also infinite Love.

As we ponder over these things, we draw near to Versailles. A sharp descent through the woods of Buc brings us into the quiet streets of the silent city, once the centre whence the "Roi Soleil" radiated over France; then we take to the high-road. Soon Paris is reached; and amid the busy roar of its noisy streets, Port Royal and its lonely valley seem a far-off dream.

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

TO ONE WHO PRAYED.

IN most of the Paris churches, except on solemn feast-days, there are very few people in attendance at High Mass. It is celebrated at an early hour, and Parisians rise late; it lasts a long time, and Parisians are very busy. Then, we must not forget that for women the great obstacle is their toilet. The good Lord is reasonable: He can not exact that madame should be ready by nine o'clock. For these different reasons, the congregation is small on ordinary Sundays even in the largest parishes. At late Masses, however, from half-past ten on, the crowds fill the church; but at the earlier Mass, apart from a compact group around the pulpit, there are whole rows of empty seats, and it would be easy indeed to count the scattered faithful.

It is for the three or four old church-wardens who doze in their pew, for the few devotees and servants, for the Sisters and orphans whose round caps flock like sheep around the pulpit, for the poor who stand at the foot of the aisle with their caps under their arms, that the divine office is celebrated in all its pomp; that the priest and the two deacons, robed in their rich vestments, execute before the altar the traditional gestures and genuflections; that the trained voices of chanters and choir-boys launch under the sonorous vaults the majestic melopœias of the liturgy; and that the great organ thunders, weeps, dreams and sighs by turns, and sends down upon the bowed heads waves of ecstasy and of prayer.

I chanced to be present at High Mass one Sunday, not very long ago,—last September, in fact. At that season of the year the Faubourg St. Germain is all but deserted. The bourgeois have not returned from the country or the seaside, and in the tall houses but one or two floors out of five have their shutters open. As to the aristocratic homes, they are completely closed. The owners are at their hunting-boxes or their châteaux in the provinces; and at the doors of their ancient "hotels" no one raises the knocker that a lion's head holds in its bronze jaws. All these absences are very noticeable at High Mass. No one occupies the seats marked with the brass plates—the marchioness of this, the duchess of that; nor the upholstered prie-dieu. There are only people of small consequence—shopkeepers and servants.

On the Sunday in question the church displayed none the less pomp in her ceremonies; for she is, notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary, the great teacher of equality. When one of those ferocious democrats who dream of reducing everyone to the same level receives a visit from a poor relative,

he does not light the drawing-room chandelier, nor does he descend to the cellar to get some of his old wine. The Christian priest always greets the faithful, however humble they may be, with all the luxury at his disposal, as though they were beloved brothers.

I was in church, as I said, and I was praying. Alas! to pray well—to pray not with the lips merely, but from the bottom of the heart—I must always make an effort. The last remnant of faith, which I thought lost forever, and which suffering brought back to me, is so weak and feeble. It is like a black and almost extinguished firebrand upon which a few sparks still play, and which I strive to relight with my breath. In the desert of my soul, dried up by a whole life of indifference, I must at each step uproot the weeds of unbelief and scepticism. Happily, O my tears, you still flow! You fertilize that arid soil, and already I see sprouting there the green wheat of Hope!

I was praying, then, as best I knew, when I noticed a few paces from me a kneeling woman. With her elbows buried in the back of the prie-dieu, her chin resting on her clasped hands, she knelt in the familiar and traditional attitude of adoration, her profile as immovable as though it had been painted on the panel of a triptych or outlined with lead in a stained-glass window. Not very young—thirty years or more,—without beauty; yet what sweetness and purity in that slender face! She was one of those Parisian shop-girls who have so much taste, and who put a touch of art into the simplest toilet. Her gloves were clean, her linen dress fitted her well, her hat ribbons were prettily arranged. Yet there was nothing of the coquette about her. The instinctive elegance of my neighbor—obtained, too, at such little cost—was moderated by modesty and perfect decency. It was easy to

guess that the poor girl had put on her best only out of politeness toward God, and because it was Sunday and she was going to Mass.

How fervently she prayed! She made no sign; but, with head slightly thrown back, her eyes fixed on the altar, her lips just parted as though to allow an escape to the outpouring of her heart,—everything denoted the soaring of her soul toward the Infinite. What was she asking of God? Her daily bread, at the most, I am sure; for she was not imploring: she was in simple adoration. Her silent prayer was disinterested, like all that is inspired by true love.

Nevertheless, it was evident that she was poor, for she wore no ornaments; and most likely she was alone in the world as well, as she came alone to church. In all probability, she was an old maid. I could picture her plying her needle all day long, in a room at the top of some house, a sad horizon of roofs and chimneys before her eyes. Not pretty, past the age of romantic dreams, she could no longer hope for a change of destiny through a happy marriage. Yes, that was surely it. An existence like that of a sundial in a land of mist, having but few bright hours. The past full of mourning, as it is for us all; a dull and lowly present, and the certainty of a monotonous future. It must have been quite an event for her to renew her blessed palm-leaf on Palm Sunday.

How she did pray! And how happy she was in doing so! I could not detach my eyes from that slender and delicate profile, rendered immovable, petrified, as it were, by the mystic transport; nor from that mouth parted by the pale and beautiful smile of ecstasy. How she prayed! No, she was not asking anything. She had long ago accepted with perfect resignation her life of toil and of misery. No, no: nothing for this world! But, with the sublime confidence

and the admirable hope of the simple of heart, she was sure of a better life, of an eternal happiness; and she was even now having a foretaste of it in allowing her soul to exhale, and melt into harmonies and perfumes, with the stirring music of the organ and the inebriating fumes of the censers.

Faith of the humble! last treasure of consolation for pitiful humanity! How wicked and guilty are those who fight against and destroy thee! And how much so was I, who can reproach myself with many a page dictated by irony and pride!

I have just read, with much sorrow, the recent writings of a celebrated anarchist theorist. After a bitter satire—always easy, and written over a hundred times—on society in general, this revolutionary theorist prophesies for a distant future, and at the cost of many bloody convulsions, the advent of a social state in which all shall receive with justice nourishment for body and mind—bread and science,—and shall be as happy as one can be in the presence of sorrow and death. It is a relative ideal to whose triumph we should all doubtless contribute.

But a thousand million men have lived without ever having dreamed of this dawn; and other thousand millions will, in all likelihood, await it for long years to come, a prey to furious impatience. For progress is accomplished only with despairing slowness; and at the present moment it is hard to tell in what the modern proletariat is worse off than the ancient slave.

In the meanwhile the number of suicides increases day by day; cries of despair resound on every hand; never, among thinking men, has the horror of living been more manifest than at the present time. Therefore do many still seek refuge at the feet of Christ,—Him who renders us tolerant of pain, and

shows beyond the tomb the hope of truth, happiness and justice. As for me, in order to reconquer faith in all its integrity, and as I received it in the cradle, I try to find again the candor of my childhood, and to imitate you, poor daughter of the people, who prayed with so much ardor in the half-deserted church,—innocent Christian, O my sister, who filled me with envy and set me an example!

NOVEMBER 25, 1897.

(To be continued.)

A Modern Instance.

THE house was a veritable palace, set in the midst of a stately and beautiful garden, wherein Nature had combined with Art to form an earthly paradise. In the rear, overlooking the high wall which surrounded it, one of the stained-glass windows of a convent chapel was diffusing a delicate roseate radiance under the last smile of the parting sun. In the mansion, the second-story windows of a room directly facing the chapel were open; curtains of silk and lace fluttered to and fro in the soft evening breeze.

The nuns were singing Benediction. A man and woman standing beside a bed in the daintily furnished room were vaguely conscious of the sweet sounds, and the consciousness troubled them. Once they, too, had prayed; but that was years ago, before a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune had made of him a slave of Mammon, of her an unsatisfied, eager creature, forever dragging in the wake of Fashion's remorseless car.

And now they were waiting at the bedside of their only child, a boy of ten, for whom all their wealth—and it was great—could not purchase one instant of respite from suffering, one moment from eternity. Opposite them stood the

doctor, who had just pronounced the final verdict. He was a grave man, learned in his profession, famous indeed for the wondrous cures his skill had wrought. He was also a devout Christian in his own way, which was that of the Methodists. Some thought him eccentric and even officious because he was in the habit of mingling Christianity with his office of physician.

The boy, delirious and burning with fever, tossed wearily about his little bed.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" inquired the father at length, after a long and painful silence.

"None," was the reply, "save by a miracle. And there are few of us worthy of miracles."

"God is cruel!" burst passionately from the mother's lips. "Our only one!"

"Christ was the only Son of His Father," said the doctor, in a slow and reverent tone; "yet He gave Him to a cruel death."

The man and woman looked at each other for an instant, as though not quite understanding. Did he mean to reproach or to console them?

"Has the boy been baptized?" asked the doctor, seeing their embarrassment. "You are Christians, I take it."

"We are—Catholics," said the father, with some hesitation.

"Ah! I had not known it. If I had, I would not have asked the question. Being Catholics, the boy has, of course, received baptism."

The father made no answer, while the mother repressed a cry.

"Watch him carefully," continued the doctor. "The fever is subsiding, but it will leave him extremely weak: he may pass away at any moment. I can do nothing more."

The woman buried her head in the bedclothes to stifle her sobbing; her husband knelt beside her. The doctor softly left the room.

As the door closed behind him, the woman lifted her head. She was very pale, and weeping bitterly.

"Felix," she said, in a hoarse, agonized whisper,—*"Felix! Felix!"*

"Yes, Anna: I am here."

"He has not been baptized. Go for the priest at once."

"But, Anna, he is not conscious—and he is ten years old."

"Yes, yes! but he may revive. Go—go at once, I tell you—for the priest. Do not delay, Felix!"

He went quickly from the room, returning in a few moments.

"I have sent John for the Father who is giving Benediction at the convent. That was the quickest way."

She listened.

"They are still singing," she said. "It is the *Tantum Ergo*. He must soon be here."

While she was speaking the boy lay still. His cheeks grew pallid; the eyes smiled in unison with the trembling lips, parched and blue. The mother quailed: the cruel, unbidden guest was so near! She seemed to feel a breath of chilly air, to see ghostly, transparent hands stretching out above her boy. Ah! they were close—close to her best beloved,—to the darling whose footsteps since infancy had been through a pathway of roses; to whom she had never uttered an impatient word; whose slightest wish had never been denied; whose innocent lips had never been taught to utter a single prayer.

"O mamma!" he whispered, faintly. "I feel so strange! I seem to be going down—down. Hold me, papa! Do not let me sink and fall."

He was lifted in strong, loving arms; his mother clasping in hers the cold, clammy little hands.

"Walter!" she cried, gazing into his face with a terrible intensity,—*"Walter darling, pray! pray!"*

The child half drew away from her, looking at his father as though to ask, "What does she mean?"

"Walter, you are not afraid?" said the father.

"Afraid! Of what?"

The man groaned. He could not tell him—even in the very face of Death. He was silent.

"Felix, say a prayer!—oh, say a prayer!" gasped the mother.

But her husband remained silent: he had forgotten how to pray.

"Walter darling! darling!—oh, pray in your thoughts with mamma. Pray—pray!"

"Why, why, mamma?" murmured the boy. "You always say it is silly. Why do you tease me now, mamma, when I am so ill?"

The child's voice had suddenly grown stronger; the petulant tone gave her new hope. She was listening with ears strained. Yes, the music in the chapel had ceased. Now she was waiting for the sound of a footstep on the stairs. Surely never, never in the world had there been a silence so deep, so terrible. The little hands were growing colder; she strove to catch his breathing, her eyes glued to the door. It opened: a tall man entered, stepping quickly and noiselessly to the bedside. The mother looked up at him with imploring eyes; the father sat motionless, as though turned to stone. The priest bent his head to the child's heart. Then he took the little body from the arms which encircled it, and, loosening the mother's clasp from the lifeless hands, he laid it back on the pillow.

"I am too late," he said. "The boy is dead!"

WE find God in the soul; and in devoting ourselves to souls, we satisfy for our debt of love toward Him.

—*St. Catherine of Siena.*

Good Reading for the Fourth of July.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

THE anti-Christian virus which from time to time develops, as Orangeism, Know-Nothingism, "Apeism," is limited by no country. Its eruption was as violent in Japan as in England during part of the sixteenth century, and it has more than once been propagated by inoculation in the United States. It has never been a native product here, but has always come from other lands and been started by foreigners. It was almost universal except in Maryland before the War of the Revolution, but it died out during that glorious and successful struggle for freedom. It touched some small politicians in 1833-35. Its ravages were greater in 1847-48, and it attained something of national importance by its combination with the anti-Democracy in 1854-56. It was supposed that the patriotism of Catholics exhibited on both sides during the late Civil War had proved a complete antidote to the venom; and it was thought by political "scientists" who have given a glance at the subject that at the close of the late war its bacilli were completely destroyed by the patriotic fervor which thrilled the blood of all Americans. It has lately been reintroduced in the persons of a few "cheap-johns" from Canada, and the pest has made some few nests in the West. It is understood that an establishment has been opened in Washington for the inoculation of diseased politicians whose disabled condition may, the "Apeists" think, give their venom a chance to spread through the system.

The disinfectant in these cases is common-sense and good example. This disinfectant power may be applied by examples from the days of old, whose glory we commemorate on the Fourth

of July. It is worth while to cite for that purpose the example of the few Catholics in Washington's own town of Alexandria, half way between the Capitol of the United States and the tomb of Washington. One episode may be of timely interest. It is the tradition among Catholics there that Col. John Fitzgerald—whose life as Gen. Washington's aide-de-camp is told in the *Catholic World* for January, 1890,—lived in that town; and that when the Revolution began, there were nine Catholics, and a month afterward not one remained there: all had joined the army of the Revolution. It has not been possible to ascertain the names of all of them, but to George Washington Parke Custis we are indebted for mementos of two of the heroes.

This great man "came down to us from a former generation." He dwelt at Arlington, and from his own door saw the Capitol of the Union rising from the earth. He was an American patriot, every inch of him, and in him joins two generations; for he was the adopted son of Washington and the adopted father of Robert E. Lee, who married his daughter. He was first in every useful and patriotic undertaking of his neighborhood. During the last years of his life he came every season to the commencement of St. John's Academy, a Catholic school in Alexandria; and distributed the premiums to the boys, with patriotic exhortations to be true to their country and to imitate George Washington.

This venerable man attended, on the 28th of July, 1835, the commencement dinner at Georgetown College. In the course of an address delivered on that occasion he took cognizance of some anti-Catholic bigotry, which was then raising its head and using its tongue, by this reference to two Catholic soldiers of Alexandria:

"It has been my fortune to know Catholic as well as Protestant soldiers of the War of the Revolution. Clement Sewall was my neighbor and my firm friend. He was a brave soldier, a good citizen, and an honest man. A fine youth, he joined the famed Maryland line, a volunteer; was promoted for his gallant conduct on the field of battle; and, after hard service, returned to his home with a shattered limb and the consciousness of having done his duty. And there was poor John Byrne, a noble fellow, who from the very depths of human misery rejected all temptations to leave our service; and while crawling on the deck of a prison ship, naked, famished and desolate, still cried out to our enemies, 'Hurrah for America!'

"These were admirable samples of Catholics of the olden time. Let us come nearer to the history of our own day. When, not long since, I had the honor to hold a conversation in the cause of civil and religious liberty with the President (Gen. Andrew Jackson), he observed: 'I know something of Catholics.' On the 8th of January in the year 1814, when the roar of the British cannon boomed on the morning air at New Orleans, a Catholic ecclesiastic, Bishop Dubourg, fell on his knees, and with his eyes turned to Heaven and his hands clasped, he implored the Almighty for the success of our arms; and thus the Father remained until the thundering ceased and victory perched triumphant on the American flag."

This is one specimen of the answers made by non-Catholics to the bigotry of 1833-35. A notable example during the eczema, or anti-Catholic itch, of 1855 was that given by the gentlemen of St. Mary's County, Maryland, the birthplace of religious freedom in the New World; where Calvert landed with his pilgrims of the *Ark* and the *Dove*, and, like Columbus, set up the Cross.

The venom of Know-Nothingism scarce touched that county. During the fierce struggle all parties there were fused into the party of religious liberty.

In the summer of 1855, at a mass-meeting, it was "Resolved, that we, the Whigs of St. Mary's, will ever keep brightly burning and guard with vestal vigilance the lamp of universal toleration and Christian fellowship which more than two hundred years ago was first lighted up in our own limits by our Pilgrim Fathers. And we denounce as a traitor to civil duty and social harmony a man who with sacrilegious breath would seek to dim one ray of its glorious brightness."

At the Democratic meeting it was "Resolved, that, much as we dread and deprecate the consequences which may arise from northern Abolitionism, we consider the consequences of successful Know-Nothingism still more alarming. The former, from its sectional character, can only divide our once happy country; the latter will make our country not worth dividing: all will be covered with one universal chaos, through which no ray of patriotic hope can penetrate."

Two resolutions here deserve special notice. They were the action taken by Catholics and Protestants in separate groups. It was "Resolved, by the Protestant portion of this assembly that, knowing their general worth as men and their patriotism as citizens to be in every respect equal to our own, we do most solemnly pledge ourselves to our Roman Catholic brethren, whether Whigs or Democrats, indignantly to frown upon and manfully to contend against all and every attempt to deprive them of the civil and religious rights which are secured to all by the Constitution."

In the second group it was "Resolved, by the Roman Catholic portion of this assembly that we do most cordially reciprocate the kind and brotherly sen-

timents expressed in the resolution just passed by our Protestant brethren. Acknowledging no higher allegiance on this earth than that which binds us to our beloved country, we can and we will stand shoulder to shoulder with all her patriotic children in resisting her foreign enemies, or in protecting the constitutional right of all her citizens from the assaults of domestic foes."

These examples of true American patriotism may make good reading for the Fourth of July.

Medals vs. Books.

IT was an ill day for Catholic literature when the heads of some of our largest schools decided to do away with book premiums and award class medals instead. This was not an unwarrantable decision, however. The kind of books usually furnished for the purpose had ceased to be appreciated, and no wonder. New editions, though gorgeously bound, of such specimens of literature as "The Disobedient Orphans," printed on the cheapest kind of paper, from plates that were worth only their weight as type-metal, failed to excite emulation in youthful minds. The junk merchants of Barclay Street had gone too far, and their patrons refused to be imposed upon any longer. The long-suffering scholars must have concluded that Catholic literature was under the ban, and perhaps no tears were shed.

But the fact is that at this very time certain of our publishers were beginning to produce books of which Catholics might well be proud; and it was hoped that the directors of schools would be zealous supporters of the new movement. Unfortunately, it came too late. The faith of the reading public in Catholic publishers had all but perished. Nothing good was expected from Barclay Street,

or any other street. For a time, it is true, nothing came. Still there were men like the lamented Lawrence Kehoe, of the Catholic Publication Society, who were ready to supply good literature in great variety at the smallest sign of demand.

For this reason we say that it was no red-letter day when cheap medals were substituted for books as premiums in Catholic schools. As yet, perhaps, our literature is nothing to boast of; however, no well-informed, unprejudiced person can deny that a great many creditable Catholic publications have been issued within the last decade. Our writers have been busy, and they have done very good work. They deserve encouragement; and it ought to come from all sources, especially from educational institutions. If a knowledge of the best Catholic literature is not imparted by Catholic educators, they can justly be accused of neglecting a highly important duty.

The surest test of the spirit and standard of any educational institution is its library. A mere collection of books, no matter how large, does not deserve to be called a library. An intelligent observer looks for classification, and expects to find at least a representation of the best works in each department of literature. In the libraries of Catholic institutions Catholic books are entitled to a first place; and a great many of them deserve and secure a first place in all libraries. It is a reproach to one in charge of a Catholic library anywhere not to be informed about all important new publications; books, for instance, like Dom Gasquet's "Eve of the Reformation," which throw new light on questions of ever-present interest and deserve to be classed as standard literature.

A taste for good reading is one of the most inestimable benefits in the power

of educators to confer; but as no one can impart to another what he has not acquired himself, it is too much to expect that the graduates of schools that are not possessed of good libraries and whose teachers are not lovers of books will be readers, or ever become patrons or producers of good literature. The young man who feels disposed to take leave of books on the day of commencement, though he may bear away high honors in the shape of a class medal, will be apt to neglect things of the mind forever afterward, and devote himself exclusively to the acquisition of wealth or the pursuit of pleasure.

Let us hope that during the vacation season the heads of all our educational institutions will take steps to improve their libraries by supplying them with the latest and best books in all departments of literature, giving preference to works of recognized merit from Catholic pens. To say that there are not a great many of these would betray ignorance of which any one with the slightest pretension to scholarship ought to be ashamed. We should very soon exhaust all the space now at our command if we were to enumerate the titles of recent books which should be familiar to all young Catholics, especially students. But let us remind librarians that Dr. Parsons has just brought out the concluding volume of his admirable "Studies in Church History"; and that the latest of Bishop Spalding's books, "Opportunity," is as full of noble thought and high inspiration as any volume published since the year began.

The great drawback to a short article is that one can only touch upon his subject, as it were. We began with medals vs. books as school premiums, and passed on to libraries. Our intention was to show why a good book should be preferred to the glittering medal, and to urge the heads of schools to return

to the old fashion of giving books. A carefully chosen volume is a precious possession; and now, thank God! there are any number of good books, reasonably cheap and handsomely published, from which to choose. A medal shines for a day, and before many suns have set, as they say in valedictories, finds its way to the receptacle for discarded jewelry; but a book is for all time, and will not be put aside or forgotten. Good books have a way of asserting themselves that is not to be resisted. We have met persons who declared that their whole after-life was influenced by the books they received as rewards of merit on leaving school.

Such a declaration is easy to believe, if the books were carefully chosen. What young person could fail to be influenced by a volume like Joubert's "Thoughts," for instance? And how easy it would be for the heads of our schools to arrange with the publishers of that and many another beautiful book for a special edition, with the imprint of the institution or religious Order using it as a gift! What more appropriate or enduring souvenir of school-days could be chosen? And—whisper it—what better advertisement could an educational institution desire?

A DISTINGUISHED writer relates that in a conversation with George Eliot, not long before her death, a vase toppled over on the mantelpiece. The great writer quickly and unconsciously put out her hand to arrest its fall. "I hope," said she, replacing it, "that the time will come when we shall instinctively hold up the man or woman who begins to fall as naturally and unconsciously as we arrest a falling piece of furniture or ornament."

THE truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy.—*Roche foucauld*.

A New Story of an Old Philosopher.

Notes and Remarks.

EARLY one morning, when Benjamin Franklin was busy preparing his paper for the press; a loungee stepped into his book-shop and spent an hour or more looking over the books, and so forth; and finally taking one up, asked the price.

"One dollar," answered the boy in attendance.

"One dollar!" repeated the loungee. "Can't you make it less?"

"No, sir. One dollar is the price."

Then the loungee inquired: "Is Mr. Franklin in?"

"Yes," was the reply: "he is in the printing department."

"I should like to see him."

The boy informed Mr. Franklin, who was soon behind the counter; and the loungee thus addressed him:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest price for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter."

"Why, your boy just told me it was only a dollar!"

"True," said Franklin; "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar then than to be called out of the office."

The loungee was surprised, and, being anxious to end the parley, said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me your lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half."

"Why, a moment ago you offered it for a dollar and a quarter!"

"Yes," replied Franklin; "and I had better taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

The loungee paid the price and left, and Franklin returned to the printing-office.

READING is arms in the time of war, and occupation in the time of peace; a support in time of trial, a remedy in time of sickness.—*St. Hugh.*

The strong words spoken by Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg in behalf of missions to non-Catholics will be read by the faithful with a thrill of pleasure. His is no half-hearted commendation: the experiment has had a year's trial in his diocese and has proved "eminently successful," both in convert-making and in allaying old-time prejudice and ill-will. Protestants, the Bishop finds, have a real hunger for the Word of truth; and Catholics can not ignore such an opportunity for good without proving themselves unfaithful servants. Then follows this direction: "A mission for non-Catholics should be given in every parish once a year. In parishes where a Catholic mission has not been given for the past two or three years, the non-Catholic mission should be preceded by a regular Catholic mission, of one or two weeks' duration, according to the needs of the people." And there is a "touch" in the postscript of the Bishop's official letter which shows that he has a firm purpose of actualizing his plans: "Please return to me the enclosed postal-card, stating when it will suit you to have a non-Catholic mission." The action of the energetic Bishop of Harrisburg is the most signal service that has yet been rendered to the new missionary movement, and its consequences will be closely watched—and prayed for—by the whole country.

It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that whoso would have peace must fight for it; and, by a little adaptation, the proverb might be made to suit our circumstances in this country. Catholics who mix with other people in a social, civic or official way would help their Protestant neighbors to overcome a nasty habit of sneering at the Church

if the sneer was promptly, publicly and manfully resented. At Northfield, Vermont, a sage high-school graduate, discoursing in commencement fashion on "The Island of Porto Rico," uttered himself thus: "The people are such as you might expect them to be after a domination of four hundred years of Spanish misrule. Upon the back of industry has been the whip, and upon the brain the fetters of superstition." There were two young Catholics among the graduates; and the parish priest, the Rev. J. G. O'Neill, was among the audience. The priest asked and obtained permission to make a few remarks after the eloquent young man sat down; and it is safe to prophesy that orations in that school will be carefully expurgated next year. It was well worth while, too; for any one who looks carefully at the sentences we have quoted will notice that they were really penned by a teacher and not by a mere grammar student.

In the high school at Holyoke—yea, even in Massachusetts!—a teacher assured her pupils that Christ was one of a family of ten children. A vigorous protest from the Catholics of the town procured for the teacher the dismissal she so richly merited. These incidents convey their own moral.

The injustice of the marriage law now in force in Cuba is illustrated by a writer in the *North American*, of Philadelphia, in a way that ought to make it plain to the most obtuse:

In this country almost any kind of marriage is legal. Under the common law which prevails in most states, two people have merely to call themselves husband and wife before witnesses, and "assume marital duties and responsibilities," and forthwith they are married. In any state any kind of minister can perform a valid marriage ceremony. It can be done by a Methodist preacher, a Jewish rabbi, a Christian Science healer or a Mormon elder. With all this laxity of ours about matrimony, we send a fat-witted major-general down to rule over a Catholic people, whose

ancestors have believed for a thousand years that marriage is a sacrament, depending for its efficacy upon the mystic power of an anointed priest.[?] We let him blot out the traditions of that people by a stroke of his pen, and declare that what they have been accustomed to believe is the only legitimate marriage is not even legitimate at all. It was not enough that he must establish civil marriage on an equality with the church rite as it is in America, but he undertakes to supersede the church rite altogether.

If the Vanderbilts and Astors were about to conclude a matrimonial alliance in a church at Newport, and were informed by the authorities that the ceremony there would be illegal, and that it would be necessary for them to have their knot tied by a justice of the peace, they would feel aggrieved. Yet their grievance would be trivial in comparison with that of the Cubans. It would be merely a matter of pride with them—merely a question of a more or less fashionable ceremony. But with the Cubans it is a matter of their most sacred religious feelings. We might as well decree that only civil officers should be allowed to celebrate the Mass and hear confessions as to say that they should have the monopoly of what the Cubans regard as the sacrament of marriage.

Good government, it will be remembered, was one of the baits held out to the Cubans and the Filipinos by the administration of benevolent assimilation. It was only a bait, and the Filipinos are too wary even to nibble at it. They are probably of the same opinion as the writer just quoted, that an inferior government controlled by the people who are governed is likely to be better adapted to their needs than an "enlightened government" imposed by strangers.

It need not be denied that an educated, refined and morally responsible public constitutes the best censorship of the drama; it may even be granted that no other censorship really avails. Still, when one hears or reads of the quality of some of the pieces enacted on the public stage and accessible to every babe and suckling that can accumulate the necessary "quarter," it is hard not to wish that both playwrights and actors might sometimes be made to feel the strong arm of the law. The German Centre

Party have made up their minds about this matter, and have acted with characteristic Teutonic directness. The Lex Heinze drafted by them aims at preventing indecency in books, pictures, newspapers, and the drama; and, in spite of strong opposition, it is likely to pass the Reichstag. Now, this, as we have said, is not an ideal policy; it would be much pleasanter if we could depend on a sensitive public conscience. But, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says of the English, "as a people, instead of moral ideas, we have a system of taboos"; and, in the absence of moral ideas, the taboos are badly needed. For ourselves, we do not see why people should choose such an expensive way of depressing themselves as attendance on the usual play; but people who do insist on this sad pleasure ought to be protected by law against harmful effects. It must be remembered that the hopelessly degenerate are never injured by the stage: its half-hearted wickedness only bores them. What we call "bad" plays are dangerous chiefly because they appeal to a certain class of weaklings who could be kept decently moral if properly safeguarded by the police. We shall watch the workings of the Lex Heinze with interest.

the fact that "a small income of the directress of the work has been used without record." During the three years and a half that have been given to this apostolate of mercy—there was no home for cancer incurables in New York prior to Mrs. Lathrop's foundation—494 persons have been cared for at a total expenditure (including the purchase of a home) of \$31,000; and it is pleasant to record that most of this money came in the form of donations through the daily press. "From the first," writes Sister Alphonsa, "the charity has been regarded as a religious work. Religious observances carried on with the military strictness of the Catholic rule were found greatly to refresh and strengthen the nurses." The new society has the cordial support of the venerable Archbishop of New York.

It would be well if those who have indulged in explosive criticism of the Roman Curia would go out into the woods with the *Nineteenth Century* under their arm, and there ponder Mr. Wilfrid Ward's well-measured essay on "Liberalism and Intransigence." Mr. Ward does not deny that certain appendages of ecclesiastical government would be the better for reform. "The Church, like every other old building, has many dusty corners which need periodical cleaning. But the modern liberal Catholic, instead of using his duster for this useful purpose, prefers the easier and more exciting occupation of waving it outside the window as a flag of liberty." This violence and exaggeration are and have always been the worst enemies of true reform, because they frighten authority into the belief that the agitators are really iconoclasts who have at heart the destruction instead of the reform of existing order. Some words written by Dr. Richard Smythe away back in 1542 illustrate

In the cause of mercy Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has given up the name of her distinguished father and is now known as Sister Mary Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D. "The Servants of Relief," the heroic little band of women who have joined Mrs. Lathrop in her noble work, are now affiliated to the Dominican Chapter Tertiaries. Nothing could be more modest or genuinely religious than the tone of Sister Alphonsa's report of the work accomplished by St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer Patients. There is no vaunting of her personal service, and only a passing reference to

the view which all wise men must always take of such lawless agitation:

Even the chiefest and most weighty matters of our religion and faith are called in question, babbled, talked and jangled upon (reasoned I can not nor ought not to call it). These matters in time past were held in such reverence and honor that it was not in any wise sufferable that tag and rag, learned and unlearned, old and young, wise and foolish, boys and wenches, master and man, tinkers and tilers, colliers and cobblers, and other such raskabilia, might at their pleasure rail and jest against everything that is just and virtuous, not sparing any sacrament of the Church or ordinance of the same.

Liberty of discussion Mr. Ward would indeed grant, but only to experts: "liberty for the mob is quite another thing." On the other hand, there is some ungentle handling of "the born obscurantists who love to believe the incredible; the martinets whose pleasure it is to crush genius or originality; the petty tyrants who look jealously at promise in the young; the devotees of sheer absolutism — some characterized by heroism and piety, but blind to modern conditions; some flatterers of the powers that be." It would be well if the "leaders of parties" as well as their loud-mouthed and troublesome camp-followers would read very carefully what Mr. Ward has written in this deliciously sane and timely essay.

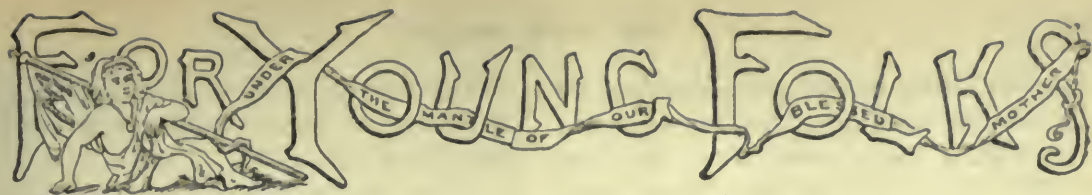
The letter of Mr. W. M. Byrne, United States Attorney of Wilmington, Del., addressed to President McKinley, calling upon him to defend the lives and property of Catholic missionaries in China, is notable for its manly tone. It does us good to meet with one who, instead of asking such protection as a favor, demands it as a right. Mr. Byrne's letter is so much to our liking that we quote it in full:

I share with my fellow-Catholics throughout the Republic a profound horror at the reported outrages on our Catholic convent at Pao-Ting-Fu, and urge the Administration to deal swift and condign punishment on the murderous assailants.

As Saint Paul was saved from stripes through the dignity of the Roman name, so let the brutal Celestials know that the same virtue inheres in the dignity of American citizenship. Make it known that an American the world over, acting within the scope of his citizenship, will command the whole force of our government for the protection of his essential rights to life, liberty and property. The unhappy war now waging on the part of the misguided Filipinos will have its compensations; and a further reason will be found for American retention of the Philippines if an efficient base is established there for the protection of Catholic and other missionaries in their superb work of evangelical civilization.

Mr. Byrne's letter was honored by a prompt reply from the Secretary of State, giving the assurance that the government was resolved to do all in its power for the protection of "our people in China." Mr. Byrne will allow us to observe that there ought to be still better reasons for waging war against the Filipinos than his proposal to establish an efficient base in the islands for the protection of missionaries.

The gratifying increase in the funds contributed by the Catholics of this country to the Propagation of the Faith is due in great measure to Bishop Granjon, who was lately consecrated for the See of Tucson. His place, now that he is removed to a higher field of apostolic labor, will be hard to fill. Among other episcopal appointments made during recent months may be mentioned the nomination of Mgr. Eis to Marquette, Mgr. Orth to Vancouver, Mgr. O'Donoghue as auxiliary to Bishop Chatard, Mgr. Kieley to Savannah, and the Rev. Dr. Moeller to Columbus. These prelates also will long be missed from the scenes of their former labors; but there is the consolation that their promotion to the episcopal dignity means a wider field for the exercise of powers which rendered them conspicuous among priests. The sees of Dubuque and Fort Wayne remain unfilled—by the Holy Father—at this writing.



The Legend of Sebaste.

BY E. BECK.

AROUND Sebaste's sleeping town
The snows lay chill and white;
From frosty skies the stars looked down
At noontide of the night,
On snow-clad earth, on boughs begemmed,
And on the frozen lake
Where forty youths stand, all condemned
To death for Christ's dear sake.

By heathen ruler judged, and doomed
To die while winds blew cold,
Where waters by the frost entombed
No longer onward rolled;
Watched from the banks by soldiers rude,
Their voices high they raised,
The Christians' God in joyous mood
With holy song they praised.

A sheltered hut, with food and drink,
Warm baths, and fires piled high,
Upon the frozen waters' brink,
Tempted them to deny
Their God; but one who kept watch there
In sleeping vision saw
A sight so strange, so wondrous fair,
It filled his soul with awe.

He stood that frozen lake beside
And heard the martyrs' song,
He saw heaven's portals opened wide,
Filled with a glorious throng;
And from amid that happy band,
His white wings tinged with flame,
With golden crown in outstretched hand,
A radiant angel came.

He came to earth from God's white throne
For thirty times and nine,—
The soldier woke, and there was one
Had come for food and wine;
Had comfort sought, and warmth and rest
That sheltered hut within,—
Renounced the faith he had professed,
And failed his crown to win!

Uprose that soldier. Might not he,
By God's enduring grace,

Amid that brave young company
Fill up the recreant's place?
He sought his master's couch of down;
"The Christians' God is mine!"
He said, and won the fortieth crown
Amid the thirty-nine.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.—A TRAVELLER'S TALES.

KATIE, who vaguely felt that Myles was unlike himself in some way, knew nothing, of course, of his projects; though he now and then let fall mysterious hints which caused the little girl to wonder, and even to regard her brother with some curiosity.

On the afternoon following his first meeting with his new acquaintance, Myles walked home from De La Salle with Ben; and they barely waited to deposit their books in their respective houses before they set out for the wharf. Mrs. Morris, glancing up from an interesting book, inquired rather languidly where her son was going and why he was in such a hurry. Ben replied that he was going for a walk with Myles toward the river.

"Don't tumble in, dear!" his mother called after him with a laugh, and then peacefully resumed her reading.

Awaiting them they found "the Turk," as both boys had begun to call him. Whether he had been long there or had just come they had no means of knowing, nor did he enlighten them. He was sitting still almost as a graven image, in an attitude of profound repose. His face even seemed impassive, as if

thought were no longer permitted to disturb its placidity. He turned when the friends had come close to him, looking up into their faces with silent scrutiny. Then he made a grave gesture of salute, but not for some moments did he speak.

"You come here pretty often?" he said, in inquiry.

"Yes," answered Myles, frankly; "but to-day we came to see you and hear some more stories."

The same grimace, which was meant for a smile, crossed the dark face.

"The leetle mister boys they are good to come and hear some talk from a pretty old man."

Myles thought to himself, wilfully mistaking the adverb, that certainly he was not a *pretty*, old man; but he did not express this conviction. Instead, being anxious to lose no time, he asked:

"Will you tell us that story about a water-spout?"

"Oh, yes! will tell," assented the stranger, pleasantly. "You also will hear?" he asked of Ben.

Ben nodded so vigorously that there could be no doubt of his sentiments.

"Me see water-spout," said the man. "Me sailing on ship near the island of New Zealand. Many sailors and me see white foam. From it jumps one pillar of water; from clouds come down other, or it look like that. The sun it make it yellow. It rise there between the water and the cloud. The waves they jump and jump around the pillar—column, what you like. It turn round and round. The ship it was near, and the captain he say: 'We shoot.' Shoot did he one cannon. No good. Two cannon; it divide that water-spout in two piece. One float away; the other it try to join with it again; but the rain it come heavy, and the water-spout is no more."

"What makes it?" cried Myles.

"The electreecity, my leetle sir," said the Turk; "though sailor man they think that bad work of spirit."

"Were you afraid when the water-spout came close?" asked Ben.

"No, not afraid," said the man; "me see much strange tings. Once at tropics, that pretty hot place, me see the top of the waves—all the ocean on fire, with shores lit up beautiful." He paused, as if to let his mind rest an instant on that enchanted scene; then continued: "Once, in the Southern Seas, me look to top of ship; it was in storm, and me think that tall mast fall. Me see there big light, like one flag of fire; it shoot flames. Me think ship take fire, and call help. But when me get more old and take more voyage, me know it the fire of St. Elmo. That nice enough sight; that good for see."

Was it wonderful that these lads, who had led so quiet and uneventful a life, should drink in these marvels as the afternoon sun sank low over the water and the shadows deepened on the pier? They asked the strange narrator for more tales of animals; and he, nothing loath, told of the gorilla that haunts the African woods, making the silence hideous with its fearful roar: beginning in a bark and ending in a deep, rolling sound, like distant thunder. Meeting with the hunter, standing erect, full six feet in height, it beats its breast with its fists, as if it were a great, hollow drum, and glares at the intruder. Woe to the hunter who meets it unarmed! With its great, muscular arms, it tears him to pieces. The man told also of the brown bear hunted by Russian peasants, who spear him on their lances; of tiger hunts on the back of elephants; of a ride on the back of an ostrich, which he described as the most exciting experience of his life,—the bird going at a rate surpassing that of the swiftest horse, so that he

had been like to suffocate, and had held tightly to the long neck for fear of being hurled to the ground; of lion hunts in South Africa, where the roaring of the beasts throughout the long nights disturbed the hunters, who with difficulty kept them at bay by fires around the camp or by the firing of muskets.

Myles began at length to question him on the subject nearest his heart—of those isles of the Southern Pacific over which hang a glamour and a romance indescribable; of those tropical seas where strange fish glow and glimmer, and over which gorgeous birds stretch variegated limbs; while vessels of every sort lie languorous in the sunshine or under the glow of the southern stars.

The man told numberless tales of such places, and of his hairbreadth escapes and daring exploits and interminable adventures. Neither of the boys asked whether all these things were really the personal experience of the stranger, or whether he had heard them from others. A worldly-wise listener might have wondered indeed if all this could be crowded into the compass of an ordinary life. But there was none such present: only two eager lads, with cheeks glowing from pleasurable excitement.

As a refrain to that flowing speech, the water rippled against the pier and splashed against the ferry-boats, and the lighter motion of the fishing-smacks went upward or downward; while men came and went upon the pier and hauled at ropes or called to passing vessels.

Before bidding them good-bye, their new acquaintance said to the boys:

"My ship stay in the bay two, three, four days,—mebbe week. Lots nice enough tings in her. Mister boys like take ride on water and see fine tings?"

Here was a temptation. Myles and Ben fairly held their breath.

"Me take you in that leetle ship over there. We sail to the bay. Nice sail, nice

smell of salt, nice water,—so healthy!"

"We haven't got any money to pay you with," blurted out Myles, fancying that to earn a fare might be the object of this invitation.

"No money do me want for give my good boys a ride in the boat," said the foreigner, with pretended indignation. "You come?"

Some remnant of prudence kept Ben silent, but Myles' spirit of mischief was rampant. Such an adventure, daring in itself (for it had some elements of danger), the prospect of seeing those mementos from the countries of his longing,—all threw him into a state of the wildest excitement. Prudence, common-sense, the thought of what teacher or parent might say, never entered into his calculations. To his disappointment, therefore, the stranger continued:

"Not now: I can not now take. Too late,—too late; it will be black pretty soon. Some time at morning."

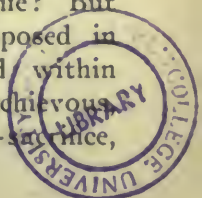
Now, this announcement on his part had the effect of driving away Ben's lingering doubts. For if the man had any sinister purpose in view, surely the darkening twilight would be the very time to carry it into effect.

"We can't go till next week," he said; "we have no holiday till Thursday."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Too bad!" he replied. "Mebbe my ship go off. If she go not, me come here at ten of the clock on that day to take mister boys for sail. If me come not, it is because me have sailed away."

A wild movement of revolt was in Myles' mind. Why, for the sake of those wretched books, should he miss what promised to be the most interesting page in the story of his brief life? But conscience, honor, the trust reposed in him by his father, awakened within him. He might be wild, mischievous, but he would not do that,—say nice,



perhaps, his class honors; cause pain and anxiety to his father, who would receive a report of his misconduct, even if he did not feel impelled himself to confess it. So he acquiesced resignedly, if not cheerfully, in the enforced delay.

The foreigner, perhaps, observed his hesitation; for he turned to him with an insidious smile:

"One day of the school is not much, and the mister boys learn much by what me show down there."

Myles shook his head.

"We can't stay away a day without leave; can we, Ben?"

Ben said emphatically, "No"; adding that he knew very well there would be no use asking for it either.

The Turk cordially agreed with this latter part of the statement; for he probably knew that if the matter were reported to the teachers, the proposed expedition would most certainly be prevented. Besides, he saw that it was better not to press the boys too much. So he parted from them with the understanding that if his ship were still in port, he would be at the wharf on Thursday morning at ten o'clock.

If boys had wise heads on their young shoulders, many a thing would never happen, and the world would perhaps be poorer in some respects. For it is, after all, the spirit of adventure and even of folly in the young that has produced much of what is best and brightest. So that after a sleepless night or two, when excitement had overpowered their natural drowsiness, and both Myles and Ben had lain awake thinking of that wonderful visit to the most mysterious of ships, in company with its master who had seen the whole world, both boys were at the wharf and waiting long before ten o'clock on that eventful Thursday. Their hearts beat high with alternate hope and fear. Sometimes they fancied that it was

the fishing-smack they descried in the distance, whence the row-boat with the silent rowers would be sent to fetch them. But the white sails of one and the other bore it swiftly out of their sight.

At last Myles threw up his cap in an ecstasy, shouting, "Hurrah!" and adding a somersault, which very nearly overturned Ben, who had been looking in a contrary direction. Ben forgave Myles the unintentional onslaught when he turned his head. For there was the identical craft weighing anchor, and the row-boat setting out, with two unmistakable figures in charge of it. The master did not on this occasion appear, which at first caused Ben uneasiness. But the eager desire to go overcame all hesitation. The silent men motioned for them to enter the boat. As they were about to do so, they heard behind them a familiar hail:

"Hey, Ben! Hey, Myles!"—the latter name prolonged into a peculiar cadence.

They turned: it was Art Egan. They were seriously annoyed at first, and felt like pushing off without answering the question. But on second thought the more prudent Ben reflected that it was as well some one on shore knew of their destination. Then, having pledged Art to secrecy, Ben told him all; and the newcomer, half enviously, half sensibly, cried out:

"And you're going to trust yourself to that old codger we saw here t'other day! Well, you can, if you like. I guess I wouldn't."

Ben hesitated. He could not but feel, with all his enthusiasm, that Art was right. It was too late, however: Myles was already in the boat and calling:

"Never mind what he says, but come on!" Then, as Ben did not immediately answer, Myles, in whom was uppermost his spirit of mischief and a strange excitement, called to him again: "Ben, if you don't come, I'll go alone!"

This was too much. Ben's love of adventure and his loyalty to his friend prevailed. He quickly jumped into the boat, calling back to Art:

"Be sure not to tell anybody *unless it's necessary!*"

"Unless you don't come back, you'd better say!" blurted out Art.

Somehow this speech had the effect of chilling the ardor of both lads in the boat for a moment, at least; but the silent figures of the rowers bent to their oars and bore them swiftly from the familiar shore.

(To be continued.)

Little Indian Lucy.

A writer in a monthly periodical has told us how one little Indian girl amuses herself. Her name now is Lucy, though what it was when she was just an unbaptized papoose we do not know. Her grandfather is the chief of his tribe, and eight months of the year she goes to a mission school, where she has learned to speak English as well as many other things.

Lucy has a number of dolls, which she dresses in bright gowns, cutting and sewing them with great skill. On the tiny feet she puts moccasins like those she wears, only smaller. When she gets tired of playing with her dolls, she puts them to bed and gets out her tops. These are just common pebbles with smooth sides; but Lucy takes a whip and lashes them until they spin better and faster than any painted top ever bought at a shop.

In winter Lucy and her sisters "slide down hill,"—but not on a sled, as you do. Instead of that they all huddle together on a nice warm buffalo robe, tucking the ends about their feet; then some one gives them a push, and away they start down the long hill, landing at the bottom in a laughing tangle of

gowns and fur and flying hair. The boys never slide down on the buffalo robe: they scorn such an easy way of coasting. Instead of sitting comfortably on the robe as their sisters do, they fasten a barrel stave under each foot and slide along with quick jumps and many antics. They are expert athletes.

Indian girls like to play at being grown up as much as white girls do; and Lucy and the others put on their mothers' blankets, strap their dolls on their back as if they were real papooses, and play at going to the agency, or visit one another in make-believe wigwams, which are constructed out of shawls and draped upon sticks or stumps.

On the whole, little red people are just boys and girls, loving and unloving, good often, naughty sometimes, with aches and pains, joys and sorrows and disappointments. If they are reserved with strangers we can not wonder; for years of oppression have made the Indians a sad race. It is the fault of the white people that all Indian children are not as happy as the more fortunate little Lucy of Dakota.

"Going Fishing."

Great minds have often found relaxation in the most trifling occupations. It is a rule of some of the old religious orders that severe study must not be pursued more than three hours at a time, and must then give way to recreation. Spinosa took relaxation in watching the movements of spiders, and used to laugh heartily at their antics. Socrates, the wise old philosopher, was fond of playing with little children. "Continuity of labor deadens the soul," says Seneca. Some of the greatest achievements of genius would have been lost to the world if their authors had not been fond of stopping work and "going fishing."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Rev. Dr. Parsons is to be congratulated on the completion of his excellent work, "Studies in Church History," the last volume of which has just issued from the press of F. Pustet & Co. It covers the second half of the present century. In a supplement of nearly two hundred pages the author affords ten additional papers, all of which are of special value and interest. Some of them are complementary of articles in previous volumes of the work. There is a good topical index of as many as thirty pages.

—That the writing of a poem is a more serious undertaking than the majority of readers are inclined to think, is well known by all who have to do with poets. Even mere versifiers expend considerable time in the production of smooth-flowing stanzas. In a letter written by the late Boyle O'Reilly we find an observation well worth quoting: "Then again, six months' notice is too short for a poem." This will probably be a revelation to many versifiers, who consider that their rhythmical lines of rhyming prose are poems; but if it serves to enlighten them as to why their productions are rejected by high-class periodicals, something will have been gained. One nobly poetic line is worth a thousand mere verses.

—Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation" has not been kindly received by a certain school of readers who demand what may be called "cocktail" history—history flavored to their palate by prejudice. Perhaps Mr. Lang's repeated references to the unfairness of Protestant historians, and such unpleasant sentences as "The Reformers had reformed everything lovely out of the way," may also help to explain the criticism aroused by his work. Of the Church, on the other hand, the Scottish author writes almost uniformly in a sympathetic spirit; as, for example: "In other ways, however, than in regular teaching and preaching, the Church contributed to popular education. Men and women, themselves dwelling in houses or huts of turf and wattle, can not but have asked for explanations of the splendors in art and music which they saw or heard in chapel or cathedral; and the result was a kind of culture very unlike that now derived from novels, magazines and newspapers—a culture full of refining influences. It is almost unnecessary to insist on these facts, which were so long obscured by the unhistorical spirit of triumphant Protestantism." This is very honest of Mr. Lang; indeed the

last words of our quotation deserve to rank with De Maistre's oft-quoted *dictum*, that for the past three hundred years—that is since the rise of Protestantism—history has been one grand conspiracy against truth.

—A writer in the *Midland Review* notes as an interesting circumstance that "the South's four most expressive lyrics bearing on the Civil War were written by Catholic poets." These lyrics are: "Maryland, My Maryland!" by James Rider Randall; "Somebody's Darling," by Sister Mary Angelique; "The Conquered Banner," by Father Abram Ryan; and "The Blue and the Gray," by Miles Gerald Finch. The one vital poem inspired by the Mexican war was also by a Catholic pen, Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead." A monument to Father Ryan has just been erected in Norfolk, the city of his birth, by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

—Ruskin's estate at Brantwood is bequeathed by will to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. P. Severn, "praying them never to sell the estate of Brantwood or any part thereof, nor to let upon building lease any part thereof, but to maintain the said estate and the buildings thereon in decent order and in good repair, in like manner as I have done; and praying them further to accord during thirty consecutive days in every year such permission to strangers to see the house and pictures as I have done in my lifetime." We note with gratification that to an American, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard (jointly with Mrs. Severn), Ruskin left all his unpublished manuscripts, memoranda, diaries, and other papers not specifically disposed of, "to be dealt with as they shall see fit." Lovers of the fierce and the whimsical will hope that they may see fit to edit these fragments with a gentle hand.

—A very rare book of devotion which seems to have been a favorite with our Catholic forefathers in England thus describes itself: "The Christian Sodality; or, Catholic Hive of Bees, sucking the honey of the Church's prayers from the blossoms of the Word of God, blown out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service throughout the year. Collected by the Puny Bee of all the Hive, not worthy to be Named otherwise than by these elements of his Name, F. P. Divided into three Tomes, whereof this first Tome only upon the Sundays, and that subdivided into three parts—Advent, Lent, and Whitsuntide. Printed in the

year 1652." In all, upward of 800 pages, of one and a half inches thickness. Size, 5½ by 2½ inches. A Key to the work is prefixed. The Collects, Secrets, and Post-Communions for Sundays are given in full. Each Epistle and Gospel is printed entire, and is annotated in an Explanation and Application.

—Of that species of wit known as an "Irish bull," Sydney Smith wrote: "The stronger the apparent connection and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas, the greater the surprise and the better the bull." But the popular journalist over-seas, Mr. Michael MacDonagh, quotes an answer made by a Galway peasant that is more illuminating than Sydney Smith's words. Being asked if he knew what an Irish bull is, the peasant replied: "If you was dhrevin' along a road an' you seen three cows lyin' down and wan iv thim was standin' up—that one is an Irish bull." Mr. MacDonagh himself insists that a bull is not a blunder: it is a gift.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Christian Philosophy—God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* \$1.25, net.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* \$1.

Arden Massiter. *Dr. William Barry.* \$1.50.

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* \$1.25.

The Nursing Sister. \$1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Redemption of David Corson. *Charles Frederic Goss.* \$1.50.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Battista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* \$2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* \$5, net.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* \$1, net.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., net.

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* \$1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blösius.* 75 cts., net.

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* \$1.10, net.

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., net.

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.25, net.

Episodes of Catholic History. \$1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., net.

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* \$1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Selon.* \$3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* \$1, net.

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35, net.

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1, net.

The Life of Father Haskins. \$1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* \$1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* \$2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., net.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* \$3 50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* \$1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* \$1.25.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* \$1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* \$1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* \$1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* \$1, net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. \$2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. *Father Martin von Cochem, O. S. F. C.* 75 cts.

Saracinesca. *F. Marion Crawford.* Two vols. \$5.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

(Hymn to the Holy Name of Jesus.)

Music by REV. H. G. GANSS.



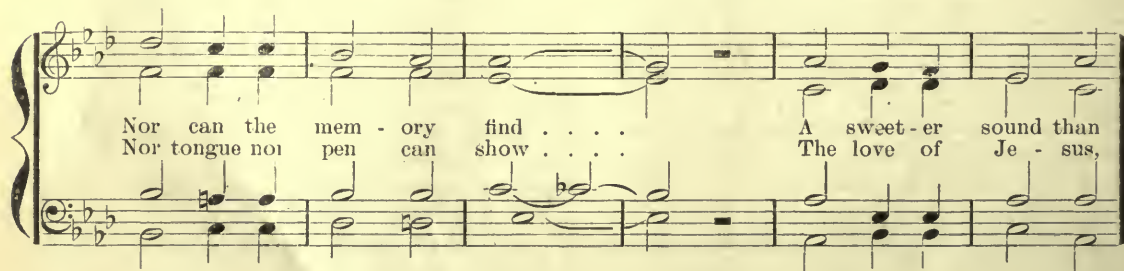
1. Je - sus! the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills my
2. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart O joy of all the



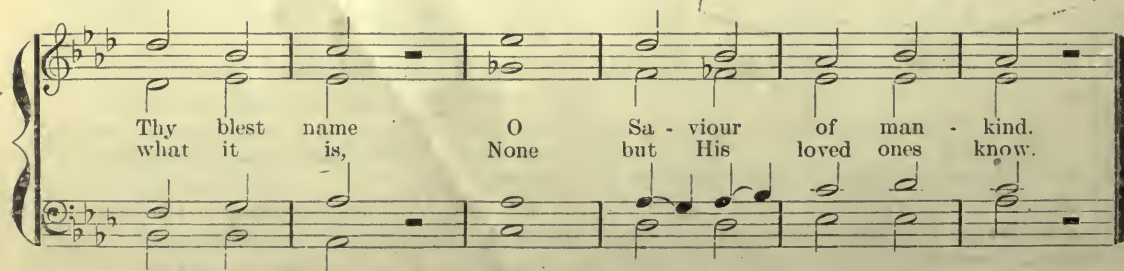
breast But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in thy
meek To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to



pres - ence rest. . . . Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
those who seek! But what to those who find? ah, this . . .



Nor can the mem - ory find A sweet - er sound than
Nor tongue nor pen can show The love of Je - sus,



Thy blest name O Sa - vour of man - kind.
what it is, None but His loved ones know.







BX 801 .A84 SMC

Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

Does Not Circulate

